LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
RIVERSIDE

AP4
C42
ser 7
v. 12
Dec 1921-
Nov 1922

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

MAN'S WORK.

By ALAN SULLIVAN,
Author of *The Passing of Oulibut*, *Blantyre-Alien*, *The Inner Door*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

I.

FROM the office-windows of Burley & Betts, in a tall building in Los Angeles, one could see the far crests of the Sierra Madre range filling the eastern sky, massive and imposing, lifting serenely above the haunts and doings of men. Of those whose eyes wandered frequently to this majestic spectacle, none surveyed it with more thankfulness than John Shanklin, senior clerk. He began to stare at it when first Burley & Betts made room for him in their expanding business, and continued to be conscious of it all through the four years that preceded his appointment as senior clerk. And on the day when Burley intimated in his deep, rumbling voice that by the end of the year, if things continued to be satisfactory, there might be room for a junior partner in the firm, it seemed that the Sierra Madre was dipped in golden light.

He was coming into his own by hard plugging, backed by a fixed belief that there was as much romance to be found in business as anywhere else, and that fundamentally it was important to be two things: straight and constructive. He took pride in doing his work, so that when he had finished it needed no further touches. Sometimes it seemed that, in law, one lived by disentangling the knots that other people unconsciously tied. At this Shanklin always smiled. He was fond of undoing knots, and on one particular morning, when the Sierra Madre looked more inviting than ever, he leaned back in his chair, pursed his firm young lips, and wondered what Courtney Brooks wanted to talk about at the appointment Burley had made for his client at eleven o'clock. Brooks was not the man to get himself entangled.

From this he wandered into a silent analysis of the visitor he now awaited. There was a particular reason why he should like Brooks—he had quite honestly tried, and tried hard. But, for all the man's hospitality, joviality, and apparent good-fellowship, Shanklin entertained an uncomfortable conviction that it was unfortunate he was his daughter's father. From which it may be deduced how the land lay.

Presently the door opened, and Brooks came in, accompanied by Sitwell, his partner. It had been suggested by a cynic that Brooks did the things which Sitwell couldn't do, that the latter did the things which Brooks wouldn't, and that therein lay the secret of their success. When Brooks was loud and hearty, his partner was suave and ingratiating. When Brooks boomed things out, Sitwell suggested them. When Brooks bluffed, Sitwell finessed. And Shanklin, regarding them with quiet, steady eyes, was compelled to admit that to all appearances the system worked like a well-oiled machine.

'Morning, John,' sounded the big voice, and a large, soft palm engulfed his fingers. 'You know Sitwell—so we 'll get to business.'

Sitwell, a tall, lean man of about thirty-five, nodded affably and sank into a leather-covered chair. He was dressed with the utmost care, and for a fraction of a second Shanklin wondered whether the perfection of his attire was a matter of natural taste or the result of painstaking effort. He had an idea that Sitwell would dress perfectly even in the wilderness.

'Won't keep you long this morning, John,' began Brooks comfortably. 'In fact, we could have fixed the thing up last night if you had come round. Where were you?'

'Working—looking up matters for a case that 's on this afternoon.'

Brooks grinned. 'Well, Claudia was disappointed—but I guess she won't criticise under the circumstances. Look over these, will you?'

He laid some papers on the flat-topped desk, and the young lawyer, glancing through them rapidly, noted that they were deeds for some fifty acres of land not far from Los Angeles. His brows went up a little.

'Going farming, Mr Brooks?'

The big man chuckled. 'Not on your life. Those are oil lands—or they 're going to be before long. I want a charter to operate and sell stock—the usual thing, you know—non-personal liability stock.'

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

'You propose to incorporate on these holdings?'

Something in the steady tones drew a quick glance.

'Sure—why not?' The big man wheeled on his chair. 'By George! that's a great view you've got from here—can see the Observatory—eh?'

'Yes, we can see the Observatory.' Shanklin's voice was colourless. 'What capital had you thought of?'

Brooks turned suddenly to his partner. 'We agreed on two million—to sell at ten cents. But I've an idea now that we might cut that down by a quarter.'

Sitwell leaned slightly forward, pressed together the tips of his manicured fingers, and regarded them intently. Presently he looked up.

'We propose to retain one-third of the total shares for property and promotion—and I'm of the opinion that we can raise one hundred and thirty-three thousand dollars just as easily as a hundred thousand.'

'Well, you ought to know,' grunted the other; then, glancing at Shanklin, 'Sitwell is the financial end of our team.'

Shanklin did not answer Ever since he had joined Burley & Betts an important part of the business had been corporation work. It had given him an insight into matters sealed to the everyday man. At times it was difficult to control his impulses when things were egregiously undesirable, but, he always reflected, he was a lawyer, and not a judge. As to oil and oil lands, he had acquired valuable experience—which (it occurred at times) he might easily have used to his own definite advantage. But of all the incorporations which had come into the hands of Burley & Betts this was the wildest.

The oil lands of the Los Angeles district had to all present knowledge been accurately determined. These strata lay in recognised areas and at approximately well-known depths. Along their strike, and up to a certain distance on either side of it, there was the chance—the fair chance—of finding oil. But outside of this the chance was, to say the least, remote. And here on his table lay deeds for lands far removed from any oil strata, for which Brooks had paid some five thousand dollars, and which he proposed—as part, and only part, of the game—to resell to the public at a stupendous profit.

The big man lit a fat, black cigar. 'It may interest you to know, John, that my bunch of stock goes straight to Claudia just as soon as it's issued. She'll have to keep it off the market for six months, but after that I don't care.'

Shanklin drew a long breath. Involuntarily his eyes wandered over Brooks's shoulder to the Sierra Madre mountains. It seemed they had lost their colour and turned a cold steel-gray. It struck him, curiously, that this was the colour of fortitude. 'Will you be passing again this morning?' he asked quietly. 'I'd like to look into this before I say anything.'

Sitwell's lean face assumed the slightest tinge of surprise. The thing was so simple—it had been done so often before—that his instincts were at once aroused. The way Sitwell worked was to try to make himself feel as he reasoned the other man felt, and proceed from that.

'You don't anticipate any difficulty in getting a charter, do you?' He gathered himself, and stood by the door, tall and graceful.

Shanklin shook his head. 'You'll have no difficulty in getting a charter,' he answered diplomatically.

'What's the matter with you, Sit? Give the man a chance,' blurted Brooks, looking genuinely puzzled.

'Nothing—yet;' then, with a quick glance, 'We'll be back in an hour.'

II.

The door closed behind them, and Shanklin perceived that the thing that again and again he had prayed might not come had indeed come, and had brought with it an intensified moment he was loath to face. In the previous year (he had read a day or so ago) countless thousands had been ruined in his own country by speculation in fraudulent oil companies. The tale depressed him as much by the gullibility of the public as by the methods used to defraud. And now the hour had arrived for him to announce where he stood.

His mind turned instinctively to Claudia Brooks. She knew nothing of it all; but if she did know, where would she stand? At this his heart slowed a little, and he strove to remember that it is the business of most men to decide for themselves without judging others. But Claudia would be intimately affected by his decision. Their engagement had not been announced, though it was generally understood. She fascinated and altogether possessed him. Her mother had died when she was still a child, and for years she had been to her father so much more than only a daughter that the two were wrapped up in each other. Shanklin might be her fiancé, but Brooks was king—and the king could do no wrong. And that made the young man think harder than ever.

Behind all this was Sitwell, cool and debonair. It was said that, had not John Shanklin happened along at the opportune moment, Claudia would have married her father's partner, who was only some ten years older than herself. Whatever Sitwell might feel about it now, he betrayed nothing. He did not appear to avoid Shanklin, but the two had met but seldom. It is probable that the latter, in the joy of success, underestimated his rival, so brightly was the

sun shining on his own future; but to others Sitwell seemed to take life like a game of chess, which he played with marked astuteness, covering his moves with a maximum of skill. As Claudia's rejected suitor, he was not less attentive than formerly; and now to Shanklin, faced with a great decision, this took on a peculiar significance.

Then there was Burley & Betts. Betts was the San Francisco partner, and but rarely came to Los Angeles. It was to Burley that Shanklin looked, a little man with bushy brows, a deep, volcanic voice, and a bulldog face. Burley was accustomed to having his own way, and this was, no doubt, largely due to the degree to which the formidableness of his manner had surmounted the insignificance of his person. There was something electric in his attitude. When his mood was one of approbation, the entire office staff was conscious of a pleasant tingling in the air. When he disapproved, he radiated something that spread like an approaching thunder-storm, and was just as discomfiting. What would Burley say to all this?

By the time Shanklin's hour of grace was nearly up, the matter had come to an irreducible minimum. He must contrive that, without antagonising Brooks, the proposed charter should be looked after either by Burley himself or in some other office. To manage this he must trust to his own wits. It was quite clear that he could not undertake the work personally, no matter whither Brooks's bunch of shares was destined to go. He was drawing a fine distinction between his duty and what he conceived to be his integrity. But a life without such distinctions was, he quite deliberately decided, not the life he wanted. As for Claudia, his fate lay on the knees of the gods. So when the clock pointed to the hour he sat up in his chair, glanced first at the Sierra Madre and then at the door, and directed that Brooks and Sitwell be shown in as soon as they arrived. Presently the two entered, and he drew a long breath.

Ten minutes later Brooks heaved his big body out of his chair. He looked puzzled, but there was an understanding twinkle in his eye.

'Then I take it, John, that for some reason, which you haven't made very plain, you don't particularly want to act for us?' He said this in a voice which was in no way offended, but held a note of surprise.

Shanklin nodded, conscious of a vast relief. He felt that never before had he crossed such thin ice, and with such success. Sitwell's expression had roused his apprehension once or twice, but now the younger man's face was blank.

'If it's all the same to you.'

'Sure; but I had an idea I'd like to keep the business—well—sort of in the family,' said Brooks reflectively. 'However, you will speak to Burley, so he can't misunderstand?'

'Yes.' Shanklin had an immediate conviction that with Burley the ice would be thinner than ever, for it was not the custom of the firm to decline business under any pretext.

Brooks moved towards the door, glancing once or twice at the young lawyer as though it were in his mind to speak, and it struck Shanklin that in his manner there was something more than regret. It was as though he interpreted the real motive for this unsuspected decision, and silently sympathised with it so far as his position permitted. In that instant Shanklin got a sudden insight into the character of the father of the girl he loved, and perceived in him a man who primarily had been honest, but whose natural instincts had been suffocated by the desire for easy money.

'Come on, Sitwell; there's another lawyer in this building.'

But Sitwell, who had also risen, stood motionless, apparently examining the lining of his hat. His lips, slightly compressed, gave Shanklin a swift sense of discomfort. 'Just one thing, Brooks, before we go. Mr Shanklin hasn't taken us very much into his confidence as to his real reasons. Why not see Burley yourself?'

'What for?'

'To get at the bottom of this. . . . Ah!'

The door was flung open, and a little man swept into the room like a sirocco. 'Excuse me, gentlemen, but I left a brief here this morning.' He began to ferret about on Shanklin's desk. 'We seem to have what you'd call the loose-leaf system in this office.'

Sitwell smiled slightly. 'Glad you came in. I was just going to tell you that we're both sorry your office can't do our work.'

'Isn't our office as good as any other?' snapped Burley, continuing to search. Then, as though realising fully what had been said, he straightened up. 'What the devil are you talking about?'

'Come on, Sitwell; it doesn't matter,' put in Brooks hastily.

But Sitwell held his ground. 'It's only that Mr Shanklin is too—too occupied with other matters to attend to us,' he said coolly.

Burley dropped a handful of papers and stared, his eyes contracting to pin-points. 'What are you talking about?'

Sitwell put on his hat, pushed his arm into that of his partner, and moved towards the door. 'Ask him,' he said, jerking his chin towards Shanklin.

III.

The sound of steps died out, and Burley, clearing his throat, spoke with difficulty. 'What is all this tomfoolery? Aren't you preparing that charter?'

Shanklin shook his head. He was trying desperately to pull himself together.

'And may I take the liberty of asking why?' The senior partner's voice took on a certain icy significance.

The chief clerk stared first at the Sierra Madre, as though in a swift appeal for help, then at the angered face. 'It's rotten business—rotten all through,' he said slowly.

Burley's thick eyebrows arched into a black curve. 'Since when have you been on the bench?'

Shanklin's nerves steadied a little. 'You know what I mean, sir.'

'Go on.'

'Brooks is incorporating, and is going to sell worthless stock to ignorant people. I don't want to help him do it.'

Burley leaned forward a little. 'And you undertake to pass judgment on the motives of clients who come to my office for legal assistance?'

'There's lots of clean business to be had, sir. This isn't clean.'

'A Daniel come to judgment—and in Los Angeles. Mr Shanklin, listen to me for a minute. I won't keep you long. Every individual has certain rights as a citizen: some of them are most easily secured by the aid of a lawyer. You undertake to criticise what he is going to do with those rights after he gets them. I didn't know you were such a fool. I'm sorry, because things looked well for you here; now they don't—and you'd better get out. Do you think,' he added with rising anger, 'that I'm going to have my business spoilt by a crazy altruist?'

Shanklin felt a little sick. The thing had come more quickly than he had dreamed it could. He glanced at Burley, and meeting the hot eyes, looked away. Was it possible that, after all, he was discarding the bone for the shadow? And just then there stirred within him the profound assurance that, however crazy all this might seem, he was, at the bottom, right. He was staking everything he had for the one thing that he felt counted most—his self-respect. There was no time to moralise now. Burley stood there.

'I can't help what you think, sir. I only know what I feel. I'm sorry, but I can't put a stroke of a pen to that charter.' He looked up suddenly. 'You know it's a rotten thing yourself—you saw the deeds. I may be an altruist, but I'm not a fool.'

'When I want you to decipher my mind for me, young man, I'll send for you. Meantime you're too expensive for this firm. Come in, when you are ready, and get your cheque.'

He stumped out, and Shanklin stared after him. Then, quite methodically, the chief clerk put his papers in order, realising dully that never had his work looked so inviting as at this moment. From a top drawer he took out a photograph of Claudia Brooks, regarded it hungrily, and put it in his pocket. In an hour the desk was covered with neatly folded packets, each dated and labelled. From the book-cases he took a few volumes—his own—wondering where he would use them next. With a sigh that was undisguised he went into Burley's office.

The little man was sitting, chin in hand. The anger had died in his face, and it wore an expression that spoke of his intent to do a disagreeable thing as decently as possible. As Shanklin came in he motioned to a chair.

'I'm sorry to part with you—as I would with any man who has worked as hard as yourself. But what happened this morning convinces me—quite unexpectedly—that you're not built on the lines of a successful lawyer. You're cursed with too many self-searchings, and I advise you to get into something else. Here's your cheque.'

Shanklin took it without a word, and, glancing at it, saw that Burley had given him a bonus of six months' salary. His face reddened. 'What's this for, sir?'

'None of your business. Where are you going?'

'I don't know yet.' Shanklin's voice was shaky. An extra two thousand dollars! He had not dreamed of it.

'Well, if you get stuck, and need any sound legal assistance, come in and see me. It won't cost you anything.'

Shanklin nodded. He found it curiously hard to speak.

Burley got out of his chair and put a hand on the young man's shoulder. 'When I was your age I remember feeling pretty much about things as you do now. I got over it—whether for better or for worse I don't know; but I reckon you won't—and that may be a handicap. I guess the world needs fellows like you just as much as men like me. I can't keep you here—but'—he hesitated a moment, while his face softened perceptibly—'good luck to you; and if I can help, let me know.'

Long after Shanklin had left him the senior partner stood at the window, his head pushed forward, his hands deep in his pockets. He had done the only thing it was possible to do, and done it as decently as he could; but the affair had taken him back to the days of his youth. Just now he was balancing material success and progress against the dream and the glory that would never come again. He roused himself with the reflection that had he a son of his own he would have been inwardly thankful were he like the late chief clerk.

(Continued on page 21.)

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ADVOCACY.*

By His Honour Judge PARRY.

I.—THE LAMP OF HONESTY.

The Seven Lamps of Advocacy are ***Honesty, Courage, Industry, Wit, Eloquence, Judgment, and Fellowship.***

THE great advocate is like the great actor: he fills the stage for his span of life, succeeds, gains our applause, makes his last bow, and the curtain falls. Nothing is so elusive as the art of acting, unless indeed it be the sister art of advocacy. You cannot say that the methods of Garrick, Kean or Irving, Erskine, Hawkins or Russell, were the right methods or the only methods, or even that they were the best methods of practising their several arts; you can only say that they succeeded in their day, and that their contemporaries acclaimed them as masters.

Inasmuch as their methods were often new and startling to their own generation, the young student of acting or advocacy is eager to believe that there are no methods and no technique to learn, and no school in which to graduate. Modern youth is prone to act on the principle that there are no principles, that there is no one from whom it can learn, and nothing to teach. Any one, it seems, can don a wig and gown, and thereby become an advocate. Yet there are principles of advocacy; and if a few generations were to forget to practise these, it would indeed be a lost art. The student of advocacy can draw inspiration and hope from the stored-up experience of his elders. He can trace in the plans and life-charts of the ancients the paths along which they strode, journeying towards Eldorado. True, these figures of forgotten advocates are dim and obscure—only to be painfully seen through the dusty gauzes of forgotten years, pictured for us in drowsy voluminous memoirs, or baldly reported in mouldering law reports; but if we search these records diligently we gradually discern a race of worthy men—see them haunting the old libraries, pacing the ancient halls with their clients, proud of the traditions of their great profession—advocates—advocates all.

It is in an endeavour to recapture something of the lives of these great ones, and the principles upon which they built their success, that I have struggled through forbidding masses of decaying biography in hopes to catch a faint whisper here and there of the triumphant works and days of my professional forebears.

For a race of moderns, that, maybe, care for none of these things, I have lighted again the old lamps which burned so brightly in the days that are gone; which I myself have seen lighting the darkness of our courts, and guiding the footsteps of the judges in the paths of justice and truth. For without a free and honourable race of advocates the world will hear little of the message of justice. Advocacy is the outward and visible appeal for the spiritual gift of justice. The advocate is the priest in the temple of justice, trained in the mysteries of the creed, active in its exercises. For this reason Wyclif in his translation of 1 John ii. 1 sanctifies the word in the text: 'We haue auoket anentis the fadir, Jhesu Crist just.' Modern versions retain 'advocate,' but unhappily substitute 'righteous' for 'just.' Advocacy connotes justice. Upon the altars of justice the advocate must keep his seven lamps clean and burning brightly. In the centre of these must ever be the lamp of honesty.

The English Bar is a society of advocates, though, as Blackstone tells us, we generally call them counsel. The Scots retain the name in their Faculty of Advocates. The word must be insisted upon for its ancientry and meaning. The order of advocates is, in D'Aguesseau's famous phrase, 'as noble as virtue.' Far back in the Capitularies of Charlemagne it was ordained of the profession of advocates 'that nobody should be admitted therein but men mild, pacific, fearing God, and loving justice, upon pain of elimination.' So may it continue, world without end.

From the earliest, Englishmen have understood that advocacy is necessary to justice, and honesty is essential to advocacy. The thirteenth-century *Mirrour of Justices* may, as modern jurists hold, be a contemptible legal compilation. It is said to have been written by one Andrew Horn, a fishmonger; and what could he have known, say the learned ones, about the origin and history of legal affairs? Nevertheless, to the reader of to-day the views of the man in the street, the common citizen of a bygone age, about the place in the world of the advocate is more precious than many black-letter folios of crabbed juridical learning.

'Some there be,' says our fishmonger very shrewdly, 'who know not how to state their causes or to defend them in court, and some who cannot, and therefore are pleaders necessary; so that what plaintiffs and others cannot or know not how to do by themselves they may do by their serjeants, proctors, or friends. Pleaders are serjeants wise in the law of the realm who serve the commonality of the people, stating and defending for hire actions in court for those who have need of them. Every pleader who acts in the business of another should have regard to four things:—First, that he be a person receivable in court, that he be no heretic, nor excommunicate, nor criminal, nor man of religion, nor

* Copyright in U.S.A.

woman, nor ordained clerk above the order of subdeacon, nor beneficed clerk with the cure of souls, nor infant under twenty-one years of age, nor judge in the same cause, nor open leper, nor man attainted of falsification against the law of his office. Secondly, that every pleader is bound by oath that he will not knowingly maintain or defend wrong or falsehood, but will abandon his client immediately that he perceives his wrong-doing. Thirdly, that he will never have recourse to false delays or false witnesses, and never allege, proffer, or consent to any corruption, deceit, lie, or falsified law, but loyally will maintain the right of his client, so that he may not fail through his folly or negligence, nor by default of him, nor by default of any argument that he could urge; and that he will not by blow, contumely, brawl, threat, noise, or villain conduct disturb any judge, party, serjeant, or other in court, nor impede the hearing or the course of justice. Fourthly, there is the salary, concerning which four points must be regarded—the amount of the matter in dispute, the labour of the serjeant, his value as a pleader in respect of his (learning), eloquence, and repute, and lastly the usage of the court.'

Note how from the earliest days the advocate may in no way maintain or defend wrong or falsehood. It is the right of his client he is there to uphold, and the right only. Nevertheless, although an advocate is bound by obligations of honour and probity not to overstate the truth of his client's case, and is forbidden to have recourse to any artifice or subterfuge which may beguile the judge, he is not the judge of the case, and within these limits must use all the knowledge and gifts he possesses to advance his client's claims to justice.

Many good men have been troubled with the thought that advocacy implied a certain want of honesty. Boswell asked Doctor Johnson whether he did not think 'that the practice of the law in some degree hurt the nice feeling of honesty?' To whom the doctor replied: 'Why no, sir, if you act properly. You are not to deceive your clients with false representations of your opinion: you are not to tell lies to a judge.' *Boswell:* 'But what do you think of supporting a cause which you know to be bad?' *Johnson:* 'Sir, you do not know it to be good or bad till the judge determines it. I have said that you are to state facts fairly; so that your thinking, or what you call knowing, a cause to be bad must be from reasoning, must be from your supposing your arguments to be weak and inconclusive. But, sir, that is not enough. An argument which does not convince yourself, may convince the judge to whom you urge it; and if it does convince him, why, then, sir, you are wrong, and he is right. It is his business to judge; and you are not to be confident in your own opinion that a cause is bad, but to say all you can for your client, and then hear the judge's opinion.' *Boswell:* 'But, sir, does not affecting a warmth when you have no warmth, and appearing to be clearly of one opinion when you are in reality of another opinion, does not such dissimulation impair one's honesty? Is there not some danger that a lawyer may put on the same mask in common life, in the intercourse with his friends?' *Johnson:* 'Why no, sir, everybody knows you are paid for affecting warmth for your client; and it is, therefore, properly no dissimulation: the moment you come from the bar you resume your usual behaviour. Sir, a man will no more carry the artifice of the bar into the common intercourse of society, than a man who is paid for tumbling upon his hands will continue to tumble upon his hands when he should walk on his feet.'

I like the rough English common-sense of this; but the Irishman in the dock had an inspired vision of the same truth when, in answer to the Clerk of the Crown, who called upon him with the familiar interrogatory, 'Guilty or Not Guilty?' he replied with a winning smile, 'And how can I tell till I hear the evidence?'

When Lord Brougham, at a dinner to M. Berryer, claimed in his speech that the advocate should reckon everything as subordinate to the interests of his client, Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn, 'feeling that our guest might leave us with a false impression of our ideals,' set forth his views of an advocate's duty, concluding with these memorable words: 'The arm which an advocate wields he ought to use as a warrior, not as an assassin. He ought to uphold the interests of his client *per fas*, and not *per nefas*. He ought to know how to reconcile the interests of his clients with the eternal interests of truth and justice.'

The best advocates of all generations have been devotees of honesty. Abraham Lincoln founded his fame and success in the profession on what some called his 'perverse honesty.' On his first appearance in the Supreme Court of Illinois he addressed the court as follows: 'This is the first case I have ever had in this court, and I have therefore examined it with great care. As the court will perceive by looking at the abstract of the record, the only question in the case is one of authority. I have not been able to find any authority to sustain my side of the case, but I have found several cases directly in point on the other side. I will now give these authorities to the court, and then submit the case.'

There have been advocates who regard such a course as quixotic. The late Joshua Williams was asked whether, if an advocate knows of a decided case in point against him which he has reason to believe is not known to the other side, he is bound to reveal it, and gave it as his opinion that 'in principle this is no part of his duty as an advocate.' It must be remembered

that this opinion was given when a host of cases were decided against their merits on purely technical points of law; but there is no doubt what the practice ought to be, and what among English advocates the practice is.

If an advocate knows the law to be *x*, it is not honest to lead the court to believe that it is *y*. Whether the advocate does this by directly misstating the law, or by deliberately omitting to state it fully within the means of his knowledge, it is equally without excuse, and dims the lamp of honesty.

For the advocate must remember that he is not only the servant of the client, but the friend of the court, and honesty is as essential to true friendship as it is to sound advocacy.

'I M.

By William Burrill.

PART I.

I.

IT was the Jubilee year of '87. On a beautiful morning in August a young man of about seven- or eight-and-twenty was seated in a first-class smoker of the Scottish express. The train was more than usually crowded, owing to a number of children on their way to some festival, and he was at a loss to know why an express train was used for this purpose.

'You see, sir,' explained the guard, 'we 've just got to use everything and anything this year. There 's that many treats going on that we hardly knows how to deal with 'em; but you 're all right, sir—I 'll see you 're left alone.'

'Well,' thought the young man as the guard moved away, 'at least I 've got a compartment to myself, and the train 's due out now, so I 'll make myself comfortable. But—shattered hopes! —here 's the guard coming back. What on earth——'

'Can't be helped, sir; station-master's orders! I 'm very sorry, sir, but I 'll move him at Grantham when the "treat" gets out.' And in he pushed a jovial-looking but anxious man with a huge bag—sailor written all over him.

The train began to move.

'Take care o' my Jinny!' called out the man to the guard, 'an' see an' give 'er them sweets, an' a drink o' watter.'

'All right, Jack, I 'll see to her,' shouted back the guard as he jumped for his van.

'That were a proper "pier-head" jump, an' no mistake. Blast them Board o' Trade fellers keepin' folks awaitin'! They 'd make yer believe it weren't yer own money yer was takin' off of 'em. Dang their eyes! I near missed me passage through 'em!'

The man, having relieved his feelings, now turned to view his surroundings. Catching the young man's eye, he said, 'I 'opes I ain't intrudin' on yer, sir. It weren't my fault as I got shoved in 'ere, where I ain't got no right.'

'Oh, not at all,' said the young man; 'I 'm glad you didn't miss your passage. The next train is a slow one, so, if you are going far, it makes a lot of difference.'

'Newcastle 's where I 'm boun' to, sir, an' it 's a long way for me, seein' as I 'ardly ever goes in a train—plaguy things, I calls 'em. Nothin' like a good stretch o' canvas to move yer about, I says.'

'Seems quite a decent sort,' thought the young man; 'and, thank goodness, he 's quite sober.' Then, looking up at the sailor, he said politely, 'I 'm sorry they didn't let your little girl come in with you.'

'My little girl! I ain't got no little girl, mister. Wot makes yer think that?'

'Why, didn't you tell the guard to look after her? I think you called her Jinny.'

'Why—why, mister,' said the sailor, exploding with laughter, 'that weren't no little girl; it were my pet monkey! I calls 'er Jinny. Yer see, sir, Jinny 's a kind o' family-name wi' lady monkeys; but for yer thinkin' it were a little girl, why, it beats cock-fightin', it do. 'Sides,' he continued, 'I ain't even marrit, an' I 'm turned forty-seven. I don't 'old wi' sailors a-marryin'; but I 've got a sister marrit on a carpenter in Newcastle, an' at time o' the weddin', near sixteen year ago, she says to me, "Jim," she says, "there 's al'ays a 'ome wi' us whenever yer comes 'ome, an' don't yer forget it." An' I don't forget it, mister. I al'ays go to 'em every v'y'ge, instead o' stayin' in them boardin'-'ouses for to be robbed.'

'That 's jolly nice for you,' said the young man, 'to have a nice home to go to after a voyage; and it must be nice for your sister too.'

''Tain't me sister I goes for to see,' said the sailor, though not disparagingly; 'it 's 'er kid—little Nellie. She 's a fair capper, she is—fourteen year old. Uncle Sailor, she al'ays calls me, ever since she was the 'eight o' me knee, she 'as. An' Jinny 's for 'er, she is; I brings 'er all t' way from Calcutta for 'er—ay, I did that!'

On leaving Grantham, where the school-children got out, the sailor was still in his corner, the guard having agreed with the young man that he might as well stay where he was, 'so long as you don't mind, sir.'

'D' ye mind, sir, if I 'as a draw at me gum-

bucket? I begs yer pardin'; I means me pipe. I ain't 'ad a pull sin' breakfast.'

'Not at all; go ahead,' said the young man. 'It 's a smoking-carriage; and, besides, I 'm going to light up, too.'

The two sat smoking in silence for some time.

At last the sailor (or Jim, as he had told the young man to call him) knocked out his pipe, and leaning forward, said, 'Beggin' yer pardin', sir, we 'ad a rotten v'y'ge, we 'ad, comin' 'ome this time.'

'Indeed, Jim? What was it? Short of grub, eh?'

'Naow!' said Jim in disgust. 'Grub! Naow! It were wot these 'ere ink-slinger chaps calls "a mystery o' the deep sea!"'

'Oh, a mystery of the sea, Jim! You might tell me about it. I should like to hear it immensely.'

'Yer shall, sir; an' yer 'll say it 's a mystery right enough when I 've told yer all about it, I 'll bet.'

II.

The young man relit his pipe, and Jim began.

'Yer see, it were this 'ere way, sir. The *'Ighgate 'Ill*——'

'The what?' interrupted the young man.

'The *'Ighgate 'Ill*, sir; that 's the name o' the ship.'

'I 'm so sorry, Jim. I didn't quite catch it—that passing train made such a din. But go ahead, Jim. I 'll not interrupt again.'

'She 's a fine ship, sir, 2071 tons register; an' bein' as 'ow freights was low, we 'd been laid up a matter o' four months in Calcutta. All the 'ands in the fo'c'sle, except me, 'ad been paid off—'relse they 'd 'opped it—so, when we *did* get a cargo for London, the Old Man goes for to sign on a fresh crew. They come aboard at night, twenty-one on 'em; but I goes an' turns in, 'cos yer can't talk to sailors the night they comes aboard. But next morning, thinks I, they 're a likely lot; an' we was soon down to Garden Reach waitin' for a tug an' pilot.

'The Old Man comes aboard about 9 A.M. an' sings out to me, "Jim," 'e says, lookin' mad, "tell all 'ands to lay aft." We all come along quick.

'Then 'e turns round to us an' says, says 'e, "Men, yesterday I signs twenty-one on yer on for the v'y'ge 'ome. This morning the agent tells me that one on yer in that twenty-one is a friend o' his, by name of Mr Tom Hinshlewood, though the agent don't suppose he 'd sign on under 'is own name; but as 'ow he 'd been a-writing about soldiers in India, an' wished for to write about the 'abits o' sailormen, got first-'and, as the sayin' is.

'"Now, men," he says, "I give the agent all about what I think o' him, an' more; but I 've got something else to say, an' that is to all o' you. We 'aven't left Garden Reach yet, an' there 's a dinghy alongside awaiting orders, so, whichever one on you lot is Mr Blooming Tom Hinshlewood, I advise yer right now to give me one step forward, an' *git*, while I 'm in a good temper, an' then I 'll forgive yer on account o' yer bignerance."

'Nobody steps out. The Old Man turned to, an' e' carries on somethin' terrible; in fac', mister, I didn't think any livin' man 'ad so many heppitaffs.

'"Come on," 'e says, lookin' round us all—"come on, yer blasted ink-slinging, scribbling 'ound! I 'll teach yer 'ow to 'itch-me-trousers, an' be good-natured, an' 'ave a wife-in-every-port, an' all the other things you think-you're-clever-ones says about a honest sailorman. I 'll——"

'But just then the mate steps up an' says to 'im, soothin'-like, "Leave 'im to me, sir; I 'll fix 'im when I finds 'im. The swine won't 'ave nothing to write about for to make 'is friends laff at us."

'Just then the pilot an' 'is leadsman come aboard; they give the Old Man one or two letters as they 'd brought with 'em, but 'e just puts 'em away in 'is pocket, an' goes into 'is cabin, a-bangin' the door.

'We all drifts away for'ard, an' most on us goes into the fo'c'sle for a draw o' 'bacca; but when we gets there, it were like a dumb 'ouse. Nobody says a word, 'an we sits there a long time, till I gets fidgits on me. So I says, speakin' to nobody like, "Silence may be golden—as the sayin' is—but I thinks it 's bloomin' unsociable, so to speak."

'Wi' that, one on 'em—Bill 'Arding 'is name was—says to me, 'e says, "Ho! do yer?" says 'e. "I suppose *you* might be Mr Tom Tinkle-wood, or wotever 'is cognostic may be."

'"An' 'ow could that be," says I, "seein' as I were in this 'ooker on the v'y'ge out, which you wasn't, Mr Smarty, nor none o' t' others wasn't neither?"

'Yer see, mister, that little fac' made it all right for *me*, but all t' others was suspicioned on each other.

'They begin in a day or two, listenin' an' wot not, for to find out 'oo was 'im, but it weren't no good; every day gets worsner an' worsner of that suspicionedness they 'ad on each other.

'One day Bill 'Arding 'e washes 'is face, an' we made sure 'e was 'im—I did, any'ow—an' I says to 'im, says I, "So you 're 'im, are yer, me little bit o' perfume?"

'"'Ere," 'e says to me, "if yer says I 'm 'im again, yer 'll get my sea-boot across yer lug—big as yer are!"

'"Well," says I, "if yer not 'im, I 'm pleased to meet yer, for I ain't really seen yer afore yer 'ad yer face washed."

'We got a bit friendly-like after this, did Bill an' me, but I never could get over me doubts on 'im altogether.

'Another day I says to Bill, "Bill," says I,

"seein' as 'ow we can't trace 'oo's 'im, I'm a-tryin' 'ard not for to do anythin' as 'e can write about us to the papers, so to speak."

'"Jim," says 'e, "that's *just* what I washed me face for, an' I've stopped chewin' an' swearin', an' I'm al'ays sayin' 'ow delicious the pea-soup an' pork is, an' 'ow thoughtful of the stooard to give us pork an' pea-soup for a change like; but it ain't no good, Jim—they're *all* doin' it now. Why, I knows for a fac' Charlie Summers 'as cleaned 'is plate an' washed 'is punnikin twice this week, for I see 'im a-doin' of it; an', besides, they all washes their faces every day now; an' there was 'Chips' makin' up 'is bunk to-day, just like a bed in a boardin'-'ouse. If we goes on like this," 'e says, "we'll all go looney."

'"What was wrong in t' middle watch last night, Bill?" says I.

'"I'll tell yer," says 'e. "We'd just reefed t' fore-tops'l an' was goin' for to 'oist up again, an' nobody wouldn't start a 'chanty,' 'cos they didn't want 'im to 'ear a real one. So, because we couldn't pull together without one, one of the 'prentices starts a 'ymn called 'Pull for the Shore.' We only knowed the first line, so we went at it, 'Pull for the shore, pull for the shore.' Then all of a sudden a voice says out loud, '"Ow beautiful the 'uman voices mingle with the raging billows!' By gum, Jim!" says Bill, "we thought we 'ad 'im. Everybody let go the 'alliards, an' we 'urls ourselves, brave-like, to where the voice come from. But there was only the mate there, a-clearin' the buntlines. An' 'e said 'e 'adn't 'eard nothin'; an' then 'e starts a-carryin' on at us for lettin' go the 'alliards—said we'd sprung the tops'l yard."'

III.

'Well, mister,' continued Jim, 'we goes on like this 'ere till we're close 'ome. Sometimes we'd talk a bit to one another, if there wasn't nobody about; then next day, maybe, we'd kind o' nod, but don't speak.

'All the time we was improvin' our manners; we would rush to do little acts o' kindnesses for one another. Why, Charlie Summers wanted to take my eight to ten wheel for me 'cos I had the toothache one night. But I see it were comin' on to blow soon, an' we'd likely be at the braces gettin' wet, all the first watch, so I says, "Thank yer kindly, Charlie; yer've a 'eart full o' sympathy, but I think I'll be more comfortable at the wheel."

'"Just as yer like," says Charlie, a bit lofty. "*Some* folks would be glad of a hact o' self-denial to come their way."

'Then they all gets a-talkin' 'igh-toned; some on 'em made out they was relations to swells wi' lots o' money an' a country seat. But Bill 'Arding took the bit o' 'ard tack when 'e try to tell us 'e was a relation, by 'is mother, to a barrownite.

'I couldn't stand this, so I ups an' I says, "Bill," says I, "I al'ays thought yer folks was costers, an' now yer've said so yerself." 'E was proper narked wi' me for givin' of 'im away, but I smoothed 'im over when I tells 'im as *real* toffs never speaks about their relations, in case o' them not likin' it spread about.

'Well, mister, the old 'ooker's shovin' the watter along about eight knots, wi' a nice wind on the port quarter. It bein' summer-time an' us gettin' near to t' Channel, the Old Man tells us to get our duds out on deck, so as to give t' fo'c'sle a paint out—a Channel cleanin', so to speak. So we takes everythin' out, an' puts our beds near our chests on deck.

'We sees the square-'eaded stooard a-turnin' out the cabin, so we slacks up di-ci-pline, as is usual. That night were pretty dark. We was all sittin' about the fore 'atch a-smokin' an' wot not, when Bill 'Arding come runnin' for'ard. 'E were a-tremblin' all over; an' when 'e gets 'is breath, 'e says, "Mates," 'e says, "I've seed 'Im!"

'"'Oo?" we all says.

'"'Im! 'Im! 'Im!" says Bill, excited-like. "I seed 'im a-skulkin' round the mizzen, as I were a-comin' from t' wheel; 'e's a-crouchin' by t' mast ready for a spring!"

'"Go hon, Bill," says Charlie Summers; "it must 'a been t' mate a-playin' pee'-bo wi' yer."

'"No, it weren't t' mate," says Bill, scornful. "*I knows.*"

'"Come on, mates," says I; "p'r'aps it *is* 'im. P'r'aps 'e's been a-stowed away all t' v'y'ge; an' now we'll cop 'im."

'We sees as we've got our sheath-knives 'andy, an' Bill 'e gets a belayin'-pin as well. Then we makes a move for aft, all goin' cautious-like. We lets Bill go first, 'cos 'e see 'im first; an', besides, 'e 'ad a belayin'-pin as well as 'is knife.

'It took us maybe a full twenty minutes to get aft—yer see, mister, we was frightened o' being ambushcaded, so we goes from one part to another, keepin' in the shadow of t' sails an' ropes, or along t' scuppers. We was near let down once. Charlie kicked 'is toe agen a ring-bolt, an' said, "'Ell!" so loud that we thought our game were up; but t' sound couldn't 'a reached 'im, or 'e were playin' possum.

'At last Bill, 'oo was still in front, stoops down an' 'e whispers to me, "There 'e is, Jim. Come a bit closer an' look—'e's stoopin' down." I seed 'im right enough, an' I gets full o' excitement, but I whispers to Bill, "If I comes any nearer, mate, yer won't be free for to fight. You go in, Bill—we'll back yer up."

'Bill goes 'alf a step further, a-stoopin' low, an' then 'e raises 'is arm for to aim a blow—an' just at t' same time t' other feller does t' same. I see 'is arm up, an' thinks I to meself, 'e'll get 'is in first; so quick-like I yells, "'It 'im, Bill! 'It 'im, quick!"

'Bill lets drive a proper knock-out with 'is belayin'-pin. There was a *'ell* of a crash! We all rushed in, determined-like, to 'elp Bill, 'oo was lyin' on deck, an' we gets on top o' one another, full o' excitement.

'Some one sings out, "Look out, mates; 'e 's got a knife!"

'But my time come. I gets 'im by t' throat —'e couldn't speak nor shout, 'cos me 'ands was grippin' 'im too 'ard. Then all of a sudden me 'ands slips, an' I feels 'im bite me thumb— 'orribly 'ard. It made me fair sick wi' pain. I gives a look close at 'im lyin' there, breathin' 'ard, an' wot d' yer think, mister? It were Charlie Summers! I 'd got 'im by mistake in the dark.'

'Great Scott!' said the young man, bursting out laughing; 'what a thumping lark! Jim, how——'

'There weren't no thumpin' *larks* about it at all, mister,' said Jim severely, 'an' yer 'd 'a said so if yer 'd been there, yer would. Yer should 'a 'eard wot Charlie Summers 'ad to say to me about it, an' all. But there, mister, I wouldn't pain yer wi' repeatin' 'is blasfumous landgwige.'

'I 'm very sorry, Jim,' said the young man; 'I was really laughing at my thoughts. Your description is so clear that I almost felt as if I had been there myself. Charlie Summers must have felt an awful ass.'

'Maybe 'e did,' said Jim, his bristles smoothing down—'maybe 'e did, but yer can bet yer bottom dollar yer can feel lucky yer wasn't there, any'ow. Well, to get back to where we was, sir. Just as we was all a-lyin' there, like a tin o' fishin' worms, out rushes the Old Man an' the rest o' the afterguard wi' a 'urricane-lamp. We picks ourselves up slow, an' when we gets t' lamp out on our eyes, we sees in front of us, all broke in little pieces, the beautiful big lookin'-glass wot stands on t' cabin mantelpiece. T' Old Man see it too. 'E starts a-callin' us. Gosh! but 'e *did* call us—for all 'e was worth. 'E give us all pedigrees back from Jonah to Noah, an' 'is landgwige was . . .!

'"Get for'ard, yer set o' danged loonatics!" 'e says—"get for'ard! I 'll see ye 're put in a 'Foolish 'ouse' for this when we gets 'ome— that 's where ye 're fit for. Sailors, yer calls yerselves! Sailors! It 's mad, blooming madmen yer are!"

'We goes for'ard, very mournful, but glad to go so as to get away from t' Old Man's clangin' tongue—it were wors'ner t' tongue o' a cracked fire-bell. Some on 'em starts for to wash t' blood off their 'ands, an' some lights up for a draw, but all pertends they didn't know one another. An' there we was, mister, all unfriends again, same as before. It were 'opeless. Yes! bloomin' well 'opeless,' said Jim.

(*Continued on page 25.*)

CONCERNING DUELS.

By W. H. Williamson.

I.

ONE wonders whether those people who lightly fling out challenges to duels wish to re-establish the bad old duelling days, when the bully had so fine a chance, if only he were a deadly shot or had the approved wrist. The history of duelling reeks with grief and stupidity. What sane thing did a duel ever settle satisfactorily?

Over a hundred years ago men in these islands had discovered the folly of the duel. Alexander Campbell was tried at the Armagh assizes in 1808 for the murder of Captain Boyd of the 21st Regiment. Boyd was killed in a duel. Apparently the only sort of defence set up related to the prisoner's character. He was 'a humane man, and generally behaved properly'! His witnesses included army men: two generals, two colonels, and two captains. And the charge was murder. It reminds one of the defence set up for a recent ruffian that he was kind to his mother!

But the judge said plainly that by the law of this country the illegal killing of a man must fall within one of three sorts—homicide, manslaughter, or murder. A duel was wilful; there was no chance-medley, self-defence, or anything of that kind in a duel. The two antagonists blazed at each other with pistols. The judge disposed of manslaughter and homicide, and the jury found Alexander Campbell guilty of murder.

The provocation in this case was in this short altercation:

'Do you say I am wrong?'

'Yes, I do.'

It seems pretty petty for a death sentence on both the speakers, yet Captain Boyd was killed and Major Alexander Campbell was hanged! Surely a humiliating reflection on the commonsense of human beings.

John Stanley, a young rogue, who was early taught by his father to fight duels (and ended his days at the age of twenty-five on the scaffold), had at least one queer experience. He quarrelled with a certain Captain Chickley at a cider-cellar in Covent Garden, and promptly challenged the captain to fight in a dark room. This is reminiscent of the old story, which was clearly founded on fact. But apparently in this instance friends sent for a constable, and the door of the dark

room was broken open, to the probable temporary salvation of John Stanley, for Chickley had already run his sword through him once, and only received two insignificant wounds himself.

Again, one wonders, where was the advantage of this duel?

In 1782 a clergyman was indicted at the Old Bailey for 'the wilful murder of Lloyd Dulany in a duel.' The two men had quarrelled, and it seems the clergyman must really have forgotten his calling to want to decide a difference with a fellow-man with pistols. But he took the affair seriously, for one witness affirmed that she saw 'the prisoner Allen shooting at a mark in a field near Blackfriars Bridge, with pistols, between eleven and twelve on the morning of the duel!' So there seemed sincerity in his desire to kill. But 'in a field near Blackfriars Bridge' is a phrase to be seized on with some imagination nowadays! Allen was found guilty of manslaughter; though why he was not as guilty as Major Campbell, one fails to see. *Tot homines, tot sententiæ*—'Different juries, different verdicts.' Or did the judges count for so much more? Mr Allen's judge was the Recorder, and he made, it is reported, 'a pathetic speech, and fined the reverend delinquent one shilling and sentenced him to six months in Newgate.' It does not seem excessive!

II.

In France they have their niceties in these matters. Aimé Sirey, though boasting himself a famous fighter, had scruples. His vanity was colossal, and so he fought with M. Durepaire in gloves and a mask; he could not bear to think his good looks might be spoiled. Durepaire had suggested that only one pistol should be loaded, and they should face each other valiantly. But where was skill if that sort of thing prevailed? Sirey refused, and, after publicly insulting Durepaire, killed him with his sabre. A trial resulted—this was in 1837—but Sirey, needless to say, was acquitted. This was France, not England.

Aimé Sirey, having taken to the sword, perished by it. He had a quarrel with a lawyer, called Caumartin, respecting a lady. The lawyer drew his sword-stick and sheathed it in Sirey, who had snatched a knife from the table. Caumartin was also charged, and acquitted.

Edouard de Mercy was another of those violent people who seem to think that differences of views can be settled, and pricks to one's vanity assuaged, only by a fight to death. De Mercy had this remark flung at him: 'Then you haven't read the books of Jules Gérard?' It doesn't sound very humiliating; but De Mercy thought blood was the only way to wash out the stain; and he did it with trickery. He made friends with Rozier, who had spoken of Jules Gérard's works, and then persuaded him to come to his room.

He said it was a duel. Perhaps this goes outside the duel proper, for there were no witnesses, and De Mercy was condemned to death. He was reprieved, but imprisoned. A duel without witnesses is plain murder.

A duel between M. de Beauvallon and M. Dujarier had a sequel that flung into light one of the rules that should be observed by those who think to kill with coolness. These two men had quarrelled, and a duel was the only outcome, so far as custom, with its imbecilities, could suggest; though M. Dujarier said to Alexandre Dumas, 'I don't know why I am going to fight'—which seems almost the appropriate atmosphere for the sorry business.

This was a devilish affair. One of the seconds put his finger in the barrel of a pistol, and saw it was smoky. 'Has the pistol been tried?'

'Not at all—merely an empty cartridge,' replied Beauvallon's second.

The antagonists faced each other, and Dujarier fired; he was a child with a pistol in his hand. Beauvallon held his fire. He took steady aim, while the others waited. He fired. Dujarier fell. They carried him home, and his corpse was met at the door by Lola Montez, his friend.

III.

Tongues wagged. The duel did not seem fair. Dujarier was no duellist; Beauvallon was. And the quarrel was about nothing. And even that faded into another question. It was said that Beauvallon had actually fired before with the pistols used in the duel—a fact fatal to fairness. On this issue Beauvallon was tried for the murder of Dujarier.

In the course of the trial some of the rules of duelling were cited. This is from the evidence given by Alexandre Dumas, who was one of the witnesses. He had been asked about the reply brought by the seconds. 'That is always done,' he said, 'and frequently happens when one risks one's life. The witnesses can make concessions that the principals cannot. They speak for you; they are godfathers, taking care of your life and your honour. Discussion between witnesses is easy; they don't quarrel; they must not get angry. The real adversaries would make the duel inevitable; the seconds can make it avoidable. It is all in the duelling code, signed by M. de Châteauvillard and by all the leading names in literature and nobility.'

'According to this code, is it loyal to provoke a man to a duel with a sword if the man doesn't know how to handle that weapon?'

M. Dumas replied, 'You never know the strength of your opponent. That is so true that many people practise secretly, so that no one shall know how skilled with a weapon they are.'

'That doesn't sound very fair.'

'In a duel, questions of generosity and delicacy are lost in the bigger question of self-existence.' So Alexandre Dumas!

The presiding judge added: 'The duelling

code won't find a place in my library.' He seems to have been able to keep a clear head.

The cullers of literary curiosities may like this final exquisite phrase from Alexandre Dumas *père*—it is significant: 'May I be permitted to return to Paris—*where they are playing a five-act piece of mine!*'

Beauvallon was found guilty of having practised with the pistols used in the duel, and was, in consequence, sent to prison for eight years.

This question of seconds was raised in the unfortunate Mayer–De Morès duel in France in 1892. The Marquis de Morès, a furious anti-Semite, acted as second for M. de Lamise in a duel fought between him and Captain Cremieu-Foa. Captain Mayer acted similarly for Captain Cremieu-Foa. The latter reproached his seconds for the terms agreed on, and his brother, who was with him, seeing the *procès-verbal* on the table, took a copy of it. Captain Mayer said it was not to be published, the seconds having agreed to that.

M. Ernest Cremieu-Foa met some pressmen, and, regardless of Captain Mayer's warning, gave the account to them. The Marquis de Morès seized the opportunity of telling another Jew that he had broken his word, and that blood was the only way to blot out the deed.

Captain Mayer said he had nothing to do with the indiscretion. But that did not matter. M. de Morès would have his duel, and Captain Mayer, who seemingly had done nothing to which any reasonable man could take exception, was killed. And in France some think that sane!

To emphasise the importance of the rôle of the seconds, it was pointed out in the Dupuis–Habert duel in 1888 that the seconds there seemed determined to have no agreement, no reconciliation. Particularly was this alleged of the seconds of M. Dupuis. In the subsequent trial (M. Dupuis was killed) the judge blamed the seconds for letting their principals fire with weapons of an excellent precision (!), and with having put the duellists in an alley of trees, which made aiming easier. In this case the seconds were altogether blamed. It seemed to be proper for the seconds to see that all 'accidents' should be sedulously avoided. Then, why fight?

IV.

An extraordinary incident was noted in the Drumont–Mayer duel in 1886. It was the outcome of Drumont's Jew-baiting. According to the *procès-verbal*, M. Meyer, the manager of the *Gaulois*, attacked his adversary so desperately that they were almost touching each other, and in the heat of the struggle Meyer caught hold of Drumont's sword with his left hand. The seconds intervened, and when the combat was resumed the scene was actually repeated, nature, apparently, having a pull over duellists and their codes.

This use of the left hand in a duel is, of course, forbidden; but there was a question of the interference of the seconds when their principals were fighting, as one suggested, not as men, 'but as beasts!' Duels have more than their foolish and sad sides; they can be brutal! M. Meyer was absolved in this case.

The Chapuis–Dekeirel affair shows the duel in its foolish beginning to its tragic end. The scene was Dunkerque; time, evening. A café, the lights lit, tables dotted about, with all sorts and conditions of people seated at them. A jovial officer talks to a lady. A sensitive gentleman tells him he does not know how to behave. The officer replies, roundaboutly, that he does on the field of honour!

M. Chapuis, lieutenant in the 110th, and M. Eugène Dekeirel were the two duellists. M. Chapuis said he would kill M. Dekeirel; he was sure of it—absolutely sure of it. M. Dekeirel perhaps wondered what was going to happen. The duel took place. In the midst of it M. Dekeirel used his left arm to divert the lieutenant's sword, and with his own he thrust and killed. It was the left-arm business that disturbed the whole duelling world of France. Paul de Cassagnac was dragged in. He said simply, if the left hand were used to divert an opposite sword, even if done involuntarily, and if during that time the one using his left arm struck with his own sword, it was not a duel, but an assassination.

There were left-handers and anti-left-handers. Some would not listen if you moved your left hand while fighting; others said that the Italian school, the mother-school of fencing, taught the showing and moving of the left hand.

But no argument could bring back to life the dead Lieutenant Chapuis, which seems the one fact worth considering. M. Dekeirel was acquitted by the jury, with only his conscience to accuse or comfort him.

FOAM.

On the breast of the river,
Weird, mystic, and wan,
With white plumes a-quiver
There floats a white swan.

She seeks not green grasses
Nor reed-beds for rest;
No foot as it passes
Shall chance on her nest.

The dawn with his roses
Brings red to her wings,
And day when it closes
New blush to them brings.

The wild-fowl go feeding
Both early and late;
She sits there unheeding,
She calls to no mate.

She waiteth for no bird
Beneath the blue dome,
This lone swan, this snowbird—
The blown river-foam.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

LES EXTRÊMES SE TOUCHENT.

By 'IGNOTUS.'

I.

THE harsh wind blowing up the narrow streets and alleyways of Damascus (called, according to locality, a *harmattan* in West Africa, a *haboob* in the Sudan, and a *khamseen* in Egypt)—bringing with it a reminder of the limitless and far-stretching desert outside in the shape of innumerable fine particles of sand that dusted the faces of the passers-by and percolated the inmost recesses of their clothing, bestrewing even the floors and tables of closed houses with a filmy, though gritty, deposit—was doing considerably more damage than ruffling the surface of the sand over which it passed; it was ruffling (and badly at that) the temper of Herr Oberleutnant Hans, Freiherr von und zu Freiberg-Eisenberg-Allmendingen, and his brother-officers of the Ost-Asien Korps,* as they passed to and fro on their lawful occasions. Incidentally, it was ruffling the tempers of the men of that celebrated unit as well, but they did not count.

'*Verflucht! Donnerwetter noch einmal*,' spluttered the Oberleutnant in his best Prussian manner, with a nasal whine, as he elbowed a couple of veiled native women off the narrow footway. 'Was it for this that I left the beautiful city of Berlin? To leave Germany at all was bad enough; but to quit it for such a God-forsaken country, where, even when one is out of the line, a little comfort is unattainable, is beyond all words! *Pfui, Teufel, was für eine Luft!* [Damn it, what an atmosphere!],' as, whilst trying to shield his eyes from the blast, he cannoned into a laden donkey lurching down the narrow street.

The donkey took the ensuing buffet as he took the sandy wind—with a resignation, the fine flower of which comes to fruition only in the East; whilst his Beduin driver, pacing stolidly behind him, bare feet padding noiselessly in the roadway, and muffled in his coarse, dingy-brown camel's-hair cloak, swathed, all but his eyes, in a fold of his turban to keep the sand out of his nose and mouth, showed an adaptability to climatic conditions that the German might well have copied, and a shrewd appraisement of his country's 'Allies,' as he slipped without effort to the side of his beast to avoid contact with the German's walking-stick.

'We ought to have a veil of some sort for this pestilential country, too,' soliloquised the Oberleutnant as he passed on. 'A gas-mask is too thick and hot for this sort of thing. *Ach, Gott sei Dank*, here's the Offiziers-Casino,' as a squat, two-storeyed building hove in sight. '*Jetzt trink ich schnell ein Glas Bier und dann wird's mir allenfalls besser gehen!*' ('I'll have a glass of beer at once and unquestionably feel the better for it!'), as he clattered up the steps.

'*Salaam alaike, ya sidi; el zabit ferangi darablak?*' ('Peace be to you, O sir; did the foreign officer strike you?') called an itinerant street-vender to the Beduin as he got to the corner of the narrow lane, for it was little more.

'And peace be to you, O my brother,' the Beduin replied. 'Thanks be to Allah, no, for I guessed what might happen, and quickly stepped aside. But are the *ferangi* [foreigners] all like that—of a red face and a hasty temper?'

'It is well for you, brother, that you live in the Sahara [desert], for there they be but few; but here in Damascus they are as grains of sand, and in Haleb [Aleppo] likewise. Rumour has it that they will win this war against the English *Nuzrani* [Christians], and what will then happen to this land Allah knows, for already they bear themselves as conquerors!'

'*Sahihya*' ('True indeed'), replied the Beduin, leaning easily on his staff. 'It were better, indeed, that the English should win, for they at least are no enemies to Islam, so men say.'

'That is as may be,' was the indifferent response; 'but, for my part, I hate all unbelievers. May the time soon come when Islam reigns supreme on earth!' and doubling up his little trestles, he raised his heavy basket of foods and went his way, chanting in a curiously unmusical voice his everlasting refrain of '*Lahme kabob, salata!*' ('Meat kabobs and salad!'), till the sound was lost in the distance.

The Beduin, in the listless, apathetic manner of the East, seemed to have but little to do, or at least to be no slave to time, for, squatting down upon his haunches, he huddled up against the wall, and drew from under his girdle a flat brown cake of Arab bread, which he proceeded to break and munch with appetite.

'Dry fare, my brother,' hailed an old beggar squatting in an angle of the wall a few yards away. '*Mafeesh marabba wala haga tani?*' ('Have you no jam or anything?')

'*Mabsut kida*' ('I am satisfied thus'), was the dour reply.

'These be hard days,' wailed the beggar in his best professional tone, rearranging his rags afresh so as to show to the greatest advantage his withered and suppurating legs, his nauseating and chief stock-in-trade. 'Formerly I made a living here with but little trouble; now, thanks to the war and these accursed Germans, none have money for alms, food is lacking, and such as I starve!'

'There be many Germans in the city,' re-

* A *corps d'élite* specially raised by Germany for service in Turkey and the Near East.

marked the Beduin casually, chewing his bread, and cocking an eye at his patient ass.

'That is indeed true,' grumbled the beggar. '*Kulla yom fi atr min Stamboul jil mahatta* [Every day trains arrive in the station from Constantinople], and after a short delay they march down the street like great herds of camels, and the motor-lorries follow after, carrying their luggage, and lowing like *gamasi* [water-buffaloes]. This morning, after the troops came out, I counted twenty lorries, piled high with luggage, and men sitting atop. *Kan Nemsawi ben hom* [There were Austrians amongst them],' he added eagerly, quite forgetting his beggar's whine in the interest of his subject.

'What is an Austrian?' queried the Beduin idly, as he stretched his legs to their full extent.

'A kind of German,' was the contemptuous reply. 'He speaks Arabic, but not with their tongue, wears a different head-dress, and is not so cruel as the true German. For example, an Austrian would not have sought to strike you a short while since, as did the German officer. They are of the *tobgiya* [artillery], which the Germans do not understand,' said the beggar.

'*Min yeraf?*' ('Who knows?'), answered the Beduin disinterestedly, rising to depart.

'I know, I who speak. Think you I sit here day by day, calling on the name of Allah, and seeking alms from the faithful, and that these eyes cannot read what they behold? I tell you I know the *Nemsawi* well. They speak our tongue differently from the Germans, their head-dress is different; and as for the *tobgiya*, full many times of late have I seen them come out of this self-same station with the *Nemsawi*, and never yet with the Germans.'

'When was the last time, O Father of Lies?' mocked the Beduin, clouting his ass on the rump to make it move.

'But three nights since, the night of the day when they hanged the English spy, who still hangs yonder,' shrilled the beggar, 'when four great guns moved with *automobil* [tractors] came forth, followed by boxes in which they carry their *taiyara* [aeroplanes], and vanished in the darkness. *Ana mush magnun!* [I am no fool!]' he flung as a final taunt at the departing figure, disappearing as leisurely as it had come.

II.

By this time the first violence of the *khamseen* was abating, and as he stalked solemnly along the Beduin encountered increasing difficulty in forcing a path for himself and his ass through the press, shops, houses, and alleyways all belching forth their crowd of humanity 'to eat the breeze,' as the native proverb puts it, after the sweltering and turgid atmosphere created by the sand-storm. Veiled women, hooded to the eyes, black browbands sheeted round their temples, and a gilded nose-guard further hiding their features, glided sinuously along, balancing on their heads pitchers of water—reminiscent of a picture in some old Bible come to life; turbaned sheikhs, some with the green patch that denotes a successful pilgrimage to Mecca, seated on donkeys or on camels stalking superciliously in the throng; gutter-snipes galore—kin the whole world over—playing in the busiest crowd, a nuisance to every wayfarer, or holding out an impudent palm with the demand, '*Hat backhsheesh*' ('Give me a tip'); blind men innumerable, with staff and wallet; water-sellers, skin-bag on shoulder, making known their presence with a pair of rough cymbals, and required by the law of the Prophet to give drink free of cost to all, infidel and true believer alike, who may ask it at their hands, moved to and fro; and every now and again the crowd parted to give place to some Turkish *effendi* or lesser light, fat and lethargic, as he lolled, smoking the everlasting cigarette, in a shabby victoria, horsed by a pair of scarecrows, whose driver plied his whip impartially on them and on the passers-by in his efforts to cleave a passage, while his tongue was never still, volleying forth, now a shout of '*Iwa riglen*' ('Mind your legs'), now a scream of '*Yeminak*' ('Look out on your right'), or '*Shemalak*' ('Look out on your left').

The small shop-fronts were open, showing craftsmen of various trades at work within—here the brass bazaar, there the leather-workers, and farther on the tailors, interspersed every now and again with small native cafés—miserable affairs many of them, with earthen floors and a mud bench running round the wall, while a fireplace at the side held the charcoal that provided the heat for boiling up the coffee and lighting the *tchibouques*. Over all brooded the hot sun and dust, and the indescribable smell that arises from sweating native humanity in the mass. Into one of these cafés the Beduin turned (his donkey automatically stopping as the stimulus of the goad ceased), and, sinking heavily on the bench, clapped his hands, the universal summons of the East, and shouted, '*Hat ahwa*' ('Bring coffee').

'Great news,' remarked the owner of the establishment sardonically as he poured the coffee from the little copper heating-jug into the tiny bowl; 'the Germans now offer us money uncountable for naught!'

'How so?' inquired the Beduin. 'It was but a short while since that a beggar-man lamented in my hearing there was neither food nor money for the faithful since the Germans brought war.'

'Know, then,' replied the other, 'that Falkenhayn Pacha (the German) and Fevzi Pacha have caused a notice to be sent through the city that persons are seeking to destroy the *sikkat el haddid* [the railway], and whosoever shall give warning thereof to the German or the Turkish Headquarters shall receive the sum of twenty pounds in gold. Indeed, it is affirmed that explosive material belonging to the English has already been discovered at Afule.'

'Without doubt a lie,' chimed in a portly, gray-bearded Turk on the opposite bench, as he pushed up his *tarboosh* to wipe his brow. 'And even were it so, think you that you or I or any man would receive the reward did we find the explosive and give information? Surely not, my brothers, for we should forthwith be accused of placing it to secure the gold, and all we should reap would be the *kurbaj* [whip].'

'What is this talk of explosives at Afule?' inquired a barefooted sweetmeat-seller who had entered during the conversation, his dirty *galabieh* sticky with the sugar melting on his tray.

'*Wallahi, ana marafsh!*' ('By Allah, I know not!') grumbled the Beduin, finding himself directly addressed.

'I know,' remarked a greasy-looking ruffian, half-hidden in the angle by the fireplace. 'I am an *artashgi* [fireman] on the railway, and two nights since, as we approached Afule station with a heavy load, part soldiers, but chiefly goods and stores, we were stopped outside by the danger-light, and could not proceed. So long did we stop that my driver, knowing the engine to be old and the head of steam difficult to maintain, got down to see what was the trouble; whereupon a son of a dog of a German sergeant—*yinal abu-u*! [may his father be accursed!]—drove him back to his engine with many blows, saying he should never have descended; and he, being enraged, upon his return beat me, for that the steam-gauge had dropped low, and when the signal-arm was raised we could not proceed. But what can one do,' he asked, looking round upon the small group of listeners, who murmured sympathetically, 'with wood to fire an engine instead of coal? Before the war we used coal without stint; now there is no more coal—so men say—and we must draw the same loads with green wood and a worn-out engine. *Inshallah el harb illa shuwaya khallas!* [I hope the war is nearly over!]'

'*Inshallah*' ('Let us hope so'), came the deep-toned response from his hearers.

III.

Further conversation was interrupted by the rising sound of a fracas out-of-doors, in which the onlookers, though many in number, seemed little disposed to interfere.

As in most *real* Eastern cities uncorrupted by a grafted European architecture, the house of the better-class native stands cheek by jowl with that of the poor man, and to this haphazard method of town-planning Damascus is, or was, no exception.

It occasioned, therefore, no surprise that nearly opposite the café a Turkish sentry was posted, who, lounging negligently in front of the gateway, exchanging the news of the day with such of the passers-by as tickled his fancy, represented in his person the pomp of military power in the shape of the 3rd Turkish Army Corps Head-quarters. Along the road, filled with *mastic*,* and ripe for any mischief, shouldering aside all and sundry, had come a German Unteroffizier and two or three lusty privates of the *Kraftfahrwagentruppen* (Mechanical Transport Corps), and on espying the sentry, nothing had seemed more apposite to their elephantine German sense of humour than baiting him.

From words they had proceeded to blows, and were, in fact, in the act of pummelling the unfortunate man when the remainder of the Turkish armed guard turned out to the relief of their comrade in distress. In less time than it takes to relate it the street was in an uproar, as the crowd, now fully assured of support, joined in; and at the moment that His Excellency Abdul Karim Pacha, the corps commander, awakened from his afternoon nap, and justly incensed, appeared at his window to ascertain the cause of the brawl, the little café too emptied itself into the *mêlée*.

The Beduin thrust his bony shoulder into the surging mass, and forced his way forward with a volley of low abuse to where he espied his ass pinned against a low doorway. Pushing it before him as an effective battering-ram, he shouldered and beat a path out in time to avoid a Turkish patrol hurrying up to restore order in the customary Turkish way, and, turning to glance behind him, found himself followed by the sweetmeat-hawker, who, too, seemed to have no great stomach for the fray.

'By Allah! but I fear,' he remarked as the hawker overtook him. 'I like not these disturbances when I am separated, as now, from my *bunduquia* [rifle].' Then, glancing round once more, and finding himself well out of earshot, the 'Beduin' continued in perfect English, 'I've confirmed what you've heard about the German heavy guns,' and proceeded to give a full account of his conversation with the beggar. 'And now, Williams, I think I'd better arrange to trek home again. Did you discover anything about the cattle convoy going up to the front?'

'Yes; it's all right, Jerry,' replied the pseudo-hawker. 'I've spent the morning knocking about amongst the butchers, and there's a big head of cattle trekking south to-night. Mahmud el Sayyad, who used to be a fisherman at Jaffa, is going as head drover, as he wants to get back near the coast and slip across. There are two other men, whose names I don't know, going too, and the whole outfit's under the charge of a German *Wachtmeister* [sergeant] of the Supply Department. The beggar's frightfully keen to get back here, as he has some low intrigue on, so he'll hustle you along all right. We'd better go and see Mahmud now; he'll be only too glad to take on another drover. When you get near the line, you'll be able to shift for yourself, won't you?'

'Rather!' replied Jerry Stanley confidently. 'I've got quite a good gadget. See here!' and he

* A native liqueur.

produced from under his cloak a wad of printed fly-sheets.

'What are they?' inquired Williams curiously.

'Propaganda documents—printed in Gurkhali for the Gurkha troops, and in Hindustani for the rest—recommending them to desert, and telling them what a high old time they 'll have with the Turks. Pretty thorough, isn't it?'

'I suppose it 's a Hun Intelligence effort, isn't it? The attention to detail shows that.'

'I suppose so. They hate the Gurkha; they say he 's so stupidly loyal.'

'What are you going to do with them?'

For answer, Stanley dipped once more into the folds of his voluminous gown and fished up a lemon and, still groping, a bit of pointed stick. Digging the stick into the lemon, he turned to Williams once more. 'Now give me again all the data we went through yesterday, and I 'll chalk them down in my notebook.' He waved the top fly-sheet as he spoke, and quickly, though methodically, the details of a concentration for a supreme effort, that meant so much to the Germans, and even more to the British Intelligence Service, were jotted down between the lines of abuse and incitement to mutiny and desertion.

'Right! Meet me at the café again in two hours' time, while I go and dig out old Mahmud el Sayyad.'

Making his way back into the throng, which was now subsiding, humming like a beehive, Stanley effected his mission without much trouble, and, after meeting Williams once more, reported himself in fluent Arabic at the cattle-pen to a short-haired, squint-eyed German sergeant, who, whip in hand, was stimulating the drovers to cut out his cattle, as his orders were to start at dusk.

IV.

At length they started. The first night's march was nothing less than a nightmare.

The squint-eyed sergeant, on a fiery little Syrian gray much too good for him, which he bestrode like John Gilpin of sainted memory, was everywhere but where he wanted to be, and harried drovers and cattle to such an extent that when day broke all were exhausted—a point the German had the sense to perceive.

Camping by day, they moved on again at dusk to avoid the sun, and their eyes were thus spared the arid bleakness of the stony wastes over which they passed. The cattle, no longer harried, moved on as cattle should, in a long-strung-out line, instead of a huddled, heaving mass, and Stanley began to concert his plans to desert.

From Damascus they made a line to El Kuneitra, then on to Samak, and past the head-waters of the fever-stricken Jordan Valley to Nazareth, the German G.H.Q., where they reported for orders.

On again, bearing west and south, till they sniffed the salt breezes off Haifa, and could see Carmel's bold outline jutting into the plain. Still bearing south, they travelled till the sergeant informed them that the next night would see them at Tul Keram, where, *Gott sei Dank*, he handed them over, and his job was done.

This was exactly the information that Stanley desired; so, bidding the cattle convoy a long farewell, he slipped away that evening, and was well on the final stage of his journey across the line before his absence was discovered next day. The *Wachtmeister* philosophically remarked when he heard about it that he wasn't going to bother himself, and that one *Schweinhund* was very much like another, and so kidnapped the first man he saw to take Stanley's place.

Jerry, now near the front-line, could not afford to take a chance, and thus pursued a characteristically bold course.

He knew it was only a matter of time before he encountered Germans of some sort, and consequently made straight for the first he saw, and in fluent Arabic demanded to be taken to the nearest Intelligence officer. He had correctly forecasted their attitude: they began by abuse, and then, finding they could not get rid of him, took him to the nearest German officer, to whom he reiterated his request.

The officer at once summoned an interpreter, on whom Stanley forthwith opened fire: '*Ana ibni belad, lakin dilwakti betal Mukhabarat Turki wa andi haga mohim alashan el askaria Hindi*' ('I am an Egyptian, but I now belong to the Turkish Intelligence Service, and I have something important for the Indian troops')—a statement which, coupled with a sight of the propaganda fly-sheets, caused his immediate despatch to the area Intelligence officer.

To this gentleman, Nachdorff by name, he repeated his story, showing the wad of sheets, with the doped one securely hidden in the bundle, and was thus sent by car to the nearest point in the line opposite the Indian troops, and at dusk taken out by a patrol into No Man's Land (which here was from two to three miles broad) and cast loose, with full instructions how to proceed.

As he had no desire whatever to meet the Indian contingent, Stanley naturally bore in the opposite direction as soon as he was well away, and in due course encountered a patrol of a British Territorial battalion, whom he had at first considerable difficulty in convincing that he was a white man, far less an officer.

However, when they got back to the front-line all doubts were resolved by Stanley asking leave to telephone to G.H.Q. for a car to be sent for him; and within three hours of leaving the Turkish front-line he was safely at his journey's end, with his laboriously acquired invaluable information of the forthcoming German effort.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

SOME BRITISH BIRDS.

I.—BIRDS OF THE DUSK AND THE STARLIGHT.

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN, F.Z.S., Author of *Habits and Characters of British Wild Animals, Tracks and Tracking*, &c.

I.

ST AGNES' EVE—ah! bitter chill it was;
The owl, for all his feathers, was acold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold.

So said Mr Keats, who seems to have been one among a very few of our poets who knew anything at all about owls. At all events Keats was evidently aware that owls, in spite of all their feathers, are no more immune from the terrors of cold than are other birds which may not be so warmly clad. During an extremely cold snap, a few years ago, I came across a barn owl so weak that it could only just manage to flap from one willow to the next along the river-margin; and on another occasion, after a severe frost, I found a long-eared owl lying dead, with head upheld on a gravel-bank.

A good deal has been written about the feathers of the owl, which enable him to fly with such muffled flight that he can surprise his quarry lurking in the grass. It has often occurred to me, however, that the silence of the owl's flight may be to enable the bird itself to hear, rather than to prevent others from hearing it. In his hunting the owl is dependent upon the minutest sounds for guidance, and any one who has ever flown will realise that it would be impossible to hear anything at all in the air unless flight were as noiseless as it is capable of being.

Our four British owls are: the barn owl or screech owl; the brown or tawny owl, which is the gentleman who hoots; the long-eared owl; and the short-eared owl. The little owl has been introduced, and is, unfortunately, increasing.

Generally speaking, the barn owl is the screaming owl, and the tawny owl the hooting owl. Incidentally, the 'ears' by which the long-eared and the short-eared varieties are named are not ears at all, but merely personal adornments, like the tassels on the ears of the lynx and the squirrel. Such adornments, as a rule, answer some practical purpose, for Nature does not lavish her gifts in the way of useless ornaments. They are unusual, and the unusual in Nature is terrifying. Therefore it may be that the tassels of the lynx, the squirrel, and the owls are to terrify—defensive in the case of the squirrel, offensive (paralysing) in the case of the others.

II.

The barn owl is probably the commonest of our four British species, and in point of fact its distribution is over almost the whole of the earth's surface. This is very strange, since the barn owl is essentially a stay-at-home bird. It is probable that the majority of barn owls in this country live and die within two miles of some central landmark, and that, unless exceedingly hard winters beset them, they never wander outside that limited area. It is not difficult in the case of the peregrine to realise its universal range; it is a strong-flying and restless bird, and the young peregrine seen over the Perthshire hills at the time at which I write may conceivably be hunting the foothills of the Himalayas ere these notes go to press. The case of the barn owl among birds is, however, almost analogous to the case of the porcupine among animals. An individual porcupine may spend the whole of his life in one poplar-grove. When a forest-fire comes, every porcupine within the fire-belt perishes, and it takes years for them to creep back into the burnt area. Thus we often find localities named after the porcupine where these creatures are entirely unknown, such as the mining-camp of Porcupine, north Ontario. On questioning the Indians, however, we learn that porcupines are abundant in the valleys to north and to south, and a few years ago were plentiful in the valley so named, *but that fire exterminated them.* It takes the porcupine population years to make their way back over a few miles of country in which they have been destroyed, and similarly in bird-life the distribution of a species is usually decided by its habits. The wanderer may be world-wide; the stay-at-home is generally limited to one region, or, if it appears in many regions, it differs widely in each as the result of long environment. The barn owl is an exception, in that it is universally distributed with very little variation—the why and the wherefore of which we can only attribute to its extreme ubiquity.

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

This is a lovable bird, and probably the least destructive of the four. An individual may acquire bad habits, and some gamekeepers are ready enough to seize upon such isolated examples as representative of the race; but the game-killing barn owl is the exception rather than the rule. Tawny owls are astir earlier in the evening and later after daybreak than barn owls, and therefore they are more likely to acquire the habit of visiting rearing-pens, and to learn the ease and luxury with which a living may thus be derived.

The screech of the barn owl may be sinister or it may be joyous, dependent on one's mood. Leaning on the garden gate and inhaling the scent of the flowers before retiring to bed, it used to appeal to me as a sound as full of the romance and poetry of the night as the song of the nightingale.

III.

Unlike the tawny owl, the barn owl is extremely difficult to rear. When I was a boy I three times made the experiment, which was never successful. Repeatedly, however, we reared tawny owls. They will eat almost anything they are given. One of my pets, indeed, was found dead, owing to an exceedingly juvenile brother having fed it on a tram-ticket!

I have seen it stated in ornithological books that the tawny owl is given to fishing, and of course this may be so; but though, within my own experience, I have come across several examples of the barn owl taking trout, I have never known a tawny owl to do so. On the river Wharfe there were, perhaps, fourteen nights in the season when the big trout took to frequenting the very shallow water in pursuit of an insect the hatchings of which were of very brief duration. During these nights, when out fishing, there was little chance of sport owing to the abundance of natural feed, and therefore I was able to devote my time to the observation of wild nature. The big trout could be seen moving about on the shallow gravel-beds—indeed, for the fun of the thing, I have at such times changed my tackle and foul-hooked fish with a Stewart tackle—and always, on these occasions, I have noticed barn owls winnowing up and down the river-edge, undoubtedly in search of fish. I have never seen one strike a fish, but I have heard disturbances which seemed to suggest such happenings.

Again, near to my home was a small spawning-brook into which thousands of adult trout passed at the back-end of the season, and I repeatedly noticed that, immediately the trout began to run, barn owls and village cats took to frequenting the banks of the burn in great numbers.

Tawny owls are essentially woodland birds. Often they nest in ruins, but seldom in barns or outhouses. In the ruins of Kenilworth, as in Bolton Abbey, I had opportunities of studying them, and often saw them take their prey. As for the value of silent flight in approaching their quarry, I noticed that the tawny owl often 'shouts' immediately on launching forth from his look-out post to descend upon his prey—evidently to inspire fear; so noise of descent would seem to be in his favour rather than otherwise. On clutching his quarry he 'shouts' again; then, returning to his perch, he sits motionless for a time, hooting solemnly, ere proceeding to gulp his victim. In the gloom it is usually impossible to decide whether the victim is bird or mammal.

IV.

The long-eared owl is a lover of our dense larch forests. It does not generally exist except where such evergreen forests clothe the hillsides. It utters a plaintive mewing cry, which, in the general bedlam of the night, requires some concentration of mind to assign it to its rightful creator. It usually nests in the old nest of a ring-dove, or in a squirrel's dray, though one pair I knew in upper Wharfedale nested among the fibrous roots that overhung a deep wash-out running down the centre of a hardwood forest.

I was visiting some friends in Nidderdale, when one day it was decided to 'spring clean' an outhouse adjacent to the back-door, where a terrier was nursing her puppies, which had been given a nest in a soap-box. The puppies were, perhaps, five days old. The box was placed in the yard during the cleaning process, and for a brief period, while the servants were busy, the terrier left her charges. Just at that moment my host and I were walking across from the stables. It was the close of dusk. Nearing the yard, we saw the terrier run back to her puppies, and at the same moment a long-eared owl, doubtless one of the pair that were nesting in the grounds, flew over our heads, carrying something strange in its claws. My friend said, 'I do believe that is one of Nell's puppies!'

We hurried up to investigate. There were only three puppies left. Previously there had been four; and, of course, it was the best that was missing!

Except on the east coast of England, the short-eared owl is not a particularly well-known bird. I believe it was practically unknown among Scottish naturalists who had no book-knowledge, before the Border vole plague of 1891–92. This bird is a migrant, its movements coinciding more or less with those of the woodcock—not that it follows the woodcock, but that, probably, the same conditions of wind and weather influence them alike. Being a migrant, it is more gregarious than our other owls, if not more sociable.

The barn owl and the tawny owl are distinctly solitary birds, but I believe the long-eared owl

is given to social meetings. Walking along the road between Burnsall village and Barden Tower very early one morning, I heard an immense hubbub of small birds in a larch at the edge of the dense evergreen forests at the roadside. I said to a stone-breaker seated at his work near by, 'I believe there is an owl in that tree.' He replied, 'There generally is, this time of day.'

We adjourned to the spot, and what was our surprise on beholding, not one owl, nor even two, but a whole flock of long-eared owls seated in the branches, without any attempt at avoiding detection! It looked like a meeting of two or three families, indeed a gathering of the clans; and as we watched they flew away in ones and twos, choosing various directions.

One never sees a similar gathering of short-eared owls, for the very excellent reason that they are not tree birds. They are birds of the swamp lands and level marshes rather than of the broken hill-country.

In my fourteenth year or thereabouts I was walking with a school friend along the banks of a stream near Oakham town, when we put up numbers of birds in the space of one hundred yards or so bordering a woodland. They rose for the most part at our feet from the grass and brambles, and I took them to be a new species of woodcock! On being disturbed, however, they proceeded to fly up and down five feet or so from the water, and I saw then that they were owls. My studies were much hindered by my friend, who, having no interest in bird-life, amused himself during the whole time by throwing clods of earth at the birds and *at me!* Here, then, was an example of the gregarious habits of the short-eared owl, if not of its sociability.

In July 1919, near the sea, in Kirkcudbrightshire, I was surprised to see one of these birds circling like a buzzard in broad daylight at a height of about two hundred feet from the ground.

It is a very prolific owl, and lays normally about seven eggs. During spells of periodic increase, however, it may produce as many as ten or twelve eggs, the size of the clutch seeming to be governed entirely by the abundance or otherwise of food, a condition of things which applies in the case of most wild birds and beasts—and a wise condition, too, on Dame Nature's part. The abundance or otherwise of food decides the number of young the parents are able to maintain.

One cannot make reference to this bird, the short-eared owl, without mention of its mysterious migrations to localities where food is most abundant. During the Border vole plague already referred to, short-eared owls, hitherto almost unknown in the locality, flocked in hundreds to feed on the voles, coming evidently from overseas. What guides these birds on such occasions is, of course, one of those mysteries of nature we cannot solve; but it is during such times of plenty that the periodic increase above mentioned takes place, the owls in the vicinity producing enormous clutches, and so, themselves, correspondingly increasing—rising, as it were, to the occasion. It is thus that Nature regains her balance.

The vole plague of the Border country and the subsequent influx of owls was by no means unprecedented. Similar plagues have occurred all over the world where voles exist; nor are they limited to voles. I have seen thousands of prairie hares scattered all over the landscape in a dead and dying condition after a period of increase which flooded the country with them, to be followed by Nature's inevitable remedy for reducing the stock to normal numbers—disease. In this case not only owls, but foxes, weasels, lynxes, and birds of prey of every variety thronged in millions to feed on the hares. Thus, when disease comes along, a time of terrible hardship follows. The lynxes and the foxes pack, seeking some far-off hunting-range; the weasels simply disappear; and those who have wings to fly flee to some distant land.

Water-voles, or water-rats, are likewise subject to periodic increase, though usually on a very local scale. Uncountable numbers of them may suddenly appear in a certain locality, perforating the river-banks, and crowding themselves out into the surrounding meadows and woodlands. What becomes of their numbers is a mystery, for disease is not among their foes, yet in due course they disappear, and possibly a few months later not one remains.

V.

The great horned-owl is the fiercest of northern birds. It will attack and kill any bird or beast its own size. I mention it in order to illustrate the curious fact that, even in countries where it does not exist, other birds have an extensive dread of it, and a very excellent method of destroying vermin birds of all kinds is to procure a stuffed horned-owl, so mounted that, by pulling a string, it can be made to move its wings. The stuffed bird is then placed out in the open, and the gunner, string in hand, takes up a hiding near by.

I have never tried this method, but am informed by a French gentleman, who is a keen sportsman, that on his estate (where the great horned-owl is not a native) he practises it annually as a means of keeping down vermin. He assures me that magpies, crows, and even hawks at once throng to the spot, and become so intent upon mobbing the owl that they return repeatedly, even in the face of gun-fire!

The fern owl, night-jar, or churn owl is not, of course, an owl at all, but is one of those unfortunate creatures that possess a multitude of names, almost every one of which is misleading—for example, night-hawk, goat-sucker, and

so on. It is merely a glorified night swallow, and is an entirely harmless and a very interesting bird.

I have many times watched these birds hawking for insects in the dusk of evening, and certainly they are a joy to behold. Their flight is strangely erratic, though swift, and in a sense powerful. Each night-jar has its favourite perch, to which it returns at intervals like a fly-catcher, and perched there, lengthwise with the bough, it utters its strange churning song, from which, doubtless, it has obtained its name of churn owl. Like the buzzard, this bird has a curious, hovering method of descent, coming to earth with both wings extended vertically above its back.

As in the case of the drumming of the snipe, we have in the flight of the night-jar an example of 'sound communication' which is not vocal. In bird and animal life means of sound communication, over and above the ordinary cries of alarm, of joy, of despair, and so on, are more or less rare. We have them in the thumping of the rabbit, which conveys the warning to those underground as well as to those feeding on the green-sward; we have it, again, in the smack system of the beaver and the musquash, which, by striking the water with their tails, spread the news of danger far and wide, so that those working under water are prevented from rising haphazard. Again, the elk and the moose, having roared themselves hoarse, issue the challenge by thrashing the undergrowth with their antlers. The drumming of the snipe is, apparently, designed to lead away the intruder.

But in the case of the night-jar the signal is not an alarm-signal, for fear seems to be unknown to this child of the twilight. It simply conveys the intelligence and the inquiry, 'Here am I! Where are you?'

One particular instance sticks in my mind. It was on the river Wharfe, and after midnight, when, from sheer fatigue, I left the trout still rising freely, and made my way across the scented meadows towards the white-walled homestead nestling under its chestnut-trees. On the way I heard two night-hawks flapping to each other, now fifty yards, now three hundred, now four meadows apart. One would flap twice, and immediately two flaps would come in answer. There would be a pause, then four rapid flaps, surprisingly near my head, and faint and far from the distance the answer would come. Generally, but not always, the signal was answered in the same number of strokes; at times two might answer four, or six might answer one, but it was clear to any one listening that the birds were carrying on a primitive form of Morse telegraphy, as no one with me at the time could have doubted. And this is but one incident out of many I have observed when the flapping of the night-jar, casually remarked upon by so many naturalists, has struck me as being used by a courting couple as a means of keeping in touch with one another.

The night-jar family is a very large one, and in the bush localities of the New World I have been impressed by the powers of flight of a bird which I do not doubt belongs to the night-jar tribe. It has white-slashed wings, and its flight is characteristic of the family. Its powers of flight, however, pass all belief. Compared with it the swift is a slow mover, and even the peregrine a sluggard. For days none of these birds may be seen; then, just preceding a thunder-storm, thousands of them swarm, as though by magic, across the sky. Whence they come no man can say. The sky is dark with them. Fifty, a thousand, two thousand feet up they can be seen, while the air veritably shakes with their shrill cries and the vibrations of their pinions. I have lain on my back watching them, absorbed with wonder, heedless of the coming storm. There is one on the skyline—he is overhead—he is falling earthwards with a veritable roar of vibrating pinions. He almost brushes the tree-tops; then, in a moment, he is careering heavenwards again in crazy bounds; he is a mere speck in the gathering sky; he is away in the distance among a thousand thousand of his kind.

One feels a thunder-spot on one's face, and wakens to the realisation that the canoe is on the storm side. It takes but a few seconds to beach it, but on looking up—where are the thunder birds? Gone! Vanished like vapour into the ether of the infinite! Not one remains, not one is to be seen or heard; and now the rain begins to fall thick and fast, and other things claim one's immediate thoughts.

I should like, ere closing this article, to relate three incidents within my experience concerning the night-jar. A keeper who for many years served my father possessed a retriever which one day brought to him in its jaws a living night-jar. He took it, uninjured, from the dog's mouth, and placed it on the gravel path. The bird crouched a moment, then immediately returned to its nest, which was at the foot of the garden not forty yards away, and from which the dog had no doubt lifted it. I might have been inclined to disbelieve this story but that the old fellow, who could neither read nor write, and whose memory lives in my mind among the kindliest of recollections, was too unsophisticated to lie, and knew too much for such futility to appeal to him as worth while. Years later I read St John's story of a retriever lifting a partridge from her nest—a strangely parallel case.

Again, in my early boyhood my brother and I were climbing a tree which, I believe, was an acacia, though evidently a thornless one. (Visiting my old home recently, I think I identified the tree.) Looking down, I saw something

which held my attention for some seconds. I said to my brother, 'I believe that is a night-jar resting on the branch below us!'

He answered, 'No; it is a mushroom' (meaning, I suppose, a fungus).

Just then the bird looked up at us, and all doubt was settled. We had climbed past it, stepping on the branch within a yard of it, yet it had not taken fright during our noisy rambles all about its nesting-place!

In France, during the war, I one day saw a night-jar seated on the hot railway metals within a mile of our own artillery. I said to my friend, 'That bird will be killed next time the "tacco" comes along.'

We walked up to it. Its eyes were shut, but it opened them as I reached down to clutch it. My hand was within a few inches of it when it fluttered off, and tried to settle on the edge of a sheet of upturned corrugated iron. Failing in this, it fluttered feebly to earth, and there we left it—so exactly matching its muddy, trampled surroundings as to be almost invisible immediately it met the ground.

MAN'S WORK.

CHAPTER I.—*continued.*

IV.

TWO or three hours later Brooks hooked his arm into that of his partner, and turned homeward. He said little, and walked with a step that was for him unusually deliberate. Sitwell, too, was rather silent. It was in his mind that a spoke had been put in Shanklin's wheel, and the idea pleased him. Presently he stopped at a florist's, selected a large cluster of early roses, and slipped his card in amongst them. Brooks looked on quizzically.

'Coming up for dinner, aren't you, Sit?'

'Not to-night, thanks.' Sitwell had his own way of doing things, and his plan of campaign required careful thought. 'Meet you at the office to-morrow. Remember me to Claudia.'

Brooks watched the tall, slim figure till it turned the corner, and wished that Sitwell had accompanied him a little farther. He was experiencing a queer breathlessness that sometimes came over him of late. He had jokingly put it down to age, and never to the fact that he lived too well and took practically no exercise. He was thankful when he reached his apartment and sank into a big chair by an open window. The breeze came down from the Sierra Madre like a cool, invisible caress. Presently he felt better, and, lighting a big cigar, let his eyes wander round the room.

On the mantelpiece was a photograph of Shanklin, signed in his even script. Scrutinising it, Brooks became conscious of more anger than he had yet felt. The face was smiling, and here, in his own establishment, it began to look curiously over-confident and even arrogant. So this was the youth who sat at a desk and criticised men old enough to be his father. What, he now wondered, might not be Shanklin's attitude after he married Claudia? The thing began to work venomously in his brain, till, without realising it, he strode over and stood staring down at the straight mouth and steady eyes. Just then a door opened and he heard a laugh.

'That's an excellent omen, father. I've never seen you do it before.' An arm slipped into his own, and he looked at the girl with a glance in which affection struggled with discomfort. It came to him that, since the thing had to be done, it were best done quickly.

'Perhaps you'll never see me doing it again,' he said gravely.

'What do you mean?' Her brows were suddenly wrinkled.

Brooks examined the tip of his cigar. 'Sit down and I'll tell you.'

He regained his chair, and she perched on the arm of it, close to him, yet at the same time remote. He did not look at her as he began to speak and recounted what had happened that morning in Burley's office.

'At first I didn't realise just what he meant by saying we'd better take the work somewhere else. I reckoned he was full up. Then, just as we were leaving, Sit got at the truth of it. John thinks we're crooks,' he concluded sharply. 'He didn't put it that way—but he intimated it.'

'Ridiculous—you're my father,' she expostulated swiftly. 'I'll see him at once—there's some dreadful mistake.'

Brooks shook his big head. 'No, you won't see him at once—or at all. I understand English as well as any one—and so does Sit—and so does Burley. He knows about it.'

The girl was on her feet in an instant. 'Father, it's impossible. What did Mr Burley say?'

'We didn't wait for that. He was just beginning it when we left. But I can imagine it.'

'Dad,' she answered, her whole soul in her eyes, 'let me straighten this out. John is coming in this evening; he said so yesterday. There's something wrong. I know it here'—she touched her breast.

'What he said yesterday may differ a little.' Then, catching the pain in her dark eyes, 'If he likes to clear himself to you, and then to Sit and me, I'll forget it, not for his sake, but yours.'

She kissed him joyfully. 'You're the dearest and best father there ever was. Of course he'll

do it. Don't forget that I know him better than either of you.'

'You know Sit pretty well too, daughter, but you wouldn't have him.'

Her eyes became thoughtful. 'Yes; but I never felt about him the way I do about John. There 's something in me that answers now. It didn't before. I've a funny idea that you were something like John—at his age.'

There followed a little silence, in which the past years rolled away and Brooks saw himself as he was at the time of his marriage. There were occasions when Claudia baffled him. The mother, loyal, beautiful, and spontaneous, was reincarnated in her child, and that had been enough for Brooks. Yes—perhaps he was something like Shanklin—years ago.

'If this thing doesn't come right—and I've an idea it won't, in spite of what you say—don't worry about it. You 're only twenty, and your life is ahead of you. It 's in my head that you 're the kind that wants to fight folks' battles for them. . . . Don't!'

She smiled whimsically, kissed him again, and disappeared into her room, and Brooks's mind turned automatically to business matters. There were no lines of care in his face, and not for worlds would he have let the girl perceive that for months past the partners' resources had been steadily shrinking, till now, as a desperate resort, they had come to the step taken that day. The thing was, as Shanklin at once perceived, quite deliberate; but the attitudes of the partners differed considerably. Brooks regarded it as something which under other circumstances he would not have done, while Sitwell for years past had considered the great army of the ignorant as his legitimate spoil. What rankled in Brooks's mind most of all was that the scheme should have been deciphered by his daughter's fiancé. He blamed himself for ever entering Burley's office.

V.

At eight o'clock that evening Shanklin picked up the telephone in his room and held it for a moment uncertainly. He had considered writing to Claudia for an appointment in town next day, but finally decided to go to Brooks's apartment —even if it were for the last time. On the way he wondered how much she had heard, and how the thing had been put to her. He was overjoyed when she received him with her wonted pleasure and affection. Brooks was not visible.

He yielded, as always, to her beauty and charm, but now she seemed more desirable than ever, being touched with a wistfulness he found infinitely appealing. From the first she had roused in him a protective instinct, which he recognised as profound and lasting. To be her guardian meant as much as to be her lover. They talked for some moments while her hand lay unresistingly in his.

'I'm worried a bit to-night, Jack,' she said presently, with a shadow in her dark eyes.

'Tell me.'

It was Claudia's habit to get straight to the heart of things. 'About father—he 's worried too. Should a girl ever attempt to adjust a business misunderstanding?'

'There 's nothing I don't want you to know about,' he said slowly.

Her face brightened. 'I hoped you would say that—so tell me what happened to-day.'

'That was a matter in which Sitwell took the principal part. I had no desire to involve Mr Brooks.'

'But father feels now that he is involved. He talked to me about it, and if you hadn't come to-night I should have asked you to. I 'm not thinking about Mr Sitwell, but about dad.'

'What does he say?'

'That he hoped that you 'd straighten it out to-morrow; then we 'd all forget it. He thinks it quite natural that you should do his legal work, and is hurt and surprised that you won't —for he says you won't.'

Shanklin hesitated, with an overwhelming conviction that, such was the girl's transparent honesty, he would never be able to make this thing clear. It touched him too closely. The security of his love was suddenly assailed. Had she been worldly or calculating it would have been otherwise.

'It was Sitwell who really brought about this difference. Mr Brooks was content to let the thing be as I asked. And,' he added significantly, 'I know why Sitwell did it.'

She flushed a little, but, being in arms for what she considered her father's honour, stuck to her point.

'Dad and Mr Sitwell had agreed on something connected with this new company, and you refused to have anything to do with it. Isn't that so?'

'Yes,' he admitted.

'Then tell me why, Jack. Was it the real reason that you had too much work?'

He looked her straight in the face. 'No; and, extraordinary though it may seem for me to say so, your father wasn't keen on it at all. Sitwell insisted, and Mr Brooks yielded. I think he 's tired—anxious, and overworked. Anything I've got is at his service—you know that — but not for this particular purpose. What would you think of me if, in the way of business, I raised no questions, but did what I was asked without a word?'

'Will you tell me, then, just what you were asked to do?'

'I can't,' he said gently. All he held dear in life was at stake.

She drew away as though he had hurt her. 'Not even for me?'

He did not answer.

'Don't I come first any more, Jack?'

He caught at her hand. 'I love you with all my soul, but——'

'I didn't think there were any "buts" in love.'

'And I'm thinking of the thing love is based on.'

She glanced at him curiously. 'What is that?'

'Self-respect. If I throw that overboard, I've got nothing left fit to love you with.'

'And you were asked to sacrifice that?' Her lips parted. 'And by my father?'

'Don't,' he protested. 'Won't you——'

'My father!' she whispered; then, swiftly, her whole consciousness revolting, it seemed that he was associating her father with tricksters. Sitwell at that moment held no place in her mind—her loyalty, her natural affection, every legacy of childish memory rose in violent protest. She shot a stinging question.

'I'm not judging your father,' he said shakily, 'but myself.'

'But you prefer not to do business with him.' She had turned very pale, and was staring at a small engagement-ring that Shanklin had slipped on her finger a month previously. It was a single stone of no great value, but she treasured it like a crown jewel.

'Claudia,' he begged, 'don't!'

She drew off the ring, feeling all the while a desperate tugging at her heart-strings. She had not dreamed that love could hurt so much.

'I'm sorry, Jack. It was probably all a mistake our being engaged. It must have been—or this couldn't have happened. I told father I could straighten this all out, but you won't let me. You see, I thought I knew you better than I do.' Her lips trembled in spite of all her efforts.

Shanklin's pulse stood still. It swept over him in a flood that here and now, if he could only take her in his arms and explain that it was all the mistake of a moment of thoughtlessness, and that he would tell her father so next morning, he could yet save his happiness from shipwreck. It was so quickly and easily done. Then there would be tears and smiles—with Claudia in his arms again, and talk of a bungalow amongst the palms near Pasadana. But in the middle of all this came the whisper he had heard first as he scanned Brooks's title-deeds spread out on his desk, and the whisper demanded to know how he really proposed to interpret life. Claudia did not enter into it—or happiness—or fortune. It was just the plain, quiet question, 'Where do you stand?' All afternoon and evening it had persisted, and now the time had come to make answer. He made it in his own peculiar way. 'Claudia, I'll love you all my life, wherever you are.'

They stared at each other, these two between whom had dropped a curtain of division. Claudia was deadly white, and her eyes, large, luminous, and touched with sudden fear, accentuated her pallor. Her lips moved, but no words came. Shanklin stood, his shoulders set, his lips compressed, every fibre of his body yearning for the girl of his choice. There was so much for them to do together—so much joy they could create one for the other. The ring dropped with a little tinkle on the polished table. He looked first at the trinket, then at her.

'All my life,' he whispered.

When she raised her head he had gone. The apartment was very still. The last half-hour might have been a dream, till her eyes fell on the ring close beside her. She picked it up, mutely reviewing the day when it had arrived. It was insignificant beside the jewel which had before been offered by Sitwell and refused, and she had treasured this one for its very simplicity. Now the touch of it brought everything to life again.

Came a knock at the door, and a maid entered with a long box.

'Flowers, miss; shall I undo them?'

'No—thank you—leave them.' It was in Claudia's mind that if these were Shanklin's she would make still one more effort. Soon her lap was piled with perfect buds, whose fragrance filled the room. She picked up a card, her fingers trembling, and stared at it incredulously. Then she bent her head slowly over the blossoms, her tears coming like rain.

(Continued on page 41.)

THE ANDAMANS AND THE NICOBARS.

By Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. R. Murphy.

I.

THE recent decision to abolish the large penal settlement in the Andaman Islands, which was established there during the dark days of the Indian Mutiny, brought those strange possessions of the British Empire temporarily into the limelight, and therefore a short account of them may be of interest.

The Andaman and the Nicobar islands are situated towards the eastern side of the Bay of Bengal, close to a great highway of commerce, which is traversed by ships of all the most enlightened nations. Yet the civilisation of both the East and the West seems to have passed them by, without in any way affecting the inhabitants. It is probable that in the Andaman jungles at the present time natives are in the same state as

that of their remote ancestors. They wear no clothes; they speak a language so crude that it is scarcely adequate for their own poor needs; they know of no God; they are totally ignorant of agriculture; and their food, with the addition of shell-fish, is very much like that of monkeys.

In the earliest known narrative of these islands the inhabitants are represented as cannibals of truly frightful aspect, with huge misshapen feet a cubit in length, and as using poisoned arrows. The Andamanese, however, are not cannibals, their feet are of ordinary size and shape, and they do not use poisoned arrows; otherwise the description is correct. They are small people, and certainly very black, with woolly hair, but their lips are not thick like those of the negro. From an ethnological point of view they are an extremely interesting race.

The principal settlement in the Andamans is Port Blair, where the majority of the small European community live, and where there are detachments of British and Indian infantry. It is a picturesque but sleepy place; the very look of it from the deck of a ship makes one yawn. As you steam into the little harbour you begin to nod, and to dream of a life of drowsy contentment; but you awake with a sense of immobility that is almost paralysing. You can scarcely drag yourself out on to the sands to look for a footprint.

The Indian daily meteorological reports often announce 'a depression in the Bay of Bengal, with its centre in the Andamans.' Although the lotus-eaters of Port Blair are not weather-prophets, the fact of these islands being described as a centre of depression seems natural enough to them. As a matter of fact, storms frequently originate in the Bay of Bengal, and often very timely information regarding cyclones comes from the Andamans.

Although one would naturally be diffident about recommending any one to settle in the Andamans, except to get away from coal strikes or the New Rich, still there are many wonderful things there. For example, the settlement mess, which is in the charge of the local authorities. It was formerly a fowl-house. One day, it is recorded, a new commandant arrived, and being a man with progressive ideas, he asked for a new perch, or a coat of whitewash, or something equally trivial for the mess. He received a reply to the effect that, as there were only about twelve thousand five hundred convicts there at the time, there was no labour available; further, that the request was considered unreasonable, as the settlement officer had been there for twenty-five years, and such things had not been asked for before. Of course, this official might have said that he could not provide a coat of whitewash without the trousers as well, but that would have been a mere vulgar play upon words, whereas the reply he sent was really humorous.

In the main islands there are virgin forests, of great value, containing large areas of padauk-trees, the wood of which is a beautiful red colour, and takes a fine polish. Formerly there were Government tea-gardens in the Andamans, but the soil was not suitable for tea, nor was the tea suitable for drinking purposes. It was very bitter, and brought on shakiness. In fact, some of the soldiers stationed there could not salute without knocking their helmets off.

II.

The one event with which the Andamans will always be associated in the public mind is the murder of Lord Mayo, who, whilst Viceroy of India, was assassinated there by one of the convicts in the settlement in 1872. Some years later another tragedy occurred, which, though of less general importance, cast a great gloom over Port Blair at the time. On that occasion one of those cyclones already referred to swept over the islands with such violence that the Royal Indian Marine ship *Enterprise* was driven from her anchorage on to the rocks in front of the women's jail, where she foundered. A few of the crew managed to climb up the rigging, and to remain clinging there till morning broke, when the fury of the storm abated. Some of the female convicts, seeing the plight of these lascars, improvised ropes from their clothing, and succeeded in rescuing them.

The forcible resentment displayed by the Andamanese to all intruders has led on occasion to fighting, and it may not be generally known that the Little Andaman island was once the scene of a remarkable exploit for which no fewer than five Victoria Crosses were awarded. On the 6th May 1867 a party of the 24th Regiment was sent from the detachment stationed at Port Blair to ascertain the fate of the captain and crew of the ship *Assam Valley*, who were reported to have landed on the Little Andaman, and to have been murdered by the natives there. The steamer *Arracan* left Port Blair with the party on the day mentioned, anchored for the night in East Bay, and next day ran along the south coast of the island, and cast anchor about a mile and a half from a rock supposed to have been the scene of the massacre. The second cutter was manned and sent in, and a landing effected through a very heavy surf, the men wading to shore through five feet of water.

This party marched towards the rock, the first cutter moving along outside to cover those on shore. They had not advanced far when the natives began to show themselves and discharge their arrows. About fifty yards from the rock a skull was picked up which was afterwards pronounced to be that of a European. After the party had expended its ammunition in replying to the natives, a signal of recall was made; but in the attempt to repass the surf the second

cutter capsized and was washed away, and an officer of the 9th Bengal Infantry was drowned. Covered by the fire of the first cutter, the party on shore then marched back to East Bay, but all attempts to get boats into the bay failed. After finding the bodies of four men, partially buried, the party moved back to the first landing-place, where a raft was sent in to them. An officer and one of the men were swept off the raft by the surf, and were dragged ashore terribly exhausted. A volunteer crew was then made up on board the steamer, consisting of the assistant-surgeon and four soldiers of the 24th, who pluckily took the steamer's gig into the surf, but finding that the boat was filling fast, had to put back again. A second attempt was more successful, and five of the shore-party were brought off safely and put into a boat outside the surf. A third trip brought off the remainder. The expedition returned to Port Blair the next day.

The Victoria Cross was bestowed upon the doctor and the four soldiers, who by their gallantry had saved seventeen officers and men from the horrors of a fate of which death itself was probably the least. One of the recipients, Private David Bell, 24th Regiment, is still alive.

III.

South of the Andamans lies another group of islands, known as the Nicobars, and though they are close to a busy thoroughfare, no steamers ever call there except an occasional vessel belonging to the Royal Indian Marine. The result is that the interiors of some of these islands are practically unknown. When any one does go ashore there the excitement created is remarkable, not only in the jungle, but even in the water. Fish of gorgeous colours dart away from the boat as you row ashore; tiny black monkeys chatter wildly at you as you paddle up some creek into the virgin forest; flocks of parrots, with their long tails sticking straight out behind them, fly screaming away; in fact, there is no sound that does not rail at the intrusion.

In the Nicobars one can obtain interesting curios in the shape of shells and scare-devils; the former are to be found in wonderful variety, and some of them are almost large enough to have a bath in. The natives do not use money, and all bartering has to be done with rum or top-hats. The elders of some of the tribes affect this form of head-dress, and sometimes the squire of the village is to be seen with a top-hat on, and nothing else whatever. The scare-devils are crude wooden effigies, made to keep away all evil spirits, except those which intoxicate. Unlike the Andamanese, the Nicobarese are not a pure race, but a mixture, and they seem to have made a hobby of trying to look ugly. Why, therefore, any self-respecting devil should be scared by these harmless toys and not by the inhabitants is hard to understand. The Nicobarese live in curious huts, which look like large beehives perched on piles. They are entered by means of a ladder leading up from the ground through a trap-door in the floor. At night when every one is present the father of the family calls the roll, and then pulls up the ladder to prevent any one from breaking either in or out of barracks.

There are some queer birds in these islands, notably hornbills, with huge beaks, and megapodes, with society habits. The latter bird, which is a kind of small wild turkey, is rapidly becoming rare. The hen buries her eggs in the sand, and leaves them there to hatch themselves. It saves trouble and avoids scandal.

'I M.

PART II.

IV.

'BUT surely,' said the young man—'surely you did find out in the end, didn't——'

''Old 'ard a bit, mister,' interrupted Jim—''old 'ard a bit; I ain't done yet. As I were agoin' to say, when we goes into t' fo'c'sle, there were Charlie Summers—lookin' mad. Up 'e jumps, glarin' at me. 'E says, "Mates," 'e says, "(all exceptin' 'im, as isn't no mate of nobody's), I perposes we draws lots for 'oo's 'im, an' be done wi' it. I'm sick o' carryin' on like a lot o' loonatics. Washin' our 'ands, an' wot some on yer calls yer faces, an' pretendin' to be wot we ain't. Let's draw for it."

'"Charlie," says I, "yer'd better turn in an' 'ave a nap—ye're tired, lad; it would do yer good, an' then yer won't be pertendin' of as ye're a sailor, no more."

'A soft answer turneth away wrath, mister, an' lots o' other funny things—I al'ays says.

'Eight bells 'ad struck. Jack 'Utchins comes in from his ten to twelve trick. 'E says to us, a-lookin' round, "By gum, but there's a proper 'barney' aft! T' Old Man's near killed that square-'eaded stooard. 'E says 'e's goin' to make 'im pay for t' cabin lookin'-glass which was broke, 'cos it weren't took in at dark, same as 'e give orders for."

'"Ho!" we says.

'"'Ow *did* it get broke?" says Jack. "I didn't 'ear nothin' at t' wheel."

'"'Ow should we know?" we says, makin' for our bunks.

'T' next day were a fine summer day, an' we was keepin' a good look-out for a pilot. It bein' my wheel from eight to ten, I were standin' there wi' me eyes kind o' glued on t' compass, 'cos I seed t' Old Man were lookin' at me. 'E an' t' mate was walkin' up an' down, an' every time they turns around near me t' mate shoves one o' them small paint-swabs in 'is ugly mouth for to stop 'im laffin'. I could 'ave pushed 'is face in for 'im, I were that wild, 'cos I suspicioned they was laffin' at me.

'"Jim," says t' Old Man, leavin' t' mate an' comin' snigglerin' up to me, "don't yer think yer made a blinkin' fool o' yerself las' night, wi' t' rest o' them 'alf-baked 'oodlums? A man o' your age ought for to know better."

'I never answers 'im, mister, but I could 'ave paralysed 'im—cheerful.

'"Don't yer know, Jim," 'e goes on, "as yer 've give that ink-slinger chap as much o' wot 'e calls 'copy' as 'll take 'im to Southend for a week, wi' yer carryin's on?"

'"I don't care a 'ang if it 'll take 'im to *'ell* for a week," says I. "'E can go there, an' stop there for t' rest o' 'is life, for all I cares," I says —"an' so much t' better."

'There might 'ave been more words atween us, but at that minit t' stooard comes up wi' two letters in 'is 'and. 'E tells t' Old Man as 'e found 'em in one o' 'is coat-pockets.

'"Mister," says t' Old Man to t' mate ('oo 'ad come up nosy-like, like 'e al'ays does if 'e thinks there 's anythin' goin' past 'im)—"mister," 'e says, "look 'ere! 'Ere 's two letters as t' postman 's just bring aboard, wot ain't been opened."

'"I knows what them is," says t' mate—'them 's them letters wot t' pilot gives yer at Garden Reach when 'e come aboard, an' yer 's forgot all about 'em."

'An' it were so, mister!' said Jim to the young man.

'Good Lord, Jim!' exclaimed the young man; 'what a thing to do! I suppose they were giving instructions to proceed to some other port, or something like that.'

''Tweren't nothin' o' t' sort, mister. T' Old Man 'e turns to an' opens one, which were old Sam Doss's bumboat account. Then 'e opens t' other one. 'E looks at it, 'ard. Then 'e kind o' frowns, an' just as sudden 'e starts laffin', an' 'e goes on laffin' an' laffin' an' laffin', till I, thinks I to meself, 'e 's got t' 'igh-foloots same as women gets, an' it 's dangerous in a man. So I sings out to t' mate—seein' as I couldn't leave go o' t' wheel—"Pat 'im on t' wrists, mister; pat 'im on 'is wrists!" 'E gets mad at this, an' says, "I 'll pat you on yer danged nose if yer don't mind yer steerin'." An' then 'e says to t' mate, sudden-like, "Mister," 'e says, "you take t' wheel a minit.—An', Jim, you go an' tell the 'ands to lay aft. I wants to speak to 'em."

'"Men," 'e says when all 'ands was standin' aft, "I just found a letter in one o' t' pockets o' me shore-togs. I 'd forgot to open it when I gets it at Garden Reach. It 's from t' agents in Calcutta, tellin' of me as 'ow that feller Mr Tom Hinshlewood 'ad changed 'is mind about comin' aboard of us, an' was to go 'ome by steamboat instead. That 's all," 'e says, short-like—but 'e 'ad a silly grin on 'is fat face as we turns for to go for'ard again.'

'Surely, Jim,' said the young man, 'you don't mean to tell me that this—ahem—gentleman was never on board, after all?'

'It 's a fac', sir, as true as I sit 'ere,' said Jim triumphantly. *''E never weren't aboard at all.'*

v.

'Well, upon my word, Jim, it 's almost like a ghost-story,' said the young man, laughing heartily. 'And what did the others think of it?'

'Oh,' said Jim, 'we was all took flat aback—yer see, sir—we feels such danged fools. We sits down in t' fo'c'sle lookin' at one another; then by-an'-by we sees real 'appy looks comin' in our faces. Bill 'Arding were t' first to give way; 'e starts laffin' an' laffin', till 'is laffin' got contiguous, an' we all starts—we dances—we 'ugs each other—we shouts—all wi' joy, till we was fair done, an' out o' breath. "Mates!" says I, sittin' down, "I 've got a hidea in me fore-top, as 'as just come there, an'——"

'"That 's all right, Jim," says Charlie; "yer 'll be all right wi' a day or two's rest. Yer 've just got rid o' one 'llucination, so don't be goin' for to start an' pick up wi' another, or yer 'll be put away to t' Old Man's 'foolish 'ouse' 'e was talkin' about!" But I didn't take no notice on 'im, as by this we was very friendly; so I only told 'im to 'old 'is blasted jaw, if 'e didn't want 'is ugly face altered.

'"Wot is it, Jim?" says t' others. "Wot 's yer thought on?"

'So I says, "Well, mates, it 's like this 'ere. Seein' as 'ow yer 've all taken a lot o' trouble to make fools o' yerselves all t' way 'ome, an'——"

'"Wot about yerself?" says one on 'em. "Yer was worsner any on us, 'cos yer was older, an' ought to a-knowed better."

'I takes no notice o' this bit o' hignorance, mister, an' I goes on an' says, "An' seein' as 'ow we all got to logger'eads wi' each other—through no fault o' nobody—it just come to me as it would be a kind o' nice an' friendly if we was to 'ave a tarpaulin muster for a danged good dinner all together, for to make up for all our suspicionednesses we 'd 'ad on each other. Then we 'll part—all shipmates wi' kind feelins' an' wot not."'

'That was a brilliant idea, Jim,' said the young man—'quite a brilliant idea. I suppose they all jumped at it?'

'Ay, 'deed they did,' said Jim, beaming.

'An' we makes all arrangements ship-shape for Friday night at six-thirty sharp—seein' as we'd be paid off by then. After we'd docked I goes for to see Sam Church—'e's a friend o' mine, an' keeps a pub by the Katherine Dock. Sam were fair capped wi' t' hidea, an' says 'e, "Jim, heverything will be done to bring credit to my 'ouse. Yer 'll 'ave turtle-soup (mock), eel-pie—which is my spechulty—roast-beef o' good Old England, plum-pudding (not duff), a cigar each, an' as much beer as yer all want. All for three-and-six a 'ead, me boy," 'e says. "It 'll be a proper 'à la' dinner, same as the 'toffs' up west, an' nothin' to beat it this side o' Buckingham Pallis."

'Friday come, mister, an' I were that excited, I kept goin' in for to see Sam, till 'e told me I'd spoil things a-starin' at 'em.

'At five o'clock t' others begins to come. They fair knocked me—why, I 'ardly knowed 'em, they was that fine dressed. Bill 'Arding was monsterous. Danged if 'e 'adn't got them things on 'is boots, same as you 'ave, sir, an' a collar, too. Blest if 'e 'adn't!

'At four bells (I means six o'clock) we all sits down—we couldn't wait till 'alf-pas'. I sits at t' 'ead o' t' table, bein', as I were, t' oldest; an' Jinny, she ups on me shoulder an' sits there quiet an' lady-like, only takin' a nut now an' then, or a sup o' me beer.

'Mister, that *were* a dinner! It was as Sam said it would be—a à la, tip-top dinner—an' no mistake. We finished heverything. Sam's wife 'ad sent some almonds an' raisins in, for no extra charge. Jinny near went mad over 'em, takin' 'em out o' me mouth as fast as I puts 'em in; but she were quite lady-like all t' time, not tryin' any 'uman tricks on us.

'No, mister,' Jim went on, rather pathetically, 'I'll never forget it as long as I live—that dinner; it were like one o' them fairy tales. We'd lit our cigars, after t' best dinner in London. We was mates together; no Old Man singin' out, "Lee fore brace;" no salt 'orse to eat; no nothin' but—but—— Wot's that word, mister? I can't think on it.'

'Harmony,' suggested the young man.

'Bull's-eye,' said Jim, 'first time. That's it, mister—'armony—nothin' but 'armony. I'll try an' remember that word.'

VI.

'A deuced good ending, Jim, to a beastly voyage,' said the young man. 'No wonder you enjoyed the good dinner, and——'

'I ain't finished yet, mister,' said Jim impressively. 'I ain't finished yet. *I* made a speech! I did mister. Yer may believe me or not—but I did.'

'Oh, this is capital, Jim; I must hear the speech.'

'Yer shall, sir, if yer ain't sick tired o' me talk. Yer see, sir, sailors is bad 'ands at talkin'; that's why they al'ays says "Yes," an' "No," an' wants a drink when yer asks 'em anythin', for to make 'em talk. But it were Bill 'Arding as gets me on me 'ind-legs. 'E jumps up all of a sudden an' 'e says, "Mates," 'e says, "I reckons as 'ow Jim ought for to make us a speech, seein' 'e 's in t' chair o' honour."

'"Danged if I makes a speech. I can't make no speeches," says I.

'But it weren't no good. They yells, "Speech! Speech! Chuck it off of yer chest, Jim." So thinks I to meself, I 'd better talk to 'em a bit for to keep 'em quiet-like.

'"Mates," says I, "seein' as we've 'ad a danged good dinner, an' we ain't likely for to be called on for to wash up, we may as well take it heasy for a spell. I were just thinkin', mates, as we 'd 'ad a bloomin' queer kind o' v'y'ge—a v'y'ge as might make us feel a bit silly in one kind o' way or another, but a v'y'ge as some on us might be kind o' proud of. What I means is this 'ere, mates: we was told as 'ow a hignorant hink-slinger was signed on wi' us, so as for to make a laugh on us to t' noospapers. Then we 're told as 'ow 'e didn't sign on wi' us after all, but as 'e 'd funked it, an' gone 'ome, swell-like, in a steamer. Now what I thinks is like this 'ere: If 'e *'ad* come an' we 'd a-found 'im, it would 'ave been a case o' 'Eaven 'elp 'im; but as 'e *didn't* come aboard, we was, so to speak, in a quagglmire. So we gets a kind o' nasty-like wi' each other, which we wouldn't 'ave done if we 'adn't suspicioned everybody." (I takes a good swig o' me beer then; I were gettin' pumped.) "We was all lookin' for a chap," I goes on, "as wasn't there; an' yet," says I, "there *was* somethin' there as we couldn't tumble to—somethin' as made us wash ourselves, an' stop swearin,' an' doin' a lot o' dirty things as a sailor does, unbethinkin' like. Then we begins for to be perlite, an' doin' little hacts o' kindnesses for one another, all because we thought as 'im that was supposed to be aboard—an' wasn't aboard—might go for to think we was low animals, an' beasts, so to speak, an' not fit for to be 'uman bein's.

'"Now, mates," says I, "I wants to say as 'ow, for meself, it were a good day when that silly cove thought 'e would come aboard o' us, an' didn't come—'cos we didn't know 'e 'adn't come—so we was a-feared to do anythin' what yer might call low-down. I see meself 'twere t' same wi' all on yer," says I; "an' as for meself—*I'm* for al'ays 'avin' ''im'—as didn't come—for a shipmate. Now, mates," says I, "what d' yer say? Will yer sing, 'An' so say all of us'?"

'"Ay, ay," they shouts. An' then hup we gets an' sings, all together, "For 'e's a jolly good feller."

'An', by gum, mister, we *did* give it lip!

'"Mates," says I when we 'd finished singin', "fill yer glasses!" An' when everybody were

ready, I says, "Mates, here's a 'ealth to "*'Im as was—'Im as isn't*—an' *'Im as is.*"'"

'Splendid, Jim! Absolutely splendid!' said the young man. 'What a——'

At this moment Jim, looking out of the window, exclaimed, 'Why, dang it all, mister, if we ain't at Newcastle!'

VII.

The sailor began hurriedly to collect his few bits of things. 'Ay,' he said, 'it were a rum go, weren't it, mister? That silly loonatic didn't get nothin' for to write about, wi' all 'is cleverness; but it were a dirty, low-down hidea 'e 'ad; now weren't it, mister?'

'Ahem—well——' began the young man.

But Jim went on, 'An' if I 'ad 'im 'ere this very minit, why, I'd just paralyse 'im—I would so—for all 'e made us be'ave a bit better; though it weren't 'is doin', any'ow.'

'It was a *very* interesting experience, Jim,' said the young man. 'I suppose we *must* say good-bye now, but I'm quite selfishly sorry your journey's over, as I've thoroughly enjoyed your good company. The best of luck to you, and I hope you'll have a jolly good holiday. Good-bye, Jim.' They shook hands.

'So long, sir,' said Jim, turning regretfully away, muttering as he went to collect Jinny, 'A *real* toff, 'e is. 'E wouldn't a-played a trick like that black-'earted 'oodlum—no, siree—not 'im!'

The train began to move. Two people on the platform—a lady and a gentleman—suddenly caught sight of the young man, leaning out of the window, evidently waving a good-bye to some one.

'Why,' they exclaimed, 'if that isn't Tom Hinshlewood, back from India!—Tom! Tom!' they called. But Tom had quickly retreated to the farthest corner of the carriage, saying fervently—oh! *so* fervently—'Thank heavens Jim didn't hear those idiots!'

THE END.

OUR OLDEST INDUSTRY.

By JULIAN STRANGE.

I.

THE oldest of our industries, the fabrication of flint instruments, is coeval with the hunting stage of man's existence. The first appearance of man in Europe dates from so remote a period that neither history nor tradition can tell us anything about his origin or his mode of life. We have, however, in the chipped flint instruments which have been discovered at various depths in the gravels of our present river system what are generally regarded as the earliest traces of the human race, although it was not until the middle of last century that their true significance was recognised.

The period of these early Palæolithic hunters, who chipped their implements from flint nodules, but did not polish them, stretches back into the obscurity of prehistoric time for many hundred thousand years; but when this older Stone Age merged into the newer Stone or Neolithic Age of the hunter, fisher, and shepherd who mined flints and fashioned from them various and highly polished tools and weapons, we cannot tell. It was certainly not less than nine thousand years ago.

The immense number of flint implements which have been discovered in various parts of Europe is sufficient evidence of the important part they played during the earlier stages of man's existence upon the earth. Flint was the one hard material which man learned to shape and apply to his own purposes, and it has, therefore, had a much more important influence on our civilisation than is commonly supposed.

In a picturesque corner of East Anglia, where a strip of watery fenland stretches up into the heath district with its sand-hills and its plantations of gloomy firs, the manufacture of flint implements has been carried on for untold centuries, probably without a break. It is true that eoliths have not as yet been found in the district, but Palæolithic man has left many relics of his presence there in the clays and sands of the Brandon beds, which lie at the top of the Middle Glacial Series; and antiquaries are of opinion that the Brandon flint-knappers of the present day are the lineal descendants of those dark-haired Euskarians who occupied the eastern parts of the British Isles when, as an Irishman might say, they weren't islands at all.

It was essential in the manufacture of flint implements to have material of a good quality and easily accessible, and as these conditions obtained at Brandon, this little town has been a place of considerable importance from a very remote period. The adjacent Ling Heath is scarred all over with shafts sunk by the Neoliths, for, although the surface of the ground was strewn with blocks and pebbles of flint, they put themselves to considerable trouble to obtain flints of the best quality. These primitive miners first dug a circular pit, and then threw out horizontal galleries, four or five feet in height, forming in some instances a perfect labyrinth of underground passages. The implements used in making these excava-

tions were reindeer's horns, the brow tine being used as a pick, and the others removed. The curiously shaped iron picks used by the flint-diggers of the present day closely resemble in shape those ancient horn tools. Within quite recent years traces of the use of these picks were plainly to be seen on the sides of the ancient galleries. In one pit recently explored the roof of one of the passages had fallen in, and on the débris being removed two deer-horn picks were found in front of two recesses, lying just as they had been left at the close of a day's work; the roof had probably fallen in during the night, and work had never been resumed there. These picks are now in the British Museum, and on the handle of one of them is plainly visible the print of a thumb in the chalky clay which adheres to its surface. 'It was a most impressive sight,' says Canon Greenwell, 'and one never to be forgotten, to look, after a lapse, it may be, of three thousand years, upon a piece of work unfinished, with the tools of the workmen still lying where they had been placed so many centuries ago.' The 'Grime's Graves' close by (whose very name indicates that they were regarded by the early English a thousand years ago as of mysterious origin) are nothing more than the chalk-pits opened by Neolithic man in order to get the flint from which they made their implements. There are about two hundred and fifty of them, varying in diameter from twenty to sixty feet, and extending over some twenty acres; one was found to have been sunk to a depth of over forty feet.

The implements found in greatest abundance in the neighbourhood of Brandon are flakes, scrapers, and adzes, together with some narrow flint implements generally known as fabricators, or punches, used for flaking, though possibly hardly adapted for that purpose, which is better served by the use of bone or horn tools. Somewhat similarly shaped flints have been found in company with iron pyrites in a Yorkshire barrow, and it is very possible that they were used for striking fire.

II.

At the present day Brandon is the only place in Great Britain where the manufacture of flint squares for guns and 'strike-a-lights' is carried on. For this purpose one particular layer of flint is found to be peculiarly well adapted; while another layer, known as wall-stone, is much in favour for building purposes. The special merits of the gun-flint layer must have been known at a very early period, for the ancient workers sank their shafts below this layer of wall-stone, which occurs at a depth of about twenty feet beneath the surface.

The modern method of making gun-flints is very interesting, and gives us a good idea of the way the Neoliths made their flint implements. The flint is found in large blocks, which are brought to the surface and stacked in heaps, and when they are sufficiently dry the knapper proceeds to 'quarter' them—that is, to break them up into pieces, each about six inches square. These quarters are then 'flaked,' or divided into strips, by means of hammers of various shapes and sizes. In the third process, called 'knapping,' the flake is laid on an iron block, and, by a steady tap of the hammer, divided into small squares, which, with a little trimming here and there, become the finished gun-flints.

At one time gun-flints were made of some twenty different shapes and sizes, to suit the rifle, the musket, the horse and the pocket pistol, and the long Danish-made guns used by the Arabs. The flints for the old 'Brown Bess' muskets of the British Army were made at Brandon, and in the early part of last century some two hundred men were fully employed in their manufacture. Few flint-knappers live to be old men, for the minute particles of flint thrown off during the flaking and knapping enter the lungs and bring on consumption.

The flint-flakes used in 'strike-a-lights' were practically identical in shape with the Neolithic scrapers, and similarly shaped flakes have been found in countries as far distant as Mexico, India, and New Zealand. In the eighteenth century a square variety was introduced into this country from France, to which was given the name of 'Frenchmen,' while the old oval flints were known as 'Englishmen.' Tinder-box flints are still being made at Brandon in large quantities.

In the palmy days of the flint-gun, flints fetched fifty shillings per thousand, but at the present time the same number can be bought for about five shillings. Brandon still ships something like three millions of gun-flints annually to Africa, China, and South America. When one remembers that in the middle of last century the flint-lock was superseded by the percussion-cap, and that matches have taken the place of 'strike-a-lights' in domestic use, the question naturally occurs, Whence arises the demand for such an immense number of gun-flints? But an answer is not difficult to find. When flint-muskets were discarded by the army, enterprising traders shipped them to Africa, where they were exchanged with the natives for ivory and rubber, and as gun-flints are but short-lived, they have, therefore, to be frequently renewed. In uncivilised countries, as well as in those countries having a very moist climate, flint and steel will probably continue in use as being the most reliable method of obtaining a light, although it is sometimes a lengthy process. Birmingham still sends large numbers of tinder-boxes to Africa and South America.

Flint and steel play an important part in the marriage ceremony of the simple Lapplanders of the present day. After the betrothal arrangements of a couple of these curiously primitive people have been satisfactorily discussed by the respective parents over a bottle of brandy, the espousals are concluded by the young folk rubbing noses. When the marriage-day arrives a priest performs the ceremony, should one happen to be available; but if not, the bride's father merely strikes a spark from a flint and steel, and pronounces the couple irrevocably man and wife. When either of them dies, flint and steel are buried with the body in order that the departed may be able to keep warm during the long journey to the unknown shore.

Flint makes an excellent building material, and the cores left over by the gun-flint maker are utilised in that way. Some very fine squared flint-work is to be found in East Anglia, notably at Norwich, that in the eastern wall of the Guildhall and in the Thorpe Chapel of St Michael Coslany being in as perfect a condition as when the buildings were erected five centuries ago.

SOME LOBBY REMINISCENCES—THE INNER AND THE OUTER.

By F. Primrose Stevenson, F.Z.S.

PART I.

I.

I AM assuming, of course, that the majority of people are fairly familiar, either personally or by hearsay, with that particular quarter of the Palace of Westminster popularly and geographically known as the Central Hall or Outer Lobby. The Inner—or members'—Lobby is a much more exclusive affair. It is on a par with the enclosure on a famous race-course, the lawn of the R.Y.S. at Cowes, or the interior of some exclusive West-End club. Admission thereto is by members only (who must accompany their visitors, and remain with them whilst they are there), save for those privileged persons who, for one reason or another, happen to have their names and the nature of their business inscribed on what is mysteriously known as the Lobby List. They include private secretaries to Ministers and members, many departmental officials, journalists, political agents, and the accredited representatives of various public bodies who, somehow or other, have made good their title to be on it. The inner lobby is the orthodox rendezvous to which they repair at will. Before the dynamite outrages it was practically open to any one who had a genuine object in going there. As the result of the Fenian campaign, however, very drastic restrictions were enforced, and these have never been abolished—only to some extent relaxed—even to the present day. To the outer lobby access is open to all who state their business. It is the sole public entrance by which constituents can seek out 'our member.' It is the parliamentary Mecca to which all with a grievance—fancied or real—can repair, and thus it is that for many years past the advocates of a multitude of causes—many genuine, some lost, and others likely to be—temperance, early closing, woman suffrage, bimetallism and the maintenance of the gold standard, anti-slavery, proportional representation, Armenian persecutions, and a whole catalogue of cognate interests—have met to discuss with Ministers and members the fortunes of their pet ventures.

This much by way of introduction. In an association, which has just closed, of a quarter of a century with the lobbies of both Chambers, I have naturally come across many such individuals. Some, like the late Sir T. W. Russell, M.P., who was working in the outer lobby on behalf of temperance interests, were recognised features of the place; others, like a certain Dr Anderson I recall, who haunted the Central Hall at one time in his efforts to right a judicial grievance in Tobago, of which he was the alleged victim, were there for a time, and were seen no more; and there was a third class among all these industrious 'strangers,' who came daily out of sheer curiosity, presumably with nothing better to do. There was, for instance, until recently, a remarkable individual, an elderly barrister, very shabbily dressed, who sat in the Lords' corridor day after day, with no other reward than to witness the coming and going of all the great parliamentarians in the Upper House. He was perfectly harmless, and the police never interfered with him in the slightest degree.

Another familiar figure I keenly remember was dear old George Smith of Coalville. His one mission in life was the introduction of a Movable Dwellings Bill to deal with the care of children who spent their early years in travelling-vans, canal-boats, and the like—and more often than not were born there—and who, therefore, could not be reached by any of the existing educational agencies. I can see the old gentleman there now with his rugged features and unkempt leonine locks. Session after session he took up his position in the outer lobby, looking for members to father his Bill if they

should happen to have success in the ballot. His work was not in vain, for before he died he had the intense satisfaction of seeing his life's work accomplished by the addition of such a measure to the statute-book of the country.

II.

It must be remembered that in order to obtain admission to the Peers' or Distinguished Strangers' Galleries of the House of Commons every one must pass through the inner lobby. Even for members of the royal family there is no other access, and both King Edward and King George, as Prince of Wales, when desiring to attend a particular debate, entered by this way in order to reach their familiar seat 'over the clock.' They were conducted to the Chief Whip's private room in the lobby—where they left hat and coat—by Sir David Erskine, Serjeant-at-Arms, who was also Groom of the Robes at Court. The present heir to the throne has entered in the same way; and there is no other for a distinguished stranger, be he a member of the foreign corps diplomatique, a celebrated visitor from abroad, or a person of eminence at home. Thus it is that in the inner lobby is focused a kaleidoscope, so to speak, of the illustrious visitors to our shores.

To give a list of all these notabilities would be a long and a difficult task. One day, perhaps, it would be Mark Twain, who visited Parliament many years ago, and beamed delightfully upon the autograph-hunter. At another time it was General Pershing, just off to the front to take control of the American armies; or it might be some distinguished naval commander, the hero of some thrilling aerial flight, the sole survivor of a great disaster, the winner of a popular boxing-match, an African bishop, the Armenian Patriarch pleading with members on behalf of his countrymen, a famous explorer—English or Danish—the members of a winning football-team, a chess celebrity, or a tennis marvel. At these times all roads lead to the lobby. One of the last I recall was a very gallant French soldier wearing two exquisitely fashioned aluminium hands in place of those he had lost in the war. He shook hands most cordially and naturally, opened his cigarette-case and handed it around, and gave other exhibitions of the triumph of science over sheer physical disability.

One of the most interesting and picturesque visitors I ever saw in the lobby was the young King of Uganda, who came to this country several years ago, accompanied by his Prime Minister, Sir Apollo Kagwa, K.C.M.G., his chief adviser from infancy, to pay his respects and indicate his devotion and that of his people to King Edward. He was the son of the notorious King Mwanga, and the grandson of the even more cruel and bloodthirsty King Mtesa, whose atrocities have probably never been quite equalled, and certainly never surpassed, among the savage races of the world. One of them was to have the wives of whom he was tired thrown headlong into his private lake so that he might watch them being devoured by his favourite crocodiles! The young king was a tall, highly-intelligent-looking man of about twenty, and his dark copper-coloured complexion was strikingly set off against a red fez cap and his long flowing robes of white. Altogether he was a most picturesque figure of a kind but rarely seen in the lobby, as introductions to Ministers and members followed in rapid succession. Two of them at least he had already met before in his capital. One was Mr—now Sir—Herbert Samuel, the first High Commissioner for Palestine, and in conversation the king at once recalled that the then member for Cleveland had given him a clockwork steamboat at the time of his visit to him at Kampala. The other was Mr Cathcart Wason, M.P., who, with Mrs Wason, toured his country some years ago, and spent much time with the young ruler and his Ministers.

III.

If the lobby has its gay moments—and they are many—it has also its pathetic incidents. One of the most distressing of these was the painfully sudden death of Mr Alfred Billson, M.P., who had received the honour of knighthood only a few days previously from King Edward, but had not yet been officially 'dubbed.' To appreciate fully the pathos of the sad spectacle, it is necessary to recast the scene as I saw it. At that time, when dining at the House was perhaps even more popular than it is now, the lobbies, between 9.30 and 10 P.M., were always crowded with troops of gaily dressed women in the height of fashion when dinner was over below. The lobby was more than usually crowded that evening, when the word went round that Mr Billson had been seized with sudden illness in the 'Aye' lobby. Members rushed to his assistance, an ambulance was hastily improvised, and upon this the fast dying legislator was reverently laid and carried to the private room of the Chairman of Committees. There was a messenger at each of the three corners of the ambulance, and the fourth handle was grasped by Mr John Burns. As the procession slowly wended its way through the lobby it was seen that the patient was beyond all human hope, and although Sir William Collins and Sir Walter Foster, two well-known medical men in the House, rendered every possible aid, he almost immediately passed away. To a close friend and companion was confided the melancholy task of breaking the terrible news to the daughter of the deceased member, who was in the Ladies' Gallery listening to the debate, quite ignorant of what had been taking place below. Then the Premier announced the sad

event to the Chamber, and the sitting was at once suspended. King Edward, with his customary tact, gave directions that the title should, under the circumstances, be used by the bereaved wife.

Upon two other occasions I can recall sudden illnesses which occurred within the parliamentary precincts, and shortly afterwards terminated fatally. One of these was the case of Mr J. Powell Williams, M.P., the close associate of Mr Joseph Chamberlain, who passed away in Westminster Hospital, whither he had been taken within a few moments of his seizure in the House; and the other was that of Dr Wallace, the well-known and learned member for East Edinburgh, who was taken ill suddenly whilst addressing the House in opposition to the money grant which it was proposed to give to Lord Kitchener for his services in Egypt, and more particularly at the final overthrow of the Khalifa at the battle of Omdurman. Dr Wallace was carried from the Chamber in a dying condition, and in this instance also Mr Burns was the first to render aid to his stricken colleague. With the experience of these sad occurrences fresh in their minds, the authorities soon afterwards installed a very complete and up-to-date medicine-chest, containing all needful surgical appliances in case of emergency, in the private room of the assistant serjeant-at-arms, and the lobby was placed in direct telephonic communication with the hospital across the way.

IV.

There are, of course, lobby *habitués* at the present day, just as there were a generation or so ago. By *habitués* I mean those members who are not actively identified with any particular movement, care but little about what is going on in the Chamber, and prefer to linger among the gossips in this *rialto* of journalism. This is far from being because they have any axes of their own to grind, but rather because they know they will become *au courant* with the latest piece of gossip or the latest good story, and at the same time make fresh friends, and renew old acquaintance with those who, after defeat at the polls, or because they have voluntarily retired from parliamentary life, are but rarely again seen in the lobbies. Indeed, until the rumours of an impending General Election are spread about, and aspirants for parliamentary honours flock to the offices of the Chief Whips, it is remarkable how few ex-members ever revisit the place in which they have spent—and probably wasted—so many of their days.

A man who exactly fits the description I have given was the late Sir John William Maclure—'John William,' as he was affectionately known among his *intimes*. He was the brother of a former Dean of Manchester. Both were very portly, Sir John a good first, and both looked as if they were not unfamiliar with the good things of this world. And here again Sir John was easily first! Indeed, the very reverend brother of the member for Stretford was often a pained spectator of the ebulliency of his parliamentary brother. Sir John, who, because of his ashy-white hair, was known under the sobriquet of the 'Whitehead Torpedo,' practically lived in the lobby, and a glance at a certain window-sill, in one of the niches of which he always placed an enormous 'topper,' was invariably an indication to the attendants who might be searching for him that he had arrived at Westminster. Sir John and a colleague narrowly escaped on one occasion a prolonged visit to the Clock Tower. He was challenged by Sir Alpheus Cleophas Morton, M.P., to appear in the lobby on an appointed day in Highland attire, and Sir John, who was in higher spirits than usual, accepted the challenge. The event, had it come off, would have kept the lobby laughing for the remainder of the day, so that all serious business would have gone by the board. Recognising the enormous physical proportions of the popular and ever-verdant M.P., and the extremely sparing way in which nature had clothed with flesh his challenger, and recognising also that if the two had met in kilts Sir John would probably have insisted upon dancing a *pas de deux* in the centre of the lobby, we need not wonder that everybody was on the tiptoe of expectation. But, alas for the gaiety of Parliament, there was a fatal hitch somewhere, and this delicious spectacle, which would have made the fortune of the parliamentary caricaturist, was never witnessed, although speculation kept its memory green for many a long day afterwards.

(*Continued on page 44.*)

SONG OF THE OLD MILL-WHEEL.

THROUGH peaceful meadows where the mild kine graze
A slender stream meanders on its way
Towards a rustic mill, whose restless wheel
In placid revolutions seems to say:
Round and round
With patient tread
I grind the corn
To make your bread.

No spurring steam need I, or booming wind,
To urge me on my errand to fulfil;
The only force that speeds me on my rounds
Is furnished by a little purling rill
That turns me in
My watery bed,
To grind the corn
That makes your bread.

Full sixty years I've played my humble part,
But now my aged frame is weak and worn;
My joints are shaky, and my members frail;
Yet still to dewy eve from early morn
I labour on
With falt'ring tread,
And help to make
Your daily bread.

JAMES T. JOHNSTON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE VOICE IN THE ROOM.

By JOHN HASLETTE VAHEY, Author of *A Cry from the Heart, The Mesh,* &c

PART I.

I.

I WAS acting as *locum tenens* to Dr Fraser of Farby when old Alexander Macfarlane died. It was a little after midsummer, and the factor came for me to where I was trying for a salmon in the black pool which lies below the policies of Glencarlies House.

As a fisherman, I was loath to leave a fish which had come at my fly for the second time; but, as a professional man, I made no bones about reeling up and going with Mr Duncan, my rod still in my hand, to see my patient.

This was the first time I had seen old Macfarlane in that capacity, for he was a grim, tough old man, who boasted that he had never had a day's illness in his life, and swore, in his sour way, that he owed his long life to his freedom from medical supervision. In short, he was one of those misguided individuals who come into the world with a doctor's assistance, and are glad enough to seek his help to avoid going out of it, but scoff at him between whiles.

I left my rod standing against the wall of a byre as I passed through the outbuildings, and found Macfarlane lying on a couch, his neckwear and coat undone, his face flushed. One look at his hard face, his full neck, and dull eyes told me that he had called in all too late the services which earlier might have served his turn. I did what I could, had him to bed, and sat down by him to watch, while one of the servants went off post-haste to Farby for some medical requisites.

Macfarlane was silent for a long time; then, at last, he seemed to revive in some measure. His eyes brightened, he called all his waning nervous energy together, and looked at me full in the face.

'You 've come to crow over me, who had no use for doctors at any time,' he said harshly.

'I have come to do what I can,' I said.

A grimly humorous gleam came into his eye. 'To write a certificate, man! I know. I can stand a clout with any man, and I know when I hear my name called.'

'We may make something of you yet, Mr Macfarlane,' said I.

'A corpse,' said he with gravity. 'I've had a long run, and I am out of breath. It isn't this life I mind leaving so much as this place.' I said nothing. He firmed his under lip and went on: 'Ay, this place; and I wouldn't mind that but for him I have to leave it to.'

He may have been going to say more, but he sank back as he finished the words, and I was too busy trying to keep life in him to think of much else the next half-hour.

He never spoke again but once, and that a few seconds before the breath went out of his body. It was night then, about eleven as I made it, and he sat up on his pillows with an effort, while a last flicker came into his eyes.

'May ye never be happy in it, Tod, for the way ye served me!'

I heard his words with dismay, for the last hours of a man should be given up to blessing rather than cursing; but again I had no time for comment. He fell back, and Glencarlies House was without a master.

Perhaps it was because I was courting Dolly Fraser at that time that the scene made no lasting impression on my mind. When matters of life and death are on hand, it is always the matter of life that absorbs the interest of a normal and healthy man. And as I was not very sure if Dr Fraser took the same interest in me as a prospective son-in-law as did Dolly, the course of my young courtship soon diverted from my mind the alien question of the heirship to Glencarlies House.

Now, whether it was the natural tendency of an attractive young woman to keep an ardent man on tenterhooks before surrendering, or whether fear of her grave father hindered her, at all events I found Dolly in the mood to make me hasten slowly. I was still at Farby after the natural termination of my *locum*, discussing with Dr Fraser the question of partnership. He was getting old, and disposed to take the rest of his life more easily, and I was attracted by the prospect of extending a promising practice and arranging a happy marriage.

Dolly fished with me, walked on the moors, and was not above taking a ride in my little car; but when it came to actual love-making, I found myself deftly, if sweetly, deferred.

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

'I hear Macfarlane's arrived,' said Fraser to me one morning about two months after the old man's death.

'Macfarlane?' I said. 'Do you mean Tod?'

He looked at me curiously. 'And how do you come to know him by that name?'

'I heard Mr Macfarlane speaking of a "Tod" as the man who was to succeed him.'

'Did you indeed? And how did he speak of him, Dr Hyde?'

'As I might speak of a man who had done me a weighty injury, which I had neither forgotten nor forgiven.'

Dr Fraser nodded. 'You're right. Glencarlies goes to Robert Macfarlane, who was called "Tod," in spite, by the late Alexander. The old man was in love with the lady who afterwards married his brother, and this Robert, or "Tod," was the son of the marriage. He was an engineer when he left this country, ten years ago, and went to Chile—to some mines, I think. Alexander never forgave him for being the son of any one else but himself.'

'Hadn't Alexander been an engineer, too, before he retired?'

Dr Fraser shook his head. 'An amateur he was till the day of his death—not in regard to proficiency, but that he made nothing out of it. He had skill and invention. They say he might have gone high had he followed it up. There's a workshop up at the house that is an interesting sight.'

'So he invented, then?' I said interestedly.

'Ay. He had twice the brains of his nephew, and a grand knowledge of electricity, and wireless, and other things of the same kind.'

I nodded. 'And this Robert—what sort of fellow was he?'

'A bitter man, though he had the looks of an angel. He lacked money in his youth, and that soured him. He had the temper of a fiend, and Alexander and he struck sparks out of one another many a time. He thought somehow he ought to have had some of his uncle's money to help him, and when he found it refused him, he was never done taunting the old man about the way he was done out of the woman he loved. It's strange, but true. He would drive Alexander, his uncle, into the foulest rages by just mentioning his own mother with a kind of smile.'

'He was handsome, you say?'

Dr Fraser got up. 'As an angel—though that temper of his may have taken some of the fine lines out of his face before now.'

II.

It was just four days after that, when I had a morning to myself, and managed to get Dolly Fraser to share it, that I heard more of Tod Macfarlane. We had taken our rods up the brook which runs into the river above the village, and were preparing for our sport when Dolly gave me an arch look.

'I saw an angel to-day!' she said.

'You must have been looking in the glass, Dolly,' I ventured.

'I was looking in a glass right enough, but it was the plate-glass of Porter's shop, when I went down for dad's paper. He came up to look in.'

'That will be Macfarlane,' I said, with a slight twinge of jealousy. 'But from what your father says he must be Lucifer—one of the fallen angels at best.'

'He was a fine man, and very handsome, let me tell you. But I may grant he had a temper, for his eyes were fierce.'

'I hear he's been on the Spanish Main, or somewhere,' I scoffed. 'No doubt he thinks he's a Spanish grandee. Had he upturned moustaches, and a knife in his belt?'

Dolly laughed. 'You can't bear to think there's another handsome man in Farby!' she said with a smile. 'Better than that, though. He was going in to see Mr James—about the estate, I suppose—and Mr James came out when I was passing, and introduced him to me.'

'Mr James has more spare time than spare sense!' said I.

'Shall I put on a Greenwell's Fancy?' said Dolly, evading the issue, and giving me the hint that there was no need for us to quarrel, even over an angel.

I think it was the little twinge of jealousy that spurred me to a new interest in Tod Macfarlane. I was deeply in love with Dolly, and even an unprejudiced outsider would have said that she was pretty enough to awaken the interest of a handsome gentleman, with his amorous faculties no doubt stirred by some passages with the ardent women of Latin-America. So I was anxious to get sight of the man himself, accepting the grave Dr Fraser's estimate of his looks as being a justification for Dolly's praise.

But five more days passed before I saw him. I was casting again in the black pool below the house (as I had been just before I was called up to old Macfarlane), when I hooked a fish, and saw Tod for the first time.

I was too busy then to pay attention to him, but soon I knew him as a cross-grained ruffian, who looked like a bit of antique statuary. He had a fine face, if spoiled by temper; a tall, erect figure; and a voice that would have charmed birds off a bough. I had never seen a handsomer man, or one whose face was such a mask, covering a brain that seemed full of falsity and malice.

He came up to me as my fish was jigging under the far bank, and spoke to me as a poacher may to his dog. 'Come out of that, my man!' he said. 'You're poaching on my water; and I'll just take your rod and tackle, if you please.'

I turned to look at him, keeping a firm hand on my fish all the same. 'I had permission from the late Alexander Macfarlane,' I said briefly.

'If there is fishing where old Alexander's gone, I doubt he's more busy with the water than with the fish!' said he cruelly. 'My uncle has no more right to give you permission now than King James the First, so hand over your rod.'

I said nothing. His tone made my rage boil over. I would not give him my rod; and as for breaking with a twenty-pound fish, now showing signs of exhaustion, that was not to be expected. 'Wait till I land my fish, and then I'll talk to you, sir,' I said, and began to reel in, while I watched the lather of foam in mid-stream.

I could hear him give a gasp of rage, and then I felt a hand on my rod. I snatched it away, and in so doing struck him lightly with the butt. He went a pace up the bank, and then charged down at me like a mad bull.

I had all the shifts of a trained boxer, and half-a-foot to one side was enough to slip him. He couldn't stop himself, and the next moment he went splash into the water, and I had to lay down my rod and reach a hand to him to pull him to dry land.

He was wet to the skin, his face black with rage, and spitting out water and curses together when he got on the bank beside me.

'I am sorry, but it was your fault,' I said. 'If you had waited——'

'Wait, be d—d! You swine!' he yelled at me. 'I'll teach you to be on my water. Ay, and if I had you where I've come from I'd put a knife in you, you dog!'

'If fists will serve,' I said, hot at his language, 'I am quite willing to try you out, though I warn you that it's not of my seeking, but your own.'

An account of one fight is very like that of another, but this was a fiercer mix-up than any I had ever had the misfortune to get into, even in my student days. Macfarlane was a madman in temper, and full of tricks that serve better to win applause in rougher countries than ours. He hit, of course, when I let him; but he had other ways of offence, perilously like gouging and butting, which made my gall rise.

He was as strong as I, but not well tutored in legitimate boxing, and after the second attempt summarily to put my eyes out, I measured him with my left, and drove my right under the point of his chin with all my force. I lifted him off his feet with that, and left him neatly laid out on the bank.

I bent down and examined him. It was a fair knock-out, and would do no lasting harm, so I took up my rod, landed my salmon, which was still on, and had it in my hand as he opened his eyes and sat up.

'I got a fish for you,' I said, thinking it was his fish after all, and bearing no malice now I had beaten him. 'I have no wish to fish any one's water when I know it is closed.'

He got up in silence, glared at me, and felt his chin. Then he approached a pace to where I had laid down the salmon, and kicked it viciously back into the water. 'Let that go where it belongs!' he said, with an evil look at me.

There was little use in arguing with a man of his temper, so I bowed and left him. The old man, his uncle, had been generous with his permission, but it was evident that the nephew meant to conserve his rights rigidly.

Mr James, who was one of the old man's lawyers, met me as I went back through the little place, and it seemed to me, from what he said, that Macfarlane had a charm about him when he pleased, and had taken the trouble to exercise it.

'A fine fellow!' said James to me. 'I like him well.'

It was not for me to tell the upshot of the scuffle by the river, especially since I had come best out of it, so I smiled, and said that Macfarlane was evidently a keen angler, and meant to keep the river to himself.

'There's been over much poaching,' he replied. 'I can't blame him if he likes a bit of sport to himself on his own waters.'

Now James's opinion, since he was Macfarlane's lawyer, and stood to profit, did not appear to me to be worth much; but I was surprised, and annoyed too, when I discovered that Dolly had fallen somewhat under the fascination of the man. Macfarlane had evidently lost no time in finding the doctor's house, and called on the afternoon of the following day.

'Some one told me he had had a fall and hurt his chin,' I said, piqued by Dolly's enthusiasm.

'He said something like that had given him a bruise,' said Dolly.

If I had been less of a fool in these matters I should have told her what had happened, and thus given her an insight into the character of the man; but, as the victor, I felt bound to be magnanimous, so I smiled and said nothing.

III.

I think it was a week later when Dr Fraser spoke to me about old Alexander Macfarlane's will.

'That was a cranky old fellow, as I told you,' he said. 'James tells me the testament contains some provisions that would have made me doubt the sanity of the testator, if I hadn't known him for the hard-headed person he was.'

'Something out of the common?' I asked.

'Quite. The place goes unconditionally; but a good bit of money with it, necessary for its upkeep, is conditional on young Macfarlane occupying the house himself from Lammas till Candlemas, sleeping in the room formerly

occupied by his uncle, and seeing that the big wag-at-the-wall clock on the landing without is kept regularly wound by Ferguson from the village.'

I laughed outright. 'Certainly that seems a mad condition.'

Dr Fraser shook his head. 'Yet there was something about old Alexander that makes me think,' he said, as he rose. 'He was a man of form—a man who did little without a purpose, though what the purpose of this may be I can't tell. Have you met the nephew yet?'

'I had a short conversation with him.'

'He called here,' said the doctor. 'I must say I was favourably impressed. He has excellent manners, and is full of information. A broad-minded, travelled man.'

From that moment Macfarlane and I were rivals in mind, if not openly; and from what I heard all around me, I was the only one to whom Macfarlane had shown a trace of his temper. Why? That puzzled me, I admit, until the idea crept into my head that he had admired Dolly from his first glimpse of her, and had heard something in the village about our intimacy.

The only thing that might seem to be told against him in the village was his superstition, but in the village itself superstition was rampant, and seriously frowned on only by the minister. Life in a Latin-American country had imbued Macfarlane with all the fears and bogies of an illiterate, simple-minded people.

'It seems so strange in him, too,' said Dolly to me, after relating an instance. 'I thought bogles and spirits and things of that kind were laughed at by grown men of education.'

'So they are,' I said. 'For Heaven's sake, Dolly, don't tell him that Glencarlies is supposed to be haunted!'

'Oh, he knows that. He lived there as a boy. Indeed, he has half a mind to believe that his uncle left him the house hoping he would get a good fright in it.'

'What a fool he must have thought his uncle!' I said. 'The old man was not of that fibre.'

The next few months were months of irritation to me. Macfarlane continued to call, and he invited Dr Fraser and Dolly up to dinner every fortnight at Glencarlies. I was foolish enough to be stung by this acquaintance, and to reproach Dolly with allowing the man to make up to her, and the natural result came of it. Dolly was too spirited to be kept in leading-strings; she resented my interference, and seemed to give some countenance to Macfarlane's advances.

I threw myself into my work with greater energy than ever, to forget what I could not hinder, and when October came in I was established as Dr Fraser's full partner at Farby.

And Dolly was still unrepentant, as it seemed.

The character of the man being apparently hidden from every one but myself, I was wise enough to keep my opinions to myself. It's a foolish thing to be the only one to condemn a popular new-comer, especially when it is known that you have cause for jealousy of him. So I suffered the pains of hell without the possibility of finding a cure for them, or an opportunity of giving vent to my feelings.

Macfarlane knew it. We had to meet sometime, no matter how formally, and then he would favour me with a smile of the sweetest, under which only my own initiated eye could detect the triumphant malice in his soul.

I saw less of Dolly those autumn days. Whether to tempt me, or because she really was under the spell of the man, I could not tell till long after. But the pleasure of her company was now often his where it had been mine before his coming, and though Dolly still spoke to me sweetly enough, my offended pride brought a new stiffness which she could not help seeing. Jealousy is a foolish thing at best, but never more foolish than when it makes a man awkwardly conscious of what he thinks his rights.

In these circumstances it would be thought that it was my part to droop and lose colour, and Macfarlane's to grow strong and happy under the encouragement of her smile. But I seemed to thrive better on the husk than he on the kernel. My health was founded on a sound constitution—an obstinate thing that resisted all the effects of my daily mortification. With Macfarlane it was another matter.

When he first came to the old house of Glencarlies he was tanned with tropical suns, a full-blooded, sanguine man, sturdy, fresh-coloured, and well set-up; but between the Lammas and the Christmas of that year I noticed a remarkable change in him, for which I was unable to account. It was not only that he lost flesh, but his face lost its colour too, and lines began to show themselves in it which gave him a curiously haggard appearance, like those of a man who thinks too much or sleeps too little.

Dr Fraser saw it too, and spoke to me of it one morning in early December. 'I was up at Glencarlies last night for dinner,' he said suddenly. 'What ails that man, do you think?'

I started. 'You've seen it too, then?'

He nodded. 'And Dolly, and indeed everyone, is talking about it.'

'Perhaps he finds Glencarlies unhealthy after the tropics?'

'I don't know that. Between you and me, it seems as if the man had a fear on him. He begins to talk of his old uncle—though it is difficult to see what he has to do with it, being where he is.'

'I hear he's superstitious; and then Glencarlies is a weird old place for a man who worries over much about signs and portents.'

Dr Fraser smiled. 'Yes, he's almost childish in some of his superstitions. I put that down to living among the Chilean miners so long.

Presbyterian as he's supposed to be, I believe I've seen him cross himself secretly when anything happened like spilling the salt.'

I nodded. 'Does he complain of anything in the old house?'

'He says there are noises.'

'There would be in any old place with ancient timber, and a goodly complement of owls and mice.'

Dr Fraser agreed. 'But this is more than a joke for him. He's losing flesh fast, and there's something in his eyes I don't altogether like.'

'Did you offer to prescribe for him?'

'I did, but he would have none of it. Talked some nonsense about things of the flesh and the spirit being different. I hope he'll soon get over that nonsense.'

(*Continued on page 59.*)

SIAN-FU IN THE LAND OF SINIM.

By H.S.H. THE DUKE OF XENSI, LL.D.

I.

A BIT out of breath and a trifle tired we reached the summit of Li Shan, the mountain-spur that rises just behind the historic thermal baths at Lintung-hsien.

Late in the afternoon we had arrived, ahead of our caravan, at Lintung, alleged burial-place of the imperial builder of the Great Wall.

We sent our Chinese cards to the magistrate, and were accorded his permission to enter the grounds of the ancient thermal bath. The water that bubbles up from under the Li Shan, the Kwen-Lun tentacle that shields Lintung from the gales out of the plain of Sian-fu, is more than a hundred degrees hot; so on a day when you have given up measuring temperatures already before noon, because the roasting Chinese summer had then registered one hundred and fifteen degrees F. in the shade of the persimmon-tree, under which you were resting for a moment, it feels like heaven to get into the big, cave-like stone bath and play around in the water to your heart's content, even with an interested Chinese audience.

Frank Cavendish and I, who had been travelling together by native house-boat and caravan for more than a month out of Peking, took a new lease of life. We had been some fourteen hours in the saddle that day, but we had enjoyed no anticipatory pleasures as to the thermal baths at Lintung. As a natural consequence, the result of the surprise bath—for bathing is not so frequent during trips in the interior of China as it is on the banks of the Thames—was delightful and energising to the extent that we decided to climb the 'hill,' as Frank termed Li Shan. We knew that Sian-fu might possibly be seen some sixteen miles farther west.

On the top of the mountain-spur we were amiably greeted by an elderly Taoist priest, who offered us refreshments as soon as he noticed our lack of breath, and we delighted in his weak tea and brown Canton sugar.

Some years earlier we had been together on one of our perennial political missions, from Peking into outer Mongolia, where we had incidentally rescued a too curious Japanese colonel from the Hutuktu's inhuman prison, and we had visited other places in the interior of the then Chinese Empire, but the Foreign Office had never ordered us to Sian-Fu. This had disappointed us, for we well knew that the ancient classical capital of the Land of Sinim was infinitely more interesting than Peking or any other city in the entire Far East. When thereto was joined the comparative inaccessibility of Sian-Fu, not forgetting the fact that few white men ever went there, Frank and I were in great good-humour that our investigations for His Majesty's intelligence service had this time, at last, brought us into the centre of the most historic part of the empire.

Beyond the little Taoist temple on the Li Shan, where we had enjoyed tea with the priest, the mountain-spur ran but a short distance farther north before it suddenly inclined steeply to the plain of the province that is known to foreigners as 'Hidden Shensi.' And from our lofty place of observation—through our field-glasses—we could discern quite plainly, in the golden haze of a slowly disappearing sun, the four majestic gates, the tall pagodas, the massive bell and drum towers, and the imposing walls—all part and parcel of our goal: Sian-fu, that means 'Western Peace.'

The next morning we slept longer than usual. It had been the custom of our caravan to start on its western way between three and four o'clock in the morning—sometimes earlier, when the distance to be covered was more than twenty miles. But we were nearing our goal after a certain amount of privation, so we slept a little later. By six, however, Frank and I were having a wonderful time together in the cave bath, behaving like a couple of crazy schoolboys, and indulging in all sorts of silly antics.

'Your conduct must be the result,' I teased Frank, who was scrubbing himself all over with amazing energy, 'of having slept in the dowager-empress's discarded bed. The distinction has unhinged you!'

Frank jumped at me and ducked me mercilessly.

At last we started westwards, but that day we did no more than thirteen miles.

Towards sunset we arrived at the village of Chi-li-pu, three miles east of Sian-fu, and Frank decided that we were not, after these many years of anticipation, to make our entry into the Tang dynasty's capital in the twilight of gray shadows, but in the blinding glory of the following morning's sunshine. I thoroughly shared the view, which was more than I could say for the caravan leader and his muleteers. They were sullen at the prospect of another and unnecessary day's journey, but we pacified them in the way that never fails.

Chi-li-pu is a queer little village. Half of the community, at least, lives in caves dug into the loess, while the other half dwells in huts and houses on top of the steep loess walls that here face east. It was hard to find an inn worthy of the name, for the proximity of Sian-fu made caravanserais somewhat superfluous. However, we managed somehow. We always managed, when we had to.

II.

Before daylight the following morning we rose from our hard camp-beds. We had slept in a loess cave—the state suite of Chi-li-pu's foremost hostelry. Next to our unventilated but cool cave was a smaller, into which one might walk through a low opening. I did. There I encountered our nearest neighbour during the past hours of sleep. It was a corpse in a black coffin on its journey back to the point where the deceased had started life.

Early that morning we went down in front of the high loess wall of Chi-li-pu, and waited for the sun to put in an appearance. As soon as he did we photographed the remarkable village of caves, and the result proved well worth the extra trouble involved.

Then we joined our caravan, which had been staying uphill overnight in another 'inn,' and started for the old capital. About seven in the morning we entered the east suburb of Sian-fu, Frank and I on pony-back, the rest of the caravan in carts of springless make, or on foot.

At a turning of the road the tremendous east gate of the ancient capital suddenly towered above us. A few minutes later we rode under the triplex gate-structure, and in the outer vat-like enclosure we were asked by the guard—he was armed with a broom-stick, while an impressive collection of halberds of grotesque designs was exhibited in a stand close by—to show him our Chinese passports. That we declined to do, on the ground that he ought to know that no white man could have penetrated unmolested so far into the interior of China without a very definite passport from the Wai Wu Pu at Peking, and also owing to his complete absence of rank.

However, we told him through our interpreter that we intended sending our passports to the governor's *yamen* for His Excellency's minute inspection—which promise did not in the least seem to satisfy the sentry and his superior officers at the guard-house.

The four huge gates and the walls of Sian-fu were in remarkably good repair. The reason is simple enough. In August 1900 the dowager-empress and her nephew-emperor fled from Peking to the ancient capital of the empire, Sian-fu, now the provincial capital of Shensi. The Boxers and the advancing allied troops had made it too hot for her in Peking.

Tuan Fang was then viceroy over Shenkan, and he at once moved from Kansu to Shensi, so that he might be at the service of the distinguished visitors. Among many other things, he ordered walls and gates to be put into parade condition, and that task was very well done.

The two larger *yamens*, or official residences, in the city were repaired, cleaned, painted. One was intended for the empress, the other for her nephew. When she arrived, however, she decided to occupy only one residential compound, the Peh Yuan, or North Court, which—Tuan Fang honestly told her—was haunted. But Her Majesty did not mind that.

For nine months the imperial Court remained at Sian-fu. The temporary capital of the empire, which had been the metropolis throughout the golden literary and artistic age during the reign of the illustrious Tang dynasty (A.D. 618–907), became world-noted again overnight, for the imperial edicts that were usually issued daily from Peking, and which at that time thrilled the world because of the Boxer Rebellion, were now promulgated from Sian-fu, far in the interior of the Middle Kingdom.

The result was that the European and the American press wanted to know something about Sian-fu, but their failure was conspicuous to a degree, until the *North China Herald* of Shanghai had a pamphlet printed on the city by Dr Hogg, a missionary who had been there. Even this valuable brochure was a bit misleading, for Sian-fu was spelled Hsian-fu. The city's name, at that time and even now, is variously and erroneously written Segan-fu, Sigan-fu, Hsian-fu, Siyan-fu, and what not; while the fact of the matter is that the late Sir Robert Hart and his imperial posts laboriously Romanised hundreds of city names in China, selecting for the spelling of the capital of Shensi, Sian-fu. Thus it could not be confounded by aliens with Tsinan-fu in Shantung, and other cities of similar nomenclature.

We were told in Sian-fu that the imperial family never left the residential compound of the Peh Yuan during the nine months' stay at Sian-fu. It must have been trying for them. After much persuasion, we were permitted to visit the locked and barred residence of the imperial fugitives; and indeed the buildings and the gardens were but small and modest, and even cramped compared with those of Peking.

Weeds were growing everywhere in the yards and the park, and things generally were falling into decay. Since the residence of the Court the buildings had automatically become sacred, and no one, except the care-taker (who took no care) and the governing mandarins, was allowed to enter. However, additional fees mollified the Cerberus to the extent that we were enabled to take a photograph or two.

The temporary throne-room of the melancholy emperor, Kwang Hsü, and the sleeping-quarters of his autocratic aunt, were perhaps the most interesting features. Everything had been left standing as it was when the Court returned to Peking half-a-dozen years before. The throne of yellow silk, the priceless Chien Lung rug in the council-room, the carved bedstead of the dowager-empress, its red satin coverlet, the magnificent *lang-yao* vase, and a few Ming incense-burners on an inlaid table near the bed, the stand built over the fish-pond in the park, even a foreign glass door or two—everything bore testimony to the former existence here of high authority and attempted splendour, incarcerated within the narrowest of physical limitations.

III.

To render a detailed description of one of the world's most fascinating cities within the scope of a brief magazine article is manifestly impossible. Sian-fu is worthy of at least a two-volume book.

But I shall venture to revert to some notes, made on the spot during our month's stay in Sian-fu, in order to give you some kind of a picture, however inadequate, of the ancient capital of the Sons of Han, a city that houses, even to-day, hardly less than eight hundred thousand souls.

Like most northern municipalities in China, the entire city is enclosed by a wall—in this case a structure that is outdone only by that encircling Peking. Sian-fu's impressive wall is some thirty-five feet in height, and certainly ten miles in circumference—the city being built in the shape of a parallelogram of, roughly speaking, three by two miles. The crenellated wall is fortified with numerous watch-towers and tall corner-towers; while the four gates, as indicated, are surmounted by huge structures of brick and stone with immense roofs that rise some eighty feet into the air, and can be seen from far away in the surrounding country.

At the west gate are found some deep ancient wells that supply the population with drinking-water, peddled about on wheel-barrows by coolies, who make a living in this moist way. Wells in other parts of the city are impure and less deep, so that their water is used for other domestic purposes.

The two main arteries of traffic, the streets respectively from the north to the south gate, and from the east to the west gate, cut the provincial capital into four natural parts.

The north-western part is the Mohammedan quarter, and here lies the oldest mosque ever built in China. In this section of the city live the immigrants from the overpopulated province of Szechuan towards the south-west, and, of course, the strictly Mohammedan community which holds itself apart, even aloof, from the Chinese.

The Chinese Mohammedans—and there are some fifty millions—themselves say that they arrived in the empire centuries ago as the mercenary bodyguard of some distant ruler, who employed them as do the popes their Swiss Guard, as did the Byzantine emperors their Varangian Guard. This origin sounds true enough, and even to-day the Mohammedans in China are mostly military men. At least they are militaristic, and they seem to look down upon the peaceful Chinese. The many Mohammedans that we had occasion to observe at Sian-fu, notably around the mosques, distinctly possessed Semitic facial traits. The women were not veiled. The Mohammedans were, are, and will remain distinct—just like the few remaining Chinese Jews at Kaifeng-fu, in Honan.

For some reason or other, which we were not able to fathom, the Mohammedans of Sian-fu took no part in the great Moslem Rebellion (1860–72), and consequently Sian-fu was saved from destruction, while the surrounding country for hundreds and hundreds of leagues was laid waste and mercilessly pillaged and plundered, as were, half a century later, Belgium, Serbia, and Poland.

The north-eastern part of the city is the Tatar or Manchu quarter, encircled by an inner wall. After the Manchus conquered the Chinese, A.D. 1644, it became the fashion under the Ching emperors to maintain Tatar garrisons in all the larger cities of the realm. Such a garrison implies, of course, a whole Manchu community, including wives, concubines, children, servants, servants' servants, and many other species of grafters and hangers-on, legalised and otherwise, who are the inevitable flotsam on the current of power. It would be difficult to imagine anything more haughty, lazy, cruel, and good-for-nothing than the so-called Manchu garrisons in Chinese capital cities of yesteryear; and it is a good thing that the Chinese republican Government got rid of the nuisance in short order.

In the Manchu section there was plenty of leisure and of room. The streets were in a frightful condition, as all municipal grants went for graft.

Passing into the Manchu quarters from the Chinese city is like leaving Wall Street behind you and entering Trinity Church. And yet space and silence are still more emphasised when, after a short walk, you enter the extensive

enclosure—likewise separately walled—inside the Tatar city, which is now given over to pasture, and occasionally military drill for old-time troops, but which once, during the glorious rule of the Tang emperors of old, held the most magnificent constellation of imperial palaces, parks, pavilions, artificial lakes, stables, and temples that the East has ever seen—an enclosure which, some day in a not distant future, will yield archæological treasures that can be compared only with those of Rome.

The south-western section of Sian-fu is largely residential. Here we saw a number of fine, almost palatial, compounds, shaded by beautiful trees. A multitude of retired officers and officials live here in order to enjoy that *otium cum dignitate* which Cicero mentions, and which may, or may not, have been earned.

This part of the city also harbours the *yamen* of the governors of Shensi, the Peh Yuan lying a little farther to the north-east. At the time of our visit the governor was a disgruntled old man called Chao, whom I met once or twice in the streets as he was carried by with hectic haste in his green sedan-chair. In an official letter which he had cause to send us in connection with our investigations of certain phases of political intrigue against China by another Eastern Power, this old and extraordinary representative of the dowager-empress, who still ruled China during our trip, answered in a formal note that, unfortunately for himself, he could not grant the request for a personal interview because 'His Excellency would not allow a white man to behold his countenance, which had been rendered unbeautiful through the immoderate use of wine and the intemperate smoking of opium.'

After meeting the governor in the street, Frank and I agreed that his self-characterisation was conservative. We were fortunately able, however, to transact our official business with Fantai and one other official.

The outer courtyard of the governor's *yamen* forms the central market-place of Sian-fu. It is a veritable bazaar, and a busy life may be watched here from sunrise to dark.

Hawkers, dentists, astrologers, money-changers who sell you copper for silver, or *vice versâ*, palmists, theatrical shows, story-tellers, quack-doctors, notion-peddlers, candy-stalls, corn-cutters, drug-counters with the most unmentionable medicines that man ever devised, gangsters, grafters, soldiers, oculists, and others do an unremitting trade here all day long. They victimise the city dwellers, but particularly lean, as do their colleagues in other lands, toward the simpler brethren of agricultural persuasion who 'come to town.'

People jostle one another; some swear, while others laugh; and among this feverish crowd, not entirely unlike the one that Jesus drove out of the Temple, we find three or four timid native-born missionaries of some Christian denomination or other, who, armed with a portable organ, so well known from minor Chautauquas in the States, sing aloud holy hymns, to the marked consternation of some, and to the equally great amusement of others.

Suddenly the crowd is dispersed by scarlet-coated soldiers on the run. They shriekingly proclaim the names and titles of a mandarin, who is being hurriedly carried by in his closed sedan-chair; while numerous coolies run along with signs painted in red and gold, rendering the dignities of the occupant of the swinging chair, preceded by his umbrella of authority, and followed by several retainers on ponies with shaggy manes and fiery eyes.

Again life sweeps on in the gubernatorial square, where the mob listens open-mouthed to the story-tellers, glares at the marionette-show, and looks wonderingly at its psalm-singing countrymen and their quaint music-box.

IV.

The south-eastern section of Sian-fu also contains a number of fine residences, but here we find first of all the better artisans and shops of the provincial capital. Last, but far from least, we find here the Peilin.

The Peilin, or 'Forest of Tablets,' will do much to make the ancient capital an international place of visit sometime in the future when the railroad reaches Sian-fu, for it forms one of the rarest collections of inscribed tablets and monuments in the world. Needless to say, the wonderful state of preservation of the inscriptions is one of the main attractions to the student.

Among the treasures in the Peilin, which is situated not far east of the south gate, is a pictorial presentation of Confucius on stone, a great rarity, for in the Confucian temples all over China there are no idols, no pictures, or anything else that might distract attention from the main reason why a worshipper should enter a house of religion.

It is probably on account of the association of the great teacher with the classics of China, which are inscribed *in extenso* on stone in the Peilin, that his image has been set up here.

The Peilin also, since 1907, shelters the Nestorian Monument, one of the world's three or four most important documents, set up in A.D. 781 by the first Christian mission that entered China. Fourteen years ago the Danish explorer, Dr Frits Holm,* made two pilgrimages to Sian-fu. His expedition resulted in the Nestorian Monument being put under roof. Dr Holm's two-ton replica of the priceless monu-

* Early in 1921 the Hon. Frits Holm, G.C.O.M., LL.D., presented to the Government of India, through Lord Chelmsford, a reproduction of the Nestorian Monument to be placed in Calcutta.

ment which, in the teeth of 'unspeakable difficulties,' according to Professor Kuwabara of the Kioto Imperial University, he transported three hundred and fifty miles to the railroad, has since been permanently placed in the papal Christian Museum of the Lateran Palace in Rome.

The shops, free from doors all the year round during the hours of daylight, as well as the workshops of the better artisans, are most attractive in the south-eastern quarter of the city, and in parts of the two main streets, and you find a bewildering multitude of native goods for sale.

Of course, since no tourist ever yet ventured to Sian-fu, trade is of an innocent nature; in fact, one may yet pick up wonderful curios and coins in the shops for a mere song compared with London or even Peking prices. There is jade from Turkestan, turquoise from Tibet, coral from India, silk from Canton, tea and other essentials from the Yangtze valley, tobacco from Szechuan; there are shops where pieces of redwood, that make you sneeze, are turned into stands for art-treasures or into carved boxes; there are undertakers that create roomy caskets of heavy planks; and there are lapidaries, fur-dealers, shoemakers, and high-class food-shops for the wealthy, in front of which you may observe a live carp swim around—a bit sluggishly—in a tub.

But the disease-infected, malodorous beggars and the heat urge you along. It is hard to go 'shopping' even in Sian-fu with the thermometer going over the top.

Above the very centre of the city, where the two main streets cut each other, and where the absence of a traffic policeman is keenly felt, rises the bell-tower. Like the near-by drum-tower, it is of red-painted wood, and from its top may be had a most wonderful view of the city and the surrounding stretches of Sian-fu plain, with the two pagodas toward the south and the many mound-like imperial graves toward the north.

The worst features of Sian-fu were perhaps the heat and the beggars. It is hard to say which of the two proved the greater tribulation. They seemed interlinked in a way. Also, of course, it is not conducive to comfort suddenly to be transplanted, as it were, into a mediæval community, where things that to us seem essential are not thought of.

After a month Frank and I travelled forth again. We had finished our delicate task, and we had not been found out.

We stopped at Lintung-hsien, within the enclosure of the thermal baths, for three days on the way home, thoroughly enjoying the rest. However, we promised ourselves a longer holiday after our many privations as soon as we were back on the China coast, whither we were bound—that is, as soon as our reports had been despatched to the Foreign Office in the diplomatic pouch.

MAN'S WORK.

CHAPTER II.

I.

THE Enterprise Oil Company came before the public a month later. Brooks heaved a sigh of relief and exhaustion when the eastern papers arrived, containing a flamboyant advertisement that stock could be purchased at ten cents. These advertisements, the result of their joint labour and night after night of revising, seriously depleted the partners' cash reserve. Brooks, consulting his bank balance, estimated that he had not more than six weeks' expenses actually in hand. Sitwell was better off.

The matter imposed on the older man a greater strain than he realised. The thing had been done, and done successfully, before; but this time it seemed that a new factor was introduced—one in which Claudia, Shanklin, and Sitwell were all involved. He tried to put Shanklin out of his mind, especially now that Sitwell, the coast being clear, had renewed his advances; and Brooks chuckled, observing how well his partner played his game. He respected Sitwell's shrewdness, and there would be a distinct advantage in having him look after the girl's interests later on; but beyond this it seemed that, after all, there had been something about the lawyer one missed in his rival—something youthful, promising, and, in a way, steadfast. How curious it would have been to have a partner who did not allow one to stray from the narrow path!

Sitwell in truth went about it carefully. He loved Claudia as far as his calculating nature allowed him to love any one but himself. What he did, he did with grace and finish, suggesting always that such was the atmosphere in which his wife might expect to live. There was a side of him that Claudia never saw—and it is a question whether Brooks himself ever understood his partner—a side that revealed the callous ruthlessness of his mind. Sitwell was dangerous because he did nothing without a reason, and doubly dangerous because the reason was so rarely in evidence.

Slowly Claudia began to yield, to regard the years by which Sitwell was older than herself as being of little moment. She had never understood her father's business, because he had never explained it. She knew that he was

interested in oil and held certain stocks—and that was all. She looked upon the Enterprise affair as something normal and natural, and not in any way did she connect it with Shanklin's disappearance from her home. Money seemed to come easily, and she spent it with full confidence that the supply would be maintained. She was the product of her surroundings and heredity—proud, beautiful in a wild, sweet way, impulsive and generous, and, above all, she loved her father and the memory of her mother.

A week after the first advertisement appeared inquiries for Enterprise stock began to dribble in from the east. The company had sought no publicity in California. Brooks was too wise for that. Nor did he anticipate any unfavourable criticism, there being a feeling in certain speculative circles that it was good business to move money from the Atlantic to the Pacific on any old pretext. But for some reason Enterprise stock hung fire. Applications were for one hundred shares upwards to a thousand, and Sitwell's desk was littered with cheques which were disappointingly small. It was one afternoon when he was adding up those insignificant amounts that he glanced disgustedly at Brooks, who was, as usual, occupied with a large cigar. The placidity of the older man sometimes irritated him when times were trying—and they were trying now.

'Are you aware that we haven't sold enough stock yet to repay what we personally put into that property?'

Brooks nodded. 'It's a big country. Give the folks time.'

'Do you remember that we took in thirty thousand on the Big Master proposition in three weeks?'

'Money was easy then—it's tight now.' The older man wheeled in his chair. 'Don't you suppose I've been in the game long enough to know something about it?'

Sitwell played with his pencil. 'You're not looking just like your old self, Brooks,' he said presently. 'Not sick, are you?'

'Sick—no! I get short of breath—and I suppose I'm smoking too much; but, then, I always did.'

The other man pondered a moment. He knew that those with big, strong frames like Brooks often abused their strength, and then dropped out quietly but suddenly. He needed Brooks just now more than he had ever needed him, because he took matters evenly, and was not, seemingly, depressed even when they were at their worst, but remained a sort of speculative sheet-anchor embedded in some tenacious mud.

'I was thinking of Claudia,' Brooks went on quietly. 'How do things stand between you?'

'Well—I think. Sometimes it's hard to tell.'

'Has she forgotten that fellow Shanklin?'

'She never mentions him. I don't worry about it, anyway.'

'Never seen him?'

'No.'

'By God, Sit, I wish my wife were alive!'

Sitwell left his desk and put his hand on the big shoulder. This was the first time in five years that Brooks had referred to his wife.

'What's the matter?'

'I don't know. Seems to me as if there were about ten million people sitting in judgment on you and me and the Enterprise, and that the verdict will be along presently—not a favourable one. And I wish my girl was safely married.' His face took on the dull flush it sometimes showed; then after a moment he got up and shook himself like a dog.

'Forget it. I guess that cigar was too strong. Just the same, if Claudia is willing—why——' He broke off with a grin.

Sitwell smiled. 'If she is, I'm more than willing. I'll ask her to-night.'

II.

Brooks nodded and went out. He wanted to be alone for a while. He was curiously but quite definitely conscious that there was one thing in the world at the present time that really counted—his girl Claudia. He seemed to yearn towards her the more because, in an odd way, she did not fit into the scheme of his life. There were a good many matters which he did not desire she should know, and he wondered, with a touch of helplessness, whether in days to come Sitwell would screen her and set her apart as he himself had done. His mind turned to the Enterprise business, in respect to which Sitwell's anxiety rather amused him. They were playing a game—and there was only one way to play it. That was apart from whether the game was worth the candle or not. This one, he resolved, was the last he would ever play. And just then he felt that queer tightening in his chest and dryness in his mouth—and smiled grimly. Finally he went home and found Claudia.

She made him comfortable, and hovered over him like a protecting mother-bird. Presently she looked hard into his eyes, and settled down on a rug at his knee. His big hand wandered to the thick, brown hair coiled in slow waves, and rested there caressingly.

'Talk to me, Claudia.'

'Are you sure you don't want to talk to me?' She smiled up to him.

'Perhaps I do. We haven't seen much of each other lately.'

'What's in your mind, father?'

'You principally. I've been thinking a lot.'

'It would be easier for both of us if mother were alive,' she said with swift intuition.

He nodded. 'How are things between you and Herbert?' She did not answer at once, and he went on thoughtfully: 'If your mind is clear—why wait?'

'Do you want me to marry him?' Her face was turned so that he could not see it.

'It isn't what I want, Claudia.'

'But don't you feel that—well—that you'd like to see it settled?' she asked suddenly.

He pinched her ear. 'How did you guess?'

'It's written on your face whenever you look at me. Have I been such a handful?'

'I want to see you happy.'

'That's just it—should I be happy—quite happy?' She leaned forward, clasping her hands about her knees. 'You see, I haven't forgotten Jack. He's not easy to forget. Bertie's very different. He makes me feel like an ornament, and with Jack I felt like a companion. But I couldn't forgive Jack for what he did, however much I might have cared.'

Her father nodded again. The girl was so transparently honest that he shrank from any attempt at influencing her. He wondered how her mother would have put it if she had known what he knew. Then he remembered that while his wife was alive he had never been reduced to his present straits and stratagems.

'Is business worrying you, dad?' put in the girl, with that sudden interpretation of his thoughts she so often achieved.

'Not more than usual. I'm getting a bit tired of business. I'd like to get away and loaf for a while.'

'Is the new company not going well?'

'As well as most things do at the beginning,' he countered.

She drifted off into a thoughtful silence, having seized on the idea that were she safely married her father would be relieved from a most natural anxiety. Her thoughts went back to the time when she and Sitwell were nearly engaged. She recalled his attentions, his gifts, the thousand-and-one ways he took of reminding her of himself. Then Shanklin had come along, and, in spite of doing hardly any of these things, had captured her heart. The difference seemed to be that Sitwell offered gifts, and Shanklin offered just himself. He had told her quite frankly that life would for a while be a tussle for them both, and it had attracted her more than when Sitwell outlined a picturesque and luxurious future. Now that the tables were turned, all this came freshly to her memory. She glanced at her father, and meeting his eyes, discerned in them the shadow of care. His face, too, seemed drawn and weary. At that she had a flood of feeling. 'Would it make you more contented, dad, if Bertie and I were married soon?'

'Yes,' he said slowly—'if I knew that you weren't doing it just to please me.'

'Do you think I'd marry one man to please another,' she laughed—'or throw one over, either?' she added soberly. 'No—I think we should be very happy. Bertie is a highly finished product—much more so than I am. I'm sure we'd see lots of interesting things and people, but he mustn't insist on my being a potted plant, sheltered from every wind that blows—you understand. If there are going to be hard knocks, I want to take my share of them.'

The big man stroked her cheek tenderly. Hard knocks! That was inevitable. He could only trust to Sitwell's astuteness in years to come. He felt a touch of profound melancholy, perceiving that here and now there was being settled for his daughter the whole complexion of her life. He blamed himself bitterly for not having sent her while still a child to his wife's relations, who had begged for her; well-established folk who were immune from his own doubts and anxieties. Then, regarding her face, he felt comforted at its expression of courage and resourcefulness. No; a girl like this would make her own life, and never be overcome by hard knocks.

'By-and-by,' he began slowly, 'you must try to steer Bertie out of this promotion business. It's too—too uncertain. When this new company is on its feet would be a good time—you'll know when the opportunity comes; so don't hesitate. Don't let him hang on with the expectation of making a little more. Then persuade him to buy a ranch or go into business. It isn't so exciting, but it's healthier—a lot healthier. There's something in the smell of the earth that's good.'

The girl looked at him strangely, but did not speak. His eyes half-closed, and he rambled on, sometimes to her, sometimes apparently to an invisible person who stood near by. There were little hints of effort, tension, stress, disappointment, and success, as though he were unrolling his life and scrutinising it critically. Through it all she read a certain dissatisfaction, as if he had worked hard and got but little for it. It sounded like the musings of a man, old, tired, and disillusioned.

Her mind turned to Sitwell and her own future. What her father desired was quite clear. She wished that her own circle of acquaintances was wider, but it seemed that in spite of years in Los Angeles their circle was still small, and comprised but few of the people she really wanted to know. Perhaps marriage would find the way out. In the meantime she was alarmed at her father's manner and appearance, and impulsively decided that it was imperative his wishes be carried out. She made her decision with the superb confidence of youth.

They talked for some time longer, and Claudia felt nearer him than perhaps ever before. When Sitwell came in after dinner, he found her in a mood that was infinitely attractive. She seemed to have lost a touch of antagonism which had maintained a certain distance between them, and he felt for the first time that she really cared.

(*Continued on page 53.*)

SOME LOBBY REMINISCENCES.

PART II.

V.

OF domestic ceremonies in the lobbies there were comparatively few during the years that I was there. They but rarely happen. One, I recall, was the presentation from all parties to the Speaker and Mrs Lowther on the occasion of their silver wedding. The proceedings were quite informal, and full of personal charm. Mr Balfour, Mr Asquith, and Mr John Redmond, each in turn, combined to do verbal honour to the occupant of the Chair and his wife, and the ceremony was notable, and at the same time in all probability unique. Another historic event was the unveiling of the statue of the late Sir William Harcourt, on the first of the eight vacant pedestals to be so adorned—pedestals which the Fine Arts Commission no doubt anticipated would have been filled half-a-century before. An interesting spectator, in addition to Lady Harcourt, was Mr J. Pierpoint Morgan, the American millionaire. Before very long, it is hoped, another ceremony on much the same lines will take place in the same apartment, the House of Commons having recently sanctioned a grant for the erection of a statue of Mr Joseph Chamberlain, another great parliamentary figure, in close contiguity to that of the Squire of Malwood. The commission has been entrusted to a well-known sculptor—Mr John Tweed, of Chelsea—who, in addition to executing the work of Mr Cecil Rhodes, was responsible for the bust of Mr Chamberlain in Westminster Abbey, the Lord Clive statue in Whitehall, and, among much other work, the equestrian statue of Field-Marshal Sir George White, the heroic defender of Ladysmith, designed to stand in Whitehall Place.

The suffragette agitation is of far too recent origin to require much mention in this article, but in the preliminary skirmishes with the authorities the outer lobby was an important battle-ground and a rallying-place for all the more militant of these misguided women. At various times, by means of sundry ruses, some of the bolder spirits managed to elude the police and gain admission to the outer lobby, where their first really serious tussle with the powers that be occurred. On the night in question they came in furtively, and one by one, for fear of being recognised *en masse*, asked for various members, and waited. In a moment, at a given signal, they all jumped on to the cushioned seats which surround the apartment, unfolded their banners, yelled forth their war-cry, and commenced to harangue the idle and the curious. After a fierce and embittered struggle with the police, they were all captured and carried away like so many chickens, leaving the floor sadly littered with a medley assortment of crushed hats and twisted hairpins and other feminine accoutrements. A memorial of their antics is, by a curious coincidence, to be found in this very hall. In some of the mullioned windows the authorities subsequently placed the various sections of the grille in front of the Ladies' Gallery, when it was finally decided to remove this hated structure altogether. These included the actual window to which one of their more daring recruits padlocked herself one evening during the sitting of the House, so effectively that the window, with the chain still round her body and the key down her neck, had first to be removed before a ludicrous procession, consisting of the chief of police, the Serjeant-at-Arms, the culprit, and a policeman carrying the still attached portion of the grille, wended its way along the corridors to receive the attentions of the resident blacksmith!

It was through the lobby also that one of the wildest of the suffragettes, whose name should have been a sufficient indication of possible danger ahead, was escorted by a respected member who certainly ought to have known better. Left alone for a moment at the peep-hole at the entrance to the Chamber, she seized her opportunity, and taking a deep breath, and her courage in both hands, dashed up to the table of the House before she could be collared by the attendants. Thus was Parliament again scandalised at the very time when women were asking to be entrusted with the vote! On another occasion an upper gallery in the members' lobby was to have been the objective of one of the most courageous of all the suffragettes, had everything gone well. On Saturday, when the public are taken over the Palace, she joined the harmless procession, and, with a good knowledge of the place, managed at the proper time to dart aside and secrete herself in a ventilating-shaft, where she was to have remained until the following Monday afternoon. Then the Speaker's procession would have passed through the lobby on its way to the Chamber, and she would have demonstrated from the gallery, which she was to have reached from her very uncomfortable position. Unfortunately her plans were spoilt by the turning on of a heat-flue, which rendered her position untenable, and thus in a half-baked condition she had to quit and own up!

VI.

Of the many outstanding figures whom I recall in the lobbies, perhaps the most interesting of all was Sir Henry Stanley, the famous explorer, with whom I had many talks both in

Parliament and at his private residence across the way. He was quite out of place, and appeared to be very uncomfortable in Parliament, and indeed, so far as I can remember, never made but one speech, and that not altogether a success, on the work of the Uganda Railway, over which he was ever so greatly enthusiastic. I heard him at one of his election meetings, at the Canterbury Music-Hall, on the other side of Westminster Bridge, when Mr Chamberlain occupied the chair. Sir Henry's hair, as the result of his prolonged travels in Darkest Africa, was silvery-white, and during the meeting a voice from the audience sang out rather testily, 'We don't want old men in Parliament.' Mr Chamberlain, spruce and debonair as usual, sat by the side of the candidate, and the contrast was too much for the critical elector. But Mr Chamberlain, in his most cynical manner, was ready with a rejoinder, as he always was. 'Perhaps,' he slowly remarked, pointing his finger at the interrupter, which had the effect of making all heads turn in that direction—'perhaps,' he said, 'the honourable gentleman who interrupts my distinguished future colleague is unaware of the fact, and indeed may be interested to learn, that I was already at school before the elderly gentleman on my left had even been born!' After this there were no further quibbles on the score of *anno Domini!*

Another—and this a really venerable figure—was old Mr Spencer Charrington, the millionaire and octogenarian brewer. His family was by no means altogether 'entire,' for his son, Mr F. N. Charrington, the well-known temperance enthusiast in the East End of London, was also responsible for a demonstration in the Chamber a few years ago which again scandalised the mother of Parliaments. It was on 18th May 1915 that he rushed up the floor, and, amid a scene of considerable excitement, moved the mace as a protest on the temperance question. Mr Spencer Charrington, sen., was once the recipient of a remarkable gift, the presentation of which was made the occasion of a demonstration in force. Although considerably over eighty, he remained throughout an all-night sitting of the House, recording his vote at intervals, and exhibiting no traces of fatigue. Here was a splendid object-lesson to the younger bloods of the Unionist Party who may have been up all night, but certainly not in the House! A few days later Mr Balfour, in the presence of a crowded gathering of his followers, handed to the veteran parliamentarian a handsome piece of silver in recognition of the pluck which he had displayed in his efforts to support the Government. Further comment is needless!

Another very curious personality I well remember was the late Mr Jasper More. He was lord of I don't know how many manors, sheriff of his county, deputy-lieutenant, and all the rest of it, and yet he dressed so deplorably, even shabbily and raggedly, that it was difficult to associate him with the high offices which he held from time to time. He showed me on one occasion the following amusing quatrain, with which he was greatly pleased, and which I believe he intended should be placed on his tombstone:

Hic jacet plus,
Plus jacet hic,
Plus et non plus,
Quomodo sit?

Here lies More,
More lies here,
More and no More,
How can that be?

Then there was dear old Sir Robert Mowbray, who succeeded Mr Charles Pelham Villiers as father of the Commons, and whose bust adorns the committee-room in which so much of his work as chairman of the Committee of Selection was done, extending over a very long period of years. I recall also Sir Charles Hamond, a venerable representative of Newcastle-on-Tyne; Sir Benjamin Stone, whose photographs in the parliamentary corridors will remind future generations of members of his skill in, and devotion to, the art; Sir Charles Palmer, of Jarrow; Sir Charles Dilke, Mr Tom Ellis, the Chief Liberal Whip in Lord Rosebery's Government, and Mr R. K. Causton—now Lord Southwark—the three fastest walkers who ever scampered through the lobbies; Mr C. J. Darling—'Deptford's Little Darling,' as he was affectionately termed, now 'Darling J.'; Sir G. Osborne Morgan, styled the G.O.M. of Wales, who was very nearly called over the coals for inviting a Welsh choir to sing national selections on the Terrace; Mr Cumming Macdona, alternately parson and president of the Kennel Club, who achieved the distinction, a mystery to himself to the day of his death, of having voted in both lobbies in the same division; and Sir A. F. Godson, who greatly amused Downing Street on a certain occasion. Sir Augustus was the recipient of a belated knighthood. Before leaving London for the recess he gave strict injunctions that no circulars were to be forwarded to him. Along came a letter without a stamp, and was promptly consigned to the waste-paper basket. The too zealous butler had failed to notice in the bottom corner the magic word 'Salisbury,' and thus it was that Sir Augustus's name never figured in the original list of knighthoods, but appeared later in a special *communiqué* all by itself.

Then there was Sir John Aird, with his long patriarchal beard. When he returned from his great work on the Nile at Assouan, he was asked again and again by the lobby wits whether he had left the bed of the great river well *aired*! I remember he was the champion winner of the Derby and other sweepstakes at his West-End clubs as well as at the House. Finally, there were Mr Joseph Arch, M.P. for Sandringham,

and therefore the parliamentary representative of the past and present sovereigns, and champion hedger and ditcher of his native county; Sir Frank Lockwood, who contributed so much to the gaiety of the lobby, as he also did with his inimitable sketches on the committee-room blotting-paper; Admiral Field, who was rarely seen in the lobby without a small ladies' reticule which he almost invariably carried; Sir Donald Currie, who received the news of the disaster to the *Drummond Castle* whilst talking to his friends in the lobby; and Mr William Field, whose enormous sombrero hat and conspirator's get-up generally must have given the police many an unpleasant shock for the moment as he emerged from the dark cloisters on his way to and from the House. Mr Field had a curious habit of talking to himself in the lobbies, and many a time, after a division, I have heard him in the corridors ask himself, kindly but firmly, 'Now, William, do you think you should have voted for that amendment?'

VII.

Very queer visitors to the lobby in the middle 'nineties were the brothers Ansah—Albert and Ossoo—who came to this country as the self-styled ambassadors of the bloodthirsty King Prempeh of Coomassie in defiance of the Governor of the Gold Coast, who had declined to receive them or to recommend their case to the Colonial Secretary at home. They lived in great style in Kensington, where I often met them. There they were joined by a certain so-called 'Prince' Brew of Dunquali, who lived in this country. Their grievances were taken up by the late Mr H. C. Richards, M.P., the well-known parliamentary Churchman, and one evening he brought them, all attired in faultless evening-dress, through the lobbies. They were accompanied by an attendant carrying a silver flask on a chain, containing the water with which, in accordance with custom, they moistened their lips at sundown. In the end they left this country rather precipitately, as the Government had decided to send a military expedition to Coomassie. The rest of the story is soon told. After the dethronement of the king in his capital the Ansahs were summarily arrested and handcuffed, much to their chagrin and surprise, on a charge of forging the king's credentials. What has since become of them I know not. The king was deported to the Seychelles, where he subsequently became a devout Christian. Incidentally, he was there ruled over by Sir Eustace Fiennes, once a popular M.P. for Banbury, a member of one of the oldest families in the country—Saye and Sele—and a former private secretary to Mr Winston Churchill at the Admiralty.

Of all the curious visitors seen from time to time, however, in the lobbies, the most interesting I ever met were the pigmies who were brought to this country just twenty years ago by a Colonel Harrison, and with more or less success—less, I think, rather than more—made a tour of this country. It was my good fortune to hear of their projected visit to the lobby, and I promptly got into communication with Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P., who took on the Terrace the only picture of the kind extant. It was singularly appropriate that the group should include, in addition to the little people, who carried their primitive bows and arrows, Sir John Batty Tuke, M.P., the well-known brain specialist, and Sir Charles Hutchinson, M.P., another prominent member of the medical faculty and a former M.P. for Rye. It was this same Sir Charles who, when delivering his maiden speech in the House of Commons—fresh from the hustings—persistently addressed the Chamber as 'gentlemen.' When eventually called to order by the Chair, he rejoined, amidst shrieks of laughter, 'Well, I'm blowed, Mr Speaker; this is the first assembly I've ever addressed in which I have been forbidden to call my colleagues "gentlemen."' And the rest of the hon. member's parliamentary career was plane sailing!

THE END.

THE BOOK OF DEER.

By G. M. FRASER, Librarian, Aberdeen Public Library.

NEARLY all English-speaking persons who are interested in the literary treasures of the nation have heard of the Book of Deer. To most people it is merely a name, but it is so remarkable in one respect—unique, in fact—that a better knowledge of it will be helpful. It lies in the great library of Cambridge University, an item of special interest to Celtic scholars all over the world.

The story of the discovery of the Book of Deer is in itself a romance of bibliography. It happened in the autumn of 1857—not in 1860, as nearly all the books on the subject say. Henry Bradshaw, afterwards Librarian of Cambridge University, but then (a Fellow of King's) employed in overhauling the ancient manuscripts in the library at a fee of twenty pounds a year, had his attention drawn to a small, odd-looking volume, partly written in Latin, and partly in some language resembling ancient Irish. Bradshaw—who was consumed with all manner of scholarly interests—was then engaged in collecting books on Irish history; hence his interest in the Irish-looking portions of this small book.

He found that it was a book of the gospels written in Latin, in Anglo-Saxon handwriting of about the ninth century. It was a very corrupt and incomplete version of the Vulgate, not uncommon in that period. A curious feature of the work was that it contained coloured pictures and designs of the same style of work as the writing, evidently by the same hand. These included illuminated portraits of the evangelists —very absurd and lifeless portraits they are— with other figures and whimsical ornaments.

But the most singular thing about the volume was that certain blank pages, and margins, had been filled in by a scribe of later date in the Gaelic then spoken in Ireland (and still spoken there), in the Highlands of Scotland, and parts of the Isle of Man. It seemed certain, from the character of the volume, and the date and character of the later entries, which consisted largely of grants of property and exemption from taxes, that the book had been venerated somewhere as a sacred relic many years after it had been written, and used as a depository of documents, and probably also as a book on which persons swore in claiming their lands.

The interest of scholars was keenly aroused. Among them was the late Whitley Stokes, the famous Celtic scholar, who drew public attention to the discovery in an anonymous article that he wrote in the *Saturday Review* in 1860.

By that time the true character of the volume had become clear. It turned out to be the book of the Columban Abbey of Deer, in Buchan, an insular region in far-off Aberdeenshire. The abbey had been in ruins, practically forgotten, for centuries before the recovery of this remarkable and really priceless relic revived interest in it, and in the Gaelic-speaking monks who carried it on.

So now it will be seen that the significance of the Book of Deer lies not in its Latin script and pictures of the ninth century, or thereabouts, but in its later Gaelic entries. These turned out to be notes in Old Scottish Gaelic, originally the same as Irish Gaelic. It has been put down as of date between 1000 A.D. and 1150, and that means—hence the chief value of the book—that it is the oldest specimen of Scottish Gaelic in existence. The next oldest is a charter of lands granted by Donald Macdonald of the Isles in 1408; but as Macdonald—who was the noted leader of the Highland host in the battle of Harlaw, 1411—was an Oxford man, educated in English ways, his charter is a feudal document, although, of course, its language, like that of the Book of Deer, is also of special interest as showing its character in the period.

But the Book of Deer is pre-feudal, and its grants of land to the abbey show the manner of benefactions in use before the country was divided into parishes. Hence its value for general history, as well as for its ancient Gaelic language.

A most curious feature of the Anglo-Saxon script—the Latin version of the gospels—is that the words do not stand *on* the line, as writing does usually. A sharp instrument of some kind had been used to make straight lines across the page, and the words are all *hung from* the line, showing beautiful evenness along the top of the writing, but irregularity along the bottom. This was not done in the case of the Gaelic entries, although in one instance, where the Latin scribe had ruled the whole page before beginning to write, then left half the page unfilled, the Gaelic scribe completed the page two or three hundred years later, but did not stick to his predecessor's ruling.

The story of the wanderings of the volume will never be known now. It had lain unnoticed in the library of Cambridge University for over a century, among the books that belonged to John Moore, Bishop of Ely, bought by George I. in 1715 for £6000, and presented to the university. Where it had lain for the four or five hundred years prior to 1715 we cannot tell, but that it was the chartulary, in a sense, of the Abbey of Deer is testified by these Gaelic entries in a manner that admits of no doubt.

With regard to the Gaelic notes—which, as already said, constitute the chief value of the Book of Deer—only a general idea can be given. Every particle of the writing is of value for various reasons, but the linguistic aspect, the most intensely interesting aspect, must be considered in detail to be appreciated.

The earlier Gaelic notes purport to be a history of the founding of the Abbey of Deer by St Columba and St Drostan, his nephew and pupil, who came from Iona, and being struck with that part of the lands of Buchan, set up there the Abbey of Deer. The scribe may have been setting down the current tradition of the founding of the abbey. He was certainly not setting down authenticated history, for he was writing about five hundred years after the events could have happened.

The scribe ventured into another region which is still sometimes opened up by persons not very well equipped for the work—the region of the origin of our place-names. This eleventh or twelfth century writer, speaking of the parting of St Columba and St Drostan at the spot, says that Drostan's tears (*déara*) came. Then said St Columba, 'Be Dear its name from henceforth.' This is very popular etymology. 'Deer' is well understood now, as the late Dr Macbain pointed out, to be the same in origin as Derry (Londonderry)—that is, 'doire,' an oak grove. It was a very common name in Ireland—Derrybeg, little oak wood; Derrymore, great oak wood; Derryduff, black oak wood; and so on. That this is the real derivation of the name 'Deer' is made more likely by the fact that Derry and Durrow (the 'plain of oaks') were the two leading Columban

monasteries, and Churchmen in early days were fond of naming their little local oratory or church after famous ecclesiastical centres.

So much for the uncertainties of the Book of Deer. The entries as to grants of land and other offerings to the abbey, and exemptions from certain imposts, are authentic contemporary history, and are extremely valuable. If we had nothing but the Book of Deer to guide us, we should not be without some sound knowledge of the race and the language of the people of Scotland, of their Church polity, and their manner of transferring and holding property, prior to the introduction of the feudal system, and prior to the spread of the English speech and customs, the growth of burghs, and the rise of commerce over the Lowland parts of the country.

It is pretty clear that the Gaelic of the Book of Deer does not all belong to one period. While some of it may have been written soon after 1000 A.D., the rest may be a century (more or less) later. But it is all most valuable for the time.

A few words must be said on the bibliography of this remarkable book, so that persons who may be specially interested may study the matter further for themselves.

The very first, I think, to print anything about it was the late Cosmo Innes, one of the accomplished legal historians of Scotland. He published his book, *Scotland in the Middle Ages*, in 1860, and was just in time to add what he termed a 'Postscript' to that work telling something of the discovery and character of the Book of Deer.

As already mentioned, Whitley Stokes explained about the discovery in the *Saturday Review*, 8th December 1860. But he also published an edition of the Gaelic, with English translation, in his *Goidelica*, 1862.

The Book of Deer was admirably published, in complete form, with facsimile coloured plates, by the Spalding Club of Aberdeen—*The Book of Deer*, edited by the secretary, Dr John Stuart, 1869. The English translation of the Gaelic is by Whitley Stokes, and the Spalding Club edition is practically all that could be wished, short of the Book of Deer itself.

The most scholarly study of the Gaelic in the Book of Deer is a paper by the late Dr Alexander Macbain, Inverness, namely, 'The Book of Deer,' in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness*, vol. xi., 1885, afterwards printed off as a pamphlet. Dr Macbain, although he was misled by a reference in the Spalding Club edition as to the date of the discovery, made an extraordinarily careful and scholarly study of the work. He gave an English translation of the Old Gaelic, and discussed—as the future author of the only Gaelic etymological dictionary was fully competent to do—every word contained in the Gaelic portions of the volume.

Very nice facsimile plates, with explanations, are also to be found in vol. ii. of the three fine volumes of the *National Manuscripts of Scotland*, published officially, 1867–71, and to be seen in the principal public libraries of the country.

A popular discussion of the Book of Deer forms one of the chapters in Magnus MacLean's *Literature of the Celts*, 1902, but Dr MacLean, like Dr Macbain himself, was misled as to the actual date of the discovery of the volume.

For definite and clear notes on various aspects of the Book of Deer one must consult the volume published by the late Sir Archibald Lawrie in 1905, *Early Scottish Charters before 1150;* and for a comparison of the Ancient Gaelic speech of the Book of Deer with modern Gaelic the reader could not do better than look at *Rosg Gaidhlig* ('Gaelic Prose'), an anthology of Gaelic prose literature, published by Dr Watson, Professor of Celtic Languages, &c., Edinburgh University.

Other and minor references to the book may be safely neglected, for the foregoing tell all that is necessary—or, indeed, can be known—about this singular book. It is a remarkable bibliography for a small volume that was neglected for so many centuries, but the book itself is one of the bibliographical wonders of our time.

It is a comfort to know that in the library of Cambridge University this priceless little volume is esteemed, and most carefully guarded. In a sense, it ought to be in one of our great public libraries of Scotland—or in the British Museum, among other national documents; but short of these, it could not be in better hands than where it is. A few months ago the courtly librarian of Cambridge University, in handing me the volume from its glass case for inspection, mentioned that a few days previously he had received a letter from a person in India with regard to the book. It was a significant incident, suggesting that, in due time, when its real value becomes better known, the relic will become an object of enlightened interest to all concerned in the history and the speech of the country.

NIGHT IN AFRICA.

With gold and blood-red strokes the artist's hand
Completes the canvas of the brilliant day,
And, having swiftly taken it away,
Begins anew. Behold, instead, the grand,
The glorious night across the brooding land,
Upon infinite fields the starry flocks astray
(The Southern Cross amid their fine array),
And velvet shadows where the mountains stand!
The gleaming kraal-fires pierce the plains' dark wall,
And distant drums throb through the quiv'ring air;
Cicalas shrill their song; the forest lair
Is tense with hidden life; and over all
The moon's dispassionate white glories fall—
A picture nobly wrought, and nobly fair!

MALCOLM HEMPHREY.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

HOW TO KNOW THE PLANETS.

By Professor GEORGE FORBES, M.A., F.R.S.

I.

EVERY one who has seen Turner's picture of the Dogana, Venice, or even the fine engraving of it, must have felt that it owes not a little of its charm to the bright evening star shining in the glow of sunset. Many an artist besides Turner has known how to catch, on a still evening, the soft beauty of Venus beneath the thin crescent of the young moon, as a part of his sunset-picture, say of the warships in Portsmouth harbour. Or, at that hour, he has been able to add something to the pink anti-glow of sunset in the east, by choosing an evening when Jupiter and the full-moon are reflecting their beams on the harbour's ripples.

Jupiter, Venus, and the other planets (that is, wanderers) differ from the rest of the stars in two respects. They are not fixed, but move about from one constellation of stars to another. And, again, each of them varies in brightness from month to month, and it is only now and then that any one of them actually compels our attention, unless we are very careful watchers of the stars.

It may surprise some of the less careful watchers to know that there are only five of these planets ever visible to the naked eye. All of them are occasionally very bright. They are Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. And for practical purposes Mercury may be left out of account, because he is small and, being never more than twenty-three degrees away from the sun, he is seldom seen in our climate.

The four principal planets, brilliant lamps of the sky, are admired by all, and often we hear the query, 'What is that lovely star we see every evening now in the west?' The answer is very sure to be, 'The planet Venus,' a round planet that shows in a telescope all the phases of the moon, but in a year and a half instead of one month.

Sometimes the query may take this form: 'Before going to bed, lately, we have been noticing a wonderful great star in the south. What star is it?' The answer will be, 'It must be a planet—either Mars, Jupiter, or Saturn.' An astronomer might, of course, know which of them is in that direction at that time. But a moment's inspection would suffice to make this known to any one who cares enough about the stars to notice things for himself.

It is certainly a pleasure to know some of the fixed stars* by name; but they are always in the same place among the others, and of the same brightness, except in hazy weather. It is a much greater pleasure to find a planet in its wanderings, and to be able to welcome Mars or Jupiter by name after many months of absence.

Everybody knows about the solar system—that you can make a rough representation of it on a flat plane table by putting a ball in the middle of the table for the sun, and drawing circles on the table for the orbits of the planets. These would be represented by little balls moving on the circles all in one direction (anti-clockwise, if we suppose ourselves to be looking at the table from the northern hemisphere). And the planets in the smaller circles move quicker than those in the larger circles. Of course, it is also well known that the orbits of different planets are not exactly circles, but ovals, and they are very slightly tilted to the table, on whose surface our earth is supposed to move. But the tilt is found to be very small, and need not be considered at first.

Now it is all very well to say that everybody knows this because he has read it in a book, but it is far better if we can find it out for ourselves. Then we shall be able to distinguish the planets from other stars and from each other, and that is what the books do not generally tell us.

II.

There are three ways of knowing a planet as such when we see it. The first two are very quick and easy to apply, but not so certain as the third. The first clue is this: Whenever you see an unusually bright star, unless it be Sirius, it is probably a planet in that part of its orbit where it becomes brightest to the inhabitants of our planet, the Earth. Take Venus, for instance, on a circle that is always inside the earth's orbit. She does not shine by her own light. The half of her next the sun is lighted by the sun; the rest of her is dark to us. So, when Venus is nearest to us, we are looking at her dark side,

* See 'How to Know the Stars,' by Professor Forbes (*Chambers's Journal*, November 19, 1921).

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

which is invisible. When she moves a little away from there we see a little of the illuminated half like a crescent moon. Venus is never at a greater distance from the sun than about forty-five degrees. When at that place she looks in the telescope like a half-moon. She is then nearly at her brightest. For when she goes farther round, turning to us the whole of the illuminated hemisphere, she is so far away that the light is much feebler.

During the period that Venus is about forty-five degrees from the sun she is brighter than any other star or planet, and can easily be seen before sunset. In fact, she can then be sometimes seen at midday, if you know where to look; and she casts a shadow on the deck of a steamer.

None of the other three planets is brightest when near the sun. So, if we see an extremely bright star in the west at sunset, or in the east at sunrise, we are very safe in asserting that it is Venus. The crescent moon also is never far from the sun. This is the reason why a very brilliant star near a delicate crescent moon is probably Venus. But the full-moon is always at the opposite part of the sky to the sun. And for that reason a brilliant star near the full-moon cannot be Venus.

As to the other planets (Mars, Jupiter, Saturn) outside the earth's orbit, they are brightest when nearest to us—that is, when sun, earth, and planet are nearly in line, and we see the whole hemisphere that is illuminated by the sun. The moon also, when at the full, is nearly in the same line as the planet, away from the sun. That is the reason why a very bright star near the full-moon is probably Mars, Jupiter, or Saturn.

It is generally possible to judge, by mere inspection, which of the three planets we are looking at. Mars is always red, and becomes fiery-red when he is nearest to the earth. Jupiter is much the largest of all the planets, and is invariably a very bright star; but he has not the red colour of Mars, which colour is, doubtless, due to the sandy soil of Mars. The more distant planet, Saturn, is duller and yellowish.

With a pair of opera-glasses Jupiter can always be positively recognised, because he has four moons large enough to be almost visible to the naked eye, besides four very small ones. Some of the four Galilean moons (discovered by Galileo)—possibly all four—may be seen with a small glass, and, as they are close to Jupiter and all lie on a line going through the planet, they cannot be mistaken, though constantly changing position. If, then, the glass shows three or four small specks of light, on a line going through the planet, we may be sure we are looking at Jupiter. These moons changing their positions on the line are a constant delight.

If you direct upon the planet Saturn a telescope larger than the little one that shows Jupiter's moons, you know at a glance which planet it is. For it is not round, but elongated, owing to the marvellous flat ring that surrounds its equator, generally tilted at an angle.

III.

The second clue for identifying a planet among the stars is most useful when the planet is not at its brightest—not brighter than some of the fixed stars. *The fixed stars generally twinkle, the planets almost never.* Every one has noticed on a clear night the rapid flashing of stars, called twinkling or scintillation. It is caused by small particles in the atmosphere which deflect from the eye a ray of light that ought to reach it. The effect is momentary, because the particles are in motion, and quite small. It is constantly repeated, because there are many particles. Some stars twinkle more than others.

Every one knows that our atmosphere bends a ray of light from a star downwards, and that the light of a star contains rays of different colours that are bent to different degrees by the atmosphere. Thus the rays of different colours do not follow exactly the same paths from a star to our eye. It follows that the atmospheric particles causing scintillation, in their motion, deflect the different colours not all at once, but in succession. This is easily seen in a spectroscope attached to a telescope. But a very pretty experiment may be made without any special apparatus, showing the effect in a beautiful manner.

If a small telescope or an opera-glass be pointed to a star, and if we keep on tapping the instrument, then the star seems to move about. Its image persists on the retina for a fraction of a second. So the moving star-image looks like a string of light that can be twisted into a coil of different shapes by judicious tapping.

Now, if the star be a good twinkler, the string of light seems to have gaps in it, showing when a particle is deflecting the ray of light out of our line of vision. But this is not all. The particle deflects different colours in succession. Sometimes green, sometimes red, is deflected from the eye. The result is that the string or coil of light is converted into a beautiful pearl necklace interrupted, not by mere dark gaps, but by the brilliant scintillations from diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. Try this experiment, and show it to your friends.

These remarks on twinkling help to explain why fixed stars twinkle and planets do not. A star is at such an enormous distance that, in spite of its great size, it looks like a mere point of light. But a planet is near enough to show a disc of sensible size in a telescope. A particle in the atmosphere may deflect from our line of sight a ray of light coming from a point, and yet be too small to affect all the rays coming from different parts of the planet's surface.

This is the reason why you may be sure that a star which twinkles is not a planet.

IV.

The two clues already given for distinguishing planets from other stars are not absolute. The third clue is the only sure and certain test. It depends upon the position of the doubtful object among the other stars.

After we have got to know some of the constellations, and noted the places occupied by planets, we make this great discovery: that planets do not turn up in all parts of the heavens. In the greater number of the constellations planets are never seen. There is, in fact, only one straight road or track among the stars, and not a very broad one, in which we ever see a planet, or the moon or the sun. At first it seems almost absurd to speak of the sun following a track among the stars, as we don't see the stars in day-time. But this happens only because the sun's light illuminates the atmosphere, and makes it brighter than the stars. It is a surprising truth that the stars are shining just as brightly by day as by night. The sun and the moon, being both wanderers among the stars, were in old days included among the planets.

How can we find the path among the stars followed by the sun, the moon, and the planets? Sometimes we have the good fortune to see three planets at the same time. In that case we can see for ourselves that the path is a straight line right round the earth. It is not easy to imagine correctly a straight line among the stars. The best plan is to hold up a walking-stick, and we find that it covers all three planets at the same time, provided no two are very close together. This is true all the year round, so the track is continuous right round the earth. Thus we learn from our own observation that the planetary orbits lie all nearly in one plane, like the flat table spoken of above.

While holding the stick in line with any two planets it is easy to note those stars and constellations that are covered by the stick, and to continue the line among the stars that forms the apparent path of the sun, the moon, and the planets. This path is called the ecliptic—a word strictly used for the path of the sun among the stars, but applicable also as a rough guide to the paths of the planets and the moon.

In this way we might be fortunate enough to see the moon half-way between Aldebaran and the Pleiades, while Mars might be in the Twins, below the bright stars Castor and Pollux. If Saturn happened at the same time to be near the bright star Regulus in the Lion, and Jupiter at Spica in the Virgin, we should be able very easily to trace out with our stick the whole of the northern half of the ecliptic, which, to us in these latitudes, is its most interesting part.

With the help of a star-atlas, or some 'Easy Guide' containing pictures of the constellations, it is a very simple affair to get to know the constellations lying upon the ecliptic, the twelve signs of the zodiac, which divide the yearly path of the sun into twelve months. This occupation goes far towards completing our familiarity with any stars that happen to be shining, at any time of the year.

After this has been done no one can be in doubt about a planet. If a star we are looking at is not on the ecliptic it cannot be a planet, and, knowing all the bright stars on the ecliptic, we cannot mistake them for planets.

V.

Every astronomer can remember the time when he first reached this stage and acquired the habit of watching the movements of the planets along the ecliptic. It is a good plan to draw a picture of the stars among which Mars or Jupiter is moving, and to mark the planet's place from week to week. Saturn takes thirty years to complete the circuit. Jupiter passes into a new sign of the zodiac each year, taking twelve years to go right round. Mars takes about two years.

All the planets revolve in their orbits from west to east—that is to say, from *right to left*, as we look at them in the southern half of the sky. But, strange as it seems, our star-picture on which we mark, from week to week, the place of Mars, Jupiter, or Saturn at its brightest—that is to say, 'in opposition'—shows it to be apparently moving for some months in a retrograde path, from *left to right*. It was the understanding of this retrograde motion that led Copernicus to insist that our earth is a planet revolving round the sun between Venus and Mars. He recognised it as an optical illusion, such as we ourselves are accustomed to see when two railway trains or two ships are moving side by side and we are in one of them. The motion may be so smooth that we do not take account of it. The other ship seems to move in the true direction of motion only when it is going faster than we are. If our ship is the faster, the other seems to lag behind or to be moving with retrograde motion when we compare its place with the distant shore.

So it is with Mars, Jupiter, or Saturn. At a time of 'opposition' the earth and the planet are moving on parallel courses, and the earth moves quicker than any of them, so the planet seems to move backwards among the stars, until the earth in its circular orbit has changed its direction, and no longer gives us the optical illusion of retrograde motion. Of all the planets showing retrograde motion Mars is the most remarkable. It is so much nearer to us than Jupiter or Saturn that the extent to which it seems to double on its track and go backwards makes it appear to be the most flighty and erratic of them all.

These hints and clues that have been thrown out to help any one to know the planets have often led people to take a new interest in the firmament. Then with the help of books and a telescope they have rejoiced in a new hobby. Others, fortunately for us all, have gone further, and have therein found a new and permanent aim in life. It is thus that many an astronomer has made himself, and has trained his eye, hand, and intellect to work as the servants of the human race, by revealing to us the wonders of the heavens, and the immutability of the Creator's will in the enforcement of those laws which He has established for the working of a world and the evolution of a universe.

VI.

It is not possible in this article to describe the planetary phenomena that are disclosed by the telescope. These can be studied in special books, whose revelations may now be hinted at, by a brief glance at the telescopic wonders that exist on two of the planets.

Pointing a good telescope at Saturn, the most distant planet visible to the naked eye, we have a vision of so startling a character that no other sight known to astronomers could have suggested the possibility of such a structure. We on this earth are glad to have our single moon to guide our way on a dark night. Saturn rejoices in ten moons. But the really marvellous feature of Saturn, stranger than any other heavenly object, is the great bright flat ring surrounding its equator, tilted at an angle to us. Twice in each revolution of Saturn—that is, every fifteen years—when we see Saturn in the constellation Leo or Aquarius, this ring is edge-on to us; and it is so thin (only fifty miles thick) that at these times the ring is invisible in a telescope. It has been like that in the past year. That fifty miles, at the distance of Saturn, is like the thickness of a sheet of paper at three miles, and cannot be seen. Tilt it, and the reflected light from the paper or from Saturn's ring is brilliant. Large telescopes show this marvellous flat ring to be divided into concentric circular flat rings, separated by black empty space. The innermost ring is dark and semi-transparent.

If Saturn is a marvellous object as seen from the earth, our imagination is bankrupt in attempting to think of the midnight splendour as seen on that distant world. It has ten moons, mostly on the line of the ecliptic, many of them above the horizon at the same time, some full-moons, some at the quarter or crescent, and they differ greatly in size. Winter on that planet must be appalling, as it lasts for seven years instead of three months, and all that time the ring acts as a screen, shutting out the sun's rays by day from nearly half the planet. But who can truthfully describe the aspect of the great flat equatorial ring, illuminated on the one side by the sun during the nights of a Saturnian summer?

For during the summer of the northern hemisphere the great arch of light is shining as if with the light of a thousand moons upon land and sea, with an inner arch of clear sky and stars low down on the southern horizon. The bright surface is divided by thin black rings that separate the concentric bright rings. And at this season, at midnight, the sun casts a shadow of the planet on the ring, and a great upright arch of the ring is cut out from the sun's light, leaving it black. Thus at midnight the central southern parts of the ring are in darkness, though tinged at their edge by the colours refracted through the planet's atmosphere. This leaves only two horns of white light, with a rainbow-coloured sunset on their inner edge, rising from broad bases in the south-east and the south-west, both curving southwards and towering upwards, to meet in a thin bright connecting-line at the top. This wonderful pair of luminous horns of the ring rise in the east, and set in the west every night. The height to which the brilliant arch of light attains in the sky depends on the latitude. In the Arctic regions the ring is wholly invisible, and from places nearer to the equator the stars could be seen under the central arch, which there is nearly overhead. Certainly a telescopic examination of Saturn opens the gates of speculation and conjecture to an extent that ought to satisfy the most imaginative of poets.

VII.

To pass from the most distant of the three exterior planets to the nearest one, Mars is so much closer that it excels all other planets in distinctness of details. Its surface is marked by shades and tints, dark and bright, with definite boundaries and shapes that are permanent. These suggest the notion of continents surrounded by oceans. We see the planet rotating regularly in twenty-four hours as the earth does. We observe its axis of rotation to be inclined like the earth's axis, giving the seasons of summer and winter on Mars, as with us. The North and South Poles are each covered with a brilliant white cap, suggestive of snow and ice, like our Arctic and Antarctic regions. Moreover, astronomers have discovered by exact measurements that after the season has passed, in northern latitudes, from winter to summer, the size of the ice-cap at the North Pole has diminished, probably from the snow melting, while that at the South Pole has increased. Signs of vegetation growing at that season and darkening the soil have been suspected. Be this as it may, enough has been certainly observed to assure us that in many respects the two planets Mars and Tellus (our earth) have much in common.

When this has been accepted, not merely as

an authoritative statement, but from frequent examination with a telescope, we remain convinced that Mars is a world like ours, and that our world is a planet like Mars.

On reaching this conclusion speculation becomes inevitable, and we ask ourselves the great question, 'Do men and women inhabit Mars and the other planets?' Once started, speculation will carry us still further. We know that the stars are suns, like our sun. We know that some at least, and possibly all, have colder bodies, or planets, revolving round them; and we ask, 'Are there solar systems among the stars? And is each star the centre of a system of planets, as our sun is, and is each one of these planets inhabited by a race of human beings?'

Such questions are hard to deal with. There are astronomers who have watched the annual changes on the planet Mars for years and years, who assure us that they have detected signs of human contrivance and workmanship upon Mars, in the form of gigantic canals made for irrigation.

The ruddy hue of Mars which we perceive is due to its soil. Of that there is little doubt. This seems to imply that the continents upon Mars are mostly made of sand like our deserts. If this be so, the Martians may suffer from drought, and might well be expected to tap the source of water in the melting polar ice-caps, and lead it in huge irrigation-canals to water the deserts, and to cultivate their banks and near-by lands with crops and vegetables, in the manner of the Egyptians with their source of water-supply, the Nile.

Much has been written in favour of this view by responsible astronomers; but the disbelievers are many, both as to the accuracy of the observations and the fairness of the deductions. For the present we will leave it at that. It must, however, be remarked that on most of the planets, if not on all, the conditions of temperature are such that it is unlikely that human beings made as we are could exist.

People who delight in controversy as to whether there are human beings on the other worlds generally admit the truth that there is no scientific evidence on one side or the other. So they indulge in non-scientific speculations as to what they themselves consider the most probable, and this opinion depends often upon their notions about what the Creator's purpose was in the creation. In all this kind of discussion most astronomers patiently and in all humility await some real evidence. 'Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?'

MAN'S WORK.

CHAPTER III.

I.

DURING the week which followed his dismissal from Burley's office, Shanklin made a complete analysis of himself and his affairs. The manner of his discharge had softened the blow, and he deposited two thousand dollars to his savings account with a grim satisfaction that the total was now seven thousand. He knew Burley too well to misunderstand the expression in the little lawyer's eyes when they parted, and he was glad of that. But now everything was pulled up by the roots, except his love for Claudia, a touch of sympathy with Claudia's father, and a cold hatred for Herbert Sitwell. It was Sitwell who had displaced him—a thing to be remembered. At the end of the week he packed his trunk, gave up his room, and went into the country to work matters out. It was typical of him that he took a job on a small ranch. He could think while he worked.

In the days that ensued the thing became fairly clear. There were two activities open—law and oil—and of the two, he believed that oil, searched for and developed legitimately, offered the greatest inducement. But to his present knowledge of the subject he must add a practical training, and, moreover, get his instruction at no pecuniary cost to himself. This decision made, he laid down his tools, drew his pay, and started on foot through lemon and orange groves for the oilfields south of Los Angeles.

They stretch for miles on the long, bare ridges that parallel the coast; an army of derricks—a hive of activity—and on the breeze is borne the acrid odour of this great treasure-house. There is a wilderness of bare, angular towers, a medley of sheds, piles of lumber and steel-casings. All day and all night the beams of the pumping-engines balance and tilt, tilt and balance, and at every stroke the earth is bereft of some of the black, thick liquor in which is concentrated the light and heat of forgotten ages. The pipe-lines squirm across the country like great snakes, charged with a precious burden, to deliver it in gigantic tanks, whence fortunes are sent to the ends of the world. There is the reiterant throb of machinery, the whine of cables, the ring of steel and the crunch of the bit as the metallic teeth gnaw remorselessly at buried strata. Down below, two thousand feet, lie the hidden sands where the treasure rests—sands that have been heaved, folded, broken, and distorted by successive convulsions of the earth's crust.

To this amazing territory come engineers, prospectors, adventurers, men of money, and men of imagination from all corners of the globe. The air is electric with possibilities. Fortunes

change hands over night. The rancher sees to his cattle, goes to bed, and wakes to find himself a millionaire, burdened with wealth he knows not how to employ. The long slopes of the ridges bask in the sun, and down far under the short grass is that which is the parent of joy, exultation, crime, and deceit. It is hard for man's better impulse to run straight amidst the prodigal inducements of nature. Good men go under, and bad men often rise to the top. Farm and factory, business and profession, property and inheritance, all are risked in this frenzied game; while ever the warm earth yields new rewards, or reveals empty shelves when at last the plunging bit ceases to burrow and dynamite rends her secret caverns.

Shanklin's heart beat quicker as this region came in sight. He had walked slowly, noting the run of the hills and the lie of the land, pitching his mind forward with cool deliberation. But he were only half human had he felt no thrill when the vast army of derricks lay before him. He wandered about for an hour, sniffing the sharp odour, noting the mechanical art that was everywhere employed. At the end of the hour he nodded contentedly. This was man's work.

A few moments later he addressed a short, sturdy, blue-eyed stranger who stood regarding intently a rising framework of timber. At a little distance a handful of men were unloading long steel-casing pipes from a motor-truck.

'Can I get a job here?'

The man glanced at him sharply. 'What kind of a job? What can you do?'

Shanklin motioned to the casing. 'I can carry the end of one of those things.'

'Then carry it—at forty cents an hour.'

In after-days Shanklin used to look back on the incident and smile, for it proved to be one of the seemingly insignificant things by which the colour of life is in all actuality determined. He could not dream that with this curt individual he was to work out his destiny in the face of unimagined difficulties. So, when night came, he only surveyed his blistered hands, and made a mental note of how many six-inch casings could be carried by a certain-sized truck, and, approximately, what each of them must weigh.

Thus began two months of dog work. At the end of the first week Harrison, the foreman, offered a better job at better pay. He did this in the blunt, off-hand manner that characterised him, and when it was gratefully accepted he relaxed a little.

'When you happened along,' he said, 'I reckoned you were a swell down on his luck; but the way you took hold of those casings put me right. How are you standing it?'

Shanklin grinned cheerfully. 'Never felt better in my life.'

'You look it. What's your business?'

'I'm a lawyer.'

Harrison's face changed a little. 'Got anything on any boss? Is that why you're here?'

Shanklin laughed outright. 'I haven't anything on anybody, except one man, and I'll get him by-and-by. I don't know who your boss is.'

'If you're a lawyer, why do you work on a rig? Hard luck?'

'Yes—and no. I've seen this game from one side only; now I want to see it from the other.'

'Reckon you're going to stay till we shoot this well?'

'There's nothing I'd like better.'

Harrison extended a sinewy hand. 'Shake, son; I'll put you through.'

II.

Thus began the intimacy which was destined to involve so much. Harrison had followed the oil business since he was a boy. Always in the field, he drilled away steadily, immune to the fever dominating the hectic life around him. He had seen fortunes made and lost, but never had he speculated. He had put down wells in South America, in the great Coalinga pools, in Texas, and even on the Caspian, where the sands of Baku vomited their riches. Now he had come back to California, where he was born, wise in his art, a quiet man with a mine of experience. Some of this Shanklin gathered in their first long talk, and it made him hungry for more.

'So, now you know why I'm here, what do you think of it?' he asked Harrison one evening, as a long, shining casing slid into place.

'That depends. Are you going into the game yourself?'

'I hope to.'

'How much money have you got?'

'Something over seven thousand dollars.'

Harrison knocked ashes out of his pipe. 'It's enough to lose. Know what this well is going to cost?'

'No.'

'About sixty thousand dollars; that's all. What you want is an oil-spring that doesn't need any drilling.'

Shanklin stared at him soberly. 'Is that true?'

'I wouldn't say so if it weren't.' The other man was obviously nettled. 'I took the contract at that price, and on the best of my judgment.'

'Oh,' said Shanklin awkwardly; 'I didn't know. It's a lot more than I thought.'

'It's always a lot more than one thinks. I have to figure on that. Then if I figure too high I lose the job. Contracting is no idle dream. It's always a guess what you will strike on the way down.'

He talked on for a while, giving intimate glimpses into his adventurous career. It was obvious that the romance of the thing was secondary in his mind. Presently he glanced up. 'Married?'

'No.'

The other man nodded. 'You're wise not to,

till you make your pile. I married early—and was away most of the time. Then my wife died after a few years. I've got one girl in Los Angeles. Don't see much of her either.'

Shanklin nodded sympathetically. He was quite settled in his mind about his new companion, and put him down as a straightforward, hard-working type, who loved his work for the sake of work. He seemed, moreover, steadfast and self-sacrificing—the sort of man who would send home his monthly cheque from far corners of the earth with unvarying regularity, asking nothing for himself but the privilege of taking care of his own folk. He would not complain when hard times came, and good fortune would never turn his head. He was, in fact, a self-respecting graduate of the school of experience, and transparently honest. Shanklin began to feel for him something that so far he had not felt for any man.

'You said you wanted to get into the game yourself,' resumed the other presently. 'Well, the best way to do that is to get in with a good crowd who know the business. You're too small a fish to operate on your own account. I've been in this thing for twenty-five years, and all I've got out of it is a five-thousand-dollar ranch that goes to my girl, and my drilling-rig—that's worth about thirty thousand. It's my capital. I sha'n't clear up more than a couple of thousand on this contract, even if we don't strike any more snags. Then, again, I may lose the well any minute. That's the oil business.'

'And these sands we're on top of now—how far do they go?'

Harrison pointed south. 'There's the end of this anticline, half a mile away. It's all underlaid by oil-sands—no big pools, but enough. Then it breaks off, and starts again half a mile farther on. There's nothing in between. A couple of wild-cat wells were put down four thousand feet. They're dry to-day.' He paused for a moment. 'You're a free man, no one dependent on you?'

'Not yet.'

'Better keep clear for a while. That farm is all I have to leave my girl, except this rig, which isn't much use to her. She said last year she didn't want it—too fond of city life. I've hardly seen her since, but——' He broke off, a sudden wistfulness in his eyes.

Shanklin did not answer. Harrison seldom spoke of the girl, but just now his mind seemed burdened with something he wanted to unload. After a little he went on with a deep rumbling voice, coloured and broken with feelings he made no attempt to disguise.

'You're not married, so you don't know how it works, but sometimes it seems that man brings up children only to be forgotten. That's the way it is with me. Maybe I'm too slow and old-fashioned, but she's all I've got. If she'd only pretend to be interested in me I wouldn't care so much. That's why I've rented the ranch.'

'She's in Los Angeles, you said?'

Harrison nodded. 'I've seen some of her crowd, and don't like them very much. They drove out to the anticline a while ago, and she kind of exhibited me as her hard-working old father. But when any one has your blood in 'em, you sort of yearn for 'em. I do. It isn't so much what's going on in her set; it's what it leads to. Seems it's mighty hard for a girl to get the right kind of a husband after that life. Did I tell you that Denison wanted to marry her, and she wouldn't—sooner work in a movie-office?'

'You mean our Denison, the drill-runner?'

'Yes. I guess he had too much sludge on his clothes. But he's white, all the way through.'

Shanklin reflected. Denison was the nucleus of the gang—straight, cheerful, painstaking, an excellent mechanic.

'If this well comes in——'

'That's just what will make trouble. I guess I'll turn in. Good-night.'

(*Continued on page 69.*)

THE MUNITIONS DISASTER AT HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

By Engineer Captain W. Smeeton Frowd, C.B.E., R.N

I.

THE great explosion of munitions, caused by the collision of two ships, took place in Halifax Harbour, Nova Scotia, on the 6th December 1917—a day never to be forgotten by those who escaped from its devastating results. An expert in explosives from Messrs Dupont's Powder-Works in New York stated at the inquiry which followed the disaster that the amount of explosives involved was far greater than anything on record.

At the time of this explosion the papers of Great Britain had little space for anything else but the progress of the Great War, and consequently only abbreviated, and in many cases incorrect, details of the explosion and its effects were given to the public. In view of this, it seems not undesirable for an eye-witness to give an amplified statement of the real facts of the case.

The collision occurred through the Belgian Relief steamer *Imo*, outward-bound, ramming a French steamer, *Mont Blanc*, inward-bound, laden with explosives for the French Government. The *Mont Blanc* was loaded at Sheeps-

head Bay, New York, with about three thousand tons of wet picric acid, dry picric acid, and trinitro-toluol (T.N.T.); in addition, just before sailing a deck-cargo of benzol was added, the French Government having instructed their representatives at New York that such a commodity was very urgently required. This benzol was the undoubted final cause of the explosion, and it is infinitely to be regretted that such an inflammable substance was placed in the same ship with the other munitions.

The *Mont Blanc* was directed to proceed to Halifax to join one of the convoys leaving that port to cross the Atlantic, and accordingly sailed there, and anchored at the mouth of the harbour late in the evening of December 5th.

The *Imo* was to proceed from Halifax to Antwerp laden with food, &c., for the relief of Belgium, and, as such, bore in large letters on her sides the words 'Belgian Relief.' As the Germans permitted such ships an unmolested passage, she did not form part of a convoy, but was to pursue an independent passage.

The morning of December 6th broke gloriously fine, with a slight haze and a few degrees of frost, and little did the inhabitants of Canada's premier port anticipate such a ghastly close to a day when all seemed so auspicious. Shortly after 8 A.M. the two ships left their anchorage, the *Mont Blanc* to anchor in Bedford Basin and await the sailing of the convoy to which she was allotted, and the *Imo* to commence her voyage from Bedford Basin across the Atlantic.

The harbour at Halifax runs practically north and south, the northern part of the harbour opening into a large inland sheet of water known as Bedford Basin, while the southern part gives access to the Atlantic Ocean. Halifax is situated on the western side of the harbour, and the town of Dartmouth on the eastern side.

The *Imo*, on leaving the basin, instead of keeping to the Halifax side hugged the Dartmouth shore. Her master subsequently claimed that traffic prevented his taking the Halifax side as soon as he should have done, and so permitting the ships to pass 'port to port.' The result was the ships approached each other 'bow on.'

Apparently the masters of the vessels simultaneously decided to alter course. The *Imo* headed off to her proper side of the harbour, and the *Mont Blanc*, dreading collision, decided to give way to the *Imo*, assuming she was not going to alter course. The action was fatal, and the two ships collided.

At the subsequent inquiry held there was very contradictory evidence as to the whistle-blasts blown; and at the action for damages, which was eventually referred to the House of Lords, it was decided that both ships were equally to blame, as neither had reversed its engines prior to impact.

II.

The *Imo* struck the *Mont Blanc* about twelve to fourteen feet abaft the bow on the starboard side, and apparently penetrated rather deeply into her. This occurred about 8.48 A.M. Immediately the *Mont Blanc* burst into flame, due, undoubtedly, to the spilling of benzol on the decks from the collision. This benzol may have ignited from a spark generated by the two vessels on impact, or, more probably, from the benzol reaching the ship's galley, which was situated on the upper deck.

The master of the *Mont Blanc* immediately realised the tremendous peril in which his crew was placed, and, manning a boat, he and the eighteen men of his crew abandoned the ship and pulled for the Dartmouth shore, where they eventually landed. Only one of them suffered death in the ensuing explosion.

The action of the captain, in abandoning his ship and reaching safety, was severely criticised afterwards because he had not given any warning to surrounding vessels as to the danger they incurred, but mature reflection convinces one that no steps he could have taken would have minimised the result of the explosion.

The *Mont Blanc*, a mass of flames, drifted towards the Halifax shore; while the *Imo*, out of control, piled up on the Dartmouth beach subsequently.

Attention was immediately attracted to the ship on fire by people on the shore in the vicinity, and a call was sent in to the fire-brigade. H.M.S. *Highflyer*, which was lying adjacent to the burning vessel, promptly sent two pulling-boats under the command of Commander Triggs, R.N., to try to pass a hawser to the doomed ship, so that she could be towed away from the piers she was approaching.

Whilst the warship's boats were so engaged at 9.5 A.M. the *Mont Blanc* exploded with a thundering crash, and a column of flame and smoke ascended hundreds of feet in the air. Evidently the burning benzol had reached the explosives, and the disaster followed.

A temperature of thousands of degrees must have been reached, and the plates and other parts of the ship, raised to a white-heat, were torn into fantastic shapes, forced upwards and outwards by the terrific pressure generated internally, and scattered over a very large area of the city. The scene that followed was indescribable. The wave of air-pressure emanating from the ill-fated vessel destroyed everything in the neighbourhood, while débris from the ship struck many unfortunate people. Sight-seers watching the burning ship from various coigns of vantage were in many cases instantly killed. The crews of the boats of H.M.S. *Highflyer* were never seen again, and the *Highflyer* herself, and H.M.C.S. *Niobe*, suffered many casualties

amongst the portion of the crews on the upper deck.

But it was on the adjacent shore that the dread calamity made itself most felt. Richmond, a suburb of Halifax, and to the north of it, received the full fury of the blast, and in an instant hundreds of houses were demolished completely, and hundreds of others permanently damaged. Many of the hapless inmates were killed instantaneously; others were buried in the ruins, and died a lingering death when not rescued promptly; and thousands were injured.

The zone of the explosion extended for about three-quarters of a mile in every direction, and in this zone the destruction was almost complete. In addition, outside the zone, the windows of houses were fractured at a distance of three to four miles, and ghastly injuries were inflicted by flying glass.

The noise of the explosion was heard as far as the western shores of Newfoundland, one hundred and ninety miles distant; and at Truro, sixty miles away, the church bells were set jingling.

The scenes in the streets after the disaster were appalling and heart-rending. Grievously injured people were rushing aimlessly about; men, immediately leaving their work for their homes, were seeking for their relatives, children for their parents; while dead and wounded human beings, horses, dogs, &c. were to be seen on every hand. None but those who actually saw can conceive the concentrated horror of the hours following the calamity. Vehicles of all kinds were sent from the city to the afflicted area, and were engaged all day conveying the injured back to the city, where they could receive such medical aid as could be obtained.

As may be imagined, there was at first great confusion, and insufficient medical aid to cope with the large number of wounded. But very soon some sort of order was evolved out of the chaos, and improvised dressing-stations were rapidly established—schools, theatres, churches, and all large buildings being utilised. The number of injured was, however, so great that many must have died before they could receive treatment.

III.

The local authorities rose nobly to the occasion, and a large number of patients, after receiving first-aid, were despatched by train to outlying towns. The Halifax railway terminus itself and its approaches were completely destroyed; but most fortunately a new terminus was fast nearing completion, and, situated as it was out of the zone, became immediately available for transportation purposes.

A really pathetic feature of the disaster was the destruction of schools in the immediate vicinity; scholars of immature age, both male and female, were discovered killed or maimed at their desks, and added no small number to the casualty lists. An unfortunate panic took place soon after the explosion, as a military magazine in the zone caught fire, and although there was no real danger, the word was passed for 'everybody to go south.' This resulted in a wholesale departure from the afflicted area, and doubtless many who could have been saved were left to their fate. Again, the fates were against the victims, for on the evening of the day of destruction a blizzard of almost unprecedented vigour—for that time of the year—set in, and the work of the rescuers was not only impeded, but rendered absolutely nugatory.

Driven by a fierce north-east wind, the snow was blinding, and rendered aid of any kind to the entombed sufferers impossible. Naval and military guards were posted over the devastated area to prevent looting, and the suffering of these guards was very severe. The harbour itself was in a bad state; ships were drifting at the mercy of wind and tide, and threatening disaster to those securely anchored or moored alongside the wharves.

A curious discussion arose as to whether there were one or two explosions in the *Mont Blanc*. People who were at a distance confidently averred that there were two, while those in the vicinity were equally confident there was only one. The explanation is simple. There was only one explosion, but it was heard twice at a distance, the period between the sounds varying with the distance.

The first report came through the earth as a medium, and the second one through the air, the earth being a better conductor of sound than the air; hence the different opinions. The first explosion—as some considered it—drew many people to their windows, and the impact of air-pressure on the windows a few seconds later caused many severe injuries from broken glass. A very large number of people lost the sight of one or both eyes—over three hundred, as a matter of fact.

Most, if not nearly all, of the houses in the devastated district were built of wood carried on stone, brick, or concrete foundations. These foundations generally remained intact, with the destroyed structure lying on them in all manner of fantastical shapes. Household goods were scattered everywhere, from the remains of a piano to furniture and cooking-utensils. The trees in the neighbourhood were either felled to the ground or denuded of their smaller limbs.

A grave, pressing need that day was the services of midwives. A big problem before the citizens that night was to provide accommodation for the thousands of homeless, but in the face of most adverse circumstances the almost impossible was achieved. Tents were erected on the common (a large open space), and the naval

and military authorities supplied blankets and other necessities as far as their means would permit. Householders who had accommodation freely opened their houses to the distressed, to the extreme limit of their capacity, and often beyond it—more praise to them!

IV.

And now, after dealing with the grievous hardships of the populace, a glorious ray of light illuminates our narrative. To the eternal credit of our kinsmen of the state of Massachusetts, as soon as the news of the disaster reached them they organised a relief expedition. That night of the 6th a train left Boston containing doctors, nurses, medical bandages and appliances, of which Halifax was so sorely in need. Their arrival was most opportune, and the services they rendered were beyond all praise. Never will Halifax people forget the great debt they owe to their cousins over the border! These services were spontaneous and gratuitous, and nobly were they rendered.

The day after the explosion was devoted to exploring the ruins, relieving the very few that survived the inclemency of the previous night, and excavating the dead. Load after load of these poor victims was taken to the stricken city to improvised mortuaries, where they were identified if possible, and arrangements made for their interment—no easy matter, as the ground was frozen hard in the cemeteries. The number of dead, identified and unidentified, amounted to about one thousand eight hundred, and the registered number of wounded to eight thousand.

The effects of the explosion, as is common with explosions, were most diverse. One house would be completely destroyed, while an adjacent one a few yards distant would receive only a moderate amount of damage. Amongst the principal buildings destroyed were five churches, three schools, a cotton-factory, a sugar-refinery, a foundry, an engineering firm's premises with graving-dock, a railway terminus, and two breweries; while great destruction was caused in the naval yard and the naval hospital, the latter having to evacuate its patients.

Many marvellous escapes from injury were reported, and the following seems worthy of recording. Three men were working on the roof of a house. The tremendous air-pressure set up by the explosion lifted them in the air to an unknown height. The pressure gradually subsided, and these men on the top of an elastic medium came to the ground uninjured. Impossible as this may seem, it is an undoubted fact!

For weeks the evacuation of dead bodies from the ruins continued, and even in the month of April, when the snows melted, bodies were brought to light.

Naturally this terrible event evoked sympathy all over the world, and financial aid was rendered with unstinted sympathy. His Majesty the King, the Royal Family, the Mansion House, the Government of Canada, and corporations and private individuals contributed most generously, and the funds were placed in the hands of a commission known as the Halifax Relief Commission. The first duty of this commission was to provide living accommodation for those who suffered by having their homes destroyed. The aid of large contracting firms was obtained, and very speedily rows of wooden houses were erected in the open spaces adjacent to the city. Several hundreds of families were thus accommodated. But the reconstruction of the devastated area presented a larger problem. The demolished buildings had first to be cleared away, and in the meantime surveyors and architects were employed to lay out and design a new suburb. The buildings necessary were to be of a type suitable for the artisan class, and it was desired to introduce every modern convenience compatible with reasonable initial cost. The material settled on for the construction of the houses was hydro-stone, this being economical in cost, easy to manufacture, and pleasing in appearance. To-day street after street of these houses may be seen on the crest of the hill, while on its slopes houses of the bungalow type have been, and are being, erected for persons of ampler means.

The Relief Commission had to deal with thousands of claims, both large and small, for property lost or damaged in the calamity; also, grants had to be made to people who were incapacitated from earning their living. The Relief Commission has now completed its work, and it may truly be said that they have done their work well.

An impression prevails with certain people to this day that the disaster was brought about by enemy agents, but a survey of the circumstances quite negatives this opinion. In the first place, the control of vessels passing in and out of the harbour was vested in the naval authorities, and it would be impossible for any evilly disposed person to ensure that his ship would meet a munition-ship in a fairway. The fact that a munition-ship was coming to Halifax was known only to one or two naval officers, and there was nothing to identify the *Mont Blanc* as being loaded with explosives. Again, the movements of the ships prior to the collision were undoubtedly not of a nature to justify a premise of intent. The evidence against intent appears to be quite conclusive.

A fact naturally concealed at the time was the damage which the naval yard suffered. This yard was the only repairing and storing base on the Atlantic shores of Canada for ships of the British and Allied fleets, and consequently was of vast importance. Situated as it was in the devastated area, the damage inflicted on it was very considerable, and not a single building remained with a roof, while many were com-

pletely destroyed. One of the boilers in the yard was struck by a portion of the main engines of the *Mont Blanc* and put out of action. Fortunately fire did not supervene in the destroyed buildings, as so frequently happened in other places, and the supplies for ships remained intact.

The naval officers residing in the yard had their residences destroyed, and had to seek refuge in ships or with friends in the city. The Royal Naval College of Canada suffered severely, and injuries to the staff and the cadets occurred, but providentially with no loss of life.

THE VOICE IN THE ROOM.

PART II.

IV.

IT was just at Christmas that another event put Macfarlane out of our minds for a little, and made Farby for a while the centre of interest to half the country-side.

In one of the little by-streets there lived a poaching, idle fellow called Jamie Dodd, and on Christmas morning his wife came round to the local police, and gave notice that her man had disappeared two days before, and had not returned.

The police, who knew Jamie's proclivities, were certain that he was off on a poaching expedition. But no one had seen him about Farby or district, and on the day after Christmas the police began to search in good earnest.

Snow had fallen on Christmas Day, but it began to melt soon after nightfall. Dr Fraser and Dolly had been up to dinner at the big house, and I had dined with a friend of mine at a neighbouring town. Dr Fraser was concerned about Macfarlane when I saw him the next day—so concerned, in fact, that he dropped the talk about Jamie Dodd's disappearance which I had started, and began at once to speak of his late host.

'Something's happening up there,' he said. 'Whether it's unjustified fear or superstition, or whether there is more in Macfarlane's theories than we think, I don't know, or care. But Macfarlane looked wild last night. He was as pale as a sheet, trembled at times, and sometimes forgot his guests altogether to stare about him in an uncanny fashion.'

'Come, Dr Fraser,' I said in surprise; 'you don't think there can be any meaning in a dying man's foolish threat or ill-wish?'

'I make no meanings of it. I only say that old Alexander hoped on his death-bed that the heir would not be happy there, and here we have the fellow fading away before our eyes.'

'He may have contracted some disease in Chile.'

'This is no disease—unless fear be one. The man is thoroughly frightened; and yet, when I got a private moment with him, he denied it altogether.'

So much for Dr Fraser. I was the next to observe Macfarlane in his new state, though the opportunity was not of my seeking.

I was walking near the house one day, taking a short cut to a patient, when I was accosted by Macfarlane himself. He was very pale; his eyes were bloodshot, and full of some strange fire.

'A word with you,' he said, stepping up. 'I will know the meaning of this, or——' He stopped, and clenched his hands.

'The meaning of what, Mr Macfarlane?' I asked.

He ground his teeth. 'Were you not in attendance on my uncle when he died, and didn't he say he would see I was never happy while I lived at Glencarlies?'

'Something of the kind, certainly. But that was no business of mine.'

'You made it your business, curse you!' cried he passionately. 'You've been jealous of me over that girl since I came. Was it not you sent somebody to the house to pass as a spirit, so that——'

He broke off, and his countenance altered strangely, as if he were frightened of his own words.

'Look here, Mr Macfarlane,' I said, as quietly as I could; 'I know nothing of your concerns. I sent no one to you. If you'll allow me, without prejudice to our strained relations, to give you a word of advice, it is that you see Dr Fraser, and get him to prescribe for you. You're in ill-health, and you seem to indulge in fancies——'

'Fancies!' he interrupted me wildly. 'He was no fancy. . . . But what nonsense am I talking?' he corrected himself. 'Well, get on to your patient quickly, and leave me alone!'

'With pleasure,' I said ironically. 'I should have been with him now if you had not detained me.'

My patient had no serious trouble, as it happened, and my mind was full of Macfarlane for the remainder of that day. What did he mean by saying I had sent some one to pass as a spirit? If he thought it a spirit he would not have used the word 'pass.' That word suggested a presence in his house at first taken for a disembodied spirit, and then discovered to be a person of flesh and blood. But who could this be? And why should he imagine me to be the sender?

V

I went back into Farby, and there I fell in with Sergeant Graeme of the police, who wanted a word with me.

'We 've found nothing of Jamie Dodd yet, doctor,' he said quietly. 'He went out that night after nothing good, I 'm sure.'

'Poaching, perhaps. But, then, you would have found him.'

'He was aye poaching on Glencarlies when he had the chance,' said Graeme, 'and I 've reason to believe he went that way the night he disappeared—only, he left his gun behind.'

'Then what do you make of that?'

Graeme reflected. 'I 'd have made nothing of it, doctor, hadn't it been that Waugh, the glazier, was sent for yesterday to mend a window in Glencarlies House.'

'Well, what of that?'

'It was significant, to my mind. The window was said to have been broken by accident like, but Waugh swears it was cut out wi' a glazier's diamond.'

I was still puzzled. 'Well, Graeme,' I said, 'that is strange enough, but it doesn't tell me anything about Jamie Dodd.'

'It would hint to me, knowing the man, doctor, that Jamie might be after other game than a pheasant or a bit hare.'

I stared at him. 'You mean that he went from poaching to stealing? You think he got into Glencarlies House by night?'

'I do,' said he.

'Then where is he now? Macfarlane did not report a robbery—or, if he did, I never heard of it.'

'No; but he 's a queer man that, doctor. There 's a change come ower him. I doubt I 'll have to make a search o' the policies and the house for that same Jamie Dodd.'

'Impossible!' I said. 'If he was in the house, Macfarlane would know about it, and tell you.'

I got no further than that, when I remembered what Macfarlane had said to me that day about some one being sent up to the house to 'pass' as a spirit. Surely this could not be Dodd, who had entered as a burglar, been detected as such, after being mistaken for a spirit, and was thought to have been sent by me in some motive of revenge? After a moment's thought, I told the sergeant what the man had said to me; and he pursed his lips.

'That 's unco strange, doctor. The man 's mad to talk like that; but mad or no', it looks as if he had seen some one in the house.'

'True. But there 's a difficulty. If Macfarlane saw him, and knew him for a burglar, would he not lay hands on him? You would either have Dodd as a prisoner, or you would have had a report from Macfarlane of his attempt and his escape.'

Graeme scratched his head. 'I 'll have to search. If he 's no about the place, no harm 's done; but there 's a mystery that wants clearing up, and it 's my duty to get the powers to do it.'

This conversation put strange doubts in my mind. No one else seemed to know Macfarlane's murderous temper, but I remembered that he had spoken of using a knife on me had he been in a country where the use of lethal weapons was less frowned upon. What if Dodd had entered the house for the purpose of burgling it, and been detected by Macfarlane, whose first natural fright at taking him for a spirit would aggravate the madness of his temper when he found out the true nature of the interloper?

But there I stopped. To go further would be to charge Macfarlane with the killing of Jamie Dodd—and yet I saw no other way out of it. Macfarlane would have no reason for concealing the attempt on his house if he had permitted Dodd to escape.

I went back sorely troubled to Dr Fraser's house, and my new worries were hardly raised even by a softer tone that I detected in Dolly when I had tea with her. She seemed more like her old self with me, as if anxious to make up for her recent neglect, but my thoughts were too much on my terrible suspicions to allow me to take advantage of the opportunity to get back on the old footing.

'I 'm not going back to dine at Glencarlies!' she said, as I rose to go. 'Never more.'

'Why not?' said I. 'Isn't he still an angel?'

She coloured a little. 'I am frightened of him,' she said. 'He often talked of seeing ghosts, and now he looks like a ghost himself.'

'I hope you 'll stick to your resolution,' I said, in a gayer tone; 'then I may see a little more of you, Dolly.'

VI.

Sergeant Graeme in due course got his authority to search the house and policies of Glencarlies, but it is impossible for me to speak at first-hand of what happened there. The authority did not include the right of others than the police to intervene, so I was unavoidably absent when they made their search. It was from Sergeant Graeme's lips that I heard what passed, and my recollection of his narrative is as follows.

He went up to the house, accompanied by two constables, and asked to see Macfarlane. Macfarlane came to him, as pale as ashes, but as furious as a rick fire, and flatly denied him the permission to enter. But Sergeant Graeme was a stout fellow, and he was armed with a warrant. He insisted on entering, and Macfarlane flew into just such a passion as I had experienced at our first meeting on the river-bank.

It came to a scuffle, in fact, in which Macfarlane acted entirely like a madman, and, for a time, withstood the efforts of the three officers

to subdue him. It seemed frenzy rather than temper, the sergeant told me; and some savage blows were struck on both sides before Macfarlane broke away from them, and dashing back through the old house, with a yell of fury disappeared in the maze of corridors and passages at the rear.

Detaching a man to follow and capture him, if possible, Graeme made a close search of the house, without finding anything to justify his suspicions that Jamie Dodd had visited it on the night of his disappearance. Having completed that task, he set to work to go through the outbuildings, and here again he found nothing of great note, until he came to a disused wash-house.

This was locked, and the door, though old, was stout. So, with his assistant, Graeme secured a log of wood, and improvising a battering-ram, speedily forced an entrance, and solved one of the mysteries of Glencarlies House.

There in the wash-house, just covered with a couple of sacks, lay the body of Jamie Dodd. His head had been beaten in with some heavy instrument, causing death, no doubt, at the moment of the blow.

Graeme at once set his fellow on guard over the remains, and dashed off in pursuit of the murderer. The motive for the deed was still obscure, it is true, but Macfarlane's conduct in resisting the search pointed to him as its author and executor.

A run took him out on to a clear space on a declivity overlooking the valley, and staring down, he saw the distant figure of the constable moving about by the river-bank. He hurried down to join him, and reached the scene in time to see the officer plunge into the black pool and dive.

The man was a strong swimmer, and emerged within a few moments grappling another figure. Graeme went in, wading, to assist him, and between them they brought the unconscious figure of Macfarlane to the bank.

They carried him into Farby, after doing what they could to restore him. He was still alive, and before he passed away he had a few moments of consciousness. He spoke incoherently, but it was not of the dead poacher that he spoke, but of that 'cursed room.'

There was talk of this at the subsequent inquest, but no one was able to furnish any clue to that mystery, and the verdict was one of death by misadventure while trying to escape arrest—which was true enough in fact.

VII.

It was left to Dr Fraser to suggest a means of solving what had puzzled us all. 'I don't believe in ghosts or apparitions,' he said to me, 'but I do know that man was scared to death.'

'I believe you,' I said. 'I am of the opinion that fear had been preying on his nerves for months, and that he mistook Jamie Dodd for a spirit, and attacked him in a frenzy of terror.'

Dr Fraser agreed. 'It's a pity we can't investigate that room he slept in. We might get the Psychical Research Society to do it, perhaps.'

I reflected. 'No, we needn't ask for help,' I said. 'If Mr James will give me permission to investigate, I will willingly spend a night in the room myself. Then I'll know what happens there.'

Dr Fraser was delighted with my suggestion, but Dolly was averse.

'Suppose anything does happen?' she said.

I smiled. We were back on the old footing again now, and my heart was lighter for it. 'Then I'll kill the owls!' I said.

In the upshot, Mr James made no objections, and in the evening, two days later, I went up to Glencarlies House and made preparations for sleeping in Macfarlane's room. These preparations were simple. I took cigars, a book, and an electric torch.

The room was panelled in ancient dark wood, a gloomy chamber, with an old four-poster bed, a vast place filled with heavy antique furniture. I had a fire lighted in the library below-stairs, and sat there reading till eleven, when I retired for the night—or part of it. As I went upstairs with my lamp I paused for a few moments to look at the old wag-at-the-wall clock, which was ticking away laboriously, and was interested to find that it (or the part containing the works) was fitted against a modern-looking carved bracket on the wall.

Within the bedroom I shut the door, turned down and blew out my lamp, and lay down on the bed fully dressed, with my electric torch ready to my hand. The place was silent, except for sundry creakings and the distant regular tick of the clock in the passage. An owl hooted, and was answered from one of the outbuildings; mice scurried behind the wainscot; but time passed, and the spirits delayed.

I did not feel drowsy, but the time hung heavy for a while. It was just upon twelve when a sound came that made me start up on the bed and listen. It was neither a groan nor a sigh, but a strange mixture of both, that seemed to come from the head of the bed. It was repeated after a few moments, and I took my torch, flashed on the light, and examined the four-poster with the greatest care.

Spirits are reputed to love the dark, but now I had what might seem a proof to the contrary. I got up, lighted the lamp, and was examining the room, when I heard a voice, oddly human, yet distant. I went in the direction from which it seemed to proceed—the head of the bed. It came again, and I heard the words, 'There's no sleep for ye here!'

For a moment I was actually thrilled by a superstitious fear, but the light in my hand

and my scientific training soon dissipated that. Energetically I drove myself against the four-poster, pushed and heaved until I had made a clear space between the head of the bed and the wall. What I saw there relieved my mind at once. It was a tiny grated ventilator, from which, at the moment I disclosed it, came the words again, 'There's no sleep for ye here!'

I paid no more attention to it after that, but I was deep in conjectures as to the cause. I remembered Alexander Macfarlane's hatred of his nephew, his reputation of being an inventor, the curious clauses in the will about sleeping in that room and keeping the old wall-clock regularly wound. These recollections gave a new meaning to my observation that the bracket behind the wall-clock was very modern, in such an ancient house, though mounting a clock at least a hundred and fifty years old.

I left the room hurriedly, and called loudly for some of the servants to come up, which they did presently, looking very frightened and not very anxious to help. At this moment I was so strung up with my discovery that I forgot I was not the owner of the place, or one authorised to cause damage in it. I had a hammer and a large cold chisel brought up, pulled down the wall-clock, and forcibly removed the bracket.

It was then that I regretted not having applied myself to the study of electricity. Behind the bracket there was a cavity in the wall, with electrical appliances of a curious kind, which had been linked up, before my rough force had smashed them, with what seemed a species of gramophone or phonograph.

Leaving the servants to stare at this, I ran again to the bedroom, and applied myself to removing the grating of the ventilator behind the head of the bed, and that done, I found new confirmation of my theory. There was a small horn there, like that used on a phonograph, and behind that, as subsequent and skilled investigations testified, more electrical contrivances.

Bidding the servants leave everything as it was found, I left Glencarlies House, and proceeded through the dark to Farby, where I knocked up Fraser and told him what I had discovered.

'You've got it, man!' he said excitedly. 'It was old Alexander's work, you may be sure. We'll telephone to Perth first thing in the morning for some one skilled in electricity, and we must ask Sergeant Graeme to step up and have a look at it too.'

VIII.

So far as I was concerned, that was the end of the mystery of Glencarlies House. Dolly Fraser confessed to me afterwards that my stay up there that night had shown her all I meant to her. She added that her flirtation with Macfarlane was merely meant to make me jealous, and that the man himself had never made any impression on her heart. That, of course, was after I had told her of my own feelings, and proposed to make a sounder partnership in the family by taking her for wife.

So the mystery had ended satisfactorily for me, though my roughness in breaking away the clock-bracket made it more difficult for the Perth expert to explain every detail of the contrivance old Alexander Macfarlane had fitted up for the scaring of his hated nephew.

Briefly, it came to this: Adapting to his needs the latest developments in wireless telephony, and adding to them a new refinement of apparatus his ingenuity had suggested, the old man had managed to link up a gramophone with a sounding-horn behind the big bed. He had added a timing apparatus, cleverly linked to the wall-clock, which delayed the operation until such time as he desired it to act. The clockwork of the gramophone business was a feat in itself, like that of one of those clocks which will go for a year on one winding.

Alexander's old man-servant, Hamish M'Cunn, supplied an important detail of information. The clock had been allowed to remain inactive for a long time, he said, but, on the afternoon of old Macfarlane's death, his master had bade him wind up the clock and see that it was kept going.

It was to that voice out of a machine that young 'Tod' Macfarlane had listened in the dead of night, until fear gripped him and brought true that automatic prophecy: 'There's no sleep for ye here!'

THE END.

WHAT I THINK.

When I am not a little boy, but grown a great big man,
I can't have half the fun, I s'pose, that now I always can;
For I shall have to settle what I'm going to be, you know,
And be the same thing all the time—which will be very slow.

Sometimes I'd like to be a sweep, with brushes and a sack—
But then I might get rather tired of *always* being black;
And sometimes I should like to drive a milk-cart in the rain—
But if I was a milkman, then I couldn't drive a train!

Now I can be a milkman, or a cobbler mending shoes,
Or a sweep, or engine-driver, just as long as I may choose;
And I can be a gardener and take my barrow out,
Or else a Carter Paterson and drive my van about.

But though I'm busy all day long, at night I'd rather be
A little tired boy again, and sit on mother's knee;
For mothers have the *nicest* arms, a little boy to hold—
And so I think I'm very glad I'm only five years old.

B. Noel Saxelby.

MOTION-STUDY IN THE WORKSHOP.

By F. Rowlinson.

MODERN industry has two notable characteristics: the prevalence of expensive machinery, and the high cost of labour. Having installed much expensive machinery, the works manager naturally desires to secure from it its maximum output; having only expensive labour to do the work, he naturally desires to secure as much work per man as possible. These ideals are the essentials of modern productive methods. How are they to be attained?

There are many ways of making an article or of working a machine in addition to the worst way and the best. In a factory where ten men do identically the same operation, there will be ten different methods of doing it, and ten different speeds. But it will be found that the man who works best, whose output is greatest, is not necessarily the man who works hardest or who takes most pains. Wherein, then, lies the difference? 'He has the "knack" of it,' you will be told, if you inquire. It was to discover what essentially this 'knack' is, and how best it could be taught to every man doing that particular job that the modern science of 'motion-study' was developed.

Perhaps the earliest work in this direction of finding the 'easiest' and 'best' ways of working was carried out by Mr F. W. Taylor. Taylor recognised that it is possible for one man to carry out one part of an operation rapidly, whilst at the same time he is much slower than the average over another part. Taylor therefore studied selected workmen in his American factory by timing their performances with a stop-watch. First of all, the whole operation was divided up into conveniently small sectional operations, and these were then carefully timed to the fraction of a second. By this means it was accurately determined what motions went to the doing of the job, what motions were unnecessary, and how long these motions took. One of the most striking facts brought out was the way in which every man invests the essential motions with a multitude of smaller and totally unnecessary motions. These might be caused in some part by special circumstances of a physical nature, such as the height of the man or the length of his arm; many of them proved to be due to some deficiency of equipment or unsuitability of environment. Definite results were now available, and from these it was easy to select a standard schedule of essential motions, to get rid of unnecessary motions, and to organise matters so that the essential motions took place in the best order. The times for the revised motions were then made standard, and piece-work was paid upon a scale based upon these standardised motions.

Taylor's methods of 'time-study' yet remain the essentials of most 'time-setters'' methods of determining basis-rates for piece-workers. They, however, are deficient in certain directions necessary for a scientific control of output. In the first place, they recorded only the times of complete operations or portions of an operation; they neither showed how that operation was effected, nor enabled a slow man to learn the most effective combination of motions to bring his time up to standard. It became obvious that a complete study should include both 'time' and 'motion.'

The cinematograph was called in to the aid of the scientific works manager. Motion-pictures were taken of the most rapid workers, and a permanent record was so obtained, not only of the work and the manner of working, but of the environment and of the auxiliary motions. By a device well known to the cinema habitué, these motion-pictures can be projected at a speed of one-tenth that at which they were taken.

Here was a method with important advantages over the old method of time-study. Not only could the films be seen more slowly and more carefully observed by the managers, but from them learners could more easily be taught the correct motions. It must be emphasised that it is impossible for a rapid worker to demonstrate to a less rapid fellow-worker by slowing down his own motions. In the performance of even a simple rapid action, and much more so in the case of certain complex industrial operations, there come into play such things as muscle-elasticity and momentum, inertia and the effects of 'swing.' These are absent or modified out of recognition when the worker slows down sufficiently for the learner to observe the details of his movements. The cinematograph motion-study can retain these special effects of rapid motion while at the same time slowing the picture to enable details to be clearly followed. A further advantage is that timing can be simply and accurately recorded by fixing a special clock with a hand revolving in a few seconds near the workman under examination. Each section of the film will then exhibit the exact time of the particular motion it depicts.

Further devices are now coming into use, chiefly with the idea of recording more closely not only the operations themselves, but the exact sequence of those operations. One of these devices consisted in fixing tiny electric-lamps to those parts of the worker it was desired to study. An ordinary camera photograph of the operation then depicted the worker only as a confused mass, but the exact motion

of his hand (for instance) might be traced from beginning to end by the bright continuous track of light it left on the plate. Various modifications of this device have been proposed, including stereoscopic views to show motions in every plane, and wire models made therefrom.

Modern works management can, by the systematic use of the methods just described, analyse and determine exactly the best possible conditions under which any particular operation can be conducted. In those works where scientific methods are encouraged the workers are then called in, and their co-operation is sought, often by means of bonuses for increased output, and similar inducements. They are taught to familiarise themselves with the selected 'best-motion,' and to practise it until it becomes automatic and habitual. In this part of the system there is, of course, nothing new. Typists, musicians, and others who have to achieve certain results as a consequence of certain movements have done this since typing and music began. Indeed, they achieve no success until they have succeeded. Who does not remember the agonising tedium of 'piano-practice' when a child? The novel part of the new methods is the systematic analysis of the component parts of the operations, and then the synthesis of selected and approved motions into the best possible combination.

It has been found that all industrial operations can be divided into what the exponents of motion-study have called 'cycles.' These cycles of motions of which a whole operation is made up are themselves composed of several 'elements.' The number of elements, of course, varies, but it has been found in practice that sixteen elements comprise all that are ordinarily required. For instance, a cycle might consist of the following elements: search, find, grasp, assemble, use, wait unavoidably, take apart. Of these it might be possible to eliminate the first two, and so save both time and energy. Another cycle might include: select, place, inspect, use, take position for next, wait avoidably, &c. Of these it might be possible to eliminate the selection as well as the avoidable wait. In a similar manner the movements of the parts of the body may be analysed and tabulated. From these tabulations, as we have shown, the best may be derived by a careful selection and elimination, with modifications where necessary.

So far, motion-study is largely a science in its infancy. Indeed, no practical application seems to have been made in this country, although a few, and those the largest and most up-to-date, of the American firms are using it. We may venture to predict that much more will be heard of it before long. At present it suffers from the conservatism of the works managers and of the workmen alike. The former distrust it because it involves much expenditure of money and time before any results can be obtained. The latter look upon it as an insidious capitalist scheme for extracting more work for a reduced wage. But when the manager realises that by intelligent motion-study he can reduce his production times to a fraction of their present values, and the worker recognises that he may save himself much fatigue through the elimination of wasted energy, motion-study will come into its own.

It must not be thought that the practical applications of motion-study are confined to the speeding-up of the human machine. The science is yielding noteworthy results in its application to machinery itself. For instance, in that type of spinning-frame known as the 'ring-frame,' the thread is spun by a traveller, which is a circular ring encircling the spindle, and fitted with a loop through which the yarn passes. The traveller is driven round by the yarn as it is wound on the spindle, and the circular motion spins the yarn as it comes from the rollers. It is found, however, that the tension on the yarn is greater when the diameter of the 'cop' or bobbin becomes greater. There is scope here for the use of the cinematograph, and it has recently been employed in this connection. By photographing the bobbin at the extreme limits of the ring-carrier during winding, with more or less thread on the bobbin, and at the lowest and highest positions of the carrier, the law determining the best speed has been ascertained. The usual constant-speed drive is now being abandoned in up-to-date mills, and variable-speed electric drives installed. The result is that the speed is at all times suited *exactly* to the spinning tension, resulting in maximum output and most economical running of continuous spinning-frames. The thread is of an even twist, and the speed of spinning may be increased by 15 per cent. in some cases. In addition, since the thread has always the correct speed in proportion to its tension as the frame moves up and down, breakages of the thread are practically negligible.

This, of course, is but an instance of an application of motion-study to a machine. There are numerous examples in almost every trade which will suggest themselves to the reader. But the field in which motion-study will most repay attention is in its workshop applications. That the new science is not being neglected in this country is evidenced by the fact that it is being taken up by the technologists. Dr Stanley Kent, of the Department of Industrial Administration at Manchester College of Technology, who is already well known as an authority on industrial fatigue, is to carry out a number of investigations on motion-study. If the new science will give us that increased production which we are told is so necessary to our industrial welfare, and at the same time yield the worker that share of leisure which he has recognised as his right, the more quickly its applications are investigated the better.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

A NEW calendar is on the wall, and never before, save on this same anniversary, has the figure '1' seemed to embrace such impressive, mysterious portent. Nothing, it is felt, is quite the same as in the careless yesterday. Here this morning, on the first day of a new year, we are flung up against time, conjured to give some new thought to questions of eternity, of space, and of life. Assuredly a new sense of responsibility seems to lie seriously upon many minds for at least a few hours on such a morning. Those of any appreciable degree of sense and sensibility do not need for its realisation the artificial aids of 'good resolutions'—often only the toy auxiliaries of weak wills—or the knowledge that a new beginning is being made in so many affairs of the material systems of our lives, the changed last figure in the year date on our newspapers (and how strange it looks, rare novelty, indeed!), and the necessity, as we apprehend it, of being as careful as were those printers not to err in the dating of our letters and the cheques we sign. In this matter a little licence is permitted for a day or two, and absolution granted for a fault upon the score of human weakness. But by the 3rd of January one is expected to know, as by instinct, the year of the Christian era upon which we are now labouring, and to have settled steadily to the new formula like good and efficient and always hopeful humans. So at the outset there is something like semi-official recognition of the disturbance in our existence. This sense of a new beginning may be a little oppressive in the introspection it demands. It is an arbitrary affair, no doubt; eternity, creation, all the mysterious forces, make no formal, figured recognition in this way of the starting of another year. To birds and beasts it may, to say it so, be at this moment either the 15th of December or the 23rd of March. It is our affair alone; yet it is an affair of consequence. Light as may be our tripping through this life, careless the manner of it, little as we may be given to thought with the faintest morbid tinge, does not one feel, or hope, perhaps, that somehow fate has wiped clean the slate of that old and bad account of the recent past, and given the chance again for a fresh start? And in an individual case this may be the last, for the controlling Nature will not for ever give such chances. It is a good thing, therefore, to set one's house in order, to tidy up the wardrobe, to rearrange beloved books upon their shelves, to cast the rubbish from the writing-table, and speak kindly, even if with an essential firmness, to those about.

* * *

With experience, and thought, and wisdom increased by a year, one may even at this impressive hour, with the calendar making limits, consider again that year-worn problem of the diary or none. And now, in such enhanced judgment and discretion, it may be reflected that life is no regular and evenly-marked-out thing; that there are periods of intensity and slackened calm; that man has moods, and his negligence must be admitted and countenanced, yet that each human life is surely worth a noted record. Reflected again that there may be nothing in advanced years so entertaining and conducive to serviceable philosophy as acute and intimate personal reminiscence, thus, and only thus, made possible. For such a confidence it is best to avoid the formal diary, with its fixed spaces and its printed dates and its 'cash account' for the months to come, which somehow seems to be the only form, the only reality, of the diary idea entering the minds of most who give a favouring thought towards the subject. A book with a leather binding, plain and small, is better; nice paper and gilt edges to accord with intimacies of our most important life. A statement of act or thought, with written dates and uncontrolled spaces, may be recorded here when, and only when, the inclination calls. This is insistent. There may be a formal note upon place and circumstance; but as in the main thoughts count for more than actions in the effort of life and the general progress, so shall thoughts in this our little book of life be as the greater things and our very own. Thus it is of the essence of the idea and its value that one shall come to the entry with an impulse and a willingness—for only so is there reality, proper self-perception—and not as a duty almost made imperative by dated spaces. One should be awake to life and the world when diary-making and thought-laying. I know much of what I did twenty or thirty years ago, but how I should like to know what

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

exactly I thought and how I thought it, that other distant ego that is not I! And if I live other twenty years, it will interest me much more than judgments on politicians' pranks to know precisely what I thought and felt this morning when, from the window near where I write, I looked across many leagues of forest in myriad tints of green and gray over to the faint blue of far-distant hills. The newspapers may consider the game of politics to be of more account than these million trees and the rain-clouds that, with a wind behind them, are scudding from the east; but they will stand, those trees, when the politicians and all their conferences and their wars have passed away. One must approach the diary with a longing and an impulse, with a mind alert for real introspective and constructive thought, representing the truth of self, such as may be now recorded and accepted later as the clear evidence of previous personality. This is as a principle with the good diarist. Thus the little book of life may serve as stimulator, as producer of thought and constant self-analysis. This is useful, for an expedient that tends to provoke thought is more serviceable to the world at the present time than a thousand million pills, since it is because the people do not think well and clearly, and refuse to think, are too lazy to think, and hate to think, that there is so much agony on earth, and the quality of life is slipping back.

* * *

Even if it were nothing more than a matter of form, a simple expedience, we might wish in an initiatory mood like this, with a determination for a new happiness and contentment, that we might, drastically, as in the desire of old Khayyam, shatter to bits the old and sorry scheme of things—starting the world again with a new calendar and no sad legacies from the old, and no bad politicians, but only idealists whose sincerity and adaptability in the field of practice had been well tested by a committee of real experts on the reconstruction of human life. What the poor world wants, and knows it wants, what it yearns for more than it has yearned for anything since it can remember, is to escape from its miserable past and make a new beginning. But escape it cannot, and always it appears afraid of a real change over, seeming instinctively to attach itself with its overwhelming conservatism to the idea of its being better to bear existing ills than to plunge into a new unknown. There may be anarchists, Socialists, Bolshevists; you may have Liberals of the most extensive variety, Democrats and Radicals, Progressives, and Labour people, but everything shows and proves that the world in general is just an old humbug of a conservative after all. Not only does it attach itself so firmly to old systems as indicated, and, after hesitating advances, continually double back upon them, but time and again it returns over hundreds and even thousands of years to pick up again a forgotten custom from its farther past. It prattles unceasingly of its 'progress'—its desire for 'progress,' and of its 'progress' achieved; but where is all this precious progress? It has produced some wonderful inventions, it is true; but they are not more wonderful, and in the long-run and on a wide average they are not more serviceable than the things employed by the Egyptians, the Romans, and the Greeks. Chemistry and electricity are marvellous sciences, exploited with enthusiasm and a certain success, but against the service they have done us we must in sorrow set the evil that they did in war; and then on balance might it not be found that the world would have been better without this chemical and electrical 'progress'? Some may point to little things for entertainment, like the gramophone, which will let us hear again something reminiscent of Caruso's glorious tenor when he will have faded off into the historical past of song—and it is not to be denied that this instrument has yielded pleasures, educative and beneficent, to millions of people; but, thinking of Caruso, there are those who would feel the mournfulness of circumstance, as they viewed it not long ago, of a London without opera—the only first-class capital city in the world entire where there was none—and of the Royal Opera House at Covent Garden being devoted instead to prize-fighting exhibitions. It may be assumed with confidence that a hundred thousand thinkers in London rejoiced exceedingly, if within themselves, when they read that the promoters of one such blood-battering show had been obliged to abandon it for lack of support, and were losing money. Here at last was progress!

* * *

Calendars, as we know them, are good examples of the supreme human conservatism. They are most illogical arrangements, but, though the idea has been tentatively and philosophically discussed for centuries, the human mind experiences a sense of instinctive hindrance as it approaches a question of the revision of the calendar, of making it a more convenient and easily conducted thing. For years 'Summer Time,' as we have come to know it, was a fancy for theorists, and never seemed likely to be more than that, until there came the war, with its peculiar and urgent needs. Then shone out in the soft light of a setting sun this man-made marvel of the longer days. It was not merely an abandonment of old conservatism; it was clearly a gigantic revolution, disestablishment of the kind favoured when a people determined on drastic destruction to the end that a new beginning might be made. It was essentially an affair of a wide-world war. The war, not being forgotten, and certainly not having ceased to exercise its baneful influence, but rather having intensified it, has receded a few years, and

the old conservatism comes back, farmers and parents asserting themselves, so that there is a demand for the old reckoning of the day again. That same war nearly brought on the metric system, which many agree is the most logical and convenient, but conservatism just held through. Had the European conflict smashed up the whole system of things even more completely than it did, it might have brought in not merely the metric system, but a new calendar as well, for the frenzy for a new beginning and a discard of the old existence would have been intenser even than in Napoleon's days, when the last new calendar was for a time established. Things being as we know them, the calendar is just a subject for theoretic disapproval, a constant and impressive reminder of that human conservatism which displays its stubbornness never more splendidly than in the proud protection of recognised fallacies. Without being told, all at once perceive that September, October, November, and December—so plainly meaning the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth months—have for long been mistakes in name. The Romans led off their year with March. For the rest the titles are a jumble of derivations and perpetuated egoisms, and hardly any of them appeals to us save in an occasional way of sentiment. The months are of unequal length, and it is beyond the much-occupied human intelligence to discover the extent of any particular one of them without either referring to the calendar or reciting a verse of nursery quality and character. The days of the week do not occupy the same relation to the days of the month except by accident, though it would seem most convenient to business people and folks in general if they did (for example, the fourth day of the month might always be a Thursday); nor have the days of the week the same relation to those of the month as between one year and another, when, again, it would be a convenience if they had. It would, moreover, be quite a simple matter to arrange; and, lest the unsophisticated and the sceptical might feel that the calendar belongs to the integral system of the universe and is associated with the heavens, the stars, and the divinity of creation, it must be declared it does not, but is a simple man-made contrivance with all the imperfections of human arrangements in an aggravated form. But conservatism always did hang with affection upon imperfection as on nothing else, giving chivalrous protection to the weak, the helpless, and the deficient, and not to those who, by reason and good sense, are able to help themselves. There has grown up an idea of a calendar nearly sacrosanct, which seems to present itself as something akin to a vested interest. There is an attitude of the people that what served our ancient forebears should be good for our service too. Again, this calendar has been woven through the Prayer Book of the Established Church—which itself is being considered for revision. Further, there is a timidity as to the loss of our most respected anniversaries if the calendars were changed; for anniversaries, arbitrary dates like the rest, mere chronological assumptions, have their existence only in relation to established calendars. Our very birthdays would be lost and need a new setting; so with the days honoured in the many departments of history. Thus the old calendar, with all its imperfections, its stupidities, its enduring monument to the vanity of Augustus—who, being jealous, stole a day from another month to give it to the one named after him, so that it should be the equal of July, which was named in honour of Julius Cæsar—is strongly entrenched in human system and custom, though inferior in certain ways even to the calendar of the ancient Egyptians, who had months with thirty days apiece, and five days to spare at the end for holiday or other convenient purposes—five spare days, after three hundred and sixty all ticketed and laid out for busy occupation, being welcome then as they might be now. Who would not be happy in the enjoyment of five days so clear and free?

* * *

But it is the genial habit of the humans to speculate upon means of perfection, even though they pursue them not. Thus the idealists play with schemes for new calendars; they are doing it now more than ever, feeling perhaps that in such upheaving times their best opportunity is afforded, and that it would be no sad thing if all anniversaries of recent years—save one of final victory—might be abandoned and lost. (Victory Day might be appointed anew with as good reason as when the Government appointed one special day far on from the silencing of guns for 'the termination of the war.') Not for the first time the ingenious Americans are forward with such enterprises. There is Mr Drane, of Florida, a member of the House of Representatives, with his own ideas for setting the marking of time to rights. He lately prepared a Bill for introduction to the legislative chamber of his country upon this matter. Daring superstition upon a point at which it is often challenged in these unrespecting days, Mr Drane would have thirteen months in every year. Less ambitious than Julius and Augustus, conscious that he had disturbed the world much less, he would call by the name of Centre his new month, which he would place in the middle of the year. There are perhaps Americans to ask what is the matter with the good name Columbia at a time when that for which it stands does so much dominate in prestige and power, but Mr Drane has the statesman's vision, the statesman of the world. To each of his thirteen months he would allot twenty-eight days, bringing it about that each figure of date would always have its same day of the week. Still more daring, he would give Friday to the thirteenths.

Christmas Day is marked down for the 3rd of January. It is of less concern to us that the immortal George Washington draws the 7th of March for birthday, and that, by the new arrangement, on the 3rd of December the pious and grateful Americans would devote themselves to their Thanksgiving. But the Parliament of the country may not look kindly upon the scheme of Mr Drane. This is more than a one-man affair, and the plot against the Gregorian calendar should be hatched at some place of more historic renown than sunny Florida. Rome it shall be, the nations concerting for the plan. Come April—a month that, with its uncertainties, the English do much love, with its weeping and leafing promise, and the sigh of the poet to be in this, his native land, when April's here—there will be a grand convention in Rome, one of the most important and pretentious ever held perhaps, for the consideration of an assault in force upon a calendar in the city where it was arranged. Men of science, particularly astronomers, with a few others, have made their plans. The committee, or convention, which will be presided over by Cardinal Mercier or M. Bijourdan, director of the Paris Observatory, is one of thirty-two committees that make up the International Astronomical Union, and besides the persons named it comprises M. Lecointe, director of the Uccle Observatory at Brussels; Mr W. H. Campbell, director and Astronomer of the famous Lick Observatory in California; M. Deslandres, director of the Meridian Observatory, near Paris; Sir F. W. Dyson, Astronomer Royal of Greenwich; and Mr R. A. Sampson, Professor of Astronomy at Edinburgh University. These eminent persons aspire to bring the calendar to more perfect harmony with the sun and the stars, and they are concerned with the excessive and inconvenient variability of Easter, which always does seem to 'come soon' or 'come late.' An eminent Italian astronomer, Professor Emanuelli of the Speccoa Vaticana, has made a confession upon the ideas animating the committee. Their object, he declares, is to fashion a new calendar, which shall be invariable for every year, so that the same day may recur each year on the same date. Nothing would be more easy than to effect such an arrangement if it fortunately happened that, as with the more indefinite ages of man, the days of the year as a whole could be nicely and evenly divided into seventh parts. But the scheme of these astronomers for overcoming this difficulty is that one day shall be placed alone at the beginning of the year and not included in the calendar week at all, this day to stand apart as New Year's Day. Three hundred and sixty-four days, all amenable to exact division by the inexorable seven, will follow in due course, making up their fifty-two weeks, and the first day of each week shall be Sunday. Small February, by this scheme, shall no longer receive the concession of twenty-nine days in each Leap Year; the loose day is to be attached, with full rights of independence, to the end of June, and, like New Year's Day, is to be uncounted in the calendar, and available, as it seems, for any special purpose of approved importance for which a nation might like a day. The calendar being thus agreed upon, it would be necessary to determine the fixed time for Easter, which may now happen any time from 22nd March to 25th April. The second Sunday in April is proposed for Easter Sunday, and then all would be finished. If the reform is approved at Rome in April, another conference will follow to which would be summoned the ecclesiastical authorities, who feel themselves to be as much concerned in this affair as the students of the stars, and the question of Easter would then be further entertained and new light cast upon the problem.

* * *

With solemn respect for these seers who will assemble in the Eternal City with their scheme all cut and dried, one has that confidence in the sticking-power of old conservatism to believe that the system of the present calendar, with its dedication and consecration by Father Time, relentless still with scythe and running sand, will endure for long to come. Emanuelli, an optimist, agrees that though the April convention may pass their reform with unanimity and acclamation, it will need a considerable time for its proper and effective introduction. A matter of this kind is not to be determined, like changes in the reckoning of Summer Time, by the simple expedient of moving the hands of the clock by an hour, and going to bed on it, awakening to find all done, and one's world in a slight but impressive matter apparently changed. It is now a very old world, and should be wise, though it be not. Astronomers say it must be a hundred million years of age; geologists, feeling they know better, since they can touch and examine in their hands, and not merely gaze through glasses into vastest space, are grander in declaration, and say out boldly five hundred million years. Either way it is a long time—a very long time. It seems long enough to have learned much sense, as the saying is, even though the humans have been upon the scene, creating much disturbance and contriving ingeniously their perpetual difficulties and unhappiness, for only a small part of the period. It is suggested also, though we know not, that it has a long time to continue, and there is still the space for repentance and improvement upon the evil that has been wrought in million measure through the process of all the calendars. There may be many thousands of years still to come. The other day an astronomer of parts, Captain Marriott, was reckoning that the earth has now reached its utmost heat—which none who passed

through the sun trials of last summer would dispute. He marks an epoch of thirty-two thousand years for the ascent from the glacial period to the hottest, and the return again to the glacial, and says we are now half-way. Only sixteen thousand more years to roll, and then the ice shall lay its stiffness upon it all again. But even that also is a very long time—so long, indeed, that it touches us with small concern; and still, with that old assurance and our kindly disposition for posterity, we shall call upon the lawyers and order the parchmenting of leases for ninety-nine years, which is the longest period ordinarily coming within our personal and testamentary comprehension. Now, precisely, we open one of the millions of years that are untouched, unused. The stiff and bold and portentous '1' in all its aggressive youth—and, alas! we who have known these '1's' before would say in all its ignorance too—stands forth upon the wall. It is a time for boldness with a smile and to determine well, and so—*Allons!*

MAN'S WORK.

CHAPTER III.—*continued.*

III.

HARRISON disappeared into the sleeping camp. Shanklin moved a little farther from the incessant cough of the engine, lay on his back on the long grass, and peered up at the stars. He drank in the cool, sweet air, and felt the benison of night steal through his body. He was nearly happy. But so often as the buoyancy of youth tingled in his veins, just so often was he conscious of an intolerable longing for the girl he loved. He had reckoned that work, ambition, and fatigue would go far to heal his spirit; but Claudia, he discovered, had wound herself too closely about his heart for any such substitution. He knew that he would always worship her—but the intensity of that worship, which now, deprived of its object, was steadily increasing, baffled him altogether. He did not want to feel as he felt, but he could not help it. Her lissome grace, the tones of her voice, the fragrance of her body, the sweet appeal of her eyes and lips, the wistfulness, the ineffable promise of future joy and a divine partnership—all these he had sacrificed in what Burley indignantly called a fit of altruism. Now he was in pursuit of the treasure of the earth, having forfeited the treasure of his soul.

He passed from this into a grim reflection of what Sitwell might be doing now. He knew the man's skill and artfulness, and the coast was clear. A companion in Brooks's trickery, Sitwell would wield a definite power over the older man, and, with Claudia at stake, would not hesitate to use it. As to Brooks himself, Shanklin felt that somehow he had understood, that he secretly approved of his critical attitude, and had not taken real offence. It was Sitwell who had grasped the opportunity and made the most of it. At this very moment he might be with Claudia, suave and dangerous. Shanklin's fingers clenched at the thought of it.

He lay for an hour thus. A mile away, in the valley, a single light blinked from a small farmhouse, and it came to him suddenly that there or thereabouts was the property, the title-deeds of which Brooks had put before him only a few weeks previously. Oil! He smiled at the thought of it. All his assumptions had been verified by his talk with Harrison. What if that *were* the property, and he could from his vantage-point watch the operations of Sitwell day by day. The idea piqued, and in a curious way comforted, him.

He came off the night-shift one morning a week later, and struck across country. Between the great anticline, where was Harrison's contract, and the farmhouse, ran the highway that led from Los Angeles to San Juan Capistrano and San Diego, along which a succession of motors flashed like shining beetles. He stood for a few moments watching them, recognising now and then acquaintances of his own, who saw nothing familiar in the stained overalls he wore. The thing amused him. How easy it was for a man to lose himself in civilisation! In half-an-hour he was staring at a newly painted sign just outside a wire fence: 'The Enterprise Oil Company —Non-Personal Liability.'

So that was it! A few sheep nibbled at the scanty grass, for the land was poor, and not irrigated. Behind the white adobe farmhouse spread the remnants of what had once been a garden. Beside the door were two cabbage-palms. A little way off was the well, which, judging by the vegetation, Shanklin surmised as alkaline. Two miles eastward commenced the foothills. In the middle of the tract lay a pile of timber, and two men with saw and hammer worked leisurely over the erection of a small shanty. And that was all. He smiled grimly, and struck up the hard earth path that led to the front-door. At his knock a man appeared, tall, lean, and unshaven, fit occupant of this unkempt domain.

'Can you give me a drink?' queried Shanklin.

The man pointed to the well. 'Help yourself. It isn't very good, but I'm used to it.'

The water was alkaline, and Shanklin only moistened his lips. The rancher lounged in the shade of a cabbage-palm, regarding him indifferently.

'Been here long?' asked the visitor, putting down the tin dipper.

'Too long for me; the land is salt, and I'm getting out.'

'Sold the place?' Shanklin glanced at the wooden sign.

The other man nodded. 'About six weeks ago.' He paused, and a grin slowly spread over his long face. 'Some fellows in the city bought it. I've an option on it at the end of the year for half of what they paid. I can't lose, and that's about what it's worth.'

It all seemed like Sitwell's work. At the end of the year they would sell the place back, and pocket the proceeds.

'In oil yourself, aren't you?' asked the rancher.

Shanklin nodded. 'Working with Harrison on that anticline.'

'Those fellows who were here let on they thought there was oil here; but—well—I've been in the business myself.'

'You get a royalty if they strike any?'

'Fire and brimstone is all they'll strike if they go far enough. However, that's their end of it.'

'Did they offer you any stock?'

'Sure—a wagon-load—but I wouldn't touch it. The kitchen's papered with stock that's no good.'

The man rambled on, and when he had finished the tale one phase of the Enterprise Oil Company was complete. He was indifferent whether Sitwell did any work or not. Shanklin hazarded something about the fate of people who put money in such schemes, but Trent, the rancher, regarded these individuals as being expressly created for the relief of men like himself. He called it the doctrine of compensation. Shanklin left him on his doorstep, and tramped back to the sleeping camp filled with silent and utter revolt. It was on the future of this sort of thing that Claudia's fortunes depended. Her nature was foreign to its purport and trickery.

That afternoon, when the hunger for her was sharper than ever, he caught her name mentioned in the personal column of a Los Angeles paper. It was the notice of her marriage to Sitwell two days previously.

IV.

Claudia had not entered the marriage under any illusionment. Her love was in fierce conflict with her pride. That Shanklin had dared to entertain suspicions of her father filled her with instant and passionate protest. She was aware that the intensity of her reaction was moving her nearer to Sitwell, and her father's anxiety to see her finally settled had not only touched her, but given her as well definite feelings of apprehension.

It was in secret moments that she confessed to herself how much it all had hurt. The dream and vision of youth in the arms of youth had vanished. She had counted on a companionship as sweet as it was intimate, and was about to exchange it for a partnership in which she seemed to be depositing her own person in payment for her father's peace of mind. Sitwell could never rouse her to the depth of yearning she had experienced when Shanklin's arms were round her. She admitted to herself that she would marry him, but at the same time realised that what she could contribute to that marriage would be something very different from the supreme offering she had been so recently prepared to make.

Sitwell gave her back the ring she had returned to him a year previously. It was worth a dozen like the simple token which Shanklin had left on the table one eventful night, and which she kept because it recreated memories she was loath to silence. He was not in any way triumphant, but it appealed vividly to his sense of pride and ownership that Claudia should be his.

Courtney Brooks, as though he had held on to life for this particular purpose, died suddenly and quietly two weeks after the wedding. For some days he had oscillated between the office and his apartment, seemingly depressed by the scanty returns that dribbled into the Enterprise treasury. Claudia watched him breathlessly—he was so unlike the father she used to know. One evening, when Sitwell was out, he beckoned to her, and she sat holding the big hand that appeared strangely limp. Then he began to talk, wandering back, as he often did of late, to the days of his own youth, stopping now and then to regard her with wistful affection.

'You're like your mother, girl—more like her every year—same eyes and lips—same way of carrying your head. Happy with Bertie, aren't you?'

'Yes,' she said brightly, 'very happy.'

'I'm glad of that—very. It isn't always easy to understand Sit—never quite unravelled him myself—but he ought to do well. He impressed folks as I never could.' He smiled a little. 'Perhaps I never tried. Sit is determined, and once he goes after a thing, he'll chase it into the ground. I never know how much he feels things just on account of that cool air of his.'

'He's awfully good to me, father, and thinks of every little thing.'

Brooks nodded. 'You remember what I told you about the oil promotion business?'

'To get Bertie out of it if I could?'

'Yes; clean up and get out. When I think of the years I put into it, and now——' He broke off, a dull flush rising in his cheeks.

The girl regarded him closely, with the sudden conviction that in spite of all his cheery calm her father was a disappointed man. He had never been extravagant or self-indulgent, but wanted money, it seemed, only to spend it on

herself. It moved poignantly in her mind that he was harassed with fear for her future. She noted the weariness in his eyes, the lassitude of his body, and was filled with courage and swift resolution.

'You mustn't worry about anything,' she entreated quickly. 'Bertie is going to do well, and I 'll back him up and help him to the limit. You 'll take things easier now, and let me look after you.'

Brooks patted her hand and looked slowly round the room. He felt as though his very spirit were deliberately detaching itself in his breast. He was sick—sick at heart. Here, close beside him, was the child of his early passion, compassing in her sweet body all the potency of womanhood, beautiful, trusting, loyal. The die was cast, and at his own wish. In his soul of souls he had always disliked his partner, but it seemed that there was no substitute. To this partner he had not only yielded his own views of what was decent and straight, but had also offered this girl with her fire, her beauty, and promise—and both offerings had been accepted in Sitwell's cool and imperturbable manner, as though these sacrifices were his by right. Brooks inwardly cursed him for the manner of the taking.

He pondered helplessly over what test of life lay ahead of this girl of his; for the test, he felt sure, would inevitably arise. She would win through; but at what cost? Then there came to him a moment of comfort, and he saw dimly that in the law of life each individual is given the making or the marring of his own existence. God—how strange the word sounded!—would look after the rest.

There came a great silence in his ears, after which he heard a confusion of voices, very far away. Then the girl's anxious face grew strangely indistinct. He put out an uncertain hand, felt blindly for the dark, brown hair, and pressed it caressingly.

'Claudia,' he whispered, in a voice that had grown suddenly thick. 'Claudia—for——'

The voice faltered; the eyes took on a stiff, visionless stare.

(Continued on page 87.)

SMUGGLING SACCHARIN.

By a Revenue Expert.

SINCE the imposition of the tax on saccharin by the Finance Act of 1901 there have been numerous attempts to smuggle it into this country. Many clever devices have been used to outwit the Customs officials. But all these have been detected and catalogued. Moreover, the officers are constantly on the look-out for the latest dodges of the saccharin-smugglers to evade the payment of duty.

Now that the tax stands at eight shillings and threepence per ounce or six pounds twelve shillings per pound, the temptation to run the risk of importing saccharin free of duty is no doubt a great one with unscrupulous traders.

In order to guard against smuggling, the statutory regulations of the Finance Act of 1901 restrict the importation of saccharin to London, Southampton, Newhaven, Dover, Folkestone, Harwich, Grimsby, Hull, Goole, West Hartlepool, Leith, and Grangemouth. Moreover, packages of saccharin must not be less than eleven pounds net weight. It frequently happens that the saccharin-smugglers endeavour to get supplies into this country through the other ports of the United Kingdom. They reason that the officers at these ports are not looking out specially for saccharin, and that, therefore, the chances of detection are not quite so great. But very often they receive a rude surprise, for all British Customs officers are men with a highly specialised training.

As a general rule the smugglers concentrate their efforts on getting saccharin through the Customs by describing it as some well-known product, such as health-salts or sugar or farina or salicylic acid. The top portion of the tin or other receptacle answers all the tests for these products, but closer, or rather deeper, examination reveals the existence of saccharin in a separate packet or a false bottom. Sometimes the saccharin is merely separated from the upper layer by a disc of cardboard or tin.

Saccharin is a by-product of coal-tar. Its chemical name is ortho-sulphobenzoic imide. In its usual form it is a white glistening powder, several hundred times sweeter than ordinary sugar. If the tiniest grain is placed on the tongue, it will leave a sweet taste in the mouth for a considerable time.

At one time the officers could rely on the tasting test as the best means of detecting saccharin. Recently, however, a process has been discovered by which it can be denatured or deprived of its characteristic sweet taste and appearance. This camouflaged saccharin bears an extraordinary resemblance to ordinary bleaching-powder. If it succeeds in passing the Customs examination without detection, it is taken away and reconverted into its original state. This dodge is, of course, an expensive one, but if one ton got through the Customs the importers would rob the revenue of £14,784.

Attempts are often made to smuggle saccharin mixed with other goods. For instance, it has been found in sugar, starch, ground roots, and

similar articles. Then, again, it is sometimes described as 'chemical goods,' 'drugs,' or some such special name as 'lycose' or 'paracul acid.' When the officers examine a product with an unfamiliar name, they invariably take a sample for chemical analysis.

The officers must examine 'wet goods' as well as 'dry goods' for saccharin. Harmless-looking colourless syrups intended for use in the manufacture of mineral waters may contain saccharin in solution. There is also a possibility that it may be imported in glycerine or even water.

Not long ago a consignment of cheap toys was examined by a London Customs officer. He opened one of the toys—a teddy bear. Picture his surprise when he found that it contained several ounces of saccharin! The other 'teddies' were similarly stuffed.

Saccharin has also been discovered in specially constructed table-tops, in various receptacles skilfully hollowed out in cheap furniture, and in bundles of canes. Occasionally, too, it has been found in passengers' luggage. On several occasions a personal search has revealed comparatively large quantities secreted in wearing-apparel.

It must also be remembered that imported products in the manufacture of which a certain percentage of saccharin is used are liable to duty at the saccharin rate. If, however, the proportion of saccharin present is less than 1 per cent., duty is not charged.

When it is considered how numerous are the articles in which saccharin is used as either a preservative or a sweetening agent, it must be admitted that the Customs examining officer's work is extremely onerous.

THE TEST.

By W. D. Gray.

I.

IT was on the morning of the tenth day after leaving the Farthest South camp that Fanshawe finally reckoned up the chances. He was cook for the day, and rose before his two companions. As he scrambled out of his frozen reindeer-skin sleeping-bag his face was composed but grave. There was no doubt it would be a close thing, a very fine-run thing. All the dogs dead, three men to haul the sledge, and two hundred and forty miles yet to the hut and the ship.

Unlacing the tent-flap, he went out to get the food from the sledge. It was a fine morning; the sun shone down brassily from a clear sky and lit up the white, frozen desolation. For the thousandth time Fanshawe was aware of the strangeness of that dead expanse of snow and ice, all silent and motionless in the stringent cold. There was something about it, something austere and aloof, something foreign and exotic, which seemed to cut it off from companionship with the kindly earth, man's native home. The tiny tent, the sledge, Fanshawe's moving figure showed up as little black specks, infinitely small and trivial on the great, cold, glittering plain. Here was the primeval, unchangeable and untamable, as it had been from the beginning. The spirit of the Antarctic brooded over that immense loneliness, a spirit beautiful but terrible, bidding men take heed how they braved its fastnesses. And in answer man's voice seemed to be heard—small, faint, yet indomitable—'We will take heed, but we will brave them.'

Fanshawe felt all this dimly, but he contented himself with saying half-aloud, 'Well, thank goodness, it looks like being fine and calm for the next twelve hours; we might do fifteen miles to-day.' He carefully carried the food into the tent, and lit the 'primus' stove. It was the food that was the great, the dominant, factor in his calculations. By an immense amount of patient ingenuity he had brought down the daily ration for the sledging-trip to just over thirty-four ounces per man, yet he flattered himself that there was more nutriment in it than in the supplies of any expedition of the past. But, having regard to all the misfortunes and delays of the past weeks, would their food now take them back to their base?

Once again he worked it all out. Yes, given average weather and average luck, it would do so. He bent his dark bearded face over the stove and smiled grimly. That was the point; that was the everlasting point in the Antarctic. A week's furious, yelling blizzard would keep them chained inside the tent, and all his calculations would be upset. He shrugged his shoulders moodily, as the snow in the stove melted and began to steam and simmer. They must chance it; in fact, that was all they could do. He reflected, a little proudly, that they deserved to come through. His was a small, privately equipped expedition. They had attacked the Antarctic on a little-known side, and had achieved great results. This southern sledging-party had reached the eighty-sixth parallel, and had discovered a great tract of new land—a hideous desolation of ice and rock, but indisputably new land. They had found two mountain-ranges and half-a-dozen great glaciers, while their scientific discoveries were not less interesting. Few explorers had done so much with such small resources. It was on their

return to their base on the coast that misfortune had pursued them. The dogs had all died of some mysterious disease. One sledge had had to be abandoned; even to pull the other was a hard task for the three men. Yes, they deserved to come through—but the spirit of the Antarctic held the last card.

II.

Fanshawe pulled off his wolf-skin mitt and took out his watch. Time to rouse the others; the food would soon be ready. He glanced at them both as they lay huddled deep down in their sleeping-bags, so closely covered that it was impossible to see their faces. The man on the right was his younger brother Arthur. The bulky figure on the left was Pardew. He considered them attentively for a few moments before waking them. They represented the human factor in his calculations, the factor which might wreck his arithmetic not less than the Antarctic blizzards. He endeavoured to think of their qualities coldly and impartially. Both were very strong and fit, or they would never have been his companions on this southern journey. Pardew in particular was a positive Hercules, apparently absolutely untirable. It was their mental qualities which made Fanshawe wrinkle his brow thoughtfully. They were sharply contrasted. That young brother of his, of whom he was so fond, had begged so hard to be one of the southern party that he had not had the heart to refuse him. Undoubtedly Arthur Fanshawe was a charming young fellow, gay, enthusiastic, full of life and energy. But the Antarctic wilderness, that acid test for manhood, had brought to light certain flaws in his character. He was very mercurial, full of ups and downs, immensely elated when things were going well, bitterly and unduly depressed when troubles accumulated. And certainly, during the past weeks, there had been troubles enough; only a very strong character could have risen superior to such trials. But in the Antarctic only very strong characters are required. Young Fanshawe had charm; he had strength of body; yet, unwillingly enough, his brother doubted a little if he had the steel-hard strength of mind of the true explorer.

The leader considered the third member of the party. Besides his immense physique, Pardew had the strong recommendation of experience—he had been out before with another expedition. He was a difficult man to sum up. If his character had strength, it certainly manifested a notable lack of charm. He was a man of brains and education, but there was something saturnine about him, something gloomy and morose, even surly. He did not complain; he did his share of the work, but he did it without any gaiety of heart, in a wooden, dull fashion. Fanshawe imagined, moreover, that beneath the man's taciturn and heavy exterior there was a suggestion of hidden fires, a hint of danger. If it ever came to a point, he thought Pardew would be an ill man to quarrel with. An instance of his curious sullen cast of mind had occurred twelve days ago. They were going over a tract of old ice, covered thick with snow. Pardew was leading in front of the sledge, and suddenly fell headlong through the snow-crust into a hidden crevasse. Fanshawe had rushed forward in an instant and flung himself down on his face. He saw Pardew wedged perilously some four feet beneath, in imminent danger of slipping farther into the unknown depths below. Calling to him not to move, Fanshawe uncoiled the rope he had slung over his shoulder, ready for just such an emergency, and flung it into the other's hands. Then he called to his brother, and in a few seconds they had pulled him to the surface again, safe and sound. And Pardew had merely muttered a few words of thanks, apparently more annoyed with himself for falling than grateful for his deliverance.

Fanshawe brooded over his companions for a few moments longer. He had been thinking of their weak points, for in a wilderness a man is more often lost by his weaknesses than saved by his virtues. And yet, taking them all in all, he could not have hoped for two better men. They had followed him gallantly; they had endured; they had achieved. And if his brother was sometimes despondent and complaining, if Pardew was gloomy and surly, other men under the same rigorous conditions might simply have lost heart altogether, and lain down and died.

He bent over them and shook their shoulders. 'Time,' he said simply. 'Rouse up, young un. Rouse up, Pardew. It's a fine morning; we must be away early.'

The two men opened their eyes, grunted, and began to heave themselves out of their stiff sleeping-bags. These were carried outside, and then began the usual morning toil of putting on the *finnesko*—the reindeer-skin fur boots, which had frozen stiff and hard during the night. It was accomplished at last; the thick savoury 'hoosh' of pemmican and broken plasmon biscuit was greedily gulped down, followed by steaming cocoa. When all was portioned out the stove was instantly extinguished, to save the precious oil. Half-an-hour later the tent was struck; everything was packed and strapped to the sledge. Fanshawe gave the word, and they set off once more, three little black specks upon the monotonous whiteness, like flies crawling painfully upon an immense and ever-expanding ceiling.

III.

That was a good day; the fine, calm weather endured immutably, and they did fourteen miles. Ever afterwards Fanshawe looked back upon it and upon his light-heartedness with a kind of

wondering unbelief, for it was the last of his good days. That night when they camped he made his terrible discovery. The evening meal had been eaten, and his two companions were already in their sleeping-bags. He had lingered outside to look over the sledge and see how the runners were standing the hard going. Something, some instinct, made him also overlook the stores. He came to the biscuits, of which they had two cases left, one full, the other half-full. He idly opened the one which should have been full. It was half-empty.

For a moment the blood left his heart, and the white desolate icefield seemed to revolve round him in a circle. Next instant he chided himself for his foolishness. 'I have opened the wrong one,' he thought. 'It is the other which is the full one.' He opened the second case, and that also was half-empty.

He looked at them unbelievingly, as though doubting his senses, then fastened on the lids swiftly, and stood up. For a little he remained quite quiet, gazing into the distance, his face dark, his mouth shut like a steel trap. He did not think, he *knew*, that both the cases had been full when they left their base. He had personally examined the sledges, the provisions, the scientific instruments—every single detail of the equipment. He knew his business, and he could not be deceived. But then—what followed? He clenched his hands, and, despite the cold, the perspiration broke out on his forehead. There had been theft. For days, perhaps for weeks, one of his companions had been stealing these biscuits, the precious food which meant life to them all. Swiftly came the question: How was it taken? Simply enough, he said to himself; they all took it in turn to cook the meals—the thief had every opportunity on the day he had charge of the provisions. Not less swiftly came the second question: Who was it—which of them was it?

Something wild and fierce and bitter swelled up in Fanshawe's breast. 'It was Pardew,' he muttered half-aloud. 'It must have been Pardew! Arthur could not have done it; he's not capable of it. I'll swear he's had no hand in it. Yes, it was Pardew—but I must have proof, absolute and certain proof.' He swallowed down his anger and commanded himself. He must catch the thief in the act, if at all possible. That should not be difficult. To-morrow it was the turn of his brother to be cook, and the day after that of Pardew. He would keep watch that second day; indeed, he would be quite fair and also watch his brother. But it was not Arthur; it was impossible that it could have been Arthur.

Fanshawe sighed deeply and entered the tent, lacing up the door behind him. The other two were already snuggled deep down in their sleeping-bags, and as he got into his own they wished him good-night sleepily. 'Oh—good-night,' he muttered heavily. There was little prospect of a good night for the leader. He had a sudden mad impulse to cry it all aloud, to fall upon Pardew, stretched out beside him, to take the man by his bull-neck and choke a confession out of him. He mastered himself again and lay quiet, his eyes fixed on the tent canvas and his brain on fire. 'How could Pardew have done it?' he said to himself. 'How could any one have done it?' To steal food on a sledging expedition was a terrible crime—it simply was not done. Food occupied such a prominent place in existence, the raging sledging appetite was such a torment, that the man who thieved from his comrades placed himself beyond the pale.

IV.

That was a very long night, or, rather, a very long period of time, for there is, of course, no true night in the Antarctic summer. At last, as Fanshawe lay shivering in his sleeping-bag, he heard his brother stirring and moving beside him. It was half-past six, time for the cook to set about preparing the morning meal. Young Fanshawe crawled out of his bag, and, unlacing the flap, vanished quietly from the tent. 'I must see what he does,' thought the other. 'It's a hateful business to spy on him, but I must do it, in fairness to Pardew.' He wriggled out of his own bag, and peered out through the opening of the tent. He saw his brother busy getting the pemmican, biscuits, and cocoa for the breakfast. Arthur laid the rations ready on the top of the sledge, and then paused a minute and seemed to listen suspiciously. Pardew was snoring noisily within the tent, and the listener smiled as though reassured. Then, to Fanshawe's unutterable horror, he saw his brother quickly remove the lid from the second case of biscuits and slip two or three of them into his pocket.

Fanshawe drew back from the tent-flap, feeling as though a cold hand was gripping his heart. There was no possible doubt now. Provisions were missing: he had just seen his brother take them—his brother, Arthur Fanshawe, was the thief. Half-consciously he crept back into his sleeping-bag, Pardew still snoring at his side. Arthur had stolen from his comrades—young Arthur, his kid brother, as he used to call him. It was unbelievable; yet it must be believed, and the situation must be grappled with. What was he to do? First of all, the stealing must be stopped. But how? By a public exposure? All the man's proud and sensitive spirit shrank from that course. He could not admit Pardew, a morose and surly stranger, to the family shame. Indeed, there might even be danger in it, for if Pardew knew of it, he was not the man to take the knowledge quietly. Those hidden fires might blaze up; there might be murder done. No; he would wait and

deal with his brother quietly and alone, when they got back to the hut—if they ever did get back. Yet, in the meantime, it must be stopped. He decided that for the future he would take sole charge of the provisions; he would announce that, instead of taking duties in rotation, he would always do the cooking, and the others would also have permanent duties. In this way there would be no further chance for Arthur to disgrace himself; and if the unhappy boy guessed from this alteration that he was suspected, why, so much the better.

And, secondly, there was the question of the food-supply. Long before they reached the hut that second case of biscuits would be needed, and, if the present rations were still served out to all, there would not be enough. In that case the whole thing would come out. Fanshawe compressed his lips. He could only think of two methods of hiding the shortage from Pardew. He could say that the biscuit-case must have been half-empty when it first left the ship. That would be untrue; and he could not bring himself to assert a thing which was not only untrue, but highly discreditable to himself, as leader and organiser. Well, if he did not do that, the only way was for him to go short. He could pretend to be off colour, to be falling sick and losing his appetite. He made a mental calculation. If he cut himself down to two biscuits a day instead of the six they were now having, the case might just last out, and his brother's shame would remain hidden. He would do it. It would be no light thing, but he would do it.

V.

By the time Fanshawe had finished his bitter meditations and thought out his scheme Arthur had the meal ready. Pretending to awake from a sound sleep, Fanshawe yawned heavily and stretched himself. As he took his sleeping-bag out of the tent and wrestled with his frozen fur boots, he thought he had better announce the change in the day's routine at once. It would put an end to any further stealing, at all events.

'We 'll have an alteration in our arrangements,' he said, as the breakfast was finished. 'In future I 'll take charge of the provisions and always do the cooking. It will be simpler. You two can also have your own definite jobs all the time. One can see to the tent, and the other pack the sledge.'

He looked in his brother's face as he spoke. Young Fanshawe seemed to shrink within himself and his eyes sought the tent floor, but he said nothing. Pardew stared in frank surprise.

'It 's as you please, of course,' he said, in his deep, toneless voice. 'But it will be a rotten arrangement for you, won't it? Cooking 's not much of a job, and it 'll mean that you will always have to get up earlier.'

Fanshawe waved away his objection. 'That 's all right,' he said. 'As for the cooking, I rather fancy myself as a *chef*. I believe I can serve up pemmican more tastefully than either of you two amateurs. At least I 'll have a good try. So the new arrangement will start to-day.'

No more was said. He was the leader; it was for him to order, as Pardew had hinted. As they packed up and prepared to start the day's march Fanshawe felt that, at any rate, there would be no more stealing. But his heart was heavy; he had seen his brother's face, and he believed the youngster knew he was suspected. There remained now the harder task of saving him from open shame.

And it was a hard task. It seems a simple thing to eat only two large plasmon biscuits a day instead of six, when one has pemmican and cocoa as well. But in the Antarctic, in the infinitely pure cold air of the icefields, hunger is a terrible thing. Immediately a meal is finished, the one burning question is the nearness of the next. Food, food, and yet again food—that is all men can think about. All come down to the common level—the scientist, the university scholar, the cultured gentleman—there is no escape from the grip of the sledging appetite. And for a man voluntarily to deprive himself of food, under the pretence of sickness, demands some courage. But Fanshawe did it.

On the second day after he had taken charge of the provisions, he declared that he felt a little seedy. It was nothing much, he added; only he was off his food—he did not care for the hard biscuits. He would just have one in the morning and one with the evening meal. He would make up with the pemmican; he could fancy that better.

At first his two companions were seriously alarmed. 'You don't think it's scurvy, do you?' asked his brother anxiously.

'Scurvy be hanged!' returned Fanshawe irritably. 'Of course not. I 'm only off colour a little. I expect I shall be all right in a few days.'

'Queer you should lose your appetite, though,' said Pardew thoughtfully.

Fanshawe shrugged his shoulders. It was rather queer, he agreed.

If the other only knew that he was possessed by a raging appetite, that he had horrible and unavailing dreams of juicy beef-steaks, visions of unlimited eggs and bacon, Christmas turkeys, and all good things to eat, then he might have thought it still queerer.

VI.

The days went by. The three little black specks and their sledge still toiled painfully along in the midst of an immense and dazzling whiteness, a desolation profound, austere, and beautiful. As Fanshawe felt himself growing slowly weaker, he had a nightmarish impression

that they were not moving at all, that they remained in the centre of a huge icy circle, and that they would wear the rest of their lives away in endeavours to escape from it. In reality they made good progress. There was no day in which they did less than ten miles, and often they did twelve or fifteen. For once the sombre fates of the Antarctic were kind to them. The weather remained fair; if it did blow, the wind came from the south, barbarously cold indeed, but not in their faces, and not such a blizzard as to force them to camp. And the going was good; the *sastrugi* (the waves of snow piled up by the wind) were small and easily negotiated; the surface was hard and firm. But it was desperate work for Fanshawe. Soon his sickness was no pretence; it was all he could do to force himself along at the end of a march. He would not give in; he was determined to endure to the end. Certainly no ordinary man could have done it. Fanshawe had been endowed with an iron frame, an iron constitution, and an iron will, and all three were stretched to the uttermost. Not the least of his trials were his companions' anxious inquiries, their suggestions that he would be better if he forced himself to eat his full ration. Sometimes he saw the humorous side of it: the idea of forcing himself to eat what his whole being was avid and craving for struck him as being rather amusing. But, more often, he felt like gnashing his teeth. At times he saw Pardew looking at him anxiously, and wondered what was in the man's mind. No doubt the fellow was curious as to this strange sickness; he had been South before, but this disease would be new to him. Well, he would have to remain curious.

At long last the interminable journey began to draw to a close. They were within fifty miles of the hut, the day after they were thirty-seven, and the next day twenty-six. Fanshawe's strength was ebbing fast, but his spirits rose, for the miles were vanishing still faster. He had been watching the provisions as jealously as a miser watches over his gold. They would just last out. Always provided the weather held fair, they would just last out. And there had been no more stealing; that had ceased from the moment he had made the new arrangement. 'We shall do it!' he thought exultantly. 'We shall do it!'

And now they camped within seventeen miles of their goal. Fanshawe roused his companions very early next morning. 'We'll make a long day of it,' he said earnestly. 'We'll get to the hut at the end of this march—or bust. What do you say?'

Both agreed instantly, for they also had an aching desire to be done with it all. It was the last lap, the last stage on the long road. Years after Fanshawe marvelled how he endured that last day's travelling. He swayed and rocked on his feet from sheer weakness; at times the solid ice beneath him seemed to sway up and down like a ship at sea, and a deadly faintness overcame him. He set his teeth and went on. Ten miles more—five miles—three miles. Now they made out familiar landmarks they had known through the previous winter, now they came to the crest of a well-known slope, and now they saw the hut below them, and the black figures of their companions pouring from the door and pointing towards them. Pardew gave a great roar, like a bull's bellow, and waved his arms, while Arthur laughed hysterically. Fanshawe halted. His weakness made him feel childish; he had an insane impulse to burst into tears, to babble foolishly and incoherently. He commanded himself for the last time. 'Well,' he said quietly, 'that's that. We've done it.'

VII.

It was about ten o'clock on the morning of the following day. The congratulations, the hand-shakings, the shoutings were finished for the time being. The three explorers had flung off their grimy, oil-soaked clothes, had had food, hot baths, and a long night's sleep in comfortable surroundings. Fanshawe felt that a great load was off his mind, but he was not yet fully at ease. He must still have it out with his brother. He was sitting in the main room of the hut, with the sleeping-bunks all round the sides. The place was apparently empty; the others were all employed on their various tasks in the open. 'The sooner the better,' he said to himself. He went to the door and called his brother in. The young fellow entered, his face white and anxious under the sunburn.

Fanshawe looked at him in silence. 'You know what I have to say to you?' he asked at last.

'No—I don't,' stammered the other. 'At least, I suppose it's——'

'I'll tell you, then,' said Fanshawe grimly. 'You stole food. You robbed us—Pardew and myself. I don't know how long you did it, but it was for days, perhaps weeks. I watched you, and saw you take it myself. And you're my brother! What have you to say?'

Arthur stared at him for a moment, with a working face, then turned aside. 'You know it all, then,' he muttered brokenly. 'Yes, it's true—I did it. What can I say—except that I'm not fit to breathe? I—I've tried to tell you for days past. I've wondered if you knew; and when you fell sick, I—well, I wished I could have died. I thought if I told you then it would about finish you.'

Fanshawe laughed bitterly. 'Fell sick!' he repeated. 'I feigned to be ill, to save the food, so that there would be enough to last out. You understand me? I did it to keep it from Pardew's knowledge, to keep your disgrace hidden.'

Arthur stared at him unbelievingly for a

moment, then dropped to a seat and covered his face with his hands. 'You did that,' he moaned. 'You did that for me—and I never guessed. Phil, Phil, I'm not fit to live; I'm not fit to lick your boots! Oh, what made me do it? What made me be such a brute beast?'

'I can't tell you that, my boy,' said Fanshawe gruffly.

'Why couldn't I be strong like you, Phil?' the other went on despairingly. 'Why couldn't I—— But what's the good of talking? I'm disgraced and done for; I know that. You'll never forgive me.'

'Look here,' said Fanshawe gravely; 'you are not disgraced. No one knows except myself. My scheme was successful. And as to forgiveness—you know I'll forgive you. Do you think I would have done all I've done if I couldn't forgive you?'

Arthur raised his head. 'You mean it?' he asked. 'You really mean it?'

'Yes,' said Fanshawe gently. 'It's all finished now, my boy. But there's one thing: you mustn't come out to the Antarctic again. You—you are hardly strong enough for it. You understand?'

'Yes,' said the other slowly. 'I understand. I—I don't know how to thank you, Phil—you're the finest man that ever breathed.'

'Don't talk rot,' said Fanshawe uneasily. 'Clear out now; I've got some writing to do.'

VIII.

Arthur left the hut without another word. Fanshawe watched him until the door closed upon him, and then sat down at the big table. 'He's had a lesson,' he said half-aloud. 'He'll run straight in future, I'm sure. After all, who am I to——' He stopped suddenly.

'The lad's last remark was about the truth, Fanshawe,' said a deep voice behind him. Fanshawe whipped round. He saw that Pardew had been lying hidden in one of the bunks, and was now leaning over the side with a smile on his face. 'It was about the truth, Fanshawe,' he repeated.

'You heard it all!' cried Fanshawe, aghast.

'Every single word,' replied Pardew in what was for him a cheerful voice.

The other clenched his fists. 'It's all over, then,' he cried despairingly. 'The lad's done for. The whole expedition will know it now.'

Pardew flung his legs over the side of the bunk and stretched himself elaborately. 'I knew all the time,' he said simply. 'Knew before you did—in fact, before you watched him that morning and found him out. I was wondering what I should do if you hadn't discovered it. Suppose I should have told you; that would have been my duty.'

'You knew all the time!' Fanshawe gasped. 'But—but what are you going to do now?'

'I'm going to keep my mouth shut, of course,' said Pardew in a surly tone. 'Think I'm such a cad as to spread the tale about?—and you saved my life in that beastly crevasse. Not much, Fanshawe.'

Fanshawe drew a deep breath. 'You mean it?' he asked almost fiercely. 'You will give me your word of honour?'

'Yes,' said the man of few words. 'Hang it all, Fanshawe, what do you take me for? I'm not *such* a cad, I tell you. By Jove! I never guessed you were starving yourself, though. If I'd known that, I'd have spoken to you at once. But I give you my word of honour to say nothing.'

Fanshawe looked at him and passed his hand over his forehead with a vague, bewildered gesture. 'I've been a fool,' he said slowly. 'I ask your pardon for misjudging you.'

'That's all right,' returned Pardew roughly. 'By the way, if you ever bring another expedition down here, I hope you'll think of me. It's an honour to serve under you.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SIMPLE DEEP-WELL PUMPS.

UNTIL recently almost all forms of pumps for deep wells involved the placing of piping down the well and the fixing of supports at the bottom, with others at intermediate points on the way up. Apart from the cost of the machinery, therefore, the fitting-up of the pipes was a considerable item. At the recent Shipping and Engineering Exhibition at Olympia, two makers were showing deep-well pumps which were suspended entirely from the surface, while their fixing did not entail even a descent into the well. In each case the pump consists of an endless chain or belt, suspended on a pulley at the top, and passing round a similar pulley immersed in the water at the bottom. The latter pulley, however, has no spindle or any connection with the sides of the well. The spindle of the pulley at the top of the well is caused to rotate at a comparatively high speed, with the result that one side of the chain or belt ascends rapidly, while the other side descends at an equal speed. The chains made by the two makers vary in form, one consisting of a series of horizontal spiral springs, connected together by pins; the other takes the form of a continuous vertical spiral of stout wire with another spiral (of which the wire is not so thick) inside it, and an ordinary chain inside

the inner spiral. In both cases the water is caught up in the chain and ascends to the top, where it is thrown off by centrifugal force as the chain passes round the top pulley. It is claimed by the makers of the horizontal spiral design that water or other liquid can be raised from any depth not exceeding 500 feet, and that the 12-inch chain, the largest made, will deliver 22,000 gallons, or approximately 100 tons, per hour. For the vertical continuous spiral type, depths up to 300 feet are practicable, while the largest size of chain delivers 2200 gallons an hour. Within their limits of working, these pumps can be made to deal with any quantity of liquid at any depth. In the smaller sizes they are easily worked by hand-power; but, of course, oil-engines or other forms of mechanical power are needed to work the larger pumps. An alternative to the chain pump is one using the well-known Balata machine belt, which, being composed largely of gutta-percha, runs satisfactorily in water. Upon this belt are mounted thin strips of zinc, so corrugated as to give a series of small V-shaped horizontal cells across the belt. At the exhibition a short length of belt could be handled by visitors; and when this was dipped into a tank of water and lifted, it was astonishing to observe how the water remained in the cells. This type of elevator will deal with quantities up to 50,000 gallons per hour, from depths up to 500 feet. The efficiency of these pumps is in the neighbourhood of 85 per cent., this being quite equal to, if it does not exceed, that of the best alternative pumps obtainable. Being so simple in design and construction, the pumps are sold at comparatively low prices.

A NEW FORM OF GEYSER.

That the familiar geyser for heating the bath water does its work uncommonly well few will deny; but those who have seen a similar contrivance recently placed on the market will realise that the ordinary form of geyser does not represent finality in design or construction. In the new device a single Bunsen-burner does the heating. The flame passes through the centre of a series of annular troughs. Each trough is made of thin metal, and its inner edge is extended into a number of fingers, projecting towards the centre. The Bunsen flame impinges upon these fingers, which transmit the heat to the trough. Water is admitted at the bottom, and is carried by means of a central pipe to the top. Thence it trickles through each trough in succession, and is ultimately collected into an outlet pipe leading from the lowest trough. The troughs are surrounded by a polished metal cylinder, which conserves the heat. An important feature of the apparatus is that both gas and water are turned on by rotating a circular handle. The heater is fitted with a pilot gas-jet, which may be left on continuously, or lit as required. On the handle being rotated, both gas and water are turned on full. Further movement decreases the quantity of water, and, therefore, raises the temperature at the outlet. Water can be heated up to 180 degrees F. The appliance is made in two sizes, one for lavatory basins and sinks, which supplies half-a-gallon of hot water per minute; the other for baths, which has a delivery capacity of two and a half gallons in a like period. Both are nickel-plated all over, and are adapted for being fixed to a wall without requiring a shelf to support them.

A NEW JOINT FOR PIPES.

Pipes are used for all kinds of purposes, and the lengths being limited by manufacturing and transport considerations, joints have to be made between the ends. In many cases the joints are subject to high pressures, and leakage is not uncommon; while the cost of the joints is considerable. A new type of pipe-joint is now available, however, which becomes tighter the higher the pressure. It is based upon the well-known U-shaped leather packing rings which are used in hydraulic rams. Hydraulic rams have to remain tight under pressures up to ten tons to the square inch, and yet allow the plunger to move in and out of its cylinder without undue friction. These requirements demand a very special kind of packing. This takes the form of a leather ring or washer of U-shaped section which is fitted in an annular recess in the cylinder, one side of the U being in contact with the plunger, while the other is confined by the side of the recess. When the pressure comes on, the water enters the U packing, and presses the side against the plunger with a pressure equal to that of the system. The pipe-joint which forms the subject of this note is really a development of the U washer. A broad ring, so constructed as to leave an enclosed cavity between itself and the circular surface which it surrounds, is fitted round the outside of the junction of every two pipes. The ring is lined by a leather washer which is U-shaped *at each end*, and appears in cross-section thus ⊂⊃. The unconnected legs of this double U are in close contact with the ends of the pipes, and the space between them, about a quarter of an inch, represents the space actually left between the ends of the pipes when the joint is placed in position. A somewhat flexible joint is thus created; and the higher the pressure inside the pipes, the more tightly are the unconnected legs of the double U pressed against the pipes, thus effectually preventing all leakage. This form of joint has several advantages, one being that the pipes need not be exactly in line, a movement of three degrees in any direction being allowable, which means that no great exactness is needed in preparing a bed for a pipe line; while ground subsidence does not

cause leaks. Again, the gaps between the ends of the pipes allow of expansion, and a length of pipe can be quickly removed or replaced. These joints are suitable for pipes carrying water, oil, compressed air, gas, steam, petrol, or any other fluid; and they may be applied to metal or concrete pipes. They will keep tight under pressures ranging up to ten tons per square inch. Where pipes have to be secured against being blown apart by the pressure inside them, a special split joint ring is used to hold the packing ring, this locking into a groove in the end of each pipe. Lastly, this form of pipe-joint is less costly than any other at present known.

NOVEL DEVICE FOR FORECASTING THE WEATHER.

It has long been known that from observation of a barometer in conjunction with the direction of the wind, the weather can be foretold with a considerable degree of accuracy. The chief difficulty is to remember what kinds of weather follow the various conditions. An ingenious instrument has lately made its advent, which, after pointers have been set to the conditions, predicts the type of weather likely to occur. It consists of three thin brass discs superimposed, one on top of another. Each of the two upper discs turns upon the one below it, and is smaller than the one upon which it turns. This reduction in diameter leaves margins on the lowest and second discs for figures and arrows, while the smallest disc is clear for directions. When a weather forecast is required, arrows on the margin of the middle disc, indicating whether the barometer is rising, falling, or steady, are set to the direction of the wind on a scale at the bottom of the biggest disc. This setting being held in position, the pointer of the smallest disc is set to the height of the barometer on a scale at the top of the instrument. The forecast then appears through a radial V-shaped slot. If two forecasts are visible, an average between the two should be taken. It should be noted, however, that in taking barometric readings allowance, where necessary, must be made for the height above sea-level. If the barometer used is not adjusted to give sea-level readings, one-tenth of an inch must be added for every ninety feet of height of the place of observation above sea-level. This forecasting instrument measures about four inches in diameter, and is supplied in a soft leather case. It can be used anywhere in the United Kingdom, and the percentage of correct results is said to be very high.

A LIQUID BLACK-LEAD.

As every housewife knows, there are two drawbacks to the use of ordinary black-lead: (1) the trouble of mixing it; (2) the dust inevitably produced in the process of polishing. Our lady readers will, therefore, be interested to learn that we have recently made a thorough trial of a liquid form of black-lead from which these drawbacks are completely eliminated. The test proved satisfactory in every respect. A small quantity of the liquid having been applied to a kitchen-range by means of a cloth, a brilliant and *lasting* polish was speedily obtained on the application of the brush, without the raising of a particle of dust.

SOMETHING NEW IN BOATS.

Probably the lightest and most easily propelled craft in the world is the Canadian canoe; but it possesses the disadvantage of being very readily capsized. In marked contrast to this type of boat is the Thames punt, which is heavy and sluggish, but very safe. Recently the safety of the punt and the lightness and ease of propulsion of the canoe have been combined in one boat, this having been rendered possible by a special form of construction. The boat referred to resembles a canoe with a flat bottom, which is in one piece, as is also each side. The material consists of two thicknesses of mahogany, so arranged that the grain of each lies across that of the other. These two thicknesses are cemented together with waterproof glue, and are further secured by rows of linen-thread stitching. The bottom is only five-sixteenths of an inch thick, while the sides are only quarter inch. The corner joints between the sides and the bottom are made by means of pieces of hard wood, which run from end to end of the boat, and are grooved, or 'rabbeted,' at each side to take the edges of the material, these being secured by brass screws. With this construction a leak is almost an impossibility. Two sizes of these boats have been standardised, one measuring 18 feet in length, and the other 22 feet. They are suitable for all sheltered waters, and are adapted for sailing, rowing, punting, or paddling; while a special form of detachable in-board motor is supplied when ordered. This motor is particularly interesting from the fact that it is the first attempt to provide a motor outfit inside the boat which can be taken out in one piece in a few minutes. The complete motor, with its tanks, pumps, silencer, stern-tube, and propeller, is carried on a special frame, which fits over a hole in the bottom at the stern, the joint being made tight by a special rubber ring. The only parts which are not self-contained are a control-plate and an emergency switch. These are fitted at any spot in the boat which may be found convenient, usually alongside the after-accommodation, this being similar to that in a Thames punt, the occupants sitting on cushions supported by backboards at each end of the boat. The propeller is reversed by means of a handle on the control-plate, which also carries the timing and throttle levers. All controls are transmitted by Bowden wires, and the plate is held by two thumb-screws. When the motor is being installed, therefore, all

that need be done is to tighten six screws which hold the motor-frame to the bottom of the boat, fix the control-plate, and screw up a joint for the exhaust-pipe, these operations being carried out easily in seven minutes. The motor develops 2¼ h.p., and it is fitted with a very effective silencer. Even with this small power the boats are driven at 7 and 6½ miles per hour for the 18-foot and 22-foot boats respectively. These boats can be made in two pieces, with a bulkhead at each side of the joint, so that each part can be used as a separate boat if desired. Moreover, at the gunwale they are fitted with massive gun-metal hinges, so that, after the bolts securing the two portions are undone, one part can be folded into the other. This is a very great advantage for travelling, as when folded one of these boats can be placed in a luggage-van, whereas if it were built in one piece a special truck would be required. An 18-foot boat was purchased by Sir Ernest Shackleton, and taken on board the *Quest* just before she sailed from Plymouth. The bottoms of the boats are fitted with rubbing pieces; the boat ordered for the *Quest* was further protected by metal strips, which will enable it to be run over the ice. In addition to the control-plates alongside the after-seat, a special form of wire transmission to the rudder is provided, this having a handle just above the control-plate, so that the boat can be handled entirely from this position once the engine has been started. The boats are varnished all over, and are given a very high degree of finish, the gloss approaching that achieved by coach-builders. All accessories are of the very best quality.

A TIME LOCK FOR PUSH-BIKES.

Enhanced values, a looser moral code, and unemployment have combined to render all portable articles of value more liable to be stolen than was the case a few years ago. Thefts of 'push-bikes' have always taken place to some extent, but they have greatly increased in number during the last year or two, with the result that several locking devices have been placed on the market. One of them was described recently in these notes; another, somewhat similar in character, has now made its appearance. By its aid the back-wheel is prevented from turning by a bar across the fork passing between the spokes. This bar hinges in what looks like a small round clock, having a minute-hand and an hour-hand, with the usual figures marked round the face. When the bicycle is in use the bar hangs downwards, and is rigidly held clear of the spokes. To lock it, the 'clock' hands are set to any predetermined position, this operation releasing the bar, which is then swung round between the spokes and is locked into a similar 'clock' on the other side of the fork. This 'clock' also must be set, although it has only one hand instead of two. Once in position, the bar is locked by turning the hands of the 'clock,' and it can only be unlocked by restoring the hands to the predetermined position. Finished in nickel and enamel, the device can be fixed to any machine in a few minutes.

A HANDY REPAIRING OUTFIT FOR MOTORISTS.

One drawback in connection with motoring is the necessity of changing tubes should a puncture be met with during the course of a journey, not to speak of the enforced lack of economy in carrying spare tubes, which are slowly deteriorating in value before even they are put into use. We have recently made successful trial of a repair outfit which obviates all need for changing the tube in the overwhelming majority of cases where a puncture is sustained. The outfit includes six round and six oblong patch units, and a clamp for holding the unit in position. A puncture having been met with, a suitable patch unit, which consists of a metal cartridge containing an accurately measured charge of non-flaming chemical fuel and a disc of rubber attached to the outside of the cartridge, is clamped over the puncture, and a lighted match is applied. After five minutes the cartridge may be removed, when the patch will be found adhering so closely to the tube that it cannot be removed without tearing, being vulcanised to it. The tube, it may be noted, is quite unharmed by the heat. For ordinary punctures the round unit is the better; for cuts and tears the oblong patch is the more suitable. The patches may also be used in mending overshoes, hot-water bottles, and other articles made of rubber. Great care should be taken to keep the patch units dry before they are used; this can most readily be done by enclosing the outfit in a tin box. A similar but larger outfit is also on the market for the repair of damages too large to be successfully undertaken with the help of the apparatus just described.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (*a*) a reply post-card, or (*b*) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE PARTNERS.

By PERCY JAMES BREBNER, Author of *The Gate of Temptation*, *A Gallant Lady*, *The Little Grey Shoe*, &c.

PART I.

I.

THE passing of the salt started conversation.

'Dropped in by chance?' inquired the man on the opposite side of the table, not in a casual tone, but as if he were interested in the answer.

'Quite by chance,' returned the other, who before entering had studied the price-list in the window to make sure he could run to a dinner even in this third-rate eating-house. 'I am amongst those who do not know where they may be to-morrow.'

'Like that, is it? Well, keep smiling. A smile has the same effect on ill-fortune as the sound of a trumpet had on the walls of Jericho.'

'You 're an optimist.'

'Yes, and my name is Watson. What 's yours?'

The other was unprepared for so direct a question, and did not answer.

'Shy of giving your name to a stranger, eh? I'm surprised. You don't look as if you had any reason to be shy.'

'I haven't,' was the quick answer. 'There 's no mark up against my name anywhere. It 's Graham—Richard Graham.'

'Gentleman,' Watson added. 'I know. Struck a bad patch. Started by being fastidious, discovered how few friends there really are in the world, and now that you 're up against it, and ready to take any kind of job, can't find one to take.'

'So true, you might have been following me about all day,' Graham returned. 'When a man like me gets on the rocks, it is assumed he has got there by doing something disgraceful.'

'I haven't asked any questions,' said Watson. 'I am always inclined to take a man at his face value.'

'And I don't happen to have come, cap in hand, asking you for a job.'

'Getting bristly won't cut any ice,' Watson returned. 'It happens that I'm looking for a man like you, a fellow who would drop into my life by chance. I was thinking of this chance chap, when in you walked and sat down opposite to me. Curious, wasn't it?'

Graham looked at his companion, judged him to be at least twenty-five years his senior, a man mentally strong, physically fit, hardened by a strenuous life lived in the wild places of the earth. He looked as if he ought to have done something with his life. He ought not to be in this third-rate eating-house.

'Size me up,' said Watson, after a pause. 'I've no certificate of character to pass over for your inspection, and don't make the mistake of thinking I 'm a philanthropist.'

'Why are you looking for a chance acquaintance?' Graham asked.

'I want a partner.'

'What for?'

'That comes to the point,' said Watson, 'and it can't be discussed here. I have a couple of rooms out Islington way. When you 've finished, we 'll get along there and talk it over.'

That talk lasted until the gray dawn of another day started to creep into Watson's shabby rooms. Graham began by watching his companion suspiciously, then believed he was a harmless lunatic, and ended by being convinced that he was a genius.

Watson was an inventor. Many of his contrivances, if they worked as he declared they would, must have money in them; but he was chiefly concerned with a mechanical device which, fitted to motor-engines, would give more power with about a fifth of the expenditure of petrol. He proved it by the working-model he had in his rooms. He was prepared to put up the necessary money, but he did not want to appear personally in the business. That is why he wanted a partner.

'There 's a fortune in it,' he said; 'but whatever we call the firm, Richard Graham must be the sole partner to the world, Watson merely a hand—well, he might be foreman in the works.'

'But why should——'

'I haven't asked you what you 've done with your life so far, so why ask me?' said Watson, showing some resentment. 'I haven't suggested anything dishonest, have I?'

'No.'

'Then leave it at that.'

'I was thinking of you more than myself,' Graham returned. 'I stand to win whatever

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

happens, while you—what guarantee have you of my honesty?'

'This,' and Watson brought his hand from his hip-pocket with an automatic in it. 'I am content to take you at your face value; but if you let me down—well, it is my way to settle things off-hand. I don't like legal processes.'

'You threaten?'

'No. It is my method of making a contract. You want a job; I offer you a partnership on condition that I remain unknown. I ask no questions, nor do I answer any. The past is nothing to either of us. We are starting a new firm, which is going to stand or fall on its merits. If you can't trust your own honesty, clear out; if you can——'

'I can,' Graham answered. 'Put that threat back in your pocket, and shake hands on the bargain. I will do my part to make the firm a roaring success.'

'That's the kind of talk that appeals to me, Graham. The firm comes into being from this moment. Now I am tired, and must sleep. There's the sofa—get an hour or two's sleep yourself. We've both done and said enough for one working-day.'

Graham fell asleep almost at once, and his dreams were pleasant ones of wealth and prosperity.

II.

The firm of R. Graham & Co. began modestly enough with a small factory, a few hands, and somewhat makeshift office arrangements, but from the outset it started on the road to prosperity. It had an article of outstanding merit and utility to sell, besides several useful side-lines for which a demand was created. Watson, the foreman, was a genius, not only as an inventor, but in his ability to get hold of the right workmen; while Graham showed great business capacity, and found that the very people who would not help him when he was down were only too eager to know him now he was making good. Inclination often prompted him to reprisals, but for the good of the firm he renewed old acquaintanceships, and used them for all they were worth. He took a small bachelor flat in Westminster, and lived, not extravagantly, but as became a successful man, entertaining judiciously, and being entertained. Watson still lived in the two shabby rooms in Islington, making no show at all. He never visited Graham on terms of equality, and in the factory he was careful to preserve the attitude of master and trusted foreman; but as partners they sometimes met in the Islington rooms and discussed the firm's affairs.

'We are a perfect combination, Graham,' Watson declared on one of these occasions when it was decided to launch out further. 'I can deliver the goods, and you've got the business *flair* to make things hum. There's no such word as failure in our dictionary.'

'You're satisfied?' Graham asked.

'Quite. Aren't you?'

'There was a subtle meaning in my question, Watson. I was wondering whether you still thought it necessary to carry that automatic.'

Watson took it from his pocket.

'You do!' Graham exclaimed in surprise.

'It has become a habit. Haven't you any habits which other people might think idiotic?'

'Lots, probably.'

'Well, that's that,' said Watson, replacing the weapon. 'So we launch out, eh? Get offices away from the factory, take in the building next to us, and make double the profits?'

'That is how my figures work out.'

'And I can find no flaw in them, so go ahead,' cried Watson.

'By the way, I met one of the directors of Dixon's Limited the other night at dinner, Watson. I hadn't seen him before. He was rather curious about some of our patents; asked me whether they were not improvements on similar devices which had been tried some time ago and had failed.'

'And you told him to mind his own business, of course?'

'Not brutally like that,' laughed Graham. 'Dixon's are big buyers of our stuff, and I had to be tactful. Don't be alarmed; I didn't give my foreman away. Selby may think I have improved on some other man's ideas, but that is not going to do us any harm.'

'Selby! Is that his name?'

'Yes. He is a big man in his way, and has had a great deal to do with making Dixon's car the success it is. Fitted with our fuel-saver, it is fast becoming the most popular small car on the market.'

'So is Graham a big man in his way,' said Watson; 'and if Selby gets curious, he must have a rap over the knuckles. He sounds like the kind of man who would infringe a patent if he had the chance. If Dixon's tried that game, we'd smash them.'

He was quite fierce about it, and the circumstances hardly warranted the outburst. Graham put it down to the irritability natural to the temperament of an inventive genius, but at the same time it made him speculate afresh about his partner. Never by a single word had Watson let in any light upon his past, nor had he given any indication that his retired mode of life was irksome to him. There was no suggestion that he was afraid of anything in the past, but rather that the kind of life which, as a successful man, he might have entered had no charm for him. Graham's life would bore him stiff, he said on more than one occasion, and declared that his leanings were towards Socialism. He was very careful that all the work-people in the firm were well treated, was *persona grata* with them, and said the class to which they belonged was worth infinitely more than the class Graham

favoured. And then he would laugh and rejoice in the excellency of the partnership.

III.

R. Graham & Co. launched out with the greatest success, the business increased by leaps and bounds, and within two years of its inauguration the firm was again seeking increased factory-room. This phenomenal success made it imperative for Graham to relegate some of his work to others, and a confidential secretary became a necessity. He did not advertise; he mentioned his wants to one or two customers, with the result that a Miss Ada Roberts applied, backed by a letter of introduction from a partner in a motor firm. Her credentials were good, her appearance was attractive, but her chief recommendation to Graham was that she appeared to have had rather hard luck in life. Graham knew what that meant, and the girl was given the post.

She proved more than satisfactory. She had the knack of anticipating her employer's wants, relieved him of an immense amount of detail, was clever, self-reliant, and splendidly capable. Graham realised that he had found a treasure, and for a time that was all. Then he began to experience a certain sense of want when she was not in his room, which had nothing at all to do with business; he caught himself thinking of her out of business-hours, and desiring her companionship altogether apart from the office. He had begun by thinking she was pleasant-looking, neat, and business-like; now she had become exceedingly pretty and full of charm. He speculated how she would look if he met her out one night and she were allotted to him to take in to dinner. The office-dress was exactly as it should be, but in evening-dress—why, she would look positively beautiful.

Richard Graham was not of a susceptible nature—this gradual development in his appreciation of Ada Roberts proved it—but once his interest in her was aroused, he found some difficulty in keeping it within bounds. There were little attentions which she could hardly fail to notice, even if she did not realise their significance—attempts to save her trouble, little considerations which were quite unnecessary. Neither by word nor action did she give any sign that she noticed a change in her employer's behaviour, and it would have astonished her had she known how constantly he was turning over in his mind plans for meeting and knowing her away from the office.

She came into his room one morning with a sheaf of typewritten sheets for Graham to look over. He had arrived late, having been into the country on business.

'Oh, you have got those estimates done. That's good. I will glance through them, and they can go off to-night. Anything happen yesterday?'

She told him of various callers, gave him a short account of what she had done in each case, and appointments she had made for him.

'You will find them all noted in your diary,' she said.

'Capital!'

'Mr Watson, the foreman, is waiting to see you.'

'I will see him at once;' and then, suddenly conscious of a peculiar tone in her voice, he looked at her quickly. 'You speak as if you didn't like Watson.'

'I don't—much.'

'I assure you he is a splendid fellow, my—my right-hand.'

'And, of course, my likes and dislikes are of no importance,' she said. 'My work does not bring me much in contact with Mr Watson; if it did—well, it doesn't, so there is no more to be said.'

It occurred to Graham that he might forge a link between them by discussing the importance of her likes and dislikes, but before he could find words she went on: 'A man called yesterday who would not leave his name. He asked whether any one named Vallence was connected with the firm.'

'Vallence! I have never heard the name.'

'I told him I would ask you.'

'There may possibly be a hand of that name,' said Graham. 'I will ask Watson.'

Watson came in, very much the foreman, but he said nothing until Miss Roberts had left the room again.

'Is that the girl you said was a treasure?' he asked.

'Yes, that is Miss Roberts. Don't you like her?'

'She's good-looking, but that doesn't count for much. I'm afraid of good-looking women; they carry too many guns for most men. Why did you wire for me to come up here? You know I hate coming to the office. My place is with the workmen, not with the bosses.'

'We must discuss the business I have been engaged upon at once,' Graham said. 'I went down to Portsmouth yesterday and clinched it. Government contract, Watson, and it is going to take this firm to the top of the tree. Look at these drawings and specifications.'

'You could have brought them down to the factory,' Watson grumbled; but as he looked over the papers he forgot his annoyance and became keen on the work. 'By Jove! we are going to make a big thing out of this,' he went on, looking up; and then he went into arrangements, charges and profits, with a thoroughness which astonished his partner, used as he was to his mental capacity. So busy were they discussing various points, and the ways and means of coping with this enormous influx of work, that Graham forgot to ask whether there was a hand at the factory named Vallence.

(Continued on page 108.)

IMPERIALISM OR IGNORANCE?

BRITISH STRATEGY IN THE GREAT WAR.

By Major-General Sir GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B.

IT seems much more than three years since the allied and associated Powers won the war by defeating the main German army. We have almost forgotten the old controversies between those (commonly called Westerners) who held that no forces ought to be diverted from the main purpose unless they helped, directly or indirectly, in that purpose, and those who held other views. In the actual event we sent more than three soldiers to other parts of the world for every five we sent to France and Belgium, so we employed only five-eighths of our available military man-power in helping directly to bring about the defeat of the main German army.

It seems to me that we should be very foolish not to take account of the accusations of 'Imperialism' so freely made against us, in connection with the diversion to other purposes of the remaining three-eighths. Such accusations have been implied by many writers in other countries, allied, enemy, and neutral. To put it baldly, many of them believe that we undertook some, if not all, of the various enterprises in different parts of the world simply because we were greedy for territorial expansion. We can expect that sort of idea from men brought up in the military school of Prussia, such as Ludendorff, who analyses the actual effect upon the issue of the war of our various diversions of force from the main theatre, and comes to such conclusions as this: 'The English operations in Persia, Mesopotamia, and the Peninsula of Sinai (in 1916) were not directed to the destruction of the Turkish army, but aimed at territorial acquisitions for the British world-empire.' The reason why small German forces were diverted to this theatre may be gathered from the same authority: 'The stiffer the Turkish defence in Palestine and Mesopotamia, and the larger the force absorbed in the English effort to achieve their object, the more our burden in the West would be lightened,' and so on. This is Ludendorff's exposition of the German policy: 'To increase our Colonial possessions and advance our position in the world by extending our markets . . . could only be done by force.' It is natural that he, and a large majority of his fellow-countrymen, should believe that we went to war with similar objects in our minds; but what seems to me to be much more serious is that this estimate has been formed about us not only by our enemies, but by many of our friends. Not long ago, when the Syrian question was to the fore, outspoken articles appeared in the Paris press, stating that when we diverted strong forces, sorely needed in France, to the conquest of Palestine and Syria, we were working for our own expansion. It came as a pleasant surprise to many Frenchmen when we proved that we had no such ends in view in those regions. A similar plea was raised in Italy over the question of Italian claims in Dalmatia; great territorial acquisitions, we were told, fell to our share on account of the use to which we put the armies which we diverted to distant theatres. No doubt the same impression prevails in many neutral countries, perhaps even in parts of the British Empire. It is time that we took stock of the situation. We ought to have learned by this time that no nation can afford to ignore the opinion of the world, however clear may be the national or personal conscience.

In the strategy adopted by the United States in their war with Spain in 1898, a strong line can be drawn between the operations conducted to influence the issue of the war and those intended to influence the terms of peace. For instance, Cervera's fleet having once been destroyed, the issue of the war was no longer in doubt; then, and not until then, was a force sent to occupy the island of Porto Rico, presumably in order to influence the peace terms. Similarly Japan, in her war with China, first defeated the Chinese army and sank the fleet, and then occupied the Pescadores Islands. Her war with Russia, ten years afterwards, followed a similar course: first she sank the Port Arthur fleet in harbour, drove the Russian armies northward, and sank Rozhdestvensky's fleet at sea; then she occupied the island of Saghalien. We made diversions while the issue was still in doubt, and it is only natural that not only our enemies but our friends should ask the reason why we did so. What is the answer? It is important that the only people who know should explain; otherwise the moral backing of our representatives in international affairs will, to say the least of it, be inadequate. The data must by this time be at the disposal of the staff of the official war history, and I hope that, in the interests of the honour of the whole British Commonwealth of Nations, they will soon bring out a short explanation of our strategy. We have a certain amount of data to solve the problem for ourselves.

We can set aside the diversion to help Italy on what we can look upon as a prolongation of the Franco-British front, and no one could accuse us of working for our own ends in the Dardanelles venture or at Salonika; but the question should be answered about the operations

in Mesopotamia, Palestine, and German East Africa. Lord Haldane's book, *Before the War*, is the most authoritative statement so far published about our war strategy. I have sought therein for information about the principles that guided us in the military situation with which we had to deal. The situation which actually arose had obviously not been studied or foreseen. We worked out, in detail, a scheme for sending the British expeditionary force to France in certain eventualities, but we made no plans for using any military forces elsewhere. The Committee of Imperial Defence, the body advising the Cabinet on war preparations and on war strategy, evidently contemplated a short war, in which the whole overseas field army of the United Kingdom (six divisions and a cavalry division) would be required on the Western front. There would be no troops available for other purposes. The use of troops from India or from the self-governing dominions was either not contemplated or their availability was too doubtful for it to be worth while to draw up detailed plans for their employment. Such, it appears, was our military strategical plan for a war against Germany and Austria. It contained no provisions whatever for territorial aggrandisement.

Our naval plan was equally simple. We had to secure the passage of our army to France, and we had to maintain all over the world the sea communications upon which the endurance of the Empire and the existence of the population of the United Kingdom must always depend. For this purpose we had to do our best to destroy all German war-vessels; failing that, to prevent their serious interference with our sea traffic. In former years our policy had been to shadow prospectively-hostile war-vessels all over the world whenever a critical situation arose. At the outbreak of war in 1914 Von Spee's formidable squadron in the Pacific was unlocated. Furthermore, while we had been talking about an 'Imperial chain' of long-range wireless-telegraphy stations, the Germans had made one. Information being more than half the battle in the effective employment of sea forces, the possession by Germany of these high-power stations more than doubled the menace to our sea communications of her unlocated war-vessels, especially of Von Spee's fast armoured cruisers. The Australian navy's flagship *Australia* was the only vessel in local waters capable of coping with such craft. With these points in our minds, it is easy to grasp the reasons for our diversion of small military forces to take or to destroy the wireless stations and harbours under the German flag in Togoland, the Cameroons, South-West Africa, and the Pacific. It was obviously a defensive measure, with no ulterior object in view. History provides abundant precedents for such operations in sea warfare. The military forces employed for the purpose were inconsiderable (less than one-sixtieth of our army effort on the Western front), and a large proportion of them were unsuitable for employment in Europe for the main operation, the defeat of the German army.

Other German vessels (the armoured cruiser *Goeben* and the smaller *Breslau*) were at large in the Mediterranean. Their escape up the Dardanelles is a matter of history. That escape, leading as it did to the hostility of Turkey, brought about a complete change in the strategical problems of the war, as seen from the point of view of the British Empire. As the greatest Moslem Power in the world, we were vitally affected by the attitude of Turkey. The idea of the strategists of the German Great General Staff was to induce us to use against Turkey large forces which we should otherwise have been able to use against the German army in France and Flanders. There was an urgent need on our part for 'clear thinking' and for 'empire thinking.' The advisory body charged with thinking out such matters (the Committee of Imperial Defence) did not assemble during the war. Its members were working night and day at the actual conduct of the war, and its staff had been transferred to the War Council, a small executive body, to which the large Cabinet transferred its normal responsibility for all war measures. There was no body with time to think, clearly or otherwise, about the changed aspect of war problems brought about by new alliances, unforeseen in pre-war days, and therefore not provided against. The obvious points were that Turkey was in a position to threaten the Suez Canal, our interests in Egypt, and the supply of oil-fuel for our navy from south-west Persia. These interests had to be guarded, and it was a question whether greater diversions of force would be required to guard them by defensive action, awaiting Turco-German attacks, or by a counter-stroke against Turkey.

Our first plans were defensive, to hold the Suez Canal, and to advance a short distance into Mesopotamia to keep any Turkish forces away from the oil-fields in south-west Persia. We had not enough trained men available for a great counter-stroke. So far there can be no question of a desire on our part for territorial acquisitions. Our vital interests were threatened, and the strategical problem was how best to defeat, destroy, or otherwise render harmless the Turco-German army and the Turco-German warships which threatened these interests. We had no consultative body, as I have shown, to work out the problem, to form comprehensive plans, and to estimate in detail the resources required for their execution. Without such estimates before them, those who were charged with policy could hardly be expected to form correct conclusions or to give sound decisions. I do not propose to go into the question whether a combined naval and military (and nowadays

air) staff on a permanent footing, or a staff called together *ad hoc* to deal with special situations, would be the best body for the purpose, but will confine myself to what occurred. The Turks developed an attack upon the Suez Canal, reaching their objective at the end of January 1915. In Mesopotamia they had lost Basra in November 1914.

On 13th January 1915 the War Council, the executive body to whom the Cabinet had deputed the strategical conduct of the war, ordered the Admiralty to prepare to *take* (without the aid of troops) the Gallipoli peninsula, which contained a Turkish army of unknown strength. We can assume that the impossibility of the task laid upon the navy (to take a peninsula containing a strong army) would soon have been apparent if, before the order had been issued, a competent staff had first been directed to examine the proposal. Without raking up old controversies about the Dardanelles tragedy, we can see clearly the far-reaching effect upon our war strategy of the decision by the War Council to *take* the Gallipoli peninsula without an army, but there was no question of territorial aggrandisement. Having failed with naval forces, the members of the War Council adhered, rightly or wrongly, to their determination to take the peninsula, and a force representing about one-eleventh of the army effort which we employed on the Western front was expended fruitlessly in the endeavour to attain that object. Our failure greatly increased the threat to British interests of the hostility of Turkey; Bulgaria had joined our enemies; the fall of Kut-el-Amara and the capture of General Townshend's army in Mesopotamia in the following year (April 1916) struck a further blow against our prestige in the eyes of all Eastern peoples.

We have not as yet been given enough information to enable us to understand the strategical purpose of the subsequent operations in Mesopotamia and Palestine. They absorbed the bulk of our army man-power sent to destinations other than the Western front. It is about these operations that an explanation should be furnished to critics abroad, who attribute them to our greed for territorial expansion. They resulted in the Turkish surrender at the end of October 1918, a timely blow to German power and ambitions in the East at a moment when the whole Pan-German edifice was tottering on its foundations. Critics have advanced, possibly with some truth, the plea that the same result would have been produced much earlier by using in France the bulk of the forces we used in the East. Others reply that a large proportion of the troops employed there were not suited for the climate of France and Flanders, and that, after the Dardanelles failure, it was clear that we should have to deal with Turkey sooner or later, or endanger our security and influence in the East. Whatever course we *should have* adopted, it is clear that the strategy which we *did* adopt led to operations initiated without calculating the resources required to ensure a speedy successful issue. There was no question of territorial expansion at the time, and, as long as our vital communications with India were secured, I do not believe that the British people cared who got 'mandates' for supervising the people whom we liberated from the Turkish yoke, provided it was not a nation which proved its hostility to us in the war, or was likely to be hostile in the future.

In the operations so far dealt with we employed, altogether, more than half as many men as we sent to France and Flanders during the war. There remain, to put the different theatres in order of military man-power, Macedonia, German East Africa, and Italy. Ludendorff would doubtless claim that the attack by the Central Powers on Serbia in 1915 was, at the time, a German strategical success which drew to Macedonia, too late to help Serbia, a considerable British and Allied army otherwise available for use against the German army on the Western front. The Salonika enterprise seems to have been entered upon, on French initiative, for political, rather than for strategical, reasons. There can have been no question of advantage or of extension of British territory in that area. The Allied force in Macedonia, with a secure base at Salonika, had much to do with the surrender in September 1918 of Bulgaria, the first of Germany's Allies to break away from her bondage.

Of the diversion of force to German East Africa there is little to write. There again we find a high-power wireless station, and harbours of use to German war-vessels. The Germans first invaded British East African territory. Our first counter-stroke, the Tanga landing for capture of Dar-es-Salaam, was a failure. The decision to strike with a large army was arrived at towards the close of 1915. We have not been told the strategical object we had in view, but it seems to have been to secure our position in Africa against the menace of native East African troops, trained and led by Germans. As with Mesopotamia and Palestine, little information has been published about the way in which the East African campaign fitted into our general strategical plans. In man-power, the operations in that theatre represented about a fourteenth of our effort on the Western front, and it is impossible to judge whether, if we had not undertaken them, a greater effort would have been required to defend ourselves in Africa against German attacks and intrigue. In these theatres, as in Mesopotamia and Palestine, only a small proportion of the man-power employed was available for use against the German armies in France. Here, as elsewhere, there is no evidence of any desire on our part for territorial expansion, but, after our late experience, there

is no doubt that we should be sorry to see German rule re-established either in the east or in any other part of Africa. Our obligations to the natives lend additional force to that attitude.

Of the diversions of military force from our main task in France and Flanders, there remain only the force sent to help Italy after Caporetto (October 1917), and the forces sent originally to Russia to counter the German measures to use the territory and resources of that country to prosecute the war against us. In neither of those areas can any plea of a desire for territory be advanced. These diversions account for the balance of our army man-power sent to theatres of war other than the Western front.

I have made an appeal to the official historians to bring out, as soon as possible, an exposition of our war strategy as an antidote to the poison of hostile propaganda. I recognise that strategy is not a subject that appeals to the public taste. There is a tendency to be content with a victory resulting from the moral impetus which placed smashingly superior man-power and financial and economic resources at the disposal of the victors; but we must be prepared to meet the arguments of experts who remind us that strategical diversions of force 'have so important a bearing on the success of a campaign that the duty of determining their strength and the proper occasions for them is one of the greatest and most delicate responsibilities placed upon a commander' (Jomini). The usual idea is to use such diversions to prevent an enemy from concentrating his forces, or, if concentrated, to cause him to scatter them. The task that lies before our historians is to demonstrate, on these lines, the basis of the strategy which we adopted. Criticism of individuals, committees, or councils is to be deprecated. Few wars have ever been conducted in accordance with the principles of military strategy. 'Popular clamour and ignorance of the principles of strategy on the part of a Government have often forced commanders to detach, much against their judgment' (Hamley). Where such principles have been departed from, it lies with the responsible authorities to demonstrate the reasons for such departure. No one conversant with the facts believes for one moment that diversions of British Empire forces were made to influence 'imperialistically' the terms of peace; we know that their originators honestly believed that they would help to win the war. It may be that the study of military history and the warnings it contains had been neglected. If such should be the conclusions arrived at by competent and unbiased historians, it would be far better in these days to confess to ignorance than to the 'imperialism' of which we are being so generally accused.

MAN'S WORK.

By Alan Sullivan,
Author of *The Passing of Oulibut*, *Blantyre-Alien*, *The Inner Door*, &c.

CHAPTER IV.

I.

A MONTH later Sitwell, in his office, opened an important-looking letter, and examined the envelope to make sure that no cheque was enclosed. Then, casually, he began to read. All at once he straightened up, his eyes brightened, and his face became tense with interest. Presently he folded the letter carefully and put it in his pocket-book. The rest of his mail took but a few minutes, and shortly afterwards he re-entered his apartment with a step that was even lighter and quicker than usual.

Claudia greeted him with surprise. She was all in black, and her dress seemed to impose a pallor on cheeks that were usually full of colour.

'What is it, Bertie; anything wrong?'

He laughed. 'It's just the other way. This is the sort of thing I've been waiting for. Read it.' He handed her the letter.

She noted that the postmark was that of a small town in Illinois, and the writing that of a woman. Then she read:

'Mr H. Sitwell,
The Enterprise Oil Company,
Los Angeles.

'Dear Sir,—I have seen your advertisement, and if it is not too late, I would like to invest in your stock about twenty thousand dollars. This is my daughter's inheritance, and I must not lose it. So, before buying the stock, my daughter and I think of coming out to Los Angeles at once, and you will be able to show us the company's property, and answer more questions than I can put in a letter. Will you, please, telegraph me whether you will be there and meet us on our arrival, and show us the property? Then we can decide at once.

'Margaret Winter.'

Claudia stared at her husband. Something in his manner, even in the way he stood, had given her a subtle sense of alarm and discomfort. Only the night before they had had a talk, the result of which was to keep her awake for hours, putting to herself questions that she could not answer.

'This isn't my affair, Bertie,' she said slowly.

He smiled. 'I want to talk to you. This is a case for a little team-work. If we can pull this thing off, it means enough money for the first well. If we don't, that well won't be put down. Money has about stopped coming in—whether on account of something in the advertisement or not I don't know. Apart from Enterprise money, my own account is down to about two thousand dollars.'

'What!' she stammered, appalled.

He nodded. 'We've been under heavy expense lately that couldn't be avoided—your father's funeral, your clothes, and certain liabilities of his that'—he hesitated a little—you didn't know anything about. Financially, we're on the ragged edge of nothing. It isn't a pleasant thing to say, but it's true. I've been putting it off from day to day, waiting for something like this to turn up.'

'But this would be the company's money, wouldn't it? I don't understand.'

'Certainly; but with this, plus the rest, we could start work, and I could charge a comfortable salary for looking after it—something sufficient to keep us going.'

Claudia's face was grave. 'I didn't know things were so bad, but'—she faltered, glancing at the letter—'this frightens me.'

'Is it the amount?' he asked, smiling again.

'Partly—and the circumstances. This woman is a widow, and the money goes to her daughter.'

Sitwell's mood changed suddenly. 'What a beautiful doubter you are!' he laughed, slipping his arm round her. 'You've been congratulating me when subscriptions were five hundred dollars a day—and now you're rattled when one comes along for forty times as much. Tell you what we'll do; make Mrs Winter a director, and she can look after her own money.'

'But she doesn't know anything about the business?'

'I'll be there to help her,' said Sitwell evenly. 'Leave it at that. Now we come to your part of it.'

She stared at him wonderingly, still breathless at the sudden revelation of his financial insecurity. 'My part of it?'

He nodded. 'There are about one hundred oil companies within twenty miles from here that would give Mrs Winter a hearty welcome if they knew anything about this'—he tapped the letter. 'That's what we've got to avoid. I'm going to telegraph her to come along. Then, when they arrive, we both meet them, and you will insist that they stay with us till the matter is settled. That's the sort of thing that goes a long way.'

'Bertie, I can't do it!' she expostulated.

'Why?' he demanded shortly. 'Because you're in mourning?'

'Only partly. I don't know those people, and—and it's unnatural.'

Her husband surveyed her with amused tolerance.

'Look here, Claudia, I'll tell you something more. The trouble with most women is that they take the proceeds of their husband's work without knowing or caring what that work involves. Here's a case in point. You don't raise any objection to my way of doing things till there comes along something so big that it startles you. There's a chance like this about once in a life-time. I know that your father wanted me to get out of this business, on your account. He said so six weeks before he died. He never was really fond of it himself, but got anchored in it, and found he couldn't move. I'm a good deal younger than he was, and I'm not anchored—and I am willing to get out if the chance comes; and this is the best that's ever likely to come. Is this news to you?'

She did not answer at once, her mind being full of perplexity. She recognised her father's desire. It was true that in the past she had accepted much, and not troubled herself where it came from. All that her husband said appealed to the longing she had lately acquired to be rid of this method of life, which was going more and more against the grain of her nature. Unconsciously her mind turned to Shanklin. How foreign it would have been to him to put her in any such position! But—and she clutched at the thought with desperate relief—perhaps this was the path by which she could lead Sitwell to some safer and saner method of life. She glanced at him as though appraising his sincerity, and almost his loyalty.

'If we don't get this money,' he said, without a shadow of expression on his face, 'it probably means that we have to return all the other subscriptions. And that'—he made a significant gesture—'you ought to know what that means. The first well will cost about fifty thousand. Now how about a little team-work on your part? A pretty and attractive woman can help her husband a lot—by just being herself, if she wants to.'

Team-work, the expense of her father's funeral, her own clothing, the chance of something better and happier in the future! She balanced them up against the unknown widow in Illinois. It flashed upon her that Shanklin had condemned her father, and lost both herself and his position because he undertook to pass judgment. Now the situation cropped up again, and her own attitude seemed fantastically unreasonable. 'I'll do all I can, Bertie,' she said gently. 'When do you expect them?'

His face lighted up, and he drew her close. 'That's the right spirit, and between us we're going to pull this thing off.'

The decision once made, she felt somehow happier, and more confident. It would give her an opportunity in her own domain. Planning

entertainment for her unknown visitors, she took a sharp pleasure in the fact that the country round about was beautiful and full of interest, and she was proud of California in a new and exciting way. She contemplated visits to Catalina, to the Hollywood Studios, to the Sierra Madre range, piqued all the time with guesses at the personality of the Winters. She wondered what Illinois country-folk were like, and whether they would yield to the golden allurement of this land of sunshine. In the meantime her husband seemed to take on attributes less precise and more lovable, as though he, too, perceived the promise of brighter days.

II.

A week later the Winters descended from the California Limited, and Claudia, waiting at the barrier, breathed a sigh of relief. Mrs Winter was tall, good-natured-looking, with high colour and a large mouth. Her daughter struck Claudia at once as being a most attractive girl, with a tan dress, neat tan shoes, a workman-like hat, a small, well-shaped face, and eyes of the clearest gray. Her mouth was firm and delicate. Even Sitwell seemed pleased as he slipped forward and introduced himself, then Claudia. Mrs Winter regarded them both with a frank and interested stare.

'I 'm sure it 's very good of you to meet us. This is my daughter Edith. We 've been three days in that train, and I think we 'll go right to the hotel, if you got those rooms.'

Claudia captured the gray eyes. 'My husband and I hope you will come to us first—for a while. The good hotels have been full all winter, and you wouldn't like the others. We 're all ready for you, so do come.' She gave a little laugh and nodded. 'About the only comfortable place you can get in Los Angeles to-day is in our apartment.'

Mrs Winter shook her head a little incredulously. 'We can't impose on you—we 'll find something.'

Sitwell laughed. 'It 's more than we can do, and we live here. Most of the east seems to have moved west for the winter months this year. You might get a suite at the "Leamington" at fifty dollars a day.'

Mrs Winter gasped, and from Claudia to the girl sped a swift signal, unseen by the others, but very potent. Edith laid a gloved hand on her mother's arm.

'It isn't fair to Mr Sitwell, but I think we 're very fortunate to have found friends so soon.' She glanced at Claudia's mourning. 'Should we really come? Is it quite convenient to you?'

'My wife's father died five weeks ago, and she 's lonely,' put in Sitwell quickly. 'We live very quietly, and, of course, don't entertain, but I know she 'd be grateful if you came.'

'Truly?' asked Edith Winter with a quick, searching glance.

'Yes, truly.' Claudia made a little gesture of confirmation. This was the kind of girl she wanted to know, and make a friend of.

Mrs Winter breathed a sigh of relief. 'Then thanks ever so much, just for a day or two, till we get settled down. How do we reach your place?'

Sitwell smiled and led the way to his car. He had hung on to it in spite of pressing need. The man without a car in Los Angeles was a curiosity. As he drove he talked, and Mrs Winter listened with a touch of excitement.

'Better have a good rest first. After that we 'll run out and see a lot of producing wells near our property, then the property itself. There is plenty of time, and I advise you to do the thing carefully. I 'm quite at your service, and I think it will interest you.'

'Any oil near here?' she asked.

He changed his route and drove past bungalows and cottages, in whose back-yards were pumping-wells.

'There 's nothing quite like it in the world,' he said.

She nodded, impressed with the sight of those private treasure-houses, operating day and night just outside the kitchen window. They gave her a sense of possessorship. In Illinois she grew celery and beets in the garden. Here they pumped oil. She was taken, as well, with Sitwell's personality. He was not the type she had expected to meet, but rather a person of the world with admirable manners and address.

'We thought it best to come and have a look at the property ourselves,' she said thoughtfully. 'It was my daughter's idea, and it 's all a secret. I wouldn't let her tell any one—even her fiancé.'

'Good idea. I 've been thinking over the matter of your investment, and how it could be made as satisfactory to you as possible.'

'I haven't invested yet,' she said cheerfully.

Sitwell coloured a little. 'Certainly not; but in case you did, it has been suggested that you take a seat on the board of the company.'

'What! Me a director!' Mrs Winter was suddenly breathless.

'Why not?'

'I hadn't thought of that. I 'll put it to Edith.'

(*Continued on page 99.*)

FROM CHECHACO TO SOUR-DOUGH.

By Percy Dent.

UNTIL a man has lived long enough in the Yukon Valley to see the ice come and go he is a 'Chechaco'* (che-chaw-ker), after which he is a 'Sour-dough.' Such is the unwritten, but indisputable, law of the frozen north. In California, because incipient prospectors suffered much from the heat of the burning deserts over which they travelled, veteran miners dubbed them 'Tenderfeet,' thereby expressing their own physical superiority over those whose blistered feet caused them to lag behind in the mad race for wealth. In British Columbia, because the ardent aspirants for mining knowledge were such monuments of verdancy, past-masters in the art applied to them unaltered the well-known vulgarism, 'Greenhorn.' But in the Klondike regions existing conditions were found to be so different from those of any other mining-camp of the world, and new arrivals persisted in making such excruciatingly funny mistakes, that the old terms were wholly inadequate to describe them. Therefore those who had already passed through the mill of experience selected the Indian word 'Chechaco'—signifying extreme youthfulness in matters not particularly relating to age—as the fit and proper appellation for all the uninitiated; assuming themselves the title 'Sour-dough,' because nothing but that article can be depended on to leaven bread in a country where the grip of winter is so strong.

A 'Chechaco' who has determined to become a 'Sour-dough' watches with interest the endless string of ice-floes drifting down the mighty stream in the fall. It is thrilling. Men in flimsy Peterboro' canoes endeavour to warp clumsy freight-scows ashore. They force their way among the floating masses of ice with impunity, sometimes having to jump nimbly on to a flow and pull the canoe up after them in order to avoid being crushed. Jams are frequent, and woe betide those who are unprepared! There is a rasping, tearing sound, like a gigantic egg-shell cracking; a sharp cry for help that cannot be rendered; the river flows placidly onwards as before, but men and boat are missing.

By-and-by each little bay is frozen solid; the river itself becomes a flexible moving mass of piled-up ice. The big white thing heaves lazily as it passes by, anon lumbering against the ice-ledge, or receding, exposing a black streak of swirling water. Jack Frost exerts himself still more. The channel becomes too small for the sinuous monster crawling along so slowly, and a battle royal ensues between ice and banks. Far out on the snowy sheet black spots mark the places where helpless men are clinging to bits of wreckage. They fire signals of distress as they are being carried by, but none can aid; they must stay there till the pageant ceases or grim death relieves their terrible sufferings. The heavy grinding roar goes on continuously, an incalculable weight heaving against the immovable rocks until at last it shivers, and with a noise like the screeching of innumerable ungreased cart-wheels, slowly, very slowly, it comes to a standstill. The vanquished Yukon settles down for her long winter's slumber. Willing hands level the ragged surface with axes. A trail is quickly made, and swift-travelling dog-teams carry relief to all the unfortunates who have survived the fearful ordeal of being frozen in while the ice comes.

The Chechaco has learned his first lesson; he patiently awaits the last. He enjoys the novelty of seeing morning stars shining in the firmament at 11 A.M., and the evening stars twinkling brightly at 2 P.M. He is astonished to discover that the long Arctic nights are but little darker than a dull day; that he can travel long distances in that invigorating atmosphere and not feel fatigued. One morning he wakes to find the little thermometer hanging outside his cabin door registers between sixty and seventy degrees below zero, Fahr., and that the water he throws out recoils from the ground it touches with loud snaps, immediately becoming flakes of ice. He notices that the air now seems to oppose progress, till he fancies he is walking through thin water. His respiration makes a fretting noise. His eyebrows are covered with hoar-frost, his moustache with icicles, and he has frequently to 'sweat' the ice off his eyelashes to prevent them from freezing together. When he removes his thick mitts, the skin of his hands cracks open with little audible snicks. As he labours along the cold cuts his throat, yet he is conscious of a bubbling exultation within him—he is supremely happy at something. What, he knows not.

Just before midday the sun rises, and he is not surprised to see three orbs instead of one. It seems quite natural to see 'sun-dogs' in that enchanted land. They rest upon rainbow pillars, across which flit small glistening atoms like sun-lit mica. He gazes enthralled at the beauteous phenomenon, but is thankful when it disappears, for it makes his eyes ache. One night, as he lounges upon his rude couch, he becomes conscious that something unusual is happening. He goes outside, and fancies he is greeted by a

* The terms 'Chechaco' and 'Sour-dough' have been familiarised to English ears by R. W. Service's books, *Ballads of a Cheechako* and *Songs of a Sour-dough*.

seething, roaring sound. It fills the universe; yet, when he tries to define it, nothing exists. A soft glow lights up the country. Across the sky from east to west a filmy curtain is hung, swayed by invisible hands, incandescent, iridescent, and ever changing—a thrilling limelight effect on an infinitely grand scale. It is the Aurora Borealis. He heaves a great sigh when it vanishes, and re-enters the hut. His fingers were bitten by the frost while he watched, but he knew it not.

When the days lengthen out, he watches the snow depart from the hills with wonder. It slips away with alarming rapidity, and the little creeks foam and grumble because the freshet is heavy.

Rumour reports that the river is breaking up, and he hastens thither to complete his education.

The Yukon begins breaking up at its source. The warmer water of the melting snow pours into it through innumerable channels, dissolving and wearing off the under side of the thick ice. Presently the swelling body of water can no longer be confined beneath its icy trammels; the ice is rent asunder and heaved up. It is carried down-stream until a sharp bend is reached, where it packs, forming often a dam some thirty feet in height, flooding incidentally the surrounding country. The ice below the dam is soon broken up by the weight of water falling on it, but the pack remains intact, a colossal berg embedded deeply in the channel-bottom. It is often several hundred feet thick, and stretches from shore to shore, forming a miniature Niagara.

At last the jam breaks, and the huge floes go dancing down the swirling torrent in elephantine gambols, anon uprearing themselves high in the air, sometimes leaping quite clear of the water. Trees lining the shore are broken off and torn into matchwood, and the earth quakes in the mighty uproar. No man can hear another's voice in the thunderous din; yet above all rings the bell-like note of the floes as they collide, sounding like the musical clink of a wine-glass. A few minutes later the great stream has resumed its peaceful appearance of last summer. Tiny wavelets sparkle in the sunshine, eddies whirl round in their accustomed places, and none could guess that but a short time before it was the scene of a grand natural convulsion.

The Chechaco turns away with heart too full for words. He has won the proud distinction of 'Sour-dough.'

THE SNAIL AND ITS SHELL.

By G. W. Bulman, M.A., B.Sc.

HOW does a snail make its shell? The fool in *King Lear* asks the question as regards the oyster, but we may transfer it to our humble friend—or enemy—of the garden. How does it make its shell? The answer of science justifies the word 'make'; the snail does *make* its shell. For the shell, it appears, does not *grow*, like nails or hoof, but is actually *made*, or *built*, by the animal inside. In the wonderful chemistry of the snail's body, lime is separated from the food, and using its 'mantle' as a sort of trowel, the little mason spreads the mortar on the edge of the aperture—the lip, as it is called—of the shell. Very often in a specimen you can distinguish the new layer of shell from the old. And the new material is laid on so as to preserve the plan of the shell of the species to which it belongs—in our case that of the garden snail (*Helix aspersa*)—and no other. That is perhaps the most wonderful thing about it. There are so many thousand species of shell, and each snail builds its house after the special plan of its kind.

An interesting experiment was once tried by some ingenious Frenchmen. They carefully removed snails of a certain species out of their shells, and put them into the shells of other species. When these had occasion to enlarge their new abodes, they did it on the lines of their old shells.

Most wonderful of all, perhaps, are those cases where the builders *vary* the form of their shell according to their surroundings. We take the facts from that authoritative work, the *Cambridge Natural History*. There are certain species of clam which when attached to a smooth surface have smooth shells, but if attached to an uneven surface, such as coral, have very irregular shells. In fact, we are told that 'the sculpture of the base on which they rest is often reproduced in these attached shells.' So the oysters of the mangrove-swamps are found to vary their shells according as they are fixed to the branches or to the smooth trunks of the trees. In the former case the shell has a central convex rib from which the plaits of sculpture radiate, while in the latter this rib is wanting.

The case of a species which lives attached to another shell is perhaps even more remarkable, for it varies the sculpture of its shell according to that of its host. If it lives on a smooth shell it makes a smooth shell for itself, if on a ribbed shell it makes ribs on its own. One such which had 'ribbed' its shell because it lived on a scallop was taken by a naturalist for a new species. And there is in the British Museum a specimen of the shell known as *Hinnites*, which had apparently reproduced the copy of a little coiled Serpula on one of its valves.

Such, at least, is the accepted interpretation of the interesting specimen.

The shell-builder sometimes gets rid of the top storey of its house. At any rate snails are often found without the top whorls, and some have been actually seen banging them against some hard object as if to knock them off.

And then there are others which are not content with the ordinary shells which they have thus made for themselves. So they collect, and glue to them, bits of stone, shells, &c. Sometimes they make the selection of material with great care. One which was obtained on the *Challenger* expedition had ornamented its lower part with long pointed *shells*.

Sometimes, when the house of a periwinkle or a whelk is 'to let,' it is taken by a hermit-crab. If you look carefully at the heap of periwinkles in the fish-shop, you may see a bit of the little hermit-crab protruding from one or two of them. When the house gets too small the crab must quit, and go in search of a larger. This is for the crab a dangerous operation, on account of its soft body. So there is one species which, as it were, sends for a mason to come and enlarge the house for it. At any rate the mason comes in the form of an encrusting sponge, and settles down on the house. There it grows, and presently covers the whole shell. But it always leaves the aperture open, and as it grows it continues the proper coil of the shell. Thus a body whorl of sponge is added on to the shell. So, when the hermit has grown too big for the shell proper, it has only to move down to the larger whorl of sponge. Perhaps it is the crab itself which sees to it that the aperture is kept open, and of the right shape. Perhaps it trims the growing sponge as a gardener trims his box-tree.

The problem of the snail and the slug is ever with the gardener as a practical matter. And in theory it is not without interest. Here in the same few square yards of garden, living under very similar conditions, we have them both: the one 'protected' by a strong shell, the other defenceless—yet both flourishing exceedingly. Does the snail succeed in the struggle for life on account of its shell, and the slug continue to exist in spite of the want of it? Or is the absence of the shell an advantage to the slug, and the possession of one a handicap to the snail? Who can answer? Yet it may not be without interest to speculate a little on the matter. If we look at the snail alone we say readily enough, 'Yes, of course the hard shell must protect the soft body. It must be a great advantage.' Euclid's axioms are scarcely more obvious. But there, a few yards off, is the slug!

Natural selection, having, as it were, taken great pains to show us what a very useful thing, what a necessary thing, a strong shell is for a soft animal, says in effect, 'Not at all!' and points to the slug, which has, so to speak, thrown aside its shell as useless. And yet it keeps inside the folds of its mantle a minute model to show—perhaps!—that its ancestors were snails.

And to-day, both in the sea and on land, there are numerous species of such soft-bodied animals with no shells. Their very existence forbids us to put a sufficient premium on the shell to account for its evolution by natural selection. Out of the way, then, you sluggish one, emblem of all that is slow and tiresome! Must we needs drag *you* with us in our attempts to evolve the shell? Why have *you* not a respectable shell to protect you? But perhaps you saw the song-thrush hammering the snail on a stone, and said, 'Why should I make a shell for that? Heavy defensive armour is a mistake under modern conditions of warfare.' And perhaps you realised how convenient the snail's shell was for the glow-worm grub which wanted to feed on the soft body. Those other beetles, too, which take the little snails and break the shells by knocking them against their own hard bodies! Shells unable to protect even against beetles! And then, perhaps, we think of the oyster, so well protected in that massive two-valved shell. But a star-fish—surely of all enemies the one least calculated to alarm the well-armed oyster!—comes along, and getting astride the oyster, forces it to open. And the star-fish eats the soft body. Not even the strongest shell is sufficient to protect so delicious a morsel! Would it not have paid the oyster better to become nauseous?

And the slug! One could suggest several ways in which the absence of a shell might be advantageous. It is a great weight for the snail to carry about with it. And the making of the shell means the secretion of the necessary substance by the expenditure of vital force. It also involves a certain amount of time spent by the snail in house-building. Yes, were the snail only out of the way, if we might be excused the shell, we could easily evolve you the slug. The shell was a disadvantage, a handicap. Those with the smallest shells had the least weight to carry, and so more energy for the work of feeding. The snail was an old conservative, and went on making a shell because its grandfather did.

But which *did* come first, the snail or the slug? Most people will probably say the slug—the shell is the thing that must have been evolved. There must have been, to start with, a soft-bodied animal without a shell. How did the shell begin? Was the first attempt large enough to cover the body? Nothing smaller could be of much use. And the evolution of a hard protective shell involves the belief that those which did not develop it perished in the struggle for life. Hence there could be no slugs. On the other hand, we ask, Can

natural selection—even in theory—evolve a thing which an animal could quite well do without, and which, when present, does not prevent its being destroyed by its enemies? If the slug were only out of the way, we could evolve the snail. Or if the snail would only show signs of dying out through the attacks of birds and beetles, the evolution of the slug would present no difficulty. But the two together! And that little shell which the slug hides in its mantle? Why, having accomplished the *much* of reducing its shell to almost microscopic size, should it find the *little more* of getting rid of it altogether too much for it? Does the slug retain its shell as a coat of arms, a proof that it really belongs to the noble race of the shelled ones? One had thought that natural selection had taxed such luxuries out of existence. But those who accept the recapitulation theory in biology will say that the presence of that minute shell in the slug's mantle means that it is descended from a snail. Finally, without deciding which was descended from which, we must admit that each seems to have obtained in some way a great advantage in the struggle for life.

JUSTICE.

By MICHAEL TALBOT.

I.

THE blistering summer sun had gone down. A faint breeze moved the maidenhair fern on the cliffs from time to time, and rustled softly amongst the palms in Dick Ferrar's garden; while from below, the lazy thud of the Pacific breakers rose and fell monotonously.

Miraflores is a peaceful spot to come home to after a busy day in a sweltering Lima office.

Dinner in the little white *rancho* was over, and Dick Ferrar and his guest rose from the table, removing their white coats thankfully. Standing by the open window, they watched the lights of some big liner making for Callao harbour.

Behind them, a pleasant-faced Peruvian servant moved softly about the room, her wrinkled face as impassive as her surroundings.

'Good Lord! Uncle Dick,' said the young man, breaking a long silence, 'this calm is enough to get on a fellow's nerves. Does nothing ever happen here? I believe every one is born asleep, and only wakes up in time to die. These Peruvians haven't got any spirit. Why, down south——' Dennis Ferrar stopped abruptly, remembering that his uncle, who had spent many years in the neighbouring state of Chasco, would be unlikely to benefit from his immature comparisons.

Dick Ferrar made no reply other than a smile, and both men settled down in comfortable cane chairs. The Peruvian maid brought in decanters and soda, inquiring whether Don Ricardo needed anything further. Don Ricardo replied that he did not, and added that she might go to bed as soon as she wished. She lingered, however, some moments, expressing a hope that Dennis would find his room comfortable. She finally retired with a smiling *buenas noches*, and her footsteps died away across the stone *patio*.

Dennis, who had come up from Chasco on a month's holiday, was comparatively new to South America. With his flaxen hair and almost brick-red face, he presented a striking contrast to his uncle, whose white hair and yellow skin seemed to have been bleached by long exposure to a tropical sun.

'That maid of yours speaks like a professor of elocution,' remarked the boy, nodding towards the door.

Dick looked up from filling an ancient pipe, and replied, 'My dear fellow, any Peruvian workman or servant could turn you off a speech which would make a Hyde Park stump-orator sound tongue-tied. And, what's more, it would be perfect Spanish.'

'Well, it's mighty different in Chasco,' returned the younger man, laughing. He took up a book which he had been reading, and settled himself deeper into the chair. The other still sat with his pipe between his teeth, gazing out over the moon-lit cliffs.

A heavy ox-cart passed down the road, creaking on its slow way, till the sing-song exhortations of the sleepy *carreteros* died away in the distance.

At length Dennis closed his book, and stretched himself.

'What have you been reading?' inquired the other, bringing his thoughts back to the room.

'*The Four Just Men*, by Edgar Wallace. Have you read it?' He outlined the plot to his uncle, describing the adventures of the four men who set out to punish such wrong-doers as succeeded in remaining beyond the reach of the law.

'But don't you think most people get their deserts sooner or later, without the aid of amateur judges?'

'No, I don't think that a great many do,' replied the boy, with some emphasis. 'In Chasco, I know lots of people who have managed to wriggle out of corners, merely because they were rich enough to do a little judicious, or rather judicial, bribery.'

'There are exceptions, however,' returned Ferrar, 'and I have seen a great many of them. I think I could tell you a little story which

would illustrate both your point of view and mine, if you would care to hear it.'

A further incursion on the decanter followed; then Dick Ferrar began his story.

II.

'It is quite a long time since I first came to this benighted continent. Like yourself, I was fresh from school, and, like yourself, went to Chasco; but the nitrate *pampa* was my first experience. I earned a hundred pounds a year and my keep, and worked more than twelve hours a day.

'I was sent to Oficina Placer, on the south *pampa*, as *fichero*. My duties consisted of paying the workmen and keeping their accounts. This meant getting out of bed at half-past four in the morning, and slinging out greasy, half-frozen token-money through a barred window to sleepy men and women. The cold fog which blows up from the sea at night chilled me to the bone; and the strong aroma of unwashed humanity which sleeps in its clothes did not make the job more pleasing. Incidentally, I spent a good deal of the day trying vainly to account for the fact that I had paid out some two thousand and eight pesos, while my book showed some two thousand. During my first few months of work I lost over seven hundred pesos, my complexion, and my faith in the supremacy of youth; but I laid in a lot of salutary experience.

'The men were largely Chascans, but there was a fair sprinkling of Bolivians and Peruvians besides. Amongst these latter, especially, I made several friends; and, on the whole, I think I was generally liked by the workmen. Of course, they gave trouble from time to time, and it was rare that a feast-day passed without some man exploring his neighbour's interior with the little curved knife which all carry at the waist. When these incidents occurred, the *carabineros* were sent for from the little town of Placer, which lies on the railway line, two or three miles to the eastward, and thither the offenders were taken for trial.

'To you living in a big city, the town would be enlightening. It was a dirty agglomeration of corrugated iron shanties. Uneven sand-tracks served for roads, and any man riding down one of these invariably found a pack of great mongrel dogs barking at his horse's heels, and even leaping at the unfortunate animal's throat.

'Just to stand within the town was to feel your every evil instinct rise to the surface.

'The leading members of the community were the judge, the station-master, the priest, and a one-eyed bar-keeper of villainous appearance. The lesser population were largely Chinese store-keepers and Chascan dancing-girls.

'A vicious circle of the commercial variety was formed. Each of the petty powers mentioned bartered his particular commodity in return for those of the other three. For instance, the judge doled out a satisfactory and amended form of justice for his three colleagues, while they gave in return free coal, the most emphatic assurance of heaven, and free drinks, as their trades provided. The judge, a local celebrity, was a particularly offensive little man. With five feet of self-assertive dignity, fierce moustache, and prominent teeth, he lisped and wore a permanent smile which contained no amusement whatsoever. In private life he had been a piano-tuner, but political changes had brought him into favour; and, knowing his position to be by no means permanent, he feathered his nest with zeal.

'He paid highly to those above him for his post, and so saw to it that in the course of justice he repaid himself adequately.

'Each Oficina paid him what was euphemistically termed a subvention; but this regular monthly payment was, in reality, merely a bribe to ensure a satisfactory verdict where the law was concerned. He took this money as a right, and had no scruples over appearing in person with indignant gesticulations were it not paid with becoming regularity on the first of each month.

'Among the Peruvian workmen I mentioned was one who acted as night-watchman in the *campamento*. His hut lay quite near the Administration House, and I often used to drop in on my way back from the office to chat with him and his wife. I found it good practice for my Spanish; moreover, his dignified hospitality and exaggerated courtesy pleased, while it amused me. He was quite small, and lightly built; but, with the classic features of his Spanish ancestors, he really cut a very striking figure.

'He viewed the coarser Chascan type with infinite disdain, and never tired of explaining to me how the Spanish nobility colonised Peru, leaving the soldiery to fight for the less fertile lands to the south. However, he had the intelligence to dissimulate his feelings when with his companions, and so kept his skin whole. As night-watchman, he was completely contented. He liked the solitude and the freedom from manual labour, taking considerable pride in his delicate hands and finger-nails. Night found him swathed in thick vicuña *ponchos*, seated on an upturned bucket outside the office. Here, smoking a chain of little brown cigarettes, he passed nearly all his waking hours. This habit of being awake while others slept increased his sense of superiority. So long as his pretty little wife continued to keep his diminutive two-roomed home clean and comfortable, and to serve sufficient and tasty meals, he asked no more. Though earning only four and a half pesos a day, he felt not the slightest ambition to descend to the noisy arena of labour for the extra money he might thus have earned.

'Of course, as a Peruvian, he had few friends; but, as he was inoffensive, men did not actually ill-treat him, being contented merely to jeer at him occasionally. This, however, troubled him in no way. No jeers can penetrate so thorough a self-complacency.'

III.

'I think I must have been working in Placer rather more than a year when the event which I am going to relate took place.

'For one thing and another, we were then using a good deal of copper in the Oficina. And as copper in the Oficina region is by no means cheap, it now appears to me as very careless that it should have been allowed to lie unloaded over night on the railway-trucks. But it always was so left, and we soon began to miss quite a lot. Of course, the Peruvian—Castro—was hauled over the coals. The manager sent for him, and made some comments upon his uselessness as a watchman, which hurt his pride and temporarily brought about a burst of energy. He took to deserting his bucket at intervals, and watching the railway siding, though from a discreet distance.

'His efforts were rewarded, and some days later he entered the office with a great show of importance and asked to see the manager. He spun a long yarn about the peculiar discomforts he had suffered on his vigil, and, when the manager's patience was all but exhausted, he came to the point. He had seen one Alvarez, a carpenter, coming from the siding with a bundle on his back.

'What followed is briefly told. We searched Alvarez's hut while he was at work, found the copper, and sent for the *carabineros*.

'He was little surprised at being arrested, and took it very calmly till he discovered that Castro had laid information. The idea that this Peruvian rat should have dared to give him away produced in him a frenzy of wrath, and the *carabineros* had some difficulty in getting him away.

'The judge tried the prisoner next morning, found him guilty, confiscated his money, and sentenced him to one month's imprisonment. However, he was liberated after a week, as his keep cost money, and so was a drain on the official resources.

'On coming out of jail the carpenter instantly returned to the Oficina, and gathering his friends together, poured out a considerable tale of woe.

'Alvarez being a prominent member of the Socialistic league, a meeting was called forthwith. The object of this is uncertain, but the outcome was as simple as natural. The Socialists became very drunk, and gradually dispersed, not quite certain what had actually been decided.

'I shall have to draw on my imagination to some extent for the details of the tragedy which was enacted that night in the *campamento*. The facts, however, were plain enough, and there is little doubt that what occurred was more or less this.

'Alvarez left the meeting with his grievance fanned to fury by the fiery *aguardiente*, which his friends had been pressing on him all the evening. This drink, a raw brandy, which is almost pure alcohol, produces a form of drunkenness which, in the system of an easily excited people, is not far from madness.

'His knife was gone, so he rushed to his hut, and blindly seized the first weapon to hand, a heavy-headed chopper.

'Castro, one supposes, was seated on his bucket, quite unaware of the prisoner's release, and without a care in the world. You can picture him, his head thrown back against the office wall, a cigarette in his mouth, his arms folded within the warm *poncho* which hung from his shoulders.

'When the distorted face of the carpenter appeared within the little circle of light cast by the lantern, he was momentarily paralysed. The bloodshot beast-like eyes and dilated nostrils fascinated him. With a yell of exultation, Alvarez raised the murderous chopper, and leapt upon the terror-stricken man. The latter had no chance whatsoever. His arms were hampered by the heavy rug, and he did not even succeed in getting to his feet.

'The chopper, wielded by a master-hand, crashed through his wide-brimmed hat, and embedded itself in the Peruvian's skull. He died without a sound, and rolled over sideways from the bucket, the steel remaining fixed in his head.

'The carpenter stood back, breathing heavily, and watched the crumpled figure on the ground quiver a few times, then become perfectly still. By this time the fumes of the *aguardiente* were beginning to cloud his mind, and he made no attempt to escape, but remained gazing dully at his handiwork. The yell had aroused the men sleeping in the neighbouring huts, and a crowd had formed around him before he took his eyes from the ground. Amongst these was the chief foreman, who immediately took charge of the proceedings. Alvarez, still stupefied, was dragged up to the Administration House. He made no resistance, and did not appear to understand any remarks addressed to him.

'The manager, used to such incidents, took the affair very calmly indeed. He contented himself with summoning the *carabineros* and returning to bed. Within five minutes, I am sure, he had dismissed the whole matter from his mind.'

IV.

'I, however, was young and new to such tragedies, and, unable to sleep, dressed and went down to the camp. Castro's poor young wife

was standing bewildered at the door of her hut. A crowd was engaged in breaking the news. At least four men were speaking at the same time, and they were telling the story with a zest that sickened me. At my approach they moved off, and left me alone with the girl. My Spanish entirely deserted me, and I could not frame one single phrase of sympathy. She stood for a while silent and dry-eyed, leaning against the door-post, then went back into the room and closed the door. I lingered a moment in the street, feeling inexpressibly useless, and at last walked slowly back to the Administration House.

'A few days later the judge summoned Alvarez, and delivered a pompous address on the murder. He announced that the trial would take place in a fortnight, and offered to liberate the murderer on a bail of two thousand pesos. The Socialists responded with a mass meeting, and the money was produced. The judge appropriated the bail, and Alvarez was permitted to leave the prison.

'At the time such a procedure appeared to me as monstrous, but I now see nothing unusual in it. I strongly suspect that if Alvarez had returned at the expiration of his bail, the judge would have asked him candidly if he would clear out for fifteen hundred pesos. But, as it was, no such course was necessary. Alvarez was put quietly over the Andes into Bolivia, and the judge kept the two thousand pesos. Of course, he was forced to make some show of search, but I don't fancy that he overdid it.

'The Oficina sent Castro's wife back to Peru with a little money, and the whole affair was soon forgotten. The judge was the richer by two thousand pesos, and the Oficina Socialistic league was the same amount poorer, and there the matter ended.'

At this point Dennis, who had listened with increasing interest to his uncle's story, interrupted. 'Well, Uncle Dick, doesn't that bear out my argument? That's the sort of incident which the "Four Just Men" would have found most deserving of attention, as the sinner got off scot-free.'

'Just a moment, my friend,' replied Dick Ferrar, reaching for a siphon and refilling the glasses. 'Wait for the sequel before calling your "Just Men" into requisition.'

He sat a while in silence with eyes closed, his fingers playing idly on the rim of his glass. 'Yes, there is a little more to the story.' He straightened himself in the chair and continued. 'It is a curious coincidence that I was fated to know the epilogue, for, as you will hear, it occurred many years later and many miles from Placer.

'Manuela Castro, the watchman's widow, on her return to Peru started a little *posada*—an eating-house for workmen—in Lima. Her beauty faded quickly with the hard work, and she did not marry again. At first she had many suitors, but as the years passed men left her alone.

'One day a surly-faced southerner came to the *posada* and called for food. He said he had been working on the new port works in Callao, but was up in Lima looking for a better-paid job. Manuela recognised him instantly as the carpenter of Placer, but made no sign. She chatted with him for a while, and soon was assured that he was quite ignorant of her identity. No one called her anything but Manuela; so he never heard the name which might have put him on his guard. Manuela seemed overcome by his manly charms, and omitted to charge him for his lunch; consequently he reappeared for supper. The same thing happened; so he spoke at rarer intervals about his search for work, and spent most of the days at the *posada* lounging and smoking. He naturally supposed Manuela to be in love with him, and continued his life of ease, bragging of his conquest.

'The habitués of the *posada* did not take to the Chascan, and looked with astonishment at the figure of Manuela dancing humble attendance on this unprepossessing stranger. But they regarded it with easy philosophy, and awaited her marriage without interest.

'But what happened was entirely different. The carpenter was found with a knife-wound in his throat, lying in the ditch beside the road from Lima to Callao.

'Manuela herself identified the dead man. She made a pathetic scene at the inquest. Considerable sympathy was felt for the poor woman whose lover had been done to death on the eve of their marriage.

'There was a good deal of feeling at the time between Chasco and Peru, and such murders had been frequent. Investigation threw no light upon the crime, and the matter was soon allowed to drop. Manuela wore black and spoke little and sadly for a while. But within a few months both the mourning and the gossip ceased, and the *posada* continued its little business much as it had done before the carpenter arrived.'

Dick Ferrar ceased, and knocking out his pipe, turned to his nephew, who still sat silent, thinking over what he had heard.

'Well, I'm damned,' said the boy at length; 'so he got what he deserved, after all.' Then, after a pause, 'But how the devil did you come to know all about it if the police didn't?'

The other only smiled and led his guest up to his room. 'That part of the story is not mine to tell,' he concluded.

Over the kitchen, in a little room buzzing with mosquitoes, the old servant slept the sleep of the just. On her wrinkled face was a contented expression, and her mind was dreaming of a little two-roomed hut on the *pampa*.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ADVOCACY.

By His Honour Judge PARRY.

II.—THE LAMP OF COURAGE.

The Seven Lamps of Advocacy are *Honesty, Courage, Industry, Wit, Eloquence, Judgment, and Fellowship.*

ADVOCACY needs the 'king-becoming graces: devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.' Advocacy is a form of combat where courage in danger is half the battle. Courage is as good a weapon in the forum as in the camp. The advocate, like Cæsar, must stand upon his mound facing the enemy, worthy to be feared, and fearing no man.

Unless a man has the spirit to encounter difficulties with firmness and pluck, he had best leave advocacy alone. Richard Bethell, Lord Westbury, in early life took for his motto: '*De l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace.*' In advising on a case he was always clear and direct, saying that he was 'paid for his opinion, not for his doubts.' Charles Hatton, writing as a layman of Jeffreys in his early days at the Bar, shrewdly notes his best quality: 'He hath in perfection the three chief qualifications of a lawyer: Boldness, Boldness, Boldness.' A modern advocate kindly reproving a junior for his timidity of manner wisely said, 'Remember it is better to be strong and wrong than weak and right.'

The belief that success in advocacy can be attained by influence, apart from personal qualifications, is ill-founded. There was never a youngster with better backing than Francis North, afterwards Lord Keeper to Charles II., yet, as his biographer says, 'observe his preparatives,' his earnest attendances at moots, his diligent waiting in that 'dismal hole' the 'corner chamber, one pair of stairs in Elm Court.'

In the same way his younger brother, Roger, though born in the ermine, so to speak, had to plod his way up like any other junior. It is good to be the brother of a Lord Chancellor, but it does not make a man an advocate.

Roger North's autobiography is full of interest to the student of advocacy. His memory of his first appearance is vivid and entertaining. 'I was immediately called,' he writes, 'to the Bar, *ex gratiâ*, not having standing, although I had performed such exercises as the house required, save a few. My first flight in practice was the opening a declaration at *nisi prius* in Guildhall, under my brother, which was a crisis like the loss of a maidenhead; but with blushing and blundering I got through it, and afterwards grew bold and ready at such a formal performance; but it was long ere I adventured to ask a witness a question.'

Roger North would never have attained the eminence he did in his profession by merely hanging on to the gown of his greater brother. Hard work and dogged courage, not patronage, earned him the dignities he achieved. The description of his early beginnings is full of encouragement for the young advocate. 'During my practice under Hales,' he says, 'at the King's Bench I was raw, and not at all quaint and forward as some are, so that I did but learn experience and discover my own defects, which were very great. I was a plant of a slow growth, and when mature but slight wood, and of a flashy fruit. But my profession obliged me to go on, which I resolved to do against all my private discouragements, and whatever absurdities and errors I committed in public I would not desist, but forgot them as fast as I could, and took more care another time. My comfort was, if some, all did not see my failings, and those upon whom I depended, the attorneys and suitors, might think the pert and confident forwardness I put on might produce somewhat of use to them.'

North held the sound opinion that 'he who is not a good lawyer before he comes to the Bar, will never be a good one after it.' It is very true that learning begets courage, and wise self-confidence can only be founded on knowledge. The long years of apprenticeship, the studious attention to 'preparatives,' are, to the advocate, like the manly exercises of the young squire that enabled the knight of old to earn his spurs on the field of battle. In no profession is it more certain that 'knowledge is power,' and when the opportunity arrives, knowledge, and the courage to use it effectively, proclaim the presence of the advocate.

The best instance of what is meant perhaps may be found in Sir John Hollams's account of the first appearance of Mr Benjamin. He was a great lawyer before he addressed the court,

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

but he sat down a great advocate. It was in a case which came on for hearing before Lord Justice James, when Vice-Chancellor, and 'it appeared to be generally thought that, as usual at the time, a decree would be made directing inquiries in chambers. The matter was being so dealt with when Mr Benjamin, then unknown to any one in Court, rose from the back seat in the Court. He had not a commanding presence, and at that time had rather an uncouth appearance. He, in a stentorian voice, not in accord with the quiet tone usually prevailing in the Court of Chancery, startled the Court by saying, "Sir, notwithstanding the somewhat off-hand and supercilious manner in which this case has been dealt with by my learned friend Sir Roundell Palmer, and to some extent acquiesced in by my learned leader Mr Kay, if, sir, you will only listen to me—if, sir, you will only listen to me" (repeating the same words three times, and on each occasion raising his voice), "I pledge myself you will dismiss this suit with costs." The Vice-Chancellor and Sir Roundell Palmer, and indeed all the Court, looked at him with a kind of astonishment, but he went on without drawing rein for between two and three hours. The Court became crowded, for it soon became known that there was a very unusual scene going on. In the end the Vice-Chancellor did dismiss the suit with costs, and his decision was confirmed on appeal.'

There have been many advocates whose courage was founded on humour rather than knowledge, and who have successfully asserted their independence in the face of an impatient or overbearing Bench through the medium of wit, where mere wisdom might have failed in effect.

Of such was Tom Jones, who startled Mr Justice Byles into indignant attention by opening his case with bold impertinence: 'No one, my lords, who looks at this case with common fairness and honesty, can hesitate for a moment in declaring that there ought to be a new trial.'

Byles observed, 'This is rather strong language to use to us, Mr Jones. I hope you think that we, at the least, are commonly fair and honest.'

'We shall see, my lord,' said Tom; 'we shall see.'

Serjeant Robinson tells us a further good story of his refusal to be hustled by the Bench.

'Our friend Tom Jones,' he writes, 'was a little lengthy sometimes in the exposition of his client's rights, and one day the chief baron said to him, "Mr Jones, this case has occupied a great deal of time, and we have a very long list of cases to get through."

'"My lord," said Tom, "I have carefully looked through that list, and I did not find there was a single cause in which I or my client was in the slightest degree interested."'

But these sallies should never degenerate into mere incivility or abuse, in which there is little real courage, since a judge of sense will always refrain, if it be at all possible, from reply to such attacks, which only injure the reputation of the Bar and destroy the reputation of the advocate.

In the early day of American Sessions a certain judge was violently attacked by a young and very impudent attorney. To the manifest surprise of everybody present, the judge heard him quite through, as though unconscious of what was said, and made no reply. After the adjournment of the day, and all had assembled at the inn where the judge and many of the attorneys had their lodgings, one of the company, referring to the scene in court, asked the judge why he did not rebuke the impertinent fellow.

'Permit me,' said the judge, loud enough to call the attention of all the company, among whom was the fellow in question—'permit me to tell you a story. My father, when we lived down in the country, had a dog—a mere puppy, I may say. Well, this puppy would go out every moonlight night and bark at the moon for hours together.' Here the judge paused, as if he had done with his story.

'Well, what of it?' exclaimed half-a-dozen of the audience at once.

'Oh, nothing, nothing whatever; the moon kept right on, as if nothing had happened.'

Independence without moderation becomes licentiousness, but true independence is an essential attribute of advocacy, and the English Bar has never wanted men endowed with this form of true courage. The sacrifice of the highest professional honours to the maintenance of principle has been a commonplace in the history of English advocates, and the names of the living could be added if need be to those who have passed away, leaving us this clean heritage as example.

The true position of the independence of the English Bar, the right and the duty of the advocate to appear in every case, however poor, degraded, or wicked the party may be, is laid down once and for all in a celebrated speech of Erskine's in his defence of Thomas Paine, who was indicted in 1792 for publishing the *Rights of Man*. Great public indignation was expressed against Erskine for daring to defend Paine. As he said in his speech, 'In every place where business or pleasure collects the public together, day after day, my name and character have been the topics of injurious reflection. And for what? Only for not having shrunk from the discharge of a duty which no personal advantage recommended, and which a thousand difficulties repelled.'

He then continued, in words which the learned editor of Howell's State Trials emphasises by printing in capital letters, as stating one of the basic principles of English advocacy:

'Little, indeed, did they know me, who thought that such calumnies would influence my conduct: I WILL FOR EVER, AT ALL HAZARDS, ASSERT

THE DIGNITY, INDEPENDENCE, AND INTEGRITY OF THE ENGLISH BAR; WITHOUT WHICH, IMPARTIAL JUSTICE, THE MOST VALUABLE PART OF THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION, CAN HAVE NO EXISTENCE. From the moment that any advocate can be permitted to say that he will or will not stand between the Crown and the subject arraigned in the court where he daily sits to practise—from that moment the liberties of England are at an end. If the advocate refuses to defend, from what he may think of the charge or of the defence, he assumes the character of the judge; nay, he assumes it before the hour of judgment; and, in proportion to his rank and reputation, puts the heavy influence of perhaps a mistaken opinion into the scale against the accused, in whose favour the benevolent principle of English law makes all presumptions, and which commands the very judge to be his counsel.'

Side by side with this may be set the grand example of William Henry Seward, in acting in the defence of the negro Freeman in 1846. A horrible murder was committed. Without any provocation or desire for plunder, Freeman killed a farmer and several of his family. He was easily captured, when he laughed in the face of his captors and acknowledged the crime. He was a recently emancipated slave, deaf, and obviously insane. The sheriff had the greatest difficulty in preventing him from being lynched. The clergyman at the victims' funeral made a rousing appeal for his punishment, which was printed and circulated round the district.

Seward undertook his defence, and a storm of prejudice and passion was directed against him to dissuade him from doing what he believed to be his duty as an advocate. In the crowded court-house, when the judge asked, 'Will any one defend this man?' and Seward rose, and said he was counsel for the prisoner, a murmur of indignation ran round the court. His advocacy was of no avail to the individual, but his eloquent speech remains a noble statement of the duty of the advocate, and a fine example of devotion and courage in the exercise of that duty.

The whole speech is worthy of study, as it contains a glowing and reasoned appeal for the right of the most degraded human being in a civilised state to a real hearing of his case in a judicial court, which can only be obtained through honest and competent advocacy.

As the yellow harvest-moon rose outside the darkening court-house his peroration was listened to by the indignant crowd with, at least, outward respect, and it remains a message of encouragement to the advocates of future generations.

'In due time, gentlemen of the jury, when I shall have paid the debt of nature, my remains will rest here in your midst with those of my kindred and neighbours. It is very possible they may be unhonoured, neglected, spurned! But perhaps years hence, when the passion and excitement which now agitate this community shall have passed away, some wandering stranger, some lone exile, some Indian, some negro, may erect over them an humble stone, and thereon this epitaph: "He was faithful."'

These words, as he desired, are engraved on the marble over him, and he is remembered at the American Bar as an advocate who upheld its best traditions, and feared not to hold aloft the Lamp of Courage.

MAN'S WORK.

CHAPTER IV.—*continued.*

III.

SITWELL talked on, gradually convinced that his chance of success was better with the mother than with her gray-eyed daughter, who was on the back-seat chatting with animation to Claudia. When they drew up at the apartment Mrs Winter was visibly impressed. She laughingly compared it with her own one-storey farmhouse, with the creaking well, the watch-dog, and the stoop, where she sat knitting in the long summer evenings. Claudia, listening to her, had a deep yearning for such a scene as this, for its thrift, its peace, and contentment. She wondered why any one should leave it. Perhaps such a haven was in sight even now.

That afternoon, when Mrs Winter had retired to rest, the two girls talked long and happily. Edith's eyes were full of sympathy when Claudia told of her father's death.

'My own life isn't half as interesting as yours,' she said presently. 'I was born on the farm—no brothers or sisters—my father died six years ago. I went to a high school, and then took a correspondence course in stenography. I could have got a job in Chicago, but mother wanted me to stay with her. Father left her the farm and twenty thousand dollars in Government bonds. Mother thinks she can double this, and that's why she's here. By-and-by, when I'm married, she wants me to live more—well—like you do.'

Claudia caught her breath. This was the way she was living, and her husband had now hardly one thousand dollars, and no farm. The irony of the thing was bitter.

'Why does she want you to do that?'

'I don't really know. She's tired of quiet, and cows coming home to be milked, and danger of late and early frosts. I suppose when you've

lived fifty years on a farm you want to get away from it. She's coming to me after I've been married a year.'

Claudia smiled her congratulations. 'When will that be?'

'Perhaps next year—yes, I think so. Jim—Jim Hunt has a job in New York with a very big firm. It isn't much to begin with, but there's something better ahead.' She paused for an instant and regarded Claudia admiringly. 'You must be happy in such a lovely place—that is, you will be, won't you?' she added, with a touch of embarrassment.

'Do you think you'd like to live out here?'

'I—I can't tell; it's all so different; but it's the Golden West and the Land of Opportunity. Jim tells me that I may have to live in awful places—log-cabins and all sorts of things. Would you like to see his photograph?'

'Very much.'

Edith blushed a little and opened her bag. 'Here it is. Isn't it nice? He's twenty-five—two years older than I am.'

Claudia looked. The face seemed strangely familiar, with eyes set far apart, a steady mouth, and a look of quiet determination. Presently the resemblance came to her, and the blood crept to her temples. The picture was like Shanklin cast in another physical mould, but endowed with the same qualities, the same manner of confidence, the same fearless frankness. Even the eyes were Shanklin's, and she felt a strange thrill at meeting them.

'What do you think of him?' asked the girl.

'He looks good enough—even for you,' said Claudia a little unsteadily.

'Thank you, for both of us.' The gray eyes grew very soft. 'We won't be married till he has the position he wants. He says that there are lots of hard knocks anyway in his profession, and we'll have to take them together, the bitter with the sweet. Don't you find it wonderful,' she went on wistfully, 'how much two people who really understand can be to each other?'

Claudia nodded. Those unsought confidences were becoming more than she could bear. What if the whole truth were suddenly revealed to those clear, honest eyes? This girl was unfolding herself in the flush of a new friendship, but Claudia had nothing to say in return. Edith Winter was engaged to a man amazingly like John Shanklin. She almost certainly would marry him and share his hard knocks; but what a joy to meet the brunt of blows met in the open, rather than the stabs she herself was now receiving in secret!

'You are going to be wonderfully happy,' she said, 'and there mustn't be any secrets between you?'

The girl looked up. 'Why should there?'

Claudia laughed. 'That's what I thought three months ago.' Then swiftly she changed the subject.

That evening Sitwell spread maps and plans on the table, and with the Winters on either side of him talked Enterprise for an hour. It was the first time his wife had seen him, so to speak, in action; and she was struck with his versatility and memory. The plans were, without question, compiled with the object of showing the Enterprise ground as close as possible to its plutocratic neighbours, and the impression gained at a first glance was that the locality was highly favourable.

Mrs Winter's eyes rounded as she heard of the value of producing-wells hard by; of treasure that gushed from soil which looked very similar to that in which her annual crop of cabbages came to maturity. But Edith laughingly confessed that plans always puzzled her, and that she would rather wait till she saw the actual thing itself.

'Even then,' she went on, 'I sha'n't know anything, or mother either.' She paused, then added with a touch of daring, 'Have you much invested in it yourself, Mr Sitwell?'

'Nearly everything I have has gone into the Enterprise,' he replied promptly.

Edith nodded, but seemed unimpressed, and Sitwell, noting the regular contour of her young face and the decision in the curve of her sweet lips, had a fleeting anxiety that here he might strike something to disturb his programme. But, he reflected, it was the mother, and not the daughter, who held the financial reins. And he was glad of that.

'Then we'll drive out and see it to-morrow; is that the plan?' said Mrs Winter.

'Yes, if it suits you.'

'It will be delightful. And,' she laughed, 'you won't forget that we're two women, and want a bargain, and even then we'll take a long time to make up our minds?'

'Just as long as you please,' replied Sitwell with all the gallantry he could muster. It was in his mind that the thing would be done soon—or never.

'We've come to a rather diverting place, so you must make allowances,' Edith hazarded, and, turning, examined with interest the books that lined one end of the room.

'How fortunate your wife is!' she went on. 'I see a lot here that I've meant to read. This, for instance—and this.' She took down several volumes, one after the other, fingering the leaves with the touch that proclaims one a real lover of the printed page.

'Oh, what a nice-looking man!' A photograph had slipped out of *Marcus Aurelius*, and Edith regarded it with instant attention. Something in the level eyes, the contour of the mouth, the set of the figure with its atmosphere of confidence and sincerity, captured her imagination. This man might have been Jim Hunt's brother. 'Who is it?' she asked.

Sitwell glanced across the table and saw Shanklin's features smiling at him.

'That,' he said coolly, 'is a very deceptive face—a man we used to know well until he turned out disloyal and tried to play a nasty trick, which didn't work. I didn't know there was a picture of him in the place.'

There fell a little silence. Mrs Winter looked up with a touch of surprise. Claudia sat motionless—this being a moment for which she could find no words; while Edith stood perplexedly, the photograph still in her hand. She had apparently unearthed something awkward and uncomfortable. But, in spite of Sitwell's cynical tone, she silently refused to believe that this was the face of a man either tricky or disloyal.

'How queer!' she said, with the faintest colour in her cheeks. 'I should never have guessed that. He 's too like my Jim.'

(*Continued on page 120.*)

THE CITY OF LONDON AND ITS CEREMONIALS.

By A. J. GLASSPOOL, Late Keeper of the Guildhall.

I.

THE City of London can claim but a small territory—only a trifle over one square mile. Here throbs the heart of the British Empire.

The City's ancient methods of procedure have been found so excellent that the national Parliament and more modern local bodies have been glad to adopt them.

The Aldermen of the City of London have their Ceremonial Book. It is a work that is never completed; it receives constant amendments and additions. Old practices are altered; new circumstances make fresh precedents. Every copy is, therefore, marked 'Proof.'

The ceremonies of to-day are the ceremonies of centuries ago. It is in these ceremonies that the Corporation of the City of London shows its conservative character.

While seriously adopting all the best modern methods of cleansing and lighting the streets, while promoting Acts of Parliament to change the system of electing its members and collecting its rates, it has at the same time fought earnestly to maintain the precedence of the Lord Mayor on national occasions.

The details of these ceremonial instructions are very minute, even as to when the Lord Mayor is to take off his hat, and when he is to keep it on. Let us take a peep into the Ceremonial Book, so carefully guarded that the Guildhall library does not possess a copy.

On certain occasions white gloves are to be worn; at the swearing-in of the coming Lord Mayor certain officers are to make their obeisances at measured distances from his lordship.

The dignity of an Alderman of the City of London is of such priceless value that regulations as to dress are very carefully stated. Aldermen are reminded that it is etiquette, when discharging public duties for which no special costume is provided, to appear in dark morning-dress, with white or black tie. They are never to appear in flaunting Republican neckwear or lounge-coat. An Alderman in tan boots on public occasions, except when in khaki, would commit an unpardonable offence.

Old customs are always interesting; the exhibition of ancient emblems of authority adds greatly to the impressiveness of a ceremonial.

The facts that the City sceptre dates from the time of good King Alfred, and that the pearl sword and the City purse were gifts from Queen Elizabeth, and the knowledge that you are doing to-day what your predecessors did centuries ago, add to the zest of a ceremonial, however simple it may be.

The Lord Mayor's wardrobe must be of considerable extent; various duties demand that different robes should be worn. As a magistrate, he wears a violet robe; as president of the Court of Aldermen, the Court of Common Council, and the Common Hall, he wears scarlet.

At ordinary entertainments, and at the 9th of November banquet, the Lord Mayor wears his black-silk gown, adorned with gold lace; when entertaining royalty, he is resplendent in his earl's robe of scarlet velvet and ermine cape.

Add to these the mazarine gown he may have worn as a Common Councilman, his Deputy Lieutenant's uniform as a Deputy Alderman, his court-dress, and other minor embellishments, made still more resplendent by the S.S. chain and the jewel of office, and you have a variety of costumes and decorations of which Solomon in all his glory might have been justly proud.

When simply a mere Alderman he has many opportunities of personal adornment; with his violet or scarlet gown and his court-suit he is able to add sartorial dignity to a procession. Some of the instructions as to uniform are very exacting. The Alderman is requested to wear 'black-velvet court-suit, steel buttons, lace jabot and ruffles, sword, silk stockings, shoes with steel buckles, court crush-hat with steel ornaments.'

The City Common Councilman is only troubled with his mazarine gown and official hat. On special occasions, when interviewing the sovereign or entertaining royalty, he must wear a black suit, with a white tie and white gloves. An exacting monarch may even demand that he adorn himself in a court-suit. When, however,

he rises to the dignity of a Deputy Alderman, he is entitled to wear the gorgeous uniform of a Deputy Lieutenant, which closely resembles that of a Field-Marshal.

II.

The City ceremonies are strictly observed. The Lord Mayor must be first an Alderman, and as such he is elected by the citizens of his ward, by the same method as that carried out for the election of a Member of Parliament.

Provided he was not a City Sheriff before becoming a City Alderman, he must now be elected to that office. A totally different method of election is employed on this occasion. The electors are the members of the City Companies in Common Hall assembled. In order that only the genuine electors may be admitted to the hall, the Guildhall yard is fitted up with a number of small gateways, over which are placed the names of the Livery Companies.

The electors are admitted through these gates, being recognised by the beadle of the company of which they are members.

The Common Crier opens the proceedings by calling upon all present to give their attention; they are to take off their hats, and those who are not liverymen are to depart from the hall on pain of imprisonment.

The Lord Mayor, however, keeps his hat on. The Recorder, or, in his absence, the Common Serjeant, then makes three obeisances to the Lord Mayor and the Livery, and states for what object the Common Hall has been summoned.

At this point of the proceedings we have an exhibition of the extraordinarily democratic character of the City of London.

The elections in Common Hall cannot take place while the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen who are not candidates are present. They must leave the hall, which for the time being must be entirely in the possession of the Livery. The Lord Mayor and some of the Aldermen are for the moment disfranchised. The Sheriffs, assisted by the Recorder, conduct the election.

Another strange proceeding at the Common Hall elections is the device by which the electors know for whom they are voting.

The name of each candidate is placed on each side of an oblong slip of wood. This is drawn up by a cord to the top of a wooden pole, of such an elevation that all can see it. The Recorder calls the name of the candidate, the name is exhibited, and the electors hold up their hands.

What was the origin of this unusual proceeding? Years ago Common Halls were not conducted in the orderly, business-like manner of the present day. The noise in the hall was so great that it was impossible to hear the names announced; the Livery had to have some visible means of knowing for whom they were giving their votes.

The voting over, the Aldermen and officers proceed to inform the waiting Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the result of the election.

The procession returns to the hall, and, after further ceremonies and speeches, the Common Crier dismisses the Liverymen, bidding them return when they are again summoned. With all this quaint adherence to the customs of the past, should a poll be demanded all the past is forgotten, and the poll is taken exactly in the same way as for a parliamentary election.

III.

There are other features in the Common Hall proceedings which are interesting. Those who walk in the procession from the Aldermen's court-room to the Hustings carry a bouquet of flowers. On the floor and the table of the Hustings are placed sweet herbs, mint, thyme, camomile, rose-leaves, &c. These herbs remind us that, in the days of ignorance, the practice was considered an excellent method of disinfection and a preventive of jail-fever and other contagious diseases.

At the midsummer Common Hall, when the Lord Mayor and Aldermen have left the hall, the sword is placed on a bed of rose-leaves arranged on the officers' table in the Council Chamber. At this Common Hall the Sheriffs, the City Chamberlain, and other officers are elected. Some of these officers have now practically no duties—for example, the Ale Conners, who, in the past, had the duty of visiting systematically the City taverns and testing the quality of the ale sold. The Bridgemasters were, in the days gone by, men of importance; now they are only called upon to sign leases associated with the Bridge House Trust, and to inspect the bridges as to their cleanliness and lighting.

At the election of the Lord Mayor in Common Hall on Michaelmas Day, the Livery are only the selectors, and not the electors. Usually the two senior Aldermen are selected. The Aldermen finally decide who shall be Lord Mayor for the year ensuing. The ceremony at which this is carried out is very impressive.

The Sheriffs and officers enter the Council Chamber, in which the Lord Mayor and Aldermen are assembled. They are the bearers of the result of the proceedings in Common Hall. They make three obeisances to the Chair, first at the entrance, the second in the middle of the court, the third at the table. The Lord Mayor acknowledges each obeisance, at the third taking off his hat. The Town Clerk then proceeds to record the votes of the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen. Each Alderman whispers into the ear of the Town Clerk the name of the Alderman for whom he votes. The Recorder and the Common Serjeant look on, to see that no mistake is made in the recording.

The Sword-Bearer wears white gloves when he hands the Lord Mayor-Elect to the seat by the

side of the Lord Mayor. When the procession returns to the Hustings the Lord Mayor-Elect walks by the side of the Lord Mayor.

When all are seated on the Hustings, the Town Clerk calls upon the Lord Mayor-Elect to take upon himself the office of Lord Mayor, and the Sword-Bearer places upon him the chain he wore as Sheriff.

The Lord Mayor and the Lord Mayor-Elect proceed to the Mansion House, both in the Lord Mayor's carriage, and in the evening a dinner celebrates the happy event. As a rule the Livery accept the Alderman elected by his brethren, but if the other selected Alderman is not satisfied he can demand a poll. This is carried out in the same way as when a Member of Parliament is elected.

The Court of Aldermen possess the privilege of refusing to receive an Alderman elected by the citizens.

Sir John Bennet was three times elected by the citizens of the ward of Cheap, and three times the Aldermen refused to receive him as one of their body.

IV.

The Lord Mayor, having been elected, must now receive the sanction of the sovereign. On the first day of the Michaelmas sitting of the Law Courts, he and other members of the Court of Aldermen and officers proceed to the House of Lords to receive from the Lord Chancellor the sovereign's approval.

On this occasion cakes and hot spiced wine are handed round, the Lord Mayor's butler having previously made the accustomed delivery of wine to the butler of the Lord Chancellor.

There is yet another ceremony before the Lord Mayor-Elect can take his place as king of the City.

The ceremony of admission of the Lord Mayor into his office is held on the 8th of November. It is very quaint, its details being symbolical of the position held by the Lord Mayor. It is curious to note that when proceeding to the ceremony the Lord Mayor leaves the Mansion House by the front entrance, whereas the Lord Mayor-Elect, not being fully fledged, leaves by the side entrance.

The ceremony takes place on the floor of the banquet-hall, which is generally in a state of confusion in consequence of the preparation for the next day's banquet. Seats are arranged in a semicircle for the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, the Masters and Wardens of the companies of which the Lord Mayor and the Lord Mayor-Elect are members. When all are seated, the Common Crier walks to the table, making three low reverences on the way. He stands at the table, having the mace before him, resting on the floor. The Town Clerk, standing on the north side of the table, makes three low reverences and proceeds to read the declaration, which the Lord Mayor-Elect repeats and signs. The Lord Mayor resigns his seat to his successor, and takes his seat on the left of the new Lord Mayor.

The Common Crier now walks away with the mace, and the ceremony of acknowledging the incoming Lord Mayor's authority takes place. Those who take part in this ordeal have to exercise considerable self-control, walking a measured distance, then making a low reverence, afterwards walking backwards and performing the same action.

The Chamberlain walks to the south side of the table, making three reverences on the way, presenting the City sceptre to the outgoing Lord Mayor, who hands it to his successor, who places it on a velvet cushion. Twice again the Chamberlain goes through this ceremony, once with the seal of the office of Mayoralty, and once with the City purse. Altogether the Chamberlain has made eighteen reverences.

The Sword-Bearer with the sword, the Common Crier with the mace, go through the same performance.

By this time the velvet cushion is covered with the City's emblems. Now comes the necessity of taking all these back.

The Chamberlain's chief clerk comes forward, makes the usual reverences, and with one fell swoop takes away sceptre, seal, and purse.

The Sword-Bearer takes back the sword, the Common Crier the mace. The Lord Mayor signs certain documents, and various keys are handed to him. How soon are the mighty fallen! On the return journey to the Mansion House the incoming Lord Mayor gets into the carriage first, the outgoing Lord Mayor sitting on his left.

V.

During his year of office the Lord Mayor has to take part in many ceremonies. At the opening of the sessions at the Central Criminal Courts the Lord Mayor receives the judges at the entrance. On the first day of each session one of the Sheriffs, in his state carriage, proceeds to the Royal Courts of Justice to escort the judge to the Central Criminal Court. Bouquets and strewings of sweet herbs are provided.

The presentation of the Freedom of the City to distinguished persons gives an opportunity to the City Chamberlain to act as the Corporation's spokesman. These orations refer to the good deeds of the one who is being honoured. The Lord Mayor presides, but does not speak.

The Chamberlain's chief clerk reads the testimony of the compurgators; of these there are at least six. They testify as to the good character of the new aspirant to the City's roll of fame. This is their testimony:

'A. B., citizen, and C. D., citizen, and' (naming the others) 'declare that —— is a man of good name and fame, that he does not desire

the Freedom of the City whereby to deprive the King or the City of their rights, customs, or advantages, but that he will pay his scot, and bear his lot, and so they all say.'

The old Court of Hustings is occasionally held on the dais of the Banqueting-Hall. This is a Court of Record in which deeds are read out and recorded. The term 'hustings' is from the Icelandic *hus*, a 'house' or 'palace,' and *thing*, 'an assembly.' A Court of Hustings is a court held in a building, to distinguish it from a court held in the open air. The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs are the judges; the Recorder sits with them to pronounce the judgment of the court.

The proclamations at the opening and the closing of the court are curious. After calling upon all to be uncovered, the Common Crier says:

'Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!

'All manner of persons who have been five times called by virtue of any exigent directed to the Sheriffs of London and have not surrendered their bodies to the said Sheriffs, this Court adjudges the men to be outlawed, and the women to be waved' (waved—that is, warned to move to and fro).

The closing proclamation is:

'Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!

'All manner of persons who have anything more to do at this Hustings Pleas of Land may depart hence at this time, and keep their day here again at the next Hustings Pleas of Land.'

The office of Lord Mayor of the City of London is one of great dignity. A long training is necessary for its proper fulfilment, and a full purse is also required. The Lord Mayor receives a salary of ten thousand pounds; but the demands of his office necessitate at the present day the expenditure of three times that sum.

In the City the Lord Mayor ranks next to the sovereign; on the Continent there is a most exalted opinion of his position. So long as wise, loyal, and generous-hearted men occupy the civic chair, so long will that honourable office be respected by all true citizens.

The Earl of Beaconsfield once made the following just statement on this matter:

'You, my Lord Mayor, occupy a position which is respected, not only in England, but throughout Europe. You represent the municipal priniciple, to which the civilisation of the world is so much indebted, in its most distinguished form.'

THE RED ROBBERS OF MOUTHWY.

By DAVID MACRITCHIE.

ALTHOUGH the characteristics of the Red Robbers of Mouthwy are chiefly preserved in the folk-memory of the Welsh peasantry, their existence is definitely recorded in history, and they also find a place in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. The traditional references to them are many. In his *Wild Wales* (Chap. LXXIV.) George Borrow makes mention of them thus. Addressing an old Welsh peasant, Borrow asks, '"What is become of the red-haired robbers of Mawddwy?" "Ah," said the old man, staring at me, "I see you are a Cumro. The red-haired thieves of Mawddwy! I see you are from these parts." "What's become of them?" "Oh, dead, hung. Lived long time ago; long before eagle left Tap Nyth." He spoke true,' continues Borrow. 'The red-haired banditti of Mawddwy were exterminated long before the conclusion of the sixteenth century, after having long been the terror not only of these wild regions, but of the greater part of North Wales. They were called the red-haired banditti because certain leading individuals amongst them had red, foxy hair.'

A fuller account is given by Wirt Sikes, at one time United States Consul for Wales, who, writing from Cardiff in 1879, states: 'There is a well-authenticated tradition of a race of beings who, in the middle of the sixteenth century, inhabited the wood of the Great Dark Wood (Coed y Dugoed Mawr) in Merionethshire, and who were called the Red Fairies. They lived in dens in the ground, had fiery red hair and long strong arms, and stole sheep and cattle by night. There are cottages in Cemmaes parish, near the wood of the Great Dark Wood, with scythes in the chimneys, which were put there to keep these terrible beings out. One Christmas-eve a valiant knight named Baron Owen headed a company of warriors who assailed the Red Fairies, and found them flesh and blood. The baron hung a hundred of them, but spared the women, one of whom begged hard for the life of her son. The baron refused her prayer, whereupon she opened her breast and shrieked, "This breast has nursed other sons than he, who will yet wash their hands in thy blood, Baron Owen!" Not very long thereafter, the baron was waylaid at a certain spot by the sons of the "fairy" woman, who washed their hands in his warm and reeking blood, in fulfilment of their mother's threat. And to this day that spot goes by the name of Llidiart y Barwn (the Baron's Gate); any peasant of the neighbourhood will tell you the story, as one told it to me.'

Sikes does not explain why the Welsh word for those people should be rendered in English as 'fairies'—a translation which is also given by some other writers. His general account, however, is in agreement with local tradition

and with history. 'Scythes were fixed in the chimneys of the nearest houses, to prevent the nocturnal descent of these plundering ruffians,' says a writer in the *Scots Magazine* of 1823, and he adds that 'scythes were to be seen in the chimney of a neighbouring farm-house about thirty years ago, but they have been since removed.' It appears that the statements in the *Scots Magazine* are based upon the account given by Pennant as early as 1781 in the second part of his *Tours in Wales*. I am indebted for this identification to Dr John Edward Lloyd, Professor of History in the University College of North Wales, and author of the biographical notice in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, wherein the Red Robbers are mentioned. That notice relates to Lewis Owen, who was Vice-Chamberlain of North Wales, Baron of the Exchequer of Carnarvon, Sheriff of Merioneth, and Member of Parliament for that county in the reign of Henry VIII. Professor Lloyd briefly relates the incidents attending the death of Lewis Owen in these words: 'Owen met his death at the hands of "Gwylliaid Cochion Mawddwy," the red-haired brigands of the Mawddwy district. Empowered by a commission to extirpate the band, he and John Wynn ap Maredudd of Gwydir one Christmas-eve seized over eighty of them, and in due time had them executed. The rest swore revenge, and on 11th October 1555 waylaid him near Mallwyd, as he was returning from the Montgomeryshire assizes. His retinue fled, leaving only his son-in-law, John Lloyd of Ceiswyn, to defend him, and he fell pierced with more than thirty wounds. The spot is still known as "Llidiart y Barwn," the Baron's Gate.'

Borrow's statement that the Red Robbers were exterminated in the sixteenth century is at variance not only with known facts, but also with beliefs still current in Wales. In considering the recent anthropometrical survey in Wales, Dr H. J. Fleure drew attention (in 1920) to an existing type, scarce no doubt, which manifests some of the physical characteristics attributed to the robbers. A man of this kind, who appears to have been living in 1854, is described as having 'dark, rather lank hair, a very ruddy skin, receding brow, projecting teeth, and limited intelligence.' 'This author,' observes Dr Fleure, indicating the source of the description just given, 'was not concerned with the anthropological origins of these peoples, but believed them to be descendants of the Red Robbers of Mawddwy (Gwylltiaid Cochion Mawddwy), who were expelled from their old home in the sixteenth century, and took refuge in Plynlymon district. Professor E. A. Lewis (Aberystwyth) kindly tells me that this dark type, with very ruddy cheeks, was pictured as the type of the Red Robbers on the jugs formerly in vogue around Llanidloes. The possibility of the relationship of those people to the Gwylltiaid Cochion is an interesting one,' concludes Dr Fleure; 'Mawddwy is another remote fastness of the mountains, not many miles away from Plynlymon.' It will be observed that the adjective 'red' is here applied to the skin, and not to the hair, which was dark. The Welsh adjective *coch* simply means 'red,' and does not necessarily denote red hair. Another writer, however, removes this discrepancy by describing skin and hair as both red. 'In Merionethshire,' writes Mr G. F. Scott Elliot in 1909, 'there was once a tribe of ruddy-skinned, red-haired people, with very receding brows and projecting teeth, called the "Cochian." They lived in dens and caves, and became very unpopular, for they murdered and plundered everybody in the neighbourhood.'

The south-west of Scotland, it is interesting to record, recently contained a caste whose appearance suggests some kinship with the robbers of Mouthwy. 'They had dark hair, and dark brown eyes, or occasionally dark blue,' states De Brus Trotter, who records their existence; 'their faces were narrow at the brow and chin, and very broad between the eyes; they had thin, prominent hook-noses, wide mouths with large, broad, projecting front teeth, which the upper lip could with difficulty cover, and which overlapped the lower lip; their foreheads were small, flat, and very much receding, and had three strong wrinkles, while their chins receded worse than a negro's, and were very small, and nearly all the grown women had beards, both on the chin and upper lip. Tradition says that they were the descendants of some savages they call the Kreenies, that came over from Ireland, but emigration is making them scarce.'

It is a remarkable circumstance that, although all the traditional references to the Red Robbers denote a race quite distinct from the surrounding population, the earliest written record gives no hint of racial difference. That record, to which I have been directed by Professor Lloyd, was written by Lewis Owen's great-grandson, Robert Vaughan of Hengwrt, who died in 1667. Vaughan merely introduces the robbers as 'felons and outlaweys which from ye civille warres betweene Yorke and Lancaster abounded in ye countrey,' and in describing the ambuscade where his ancestor fell he uses these terms: 'He was in his returne met by a damned crew of thieves & outlawes, who in the thick woods of Mouthwy lay in wayt for his coming, & had cutt downe long trees to crosse ye way & hinder his passage, and being come to the place, they lett flie att him a shower of arrowes, whereof one lighted in his face, the which he took out with his hand and brake it, then they fell upon him with theire bills & iavelings [javelins] & killed him.'

To whatever race they belonged, the Red Robbers of Mouthwy were greatly dreaded.

Pennant, writing in the latter part of the eighteenth century, says of them: 'The traditions of the country respecting these banditti are still extremely strong. I was told that they were so feared that travellers did not dare to go the common road to Shrewsbury, but passed over the summits of the mountains to avoid their haunts.'

A NIGHT IN THE SUDD.

By K. L. Orde.

FAR away in the Soudan, where the White Nile runs westward from Malakal and the Egypt of desert has long since given place to the Africa of swamp and jungle, there lies, at a point some six hundred miles south of Khartoum, the wood-station of Berboi.

The queer, top-heavy-looking paddle-steamers, which, with their attendant barges attached to front and sides, ply to and fro from Khartoum to Rejafe, burn wood, not coal. And as the trip takes thirteen days if one is lucky, and anything up to twenty if one is not—which is usually the case—they consume a good deal more wood than can be carried on the steamer itself or on the barges: hence wood-stations at varying intervals, where, with much chatter and a complete ignoring of any such mundane factor as time, a fresh load is taken on board, and the boat, after a few preliminary collisions with the bank, once more gets under way, and continues, barring intervals for getting off sandbanks or retrieving errant barges, its slow course up the river until it is time to repeat the process some distance farther on.

Now the powers who control the destiny of these wood-stations appear always to choose the most unlikely spots. 'Here,' one can imagine them saying, 'is your wood, stacked and ready for loading. But you've got to work for it;' so that, while the local wood-cutter and his ass may bless the authority which has placed them within easy reach of his hut and the jungle, the impatient traveller who sees his boat forced to puff slowly up some tortuous backwater—preferably at night, so as to give the mosquitoes a chance—or steer laboriously round some jutting sandbank, is apt to curse the powers, the wood-stations, even the unoffending boat itself; especially if he cherishes that desire, so incomprehensible in the East, of getting to a certain place in a certain time. And, where all are difficult of approach, Berboi is practically inaccessible.

On the left bank is Tonga, a large village with mission-station and chapel complete, where the boat has to stop anyhow for trading purposes. An ideal spot for loading wood? No; too easy. On the other bank there is no village, and about two miles of sudd intervene between it and the narrow navigable channel that runs past Tonga. So, a year or so ago, some optimist placed a wood-station there, cut a channel through the sudd, and went away; or, more probably, he never actually came to the spot at all, but worked it all out on a large scale map in Khartoum; for, officially, the sudd does not commence till the river bends south again at Lake No.

Now sudd, for the benefit of those who have never had the misfortune to see it, consists of papyrus grass and reeds growing in the water, and at the beginning, where papyrus is in the minority, is not unlike a reed-bed in England—on a somewhat larger scale. Take the biggest reed-bed you know at home, multiply the height and the depth of the reeds by three, and the extent of the bed by anything up to fifty, increase its consistency a hundredfold, dot it with clumps of papyrus of varying extent, populate it with thousands of frogs and millions of mosquitoes, and you will get some idea what the sudd looks like. At Tonga the Nile is perhaps three miles across, of which two-and-a-half miles are sudd. Farther south it broadens out, till it really becomes an elongated lake three hundred miles long, and in places more than fifty miles broad from bank to bank; a lake, not of water, except for one narrow channel and an odd pool or two, but of floating vegetation, papyrus (looking, with its slender stem and fluffy head, not unlike an enormous dandelion clock coloured green), and gigantic reeds. Such is the sudd. It is no respecter of persons; it baffled the Pharaohs; it checked the southward march of Rome; for generations it laid the seal of mystery upon the upper reaches of the Nile; and, snapping its myriad fingers at the gentleman who made the wood-station a year or so ago, it slowly and deliberately closed up his passage.

Then our boat came along. We had to have wood to take us up the three-hundred-mile passage to Shambe, throughout which the sudd is so wide that no wood-station is conceivable; and we had taken all there was at previous wood-stations. So we left one barge at Tonga, to be retrieved again after loading, and, late in the evening, nosed calmly into the channel. For a mile or so all went well; then we came up against a wall of sudd. It was only about three hundred yards across, with an open pool in the centre and a wide lake beyond lying under the bank, where burned the solitary light of the wood-station, a glimmering materialisation of the proverb, 'so near, and yet so far.' Indeed, it looked easy enough as, with a barge each side, we advanced boldly into the green mass; but the aspect changed when the boat was brought

to a full stop within five yards. Even then we amateurs talked glibly of being through in half-an-hour; but the Egyptian *reis* in charge of navigation and the English engineer knew better. They took counsel together, and effected a strategic retirement into clear water, where they unhooked the barges before returning to the charge with the steamer alone.

This was about nine o'clock. It had rained heavily during the afternoon, and the sky was still overcast; but the moon, nearly at its full, behind the clouds, and almost continuous lightning, playing along the horizon both to right and left, threw a pale and gloomy light over one of the most desolate scenes imaginable. Tonga had vanished into the gloom; the two barges, lying low on the water, were hidden behind the tall papyrus; we appeared to be alone on an illimitable sea of sodden vegetation, the most impassable, useless thing on earth. Man can find a path across the desert; he can fight his way over everlasting ice; but no man and no four-footed beast can cross the sudd, save where infinite labour clears and keeps clear a narrow, twisting passage for the boats. It will grow nothing but itself; it will breed nothing but the frog, the firefly, and the mosquito; it will remain nothing but sheer waste; it is nature's ultimate stronghold, inviolate and inviolable. And at this hour, exactly a month before, we had been finishing dinner in a big London restaurant. There, lights, crowds, and all the roar of London; here, silence and desolation. If half the lure of travel in these days of quick transport depends on contrast, it would be hard to find a more piquant one than this—Piccadilly and the sudd.

The paddles behind thrash furiously, the helmsman pulls madly at the wheel, and once more we push our square prow—about the worst possible cutting instrument in the world, one would think; but, then, its real mission in life is to push barges—into the clinging green mass. Not much headway that time. Back her out, and try again in another place. That's better. We must have made nearly ten yards this time. An unknown bird mocks at us out of the darkness, and the lightning plays derisively along the horizon, while the bull-frogs chant their monotonous chorus, 'This is our kingdom. Get out! Get out! Get out!'

We backed out and pushed in, backed out and pushed in again, each time in a slightly different place, the idea being apparently to cut off wedges and let them drift away on the sluggish current. For an hour or more this went on with no appreciable effect; then, quite suddenly, great cracks appeared along the dark-green surface, exactly like the cracks that appear on ice when the thaw first sets in. Large masses detached themselves and drifted reluctantly away. Progress became easier, but not easy, and it was not till eleven o'clock that we reached the small, open pool half-way to our goal.

All this time we had been watching from the high upper-deck, fifteen feet above the water, which not only held the bridge and the mosquito-proof shelter where we slept when the rain permitted, but also served as a much-needed, if somewhat restricted, recreation-ground. Now three out of the six passengers, including the vivacious little Belgian lady going to the Congo, who served to break the mere male monotony of the ship, and also as a most charitable darner of socks, gave up in despair and retired. But for us the fascination of watching this grim struggle was too strong; and, instead of going to bed, we went down, as it were, to the very forefront of the battle, to stand on the flat bow only a foot above the water's level, a view-point from which the task appeared colossal, a dense wall of dark-green rising in places as high as eight feet out of the water and going down Heaven knows how far beneath, ragged-topped and solid-fronted, a veritable phalanx of vegetation. The paddles thrashed again, and the boat drove forward, reminding one vaguely of a tank ploughing through wire. The great reeds flattened and parted before it with a curiously sinister hissing sound which seemed to hold a world of malevolent opposition. 'You shall not pass!' they hissed; and the boat slowed down, panted, and stopped dead. Engines reversed, we backed out again, while the reeds righted themselves triumphantly before us, and the whole programme was gone through once more.

Now muscle came to the help of steam. Native sailors standing by us on the front threw in a great four-pronged anchor, which for all its weight barely sank at all, slackening the rope as we retreated, hauling at it as we advanced, to a native chanty which harmonised well with the weirdness of our surroundings, and, ever and anon, pulling it on board to free it from its load of clinging weeds. Others pushed at the flattened mass with long poles and an enthusiasm which did them credit, but which unfortunately was of little visible assistance to the work in hand; while we watched spell-bound, forgetful of mosquitoes, conscious only of a queer desire to jump into that sagging greenery to see if it would bear—a temptation which we nobly resisted. And all the time the paddles thrashed and the *reis* shouted, the frogs croaked, and the fireflies danced, and we pushed and backed and pushed again, till the channel behind became covered with floating débris of battle.

Now there is only about ten yards between us and the lake, but it is the highest, most solid-looking mass yet encountered, and we cannot back out far for fear of fouling the paddles in the detached masses of sudd floating round behind. Still, have at it! Now it's moving; she'll never get through that high wall. It looks less solid to the right there; bring her

head round and try again! We 're through it this time. No, not quite, but the stuff is parting. There 's a ribbon of clear water showing through. One more push! Push hard. We 're through! And, as though to celebrate our triumph, a pale watery moon comes out from behind the clouds that have hidden her all the evening.

I think each of us was conscious of a queer sense of almost personal triumph, as though we had taken an actual hand in parting the reeds and dragging up the roots, and of a feeling of affection for the ugly little steamer we had cursed so frequently for a week past. Late she might be; leak she undoubtedly did; but when the crisis came she put up a gallant fight (where many of her more graceful, comfortable sisters would have retired after the first onset)—and won.

However, the battle was not over even yet. In her final charge she had driven a mass of detached sudd in front of her, which now lay at the mouth of the channel leading into the lake. This mass had been pushed and beaten until it had become almost as solid as a rock, though with clinging, clogging propensities to which no self-respecting rock would own. It, too, put up a gallant fight, like a forlorn hope which, when the rest of the defence lies in ruins about it, is determined to go down fighting rather than surrender. In this case it did go down fighting —literally; but not till we had spent a long quarter of an hour trying to get round first this side, then that, in such a way as neither to leave the channel blocked nor get our paddles fouled behind; and then, at last, we were in clear water, having taken just over four-and-a-half hours to do three hundred yards.

The rest is soon told. We steamed back through the hard-won passage, not without some slight opposition from the floating masses detached earlier in the evening, so that all night long one heard through dreams the angry hiss of the baffled reeds, and, having picked up the patient barges, steamed for the third time along that fatal channel to our dearly purchased wood. But it was not till eleven next morning that we got back to Tonga.

To go south from Khartoum by Nile steamer is a lesson in patience which I personally am never likely to repeat. But I should dearly like to know how soon they will place another wood-station at Berboi.

THE PARTNERS.

PART II.

IV.

DURING the next month Graham was constantly away from the office, and callers had to be content with seeing Miss Roberts. There was no one else who had the official details of the business so much at his fingers' ends. Watson, in his keenness about the work, forgot his dislike of going to the office, and on several occasions found himself discussing business with the secretary. Possibly he did not change his opinion concerning good-looking women, but he certainly did appreciate her capabilities.

Graham found them in his room together when he turned up at the office unexpectedly one afternoon. Watson was seated, poring over some sheets of typewritten figures; she was standing beside him, evidently to explain items he did not understand. Watson sprang to his feet as Graham entered.

'Pardon, sir. I was just studying these figures, and Miss Roberts——'

'That 's all right, Watson;' and Graham smiled at his partner's quickness to play the foreman. 'I shall be ready to go into things with you, Miss Roberts, in a few minutes.'

'She 's a nice girl that, and no fool,' Watson said when the secretary had gone.

'I thought you had got the idea that I was placing too much confidence in her,' Graham remarked.

'No. Well, if I had, I have changed my mind.'

He stood leaning over the desk examining the sheets of figures as Graham glanced at him, wondering if the girl appealed to his heart, whether Watson had become conscious of the loneliness of his existence, and had contemplated the possibility of winning love and happiness. Such a rivalry was not a very pleasant speculation. On his own showing, Watson had the habit of quick settlement with men who stood in his way. He had got into the habit of carrying an automatic. Some circumstance must have given him the habit; possibly in the past, in some wild episode in his life, he had had occasion to use such a weapon. Watson might have killed his man—perhaps that was why he preferred to remain a hidden partner.

'She is very capable,' Graham said slowly; and then, deciding that it was best to be absolutely above-board, he went on: 'She is quite out of the ordinary run, Watson, and I am thinking of asking her to marry me.'

'You might do worse,' Watson answered without looking up.

'At present our relations are only business ones, but——'

'Better wait until we have got this work in going order,' Watson interrupted. 'You can't afford to have divided interests just now. Of course, she must never know of our partner-

ship. That remains a secret even from your wife.'

'Of course. You don't see anything to object to in such a marriage?'

'Quite the opposite. I admire your sense. You might be wanting to tie a feather-headed fool round your neck, and that might have ruined you—and me too, perhaps. This girl will help a man. She 's clever, discreet. Wonder what her people are?'

'Don't know, and I don't care,' answered Graham, relieved at the manner in which Watson had taken the idea of such a marriage. 'I am not going to marry her people.'

Talking of the girl made Graham suddenly remember the man who had called and would not leave his name.

'By the way, Watson, there is something I have been meaning to ask you for some time, and I have always forgotten it. The day I clinched this contract, the day I was at Portsmouth, somebody called and asked Miss Roberts whether we had any one of the name of Vallence connected with the firm. Is there a hand of that name?'

'Vallence!' and Watson placed his finger on the papers to mark the point in the calculations which he was considering. 'Vallence! No, there is no workman of that name. Who asked?'

'The man wouldn't leave his name.'

'Some try-on, Graham. Perhaps a newspaper move. They may have got hold of the fact that this contract had been given us, and—Vallence! It 's an uncommon name, and recalls something to my mind. Doesn't it to yours?'

'No. I never heard it before. If there is nothing in those figures you want to talk to me about, I 'll have Miss Roberts in and get on with my work. I must go up north by the night-train.'

'The factory will be working at full pressure by Monday week,' said Watson, taking up his hat, 'and you can make what promises of delivery you like. I have let Mills into this as under-foreman. He is a good fellow, and knows his job. Shouldn't wonder if I wanted a holiday as soon as the work begins to run quite smoothly, and I want to have some one at the factory I can leave in charge.'

V

Richard Graham went north that night, and was away for ten days doing his part to make the wheels of R. Graham & Co. run smoothly. He returned to town late one afternoon, and that evening went to the theatre. He felt he had earned a little recreation after ten days of such strenuous work. The evening was very warm, the theatre exceedingly hot, and in the foyer between the acts he met a lady and her daughter whom he knew, and the next moment found himself face to face with Miss Roberts as well. She was with them, and even as they looked at each other the lady turned to Graham: 'Let me introduce my daughter's great friend, Miss Vallence.'

Neither of them spoke. Their eyes met, they bowed gravely, and then Graham fell into step beside the elderly woman, and remained with her until they returned to their seats.

So her name was Vallence, not Roberts. Even if she chose to be known as Roberts in business, why had she not explained when she told him of the stranger who had called asking if any one of that name were connected with the firm? She was connected with it. What was the mystery? Why had she mentioned this caller at all? And then he remembered that Watson had connected the name with something in the past. Could there be some disgraceful story behind her? Hardly, since in private life she was known as Vallence. Her hostess did not know her by any other name apparently, and it was quite evident that she did not know the girl was connected with him in business.

Graham spent most of the night in speculation, and went to the office next morning still speculating, wondering whether his secretary would turn up, or whether he would find a message from her excusing herself from resuming her duties.

She came into his room almost at once. He did not see her in her neat office-dress—he was thinking of her as she had been last night. His astonishment at the introduction had not prevented him from noticing how beautiful she looked.

'Good-morning, Miss—Miss Vallence,' he said.

'Of course I must explain, Mr Graham. It is not a very pleasant confession I have to make.'

'There is nothing criminal in calling yourself Roberts for business purposes,' he said, with a smile; 'but when that stranger——'

'Nobody ever called to ask about Vallence,' she said. 'That was a trap. I wanted to see if the sudden mention of the name would startle you. It didn't.'

'I had never heard it before,' said Graham.

'I was convinced of that,' she answered, 'but others were not so easily satisfied.'

'Others!'

'It is rather a sordid story,' she went on, 'and I have regretted that I ever consented to play a part in it. My excuse is, that I was so intimately concerned in it. My introduction to you was obtained for me by Mr Selby of Dixon's. Mr Selby is my uncle, my mother's brother, and I came here to spy on you. It sounds mean, but you may think less hardly of me when I have told you all.'

'I feel so innocent that I am not likely to be hard,' Graham said encouragingly · 'and if you

came to spy, you certainly have remained to be of great service to me.'

'It is good of you to say so, and I have been exceedingly happy here. I do not remember either my father or my mother, Mr Graham. My mother may have been foolish, but unless everything her brother, John Selby, says is untrue, she had great provocation. My father was the kind of man who never ought to have been married; he did not know how to treat a woman. He was selfish, self-centred, altogether without those little considerations and endearments which mean so much to a woman, which a wife expects. My mother was very ill at the time of my birth, and afterwards, finding no love and sympathy in my father, who was absorbed with his own affairs, she turned for consolation to a cousin of hers. They had always been very much attached to each other, and I do not believe any real harm was intended; but my father found them together, chose to believe the worst, and, without asking questions or giving them time for any explanation, shot them both.'

'Killed them!' Graham exclaimed.

'Both of them in his mad jealousy, and made good his escape. From that day to this no one has heard of him. I do not know whether he is dead or alive. My uncle did everything he could at the time to trace him and bring him to justice, even when the police efforts relaxed, and he has never let go the idea that some day it would be in his power to avenge his sister—my mother.'

Graham was silent, thoughtfully drawing patterns on the blotting-pad.

'When your firm started,' the girl went on, 'my uncle was convinced that you must know something of my father. The patents were so like the ideas my father had always been keen about. I think my uncle once spoke to you about them. It was to watch you that I applied for the post here. My uncle got me out of my last place for that purpose. I have always worked for my living; I could not bear to be dependent, although it is only fair to say that my uncle offered me a home. I have an idea that the foreman, Watson, has suspected that I am an impostor. I suppose that is why I do not like him.'

'But lately I thought——'

'Oh yes, we have both been so keen about the new business that we have forgotten our likes and dislikes for the time being.'

'We must talk over this again,' said Graham, after a pause. 'Perhaps you will give me an opportunity of doing so out of business-hours. Would you mind dining with me somewhere to-night? I have a great deal to say, something even to confess. Will you do me this favour?'

'Yes,' she said, after a moment's hesitation.

'Thank you. Shall we get on to business now? I must go down to the factory at half-past twelve. You shall be Miss Roberts until this evening.'

VI.

Watson, in his shirt-sleeves, was eating his lunch in his small office off the factory when Graham entered.

'Hallo! What brings you here?'

'Miss Vallence.'

'Miss——'

'Roberts is a false name; her real name is Vallence. John Selby of Dixon's is her uncle, and she was sent to the firm to spy upon me.'

'Well?'

'Quite by chance I met her last night, and was introduced to her in her real name. Naturally she explained this morning. There was nothing else for her to do. She told me her story. She is dining with me to-night. I thought you ought to know.'

'Are you going to ask her to marry you?'

'I am unless——'

'Unless what?'

'We are partners. I recognise that you have a voice in the matter.'

'I suppose you want to tell her about me,' Watson said, after a few moments' silence.

'No. I thought you might like to talk to her about her father.'

'Well, why not?' said Watson vehemently. 'There is a lot of her father in her. She would probably understand him better than most people would. Yes, I will see her if you like.'

'When?'

'Not to-morrow—I am too busy to-morrow; the next day. Bring her down here. I am more myself in the factory than I am at the office.'

'Very well, I will bring her here,' said Graham, and then he put his hand on Watson's shoulder. 'Partner, I think that is the right decision. Unless I am very much mistaken, she is to be trusted. No one else need ever know.'

'That seems all right, Graham. If you have luck to-night, there will be three partners in the business, and Selby can—oh, well, he's a Selby, and one must make allowances.'

VII.

It was a wonderful evening for Richard Graham, and the next day business took a second place in his mind, and in the girl's too, for that matter. She had not promised to marry him, but she had not refused. She would tell him, she said, after she had heard what Watson, the foreman, could tell her about her father.

They were certainly more than employer and secretary when they went to the factory together to see Watson. Mills came to them and handed Graham a letter.

'Mr Watson left it for you yesterday, sir, and said it was to be given to you when you came.'

'Isn't he here, then?'

'He hasn't arrived yet, sir.'

Graham took the girl into the small office, and closed the door. He tore open the envelope. It only contained another addressed to Miss Vallence. She took it, and read the letter aloud:

'"DEAR BEATRICE,—There is very little new that I can tell you about your father. He has been wandering about the earth for a good many years, not so unhappy as you might suppose. The time came when he was sick for the sight of England again, wanted to work in England, and, yes, wanted to get a sight of you if possible. Well, I came, tumbled upon a good fellow, took him into partnership without telling him anything about the past, and, working it as I did, I felt pretty safe. I didn't make much inquiry for you. The old neighbourhood knew nothing of you, and I felt that too much eagerness might be dangerous. I did not know you when I first saw you at the office; afterwards I did. It might continue to be safe for me in England if you could keep a still tongue, but could you? I am only the father you have learnt to hate, and deep down in your heart there is the thought of your mother, and what happened. I funk the issue of that struggle in you, and I couldn't stand being locked up at my time of life, even if they didn't hang me. So I am off to the wilds again, and I shall never come back. You had better just wipe me out of your memory altogether. Good luck to you. You are worth more than most women I have known. Tell Dick Graham that I have saved enough for my wants. I am out of the business, and he is free to take another partner.—Your FATHER."'

'Had you guessed he was your father?' Graham asked when she had finished reading.

'Not until you told me about the partnership, at dinner the night before last.'

Just then there were loud voices in the factory, and Mills came in.

'Please, sir, there are some men——'

'The police, Graham,' said Selby, as he came in. 'We want Vallence.'

Graham turned sharply to the girl. 'Then, after all, you betrayed——'

'Dick!'

'No, she didn't,' said Selby. 'I saw you dining together the other night, guessed there was some compact between you, thought that Beatrice had gone over to the enemy, and have been on the watch. I've always been certain that Vallence had some hand in your patents, Graham, but I never thought he would have the nerve to be in your factory. Where is he?'

'You can read that letter, uncle.'

Selby took it and read it. 'Gone!' he exclaimed. 'Got at least twenty-four hours' start.'

'And I am glad,' said the girl.

'Glad! When your mother—— I'll move heaven and earth to catch him. You must be dead to all sense of right and wrong, Beatrice. I will never let go the hope of bringing him to justice;' and he flung out of the office and out of the factory.

'Will he succeed?' asked the girl in a whisper.

'No. Your father has managed to keep free all those years; he will manage to do so still. One thing is certain: were he forced into a corner, he would never let them take him.'

'I am glad he went,' she said, after a pause; 'glad he left this letter instead of waiting, for his own sake and for mine. I wonder if I should have been able to say nothing. I doubt it. A mother means such a lot, even when you have never known her.'

'I think I understand, dear. Are you going to let me try to fill some of the blank there is in your life, Beatrice?'

'I called you Dick just now, and it seemed to come quite naturally, so I——'

'Then there are still going to be two partners in the firm,' he said, and kissed her.

THE END.

A DESERTED HOUSE.

By Lady MARGARET SACKVILLE.

THE house is deserted: not deserted so much in the literal sense, but with a voluntary withdrawing, a conscious isolation. It has belonged to the same family for so long, become so imbued with their spirit, that the introduction of strangers, however temporarily, seems an outrage. Like a faithful dog, it appears always to be waiting the return of its masters. Intruders who break for a little upon its long brooding as soon as they depart are instantly forgotten. Silence, like a heavy curtain lifted by some inquisitive hand, falls back, and all is as before. It is a solitude hardly peopled with memories even—no ghost of great events wanders here. The past has been placid, domestic, dull, and contented. It is for a renewal of this life the house is waiting; excitement, tragedy, is alien to its atmosphere. Yet tragedy has touched it and left it forlorn—giving it a suggestion of something added to its atmosphere which cannot be assimilated, or even understood.

An ugly building—about a century old—it belongs to that bad period when houses seemed the embodiment of an old-fashioned Sunday. Yet, although the idea it stands for is dreary and depressing, it is better than that pert tawdriness of much present-day architecture, which is merely ill-breeding expressed in building materials. This

house, at least, is self-respecting and without pretension. Age will not give it beauty or charm to strangers, but will endear it more and more to its own people. It is a house which, unlovable in itself, has yet been dearly loved. Every corner, every room, has its own significance. For houses which have belonged for any time to the same family acquire an evenness of atmosphere, a distinction which is impossible to those whose owners are constantly changing. A house is only superficially a place to feed and sleep in; it is essentially an, at first, unconscious organism which gradually develops a sort of obscure life of its own through the accumulated lives of all its owners. In the end it sums up, as it were, the thoughts of those who have dwelt in it—the walls are so saturated with many moods, they grow almost articulate. Walls have ears; they do not forget. So with this house. Since its beginning the thoughts and the affections of one family, very much bound together, have centred on it, and its ugliness has acquired a touching quality which lingers like faint warmth in the unused rooms. Were it inhabited by its rightful occupants it might seem merely comfortable and commonplace, but empty, or in the hands of strangers, it is full of an odd pathos. Not the pathos which envelops certain beautiful old houses with a delicate and gracious distinction, but the appeal made by an ugly and solitary child deprived of the one person who gave it sympathy. It leaves the impression of a tree in winter, waiting patiently, but without much hope, for long-delaying spring.

The surrounding country emphasises its loneliness, though in a freer mood. Here is beauty, here romance! A happy mingling of the wild Scottish romance with the English softness. A rolling, wooded, green, solitary country, with all bleak edges smoothed away—a country full of legend and history, which still remembers its traditions. Glamour lies upon it—a sort of timeless calm, so that a hundred years here might pass as one day.

There is glamour, too, about the garden. It is as though the imprisoned spirit of the house had escaped and taken holiday. For melancholy here is joined to an elusive beauty. High trees surround it and press in upon the house, jealously, protectively—as though they feared it might awake should the sun shine too fiercely on its windows. These form themselves on one side into an elm walk, a place of gray-green gloom overarched at sunset with a mist of green fire. Shimmering and shadowy, they lead to the lake—a lake of enchantment—weed-bound, reflecting the banked-up magnificent and melancholy trees which surround it, as though reflecting a dream. This disquieting solitude holds a secret it cannot share with the grimly practical house, which yet understands without sharing. The flower-garden, too, holds glamour. It is entered through a sort of temple cut from yews—yews which, though in reality not old, yet give an impression of incalculable age. The garden itself, surrounded by a warm brick wall, slopes downhill till closed in farther on by still more trees. Truly the trees are greedy for this place! They invade, close in upon it at every turn. They have their own way so completely that they seem almost conscious of their power. As in the glen—strangest spot of all—a tiny glen, dark at midday, with a fierce, small waterfall at one end, and a tearing stream running furiously into the bright fields outside. So overshadowed, so ominous, is it that even the most unimaginative feel in it the suggestion of something sinister. Here the secret of the place (which the house knows only imperfectly) comes so near the surface that it inspires terror. The trees grow strangely from the lower bank like thin, straight wands, which reflect upon the stream in lines of shade and bright light. It is the atmosphere of *Kubla Khan*—the 'deep, romantic chasm'—the scenery of imagination. And the spell which the whole place lays on the imagination binds closely, cannot be forgotten. It will last until the trees, fearing desecration by strangers who cannot understand, close in upon house and garden like a tide and leave nothing more, save, perhaps, some day a grove of yew-trees and a few stones, come upon unexpectedly in the middle of a deep wood.

HOME-SICKNESS.

THE skies are blue in Italy,
The swifts swing high o'er Rome,
And sweetly sound the anthems
Beneath St Peter's dome.
The marble and the porphyry,
The pictures and the gold,
Are rich and rare and passing fair,
But, oh, my heart is cold!

The sun shines hot in Italy,
Figs ripen on the wall,
Full many a statued cloister
Dead pagan days recall;
Vines cluster round Amalfi,
A thousand fountains play,
And passion-flow'rs beguile the hours,
But, oh, my heart is wae!

And nights are clear in Naples,
Star-spangled is the sky,
Above looms gaunt Vesuvius,
A menace ever nigh;
Hard by spreads mute Pompeii,
With frescoes scratched and worn,
On Capri's isle the moonbeams smile—
And yet my heart is thrawn.

For north away is Scotland,
With gray and misty skies;
There, far across the Border,
My wave-washed kingdom lies,
Where swan-folk feed in winter,
Where plover mate in spring,
And summer gilds the harvest
'Gainst autumn's winnowing.

GUY COLIN CAMPBELL.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

NAPOLEON PASSES.

By Beatrice Heron-Maxwell.

I.

ONE of the smaller state-rooms in the king's palace at Berlin was brilliantly alight with the soft glow of many wax-candles, set in gilt sconces and candelabra everywhere, reflected in mirrors and in the polished floor. Beautiful paintings and upholstery of crimson velvet and gold, together with inlaid cabinets against the wall holding valuable china, made the room seem warmer and more home-like than some of the large, stately *salons*, and for this reason: Napoleon, Emperor of the French and conqueror of the Prussian capital, had chosen it as his private reception-room, where he held small audiences on occasions other than State ones.

It was the last of his own personal suite of apartments, and leading from it were his study, his bedroom, and his dressing-room, with a private winding stairway strictly reserved to his own use. As he entered it on this particular November evening in the early eighteen hundreds, a little group of people already waiting for him dispersed, leaving space in the centre of the room for him and the two men accompanying him.

The Emperor was in one of his most didactic moods, and, with a brief glance and salute to the others, he passed on to the far end of the *salon*, still talking earnestly to Duroc, his Grand Marshal, and General Savary, Director of the Secret Police.

The group, in deference to his well-known wish, resumed their conversation in voices sufficiently loud to show that they were not listening to his emphatic sentences spoken *à mi-voix*. For, unless he was deliberately talking to the general company, Napoleon had a great objection to being overheard.

A young and exceedingly attractive woman who had been chatting with the others now drew her husband aside, and said, with a glance towards the Emperor, 'I feel afraid of him. How abrupt he is—yet how dominating!'

Prince Hatzfeld gave her a chiding glance. 'Afraid!' he echoed. 'You will certainly fail to please him if you show fear. He admires women, and they can venture things with him that men would not dare. You must be spirited, even in your deference, or he will dismiss you with a curt word or two.'

The Princess's colour rose and her eyes were wistful. 'I would like to show him that I am grateful for all he has done for you, dearest—but it will be difficult if he discourages me.'

Her husband glanced towards the Emperor, who was standing now with his back to the room, discoursing to Savary. 'You must refuse to be discouraged,' he said impatiently. 'Make yourself pleasant to him the instant I present you. He has a weakness for your sex—it is well known.'

'I have heard, on the contrary, that he adores his Empress, and that Joséphine has a peculiar charm which men are very sensible of. Besides, I would not appeal to him in that way, even if I could. It might give him the idea that I was not altogether loyal to you—as I am, you know well.'

The Prince made an impatient exclamation. 'It is your duty,' he said, 'to think of me and of your country. He is our conqueror. We desire consideration from him for our compatriots. He must be appeased. The surest way to success with him is through a woman's beauty. And you are beautiful, little one, as you know. For my sake make yourself as charming to Napoleon as you did to me when first we met. You were not afraid of me—eh?'

'No—because I loved you at first sight.'

Her charming eyes, radiant with pride and love, smiled into his, for these were early days, and they had scarcely lost sight of their honeymoon yet.

'Then, if you love me still——'

'But of course!' she broke in with subdued vehemence. 'What are you saying?'

'Since you love me still,' amended the Prince, 'make up your mind to charm the Corsican. It will be easy for you to withdraw when you have gained his promise for certain concessions. Your country demands it of you.'

She was silent for a moment. Then her eyes lighted up, for, woman-like, she found the idea of making a sacrifice for her people attractive, and she said, 'Yes, I will try to please him—the little Emperor!'

And at this instant she met his eyes, bent full upon her face, and blushed, for they seemed to be reading the words upon her lips.

Napoleon had paused in his talk, and looked

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

round towards Prince Hatzfeld, his quick glance passing on to the young wife, whose well-poised head and round white throat, set on a pair of exquisite shoulders, caught his admiration.

However, he turned his back again, and continued his conversation. 'You warn me of what I have already anticipated and taken precautions against,' he said brusquely to Savary. 'It was to provide for this contingency, which I foresaw, that I placed the post-offices under the control of my special police—which means under your control, my friend. See that you take full advantage of it.'

'I am exercising the most careful supervision,' Savary answered, 'and yet, sire, I cannot trace the spy. But there certainly is one. The letter, guarded as it was, that referred to the number and disposition of your Majesty's forces was written by some one in possession of accurate knowledge—some one who is attached to the person of King Frederick William. It was an answer to some communication from Berlin, signed only by initials, and addressed to initials at the Municipal Guards Club. We resealed the letter carefully, so that no one could detect that it had been opened. Yet it is still in the club letter-rack. No one has claimed it.'

'Would you care,' asked Napoleon grimly, 'to know the name of the traitor in our camp?'

Savary looked a question in reply.

The Emperor went to a writing-table, and taking a pen and a piece of paper, wrote down a word, then folded the paper and placed it in an envelope, which he sealed. 'The name is there,' he said, as he handed the envelope to Savary. 'When you have found the spy, open and read!'

Savary bowed, perplexed and chagrined.

Only a month had passed since Napoleon made his triumphant entry through the gate of Charlottenburg into Berlin, with the Imperial Guard as escort, and during that period he had been busy with the administration of his new empire, the organisation of his government, and the arrangement of his forces.

He had already promulgated the Berlin Decree, in which orders were issued to all peoples and nations under the Imperial Government, or allied with France, to enforce the Continental blockade, prohibiting all commercial intercourse with Britain, her Allies, and colonies. Yet he had apparently found time and means to ascertain who the traitor at Berlin was, while Savary, with all his ingenuity and the secret agencies at his command, was still in ignorance. It was like the Emperor. If he noticed inefficiency on the part of a Minister or an official, he did the task himself, in order to convey at once a rebuke and a lesson.

Savary knit his brows in thought, and the Emperor, with the cleft at the corner of his lips deepening in a smile, ironical but kindly, said, 'Speeches pass away, but acts remain! You are silent, Savary. I shall expect some decisive action from you before the next twenty-four hours are over.' And turning to Duroc, he added, 'Marshal, I think you know the Princess Hatzfeld, do you not? Is that she who is with the Prince?'

'Yes, sire. They have not been married more than a few months.'

'And she was——?'

'Daughter of the Minister Schulenbourg.'

'Who hates France—is it not so?'

'He has that reputation, sire.'

'Tell the Prince I desire to speak to him. He will doubtless present his wife to me.'

II.

Duroc crossed the room to Hatzfeld and delivered the message. The Prince signed to the Princess to follow him, at a short distance, and hastened to Napoleon.

'All goes well with the town, Governor?' inquired the Emperor; for one of his first appointments had been that of Hatzfeld to the civil governorship of the capital, where lately he had served his king, Frederick William of Prussia.

Napoleon had formed a municipal guard of sixty members, together with two thousand of the richest burgesses, to assist in maintaining order and discipline in Berlin, and had nominated the Prince head of the guard, in addition to his other post.

'All goes well,' replied the Prince.

'I am going to review a division to-morrow,' said Napoleon, 'and shall be away for some hours. But I count on tranquillity under your rule during my absence.'

'You can rely on me,' replied the Prince with assurance, adding, 'May I be permitted the honour of presenting my wife to your Majesty?'

'I shall be pleased to make the Princess's acquaintance.'

The Princess advanced and took the hand extended to her by Napoleon. He detained her fingers an instant longer than formality prescribed, and his keen eyes searched her face while he did so.

The Princess's fingers fluttered a little in the firm, close clasp, and her eyelashes bashfully veiled the confusion in her eyes.

'You are wearing a red ribbon, madame,' he said. 'It is an antagonistic colour to me—the colour of England!'

She looked up, smiling, as he released her hand. 'The ribbon came from your own Paris,' she said; 'but if your Majesty asks, I can take it off.'

'I do not ask,' he retorted. 'I command, or I am silent.'

'Then I will take a woman's privilege,' she answered gently, 'and grant what is unasked.' She untied the knot and drew the ribbon from its place.

Duroc and Hatzfeld retreated a pace or two, talking together, for they realised that Napoleon was interested.

'You are right, madame,' he said. 'A woman is never so charming as when she gives something without demanding anything in return—for love, in fact.'

'It is a woman's province,' she replied, 'just as war—in which everything has to be paid for—is a man's!'

He looked at her intently for a moment. Was she really ingenuous, or had she some deep and crafty meaning in this remark?

'War and love,' he said at last, 'the two great forces—which combine sometimes. The only victory possible for a man, in love's warfare, is flight. And even then he is flying from his health and happiness, for there is neither without woman.'

'Your Majesty is too great a conqueror himself,' the Princess said, 'to grudge conquest to us poor women, I am sure.'

'I not only do not grudge it,' he said, 'but I assist it. I ask no quarter.'

She made a little murmur of dissent.

'You doubt it?' he asked.

'I must not contradict you, sire,' she answered demurely.

'I am never angry when contradicted,' he said; 'I ask to be enlightened. What makes you think that it would not be easy to capture me?'

'Instinct, I suppose,' she admitted; 'or, rather, intuition. It is the feminine of reason, as your Majesty knows.' She was fencing with him, lightly and tactfully, with just sufficient coquetry to attract him.

The Emperor took the red ribbon with which her fingers were toying. 'Shall this be a gage between us,' he demanded, 'a signal that your intuition is at fault?'

The Princess did not answer. A faint colour dyed her cheeks, for Napoleon spoke with meaning, and she understood that the little bout of flirtation between them was becoming more serious.

'Shall I take silence as consent?' he asked insistently, though in a lower voice.

She glanced at him with embarrassment.

'You see me,' he continued, 'practically disarmed and at your mercy. I do not fight where I am sure of defeat. I abandoned my artillery at Mantua because I had only thirty thousand men, and there were a hundred thousand against me. You are too strong for me, madame. I know it in advance.'

She tried to smile and regain the easy lightness of their first conversation. 'You will turn my head, sire,' she said, 'if you flatter me so.'

'And will it be the first time it has been turned?'

'No—I made a conquest of my husband the very night that we met.'

Napoleon understood well why she mentioned the Prince; she was nervously reminding him of her husband's presence.

'That goes without saying,' he replied; 'but—since then? You can confess yourself to me, madame—you know I have been anointed!'

'I will confess that one other man has shared my thoughts recently—thoughts of affection and respectful gratitude.'

He made a gesture of impatience. 'A poor substitute for stronger feeling,' he commented; 'neither men nor women are ever attached to one by benefits conferred. I beg you to displace me in your heart as a benefactor. I do not wish to enter it by the *escalier de service*.'

The Princess began to feel troubled. It was difficult to keep up the semblance of badinage when he insisted on being so personal and so intimate.

However, she laughed and shook her head. 'I do not think any staircase would keep your Majesty out,' she said, 'if you had made up your mind to enter anywhere. There is such a thing as a master-mind and a master-key.'

'Danton was right,' he remarked, 'when he said that only three things were necessary to success: *De l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace!* What do you say, madame?'

'For a man,' she answered, 'yes; for a woman, no.'

'You are right,' the Emperor said. 'I have no sympathy with intriguing females. I have been accustomed to those who are amiable, gentle, and conciliatory—and such I love.'

There was a passionate fire in his eyes, and a dangerous ring in his voice. The Princess felt her heart beat quicker at the call of this magnetic personality; she began to understand Napoleon's extraordinary influence when he chose to exert it.

'You and I, madame,' he went on, 'are opposite in nature. We form a contrast which again completes a perfect whole. I should like to talk with you when we are more private. If you will depart now and return later, when the audience is at an end, we can arrive at a closer estimate of one another.'

It was an assignation, veiled but imperious—a demand more than an entreaty. The Princess looked involuntarily towards her husband, and caught an approving glance from him.

'You honour me, sire,' she answered.

'It is my delight to honour you, madame,' he replied. 'I shall be ready to receive you at half-past eleven.'

III.

It was at this critical moment that a letter was brought to the Emperor, who, with a word of excuse, opened it. It contained an enclosure, at which he glanced before crushing it in his hand. The Princess made a curtsey and turned to rejoin her husband.

Napoleon, however, looking past her, at

Prince Hatzfeld, made a gesture to him to approach.

'I have a communication here,' he said, tapping the letter he held, 'which reveals that certain information is leaking out to the Prussians about my troops. Will you render me assistance in discovering the culprit?'

The Prince expressed both surprise and loyalty. 'You can count on the Municipal Guard,' he said. 'There is not one amongst my men who is not grateful to you, sire, for your recognition of the guard, and personally I am absolutely at your service.'

Napoleon made a sign to Duroc at this moment, which the Marshal understood. He conducted the Princess to the door, and afterwards, one by one, dispersed the small company, telling them that affairs of State prevented the Emperor from granting any further audience.

During those moments Napoleon read again the letter in his hand, and then, looking intently at the Prince, asked, 'In your opinion, what should be the punishment for a spy who betrays a high trust?'

'Such a man,' answered Hatzfeld decisively, 'could expect no leniency. He should be arrested, tried by court-martial, and, if proved guilty, shot at once.'

The Emperor made no direct reply. Instead, he spoke to Duroc. 'Send for the guard,' he said.

The Grand Marshal obeyed; and there was silence for some moments until the guard filed in.

Napoleon returned their salute and gave a swift, brief order: 'Arrest the Prince Hatzfeld.'

The guard advanced; while the Prince, thunder-struck, broke into furious protest.

'What does this mean,' he said—'this injustice, this insult? You have made no accusation against me, sire. I demand to know with what offence I am charged. I refuse to yield.'

The guard looked for further orders, standing on either side of the Prince, who, with flashing eyes and a curious whiteness coming round his lips, confronted the Emperor, his hand upon his sword.

'The offence you are accused of is that of a spy,' Napoleon said. 'You have yourself suggested the proceedings that should be carried out if guilt is proved. I hold the proof here'—he struck the enclosure which he was grasping—'in a letter in your own handwriting.'

He made a signal of command to the guard, and the Prince, stricken dumb—for he had recognised his treacherous letter—yielded his sword, and was marched away.

'Duroc,' said the Emperor, 'Savary has just sent me this letter, intercepted on its way to the postmaster, containing an enclosure addressed to the King of Prussia. The enclosure is an account of everything that has happened in Berlin since my arrival here, with the minutest details as to my forces and plans. The letter concludes with a hope that King Frederick will soon be reinstated, while I am ousted. It is signed "Hatzfeld."'

Duroc was amazed. 'After your trust in him, and your magnanimity in placing him at the head of affairs, it is a poor return, sire. I am convinced the Princess has no knowledge of her husband's treachery.'

'Why?' The question was curt and peremptory.

'Because I knew her well before her marriage. She is gentle and straightforward, I am sure.'

'She is unfortunate, then, to be mixed up in this. The motive for her presentation to me is very apparent. However, there must be no delay in this matter. The Prince must be proved guilty—for this letter admits of no possible denial or exculpation—and will be shot forthwith. My presence here is not necessary. I shall keep my engagement, and the trial can proceed without me. I will see Savary before I quit the palace, but no one else, and will give him back this incriminating letter, with its enclosure, so that it can be produced in evidence. When Savary opens the sealed envelope I gave him this evening, he will find the name of the spy—Hatzfeld!'

He turned on his heel, and passing rapidly through the door leading to his own room, let it close after him.

IV.

Duroc walked up and down the *salon*, perplexed and undecided. The Emperor, doubtless, had gone to prepare for his midnight ride out of the capital; for the moment Duroc dared not disturb him. Yet there was still much to be arranged with regard to Hatzfeld's trial. Savary might, of course, arrive for an audience at any moment, and Duroc must be there to receive him and explain the Emperor's wishes.

As he paced to and fro there came a vehement knocking at the door, and finding there was no result to his permission to enter, the Grand Marshal strode to the door and opened it.

A figure in white satin passed swiftly in, and trembling hands were raised in appeal to him while Princess Hatzfeld's shaking lips tried to form the words which she had come to say.

At last she gained sufficient voice to stammer, 'My husband! They tell me he has been arrested!'

'It is, alas! true, madame,' Duroc answered gravely.

'Help me,' she exclaimed, 'for the sake of our former friendship! What is it that the Prince is charged with?'

'Alas, madame! it is with treason. I know of no way of assisting you. It is in the Emperor's hands. He has ordered that your husband be tried at once by court-martial.'

She reeled slightly and put out her hand to

support herself. Duroc gently assisted her to a chair. 'I must see him at once—the Emperor,' she said.

'Madame, he has given orders that no one but General Savary is to be admitted. He will grant no further audience now before he starts.'

'But he gave me an appointment—a rendezvous—here, at half-past eleven. He must have forgotten that. I have his own permission to be here.'

Duroc looked at her in perplexity. 'In that case,' he said with hesitation, 'it might be possible. Yet his orders just now were quite explicit. No one but Savary.'

The Princess clasped Duroc's hand between her own, her eyes full of tears. 'It is life and death,' she pleaded—'my husband's and my own—for I could not survive him. Let me see the Emperor. Tell him I came by his own appointment, and that you could not persuade me to leave—say anything you like—only, for the love of Heaven, let me see him!'

Duroc could not refuse her. 'I will risk the Emperor's displeasure,' he exclaimed, 'no matter what it costs me. Conceal yourself, madame, and when the Emperor passes through, you will have your chance. I will leave the room and keep any one from entering, so that the coast may be clear for you.'

She dried her eyes rapidly and rose, looking round for a hiding-place, and finally choosing the curtains which hung over a window close to the door by which Napoleon would return. Duroc disposed them so that she could watch the door without being seen by the Emperor, and then passed out to the corridor. Five leaden minutes passed, and then the door was flung open, and Napoleon, in his riding-gear, strode in, calling sharply, 'Duroc!'

The Princess glided out and flung herself on her knees. He stared at her angrily for an instant, then put out his hand, and, taking hers, made an imperious gesture for her to rise. 'How is this?' he demanded.

'You asked me to return at this time, sire.'

'I invited you to see how you would respond to my invitation,' he answered brusquely; 'to make sure that your husband's honour was not too dear to you.'

'It is not true,' she cried passionately. 'You have had my husband arrested for treason, but he is no traitor. He is innocent. I swear it on my life.'

'Your husband is a spy,' Napoleon answered, 'and must meet the fate of spies. But you—who responded to all my advances, even to this last and unmistakable one—what is he to you? You cannot pretend to grieve for a man whom you were ready to betray—as he has betrayed me.'

'Sire,' she said, her pride restraining the tears that burned in her eyes, 'you are cruel and unjust to both of us. I had no intention of bringing dishonour to my husband, and I should not have endeavoured to please you if it had not been for his wish. I meant, if he insisted on my keeping your rendezvous, to tell you, as I tell you now, that I love him better than my life. You would have been generous and let me go unharmed—you are too great a man to be ungenerous.'

'So—it was as I suspected,' Napoleon exclaimed; 'your husband wished to involve you, in the hope that if his treachery were discovered you would win his pardon from me. He is base indeed; even you, who love him, cannot fail to condemn him for this traffic in your charms.'

'Sire,' she said, 'he wished me merely to please you in order to soften you towards our people—nothing more. He had not anticipated, any more than I had, that you would pay so much court to me. He loves me, and he is innocent. Give him back to me, and he will serve your Majesty well and truly. You have been misinformed. He is no spy.'

Napoleon, gazing steadily at her, took from his breast the letter and held it out to her.

'Whose handwriting is this?' he asked sternly. 'The writer of this letter is the traitor.'

She took the letter and scanned it; then she burst into tears. 'It is my husband's writing!' she sobbed. 'God help him!'

Then, as Napoleon's gaze softened a little—for he had shown her the letter to test her, and to see if she would have some ready lie with which to cajole him—she sank again on to her knees and lifted her clasped hands to him.

'Sire,' she said, 'I have heard that your Empress is very dear to you, and that your greatest wish has been to have a son of whom she was the mother. If this were so, would you refuse her anything that she asked you? If she were only here, I would appeal to her. I would say, "When my son sees the light he will learn that his father died a shameful death as a traitor, and that he has only a broken-hearted mother to console him for such a loss."'

Napoleon's stern regard melted. Again he raised her, but with a gentleness this time that was almost tender. 'You are right, madame,' he said; 'the Empress Joséphine is very dear to me, and for her sake I have sympathy with all women who show goodness and feeling and truth—as you have done. Your husband is fortunate in having such a wife, and in the prospect of a son who may inherit her good qualities.'

'You will pardon him, sire?' she whispered breathlessly.

'Madame, you hold the sole proof of the Prince's guilt in your hand. If you refuse to return it to me, what can I do? I do not war against women, as I told you.'

She looked at him with an eager question. 'You mean, sire——?'

'I mean that if you were to destroy it, I should be compelled to order the Prince's release —since there would be no documentary evidence against him.'

She gave a long, deep, rapturous sigh, and, with her eyes on the Emperor, moved to the fireplace and held the letter over the flames.

The Emperor made no attempt to stop her. She dropped the envelope and its contents into the heart of the fire.

Then she came back to him, with shining eyes and a radiant smile on her tremulous mouth.

He stretched out his hand and took hers; and, as she raised his to her lips, he called 'Duroc!' in a loud, clear voice.

The Grand Marshal entered quickly and stood just inside the door.

'The Princess,' said Napoleon, 'whom you permitted to enter here, has so much belief in her husband's innocence that she has indignantly destroyed the compromising document. We have now no evidence against him. See that he is immediately released, and informed of the circumstances.'

Duroc bowed and withdrew.

The Princess would again have knelt to thank the Emperor, but he prevented her.

'Your husband has a better wife than he deserves, madame,' he said. 'Tell him, from me, to cherish and protect her. May Heaven grant to all of us such loyalty as yours.'

He led her to the door, and stood saluting her as she went out. Then, with a return of his usual imperious manner, he rapidly passed into the corridor and was gone.

THE SAILOR-MAN AT PLAY.

By Lieutenant-Commander the Hon. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.

SPORT and work in the navy have always been very closely connected. In the days of yards, masts, and sails, for example, the whole efficiency of a sailing squadron depended upon the seamanship of the crews, and the rapidity with which they could make or shorten sail and replace damaged yards and topmasts. A spirit of the keenest rivalry existed between ships and squadrons in this matter; and on 'general drill' days, when the whole forenoon was spent in sail drill, no sporting event on shore could have produced fiercer competition. Equally keen were the ships' companies in the matter of coaling, when every unit on board would lend a hand in an endeavour to beat the other ships of the squadron. The crew of the ship which came out top of the squadron in those trials took no pains to hide their pride when on shore—a fact which sometimes led to resentment amongst the other crews, and, occasionally, to fighting. I have known the crews of two battleships come to blows, and a regular riot to follow. On one of these occasions, at Hong Kong, we had to land a patrol of three hundred men to separate the combatants!

The worst fight I ever knew, however, was not between British sailors, but between the crews of an American and a French cruiser at Hong Kong. During the course of this battle no fewer than seven men were killed and a score injured. The whole trouble started with an argument between an American and a French sailor as to whether the 'Marseillaise' or the 'Star-Spangled Banner' were the finer tune.

Boat-racing has always been one of the navy's favourite sports. A man-of-war's boats are, of course, built on entirely different lines from the elegant river-boats in which you disport yourselves on the Thames. They are built for hard use at sea and for life-saving, although, at the same time, they are more fitted for speed under oars or sail than the lifeboats of a passenger-steamer. An annual regatta was the recognised thing in every squadron in the navy. For a whole day, and sometimes two, different classes of boats and different classes of men would compete against each other. The boats ranged from the great eighteen-oared launches down to the little skiffs holding four men, and we always used to wind up with the 'All Comers'' race, for which sometimes as many as a hundred boats of various sorts would enter. Any rig was allowed, and we would fit up boats to take as many oars as they could carry.

A captain's galley, for instance, is fitted for six oars; but, by ingenious carpentry, it was possible to row ten oars in her, and I have seen one fitted with nine oars aside. This made a very effective arrangement, known as a 'centipede.' It was usually a galley, fitted to row ten or eighteen oars, that won the All Comers' race—but not always. I have known a launch fitted to row twenty-four oars, with three men to each oar. With a well-trained crew, she would surge along like an old Roman fighting-galley; and in choppy weather, owing to her great size, she would have an advantage over the lighter keels. I remember one three-mile All Comers' race being won by a launch, trained by myself, by a quarter of a mile.

In later years an attempt was made to transfer the rivalry of boat-racing between ships to target practice with heavy artillery. But although the shooting was taken very seriously, the results depended so much on just one or two men that target practice was never popular to the same extent as the boat-races, in which every man could do his bit.

Turning to the more personal sports of shooting and fishing, the navy, of course, enjoys unique opportunities in these directions. One of the best places for fishing that I ever visited was the Russian Maritime Province in East Siberia. The country was very sparsely populated, with magnificent rivers running down from the hills. Our only anxiety was the bears. Master Bruin used to come down to fish for salmon in the shallow waters of the rivers. Sometimes he objected to our presence, and then he would attack us. We were, therefore, obliged to carry rifles as well as fishing-rods on these expeditions.

But the most extraordinary place for fish I ever visited was Perim Island, at the entrance of the Red Sea. It is usually spoken of in the navy as the last place God made. It is absolutely barren, without a bit of green stuff on it; it is supposed to be the hottest place in the world, and I should think it is certainly the most unpleasant. Never have I seen such a profusion of all sorts of fish, however. On one occasion we fired a sixteen-pound tin of gun-cotton in the harbour, and the whole surface of the sea was quickly covered with every kind of fish, from sharks, twenty feet long, downwards. There were sword-fish, flat-fish, sun-fish, star-fish; fish covered with spikes and spines; spotted fish, striped fish; fish of every colour: red, green, gold, yellow, silver. Such a collection as no aquarium in the world could show, or museum exhibit. We had three boats out, and we filled those boats until they were in danger of being swamped. We brought back enough fresh fish for the whole ship's company of eight hundred officers and men. Some of the fish were very good indeed, and nobody was the worse for eating any of them.

Mention of Perim reminds me of an amusing story, which, although not strictly naval, is too good to miss. There is a small garrison of Indian troops, with one white officer, on the island; and this white officer used generally to be sent there more or less as a punishment. The appointment was for one year. Well, a certain lieutenant in one of the Indian regiments had come under a temporary cloud, and was appointed to Perim for a year. At the end of the twelve months the War Office officials and every one else concerned were astounded by the receipt of a request from the lieutenant for the extension of his appointment for another year. The powers that be were so delighted at finding some one who liked Perim that they hastened to extend the appointment as desired.

That summer a general on the Army Council happened to go to the Derby, and in the crowd saw a young gentleman who, he felt certain, was Lieutenant Blank, the Commanding Officer at Perim. He went up and accosted the young man, but the supposed lieutenant denied all knowledge of any connection with the army. The general, however, had his suspicions, and sent a cable to Aden, the nearest garrison to Perim. The Governor of Aden, in obedience to the cable, despatched a gunboat to Perim, where the captain of the gunboat found the company of native soldiers under the native sergeant, and everything apparently quite in order, except that there was no white officer. It finally transpired that Lieutenant Blank appeared at Perim only for the annual inspection by the Governor of Aden, and spent the rest of his time enjoying himself in England!

But to return to the subject of fishing. This sport is not usually associated with the idea of imperialism, and yet it has played a curious part, in one instance, in the story of the British Empire. Before San Francisco was incorporated in the United States of America, it was a sort of no-man's-land. At that time there was a small British squadron in the North Pacific, and the admiral in command was ordered to take his flag-ship and visit San Francisco. He was to report on the country, with a view to its annexation to Canada. Now, the admiral was a Scotsman, and a very, very keen fisherman. Judge of his delight, therefore, when he found a country where the rivers simply teemed with salmon. No doubt he looked forward to some record sport, and it is not difficult to imagine how complete was his disgust on finding that, try as he would, he could not get the fish to look at a fly! In fact, he was so bitterly disappointed that he made an extremely unfavourable report on the whole country, and as a consequence the idea of adding San Francisco to the British Empire was dropped.

Some of the best shooting I know of is to be obtained on the China Station, where snipe abound. The officers of the battleship *Glory* discovered a marsh near Wei-Hai-Wei, which we call 'the Glory Marsh,' and which is a splendid snipe-ground. Once an officer in my own ship started to shoot this marsh in the morning. By lunch-time he had fired away all his cartridges and picked up seventy-two couple of snipe. The snipe move southward in winter—which reminds me of a certain Irishman who commanded a small gunboat. This officer was very keen on shooting, and whenever the snipe moved down the coast, he always discovered a reason for moving down after them. Those were the happy days before we had wireless telegraphy, and when there were few cables on the China coast. A commanding officer out there at that time was, therefore, very much his own master, and so the Irishman was able to spend the winter shooting snipe in peace.

On one occasion the captain of one of our ships was out snipe-shooting in some swamps in north China. A bird rose from some long reeds, and he fired at it, but had the misfortune to pepper a Chinaman who happened to be at work in the next field. The man suffered no serious

injury, but about a dozen pellets had entered his limbs, and the naval officer was naturally very much distressed over the accident. He offered twenty dollars as compensation, a sum which was then equal to about two pounds in English money, and the Chinaman accepted this with every sign of delight. His relations also expressed entire satisfaction, and we thought that was the end of the matter. But there was a sequel, and rather a tragic one from the sportsman's point of view. For the tale of the wounded Chinaman and his compensation spread like wildfire, and men, women, and children flocked out to the snipe-grounds. Here they would secrete themselves in all manner of places, and directly a snipe got up they would jump up too, hoping to find themselves in the line of fire. Life is cheap in China, and these thrifty people were perfectly ready to take the risk of death, on the chance of getting a slight wound *and the compensation*! The end of it was that we could not go shooting anywhere within fifty miles of the place where the accident happened; so in this way we lost one of our best shooting-grounds.

Although, as a rule, we were on very good terms with the country-people, I have known a shooting expedition in China to end in disaster. While I was out there a party from one of our cruisers penetrated some way inland, were attacked by Chinese brigands, and killed to a man.

Good shooting was also to be had in the country-places of Spain, Portugal, Greece, and Turkey, where every one could go and shoot over any one's land. The natives themselves never seemed to bother about shooting; in fact, they appeared to consider woodcock, snipe, and partridges as vermin. They were always glad to see us, and to earn a little money as carriers or beaters.

So in every part of the world sport of one kind or another awaits the sailor-man, and he must be a dull dog indeed who cannot look back to happy days spent on some foreign station, in the indulgence of his own particular sporting tastes.

MAN'S WORK.

CHAPTER V.

I.

BE it again said that the occurrences which make the turning-points in men's lives are themselves generally of small importance. It is not till one looks back over the trail that one observes its successive windings. A chance meeting, a change of expression, a single word (deliberate or hasty), a question, or an answer—by such is destiny determined. Nor do all men's efforts, hopes, or fears undo a whit of what has once been done.

Thus, if Shanklin had not raised a point of honour, if he had not stuck to it, and if he had not happened upon Harrison punching holes in the great anticline south of Los Angeles, he would not have been strolling along the high-road a mile or so from his work, and wondering just where he would turn when that work was done. He was divided between the consciousness that he was a more capable man than two months previously, and a great hunger for Claudia. That she was Sitwell's wife made no difference. He had written on hearing of the death of Courtney Brooks, and had received in reply a polite, impersonal acknowledgment. But he could not know that Claudia had sat long in a maze of doubt and regret before she forced herself to write it. And it was as well for them both that he did not know.

He progressed leisurely through the flat land that just here cut off the great anticline as though with a sickle, and half a mile west of the ridge sat down and lighted his pipe. In a field two hundred yards away a man was digging in an irrigation-ditch. Presently an oath drifted through the quiet air of evening: 'Rock! By the great horned spoon, rock!'

The man stopped digging, and, leaning on his spade, was frowning down with disgust on his tanned face. Presently he started off towards a small house a quarter of a mile away.

Shanklin looked after him with a smile. Hard luck, he thought, to find rock where, to judge by the slope of the distant anticline, there should be hundreds of feet of earth. For a moment he puzzled lazily over this, till, quite unconsciously, he heard a tiny voice that asked what kind of rock it was. From that he seemed to move into a hush, as though there was something in his mind that wanted to get out and express itself. Then suddenly he drew a long breath, and climbing the fence and endeavouring not to appear to hurry, he tramped across the springy soil and peered into the ditch. In the bottom he saw a foot square of reddish-yellow shale from which the earth had been scraped away.

II.

Two hours later Harrison was wakened by a hand on his shoulder. 'Get up; I want to talk to you.'

Harrison was tired after a hard day. 'What's the matter? Keep it till to-morrow.' He listened a moment to the rhythmical beat of the engine and closed his eyes. Nothing was wrong there.

'It won't keep,' said Shanklin softly. 'Honest—get up.'

The other man pushed his feet into his slippers and stood for a moment blinking. The night had grown dark, and few stars were visible. 'What the devil is the matter with you?' he yawned, good-natured in spite of it all.

Shanklin pushed a fragment of rock into his hand. 'What do you make of that?'

The contractor held it against a lantern; then his brows drew together in sudden anger. 'By God! did you wake me up to show me this?'

'Where did it come from?' persisted Shanklin evenly.

'Off this lot. It's shale rock. Are you crazy?'

'It came from the valley, about half a mile west of here. Am I crazy?'

Harrison rubbed his eyes and gave vent to a low whistle, instantly cut off. 'It's shale,' he said with a touch of awe. 'In the valley—half a mile from here!' Then, as though the thing were too incongruous for words, 'You've been walking in your sleep, Jack.'

Shanklin grinned. 'Put on your boots, bring a short piece of steel, and come and see.'

There was little sleep for either of them that night. They were back in camp in another two hours. Harrison, as was his wont, had said but little even when he stood on solid shale at the bottom of the ditch, and stared first at the rock under his feet, then round at the sleeping country. The lights along the great anticline formed a row of yellow points that stretched southwards, broken only by the flats where the valley cut through. They were in the middle of this flat, but beneath him was the formation which his plunging-bit had reached five hundred feet from the surface and half a mile east. The thing was incredible, but it was true. He chipped off a pocketful of samples, climbed out, and the two started back almost silently. The occasion seemed too big for talk.

Once in the little office, Harrison lighted the lamp, pulled down the blinds, motioned Shanklin into the chair at the rough wooden desk, and pushed a pencil into his hand. 'Get it down on paper and see if it looks the same to both of us.'

The younger man blessed the midnight hours spent over geological text-books, and set to work. He plotted the anticline like a long, narrow French loaf, then chopped a small section out of its middle. This section he indicated as having been moved to the westward, still maintaining its general direction. Then he outlined the flow of waters which had worn down its crest, and the alluvial deposit which now covered to an unknown depth its entire surface, with the exception of that one square foot which had interrupted the progress of an irrigation-ditch. At last he looked up. 'Is that what you make of it?'

Harrison glanced at him with new respect. He had a certain amount of geological knowledge, but could never have assembled and presented the thing like this.

'How much is left of that anticline in that valley we sha'n't know till we go after it.'

Shanklin nodded. 'That's what's in my mind.'

Silence fell, and each man knew that the other was exploring his own resources. The younger noted his companion's strong features, and thanked the guardian angel who had led him hither. Presently they found themselves staring at each other.

'I've got seven thousand dollars,' said Shanklin thoughtfully.

'I've got the rig—that's worth thirty thousand. I can raise some money on it.'

'Then you take the big end of it.'

Harrison shook his head. 'I don't do business like that. You found the property, so get hold of it and put it in. I'll find the rig, and work for nothing myself. Then we both get after the rest of the money.'

'How much?' Shanklin's heart was beating irregularly.

'As we'll go about it we should do it for forty thousand, allowing for some bad luck. I've learned to allow for that.' Harrison paused for a moment. 'Before we decide on this thing we should look it in the face. If we don't get oil, we're broke—badly broke. You know now how it is.'

'But you believe that this anticline has been faulted, and we've established the fault?'

'Sure, you've established it.'

'And the average flow of wells in the shale is somewhere about three thousand barrels a day?'

'More than that on the crest of the anticline.'

'Then what it amounts to is that our bit of shale carries all its original oil, and that if we get anything it ought to be big.'

'That sounds right enough; it should be.'

'And we've got the rig and enough cash to get an option and have something over to stand with?'

'That's so.' Harrison began to grin.

Shanklin paused for a moment. It struck him suddenly that his operations were going to be remarkably like those of the Enterprise Company—at least superficially. He proposed to drill on a spot which engineers and prospectors had not even thought it worth their while to consider. What if this patch of shale were only a large and isolated fragment, carried there by some geological convulsion and lost in the brown earth? He put this contingency to Harrison.

'No; that's not float rock; it's in place. I can tell by the sound of it under the steel.'

'Well, then, are you game? If so, I'll draw up an agreement.'

A large, hard palm was extended. 'Forget the agreement, and shake on it. We're in together—even partners.'

There was more talk, and it was settled that Shanklin should go in pursuit of his option. Then he crawled into his bunk—but not to sleep. What grotesque twist of destiny was he about to pursue? He was banking on geology and experience. Sitwell was counting on human nature and ignorance. But to all outside appearances they were playing the same game.

III.

It was in the middle of the morning that Harrison, busy splicing a steel rope, looked up and grunted. 'Visitors—darn them!'

As he spoke a car climbed up over the shoulder of the ridge, lurching unsteadily towards them. It came nearer, and Shanklin discerned a man and three women.

'That is the worst of this anticline. Every tourist that rolls along the road wants to come up and poke around,' grumbled Harrison. 'We're too near the highway. Every now and then some crank blows in with a lot of Easterners to show 'em what their well is going to be like—when it's finished. Reckon here's one of them now.'

Shanklin's eyes rounded. The car was near enough to reveal Sitwell at the wheel, beside him a girl. Behind was Claudia with an older woman. They were all talking gaily as they stopped for a moment, then came on. Shanklin, with his heart in his mouth, pulled his hat down over his eyes, glanced at his stained overalls, and sauntered round to the far side of the derrick. The car came closer. Shanklin edged behind a corner of the sleeping camp, and stared hungrily at Claudia. She seemed animated and very beautiful. Her black cloak revealed the grace of her figure. It was the first time he had ever seen her in black. Then he remembered, and his eyes hardened as they turned to Sitwell.

The latter leaned forward over the wheel. 'Good-morning,' he said to Harrison. 'May we wait a moment and see how a well ought to be driven?'

The contractor glanced at the three ladies. 'Sure, you can; but there isn't much to see.'

Claudia smiled, but did not speak; and Sitwell, with a word of thanks, began to talk. Shanklin, listening, admitted that he talked well. Presently Harrison moved off. Sitwell's voice lifted a little and grew even more confident. He got the ladies out of the car, and they inspected the mouth of the well and the dipping cable that reached into the depths where the sullen bit was at work.

'We'll be doing this very soon ourselves.' His eye caught that of Edith Winter. 'There's our property close by.' He pointed eastward, where, a mile away, glinted the Enterprise sign. 'You can see what a good locality this is—these wells are the best known and the most reliable in this field.'

Miss Winter looked a little puzzled, but her mother stared up and down the great anticline with rising excitement. 'I think it's just wonderful, Edith, that we were lucky enough to come and see for ourselves. What did Mr Sitwell tell us this field was yielding?'

'About four hundred thousand barrels a day; that's nearly six hundred thousand dollars,' said Sitwell.

'Don't you think the Enterprise property looks—well—a little lonely from here?' put in the girl quietly.

His eyes took on a shade of humour. 'I'm glad you asked that. It does on the face of it, but our engineer tells us that the same formation is there, just beneath the surface. It goes to the far edge of our ground—but no farther.'

Had Sitwell added that he was his own engineer the statement would not have sounded so plausible, and, even as it was, Shanklin, listening from his corner, noted that the girl looked only half-convinced. Then her mother came in again.

'It's all perfectly clear to me, Edith. There's a lake of oil under here, and Mr Sitwell's—I mean, the Enterprise property is just on the edge of the lake.' She spoke in a sharpened voice. The smell of oil and the thump of machinery were getting into her blood. 'I'm quite satisfied,' she went on, 'with all we've seen to-day, and I think we're very lucky. This is going to be a surprise to some one we both know.'

Sitwell tapped a cigarette on the back of his hand, then, remembering that he was on an oil-field, slipped it back into his case. His lips had a pleased smile. Claudia was looking at Mrs Winter with an expression of mingled relief and apprehension. Shanklin, watching her with all his eyes, wondered if by chance she had been forced into Sitwell's campaign. But, he remembered, this had been her father's scheme, and she believed absolutely in her father. He scanned the other girl's capable face, and got the idea that somehow she would be able to look after herself. There had ensued a little pause, when Mrs Winter went on again with every sign of rising fever.

'I'm telling you now, Edith, that, as your guardian, I feel this oil business is good enough for you to put your money into. You'll thank me some day. You're getting five per cent., and these wells are paying—what did you say, Mr Sitwell?'

'Anything from twenty-five to a hundred and fifty.'

'There you are—and from a man who knows. No wonder a lot of people stay poor. Why can't you be guided by me?'

The girl did not answer, but sent instead a

queer little glance at Claudia, as though asking what Claudia, from her superior knowledge, thought about it all. Was she as confident as her husband and this excitable mother? Shanklin caught that glance and held his breath. He would know now where Claudia stood. The latter did not move, but sent back a wistful look which said nothing, revealed nothing. It was a strange instant of silence during which hidden factors were at work. Something of it seemed to reach Sitwell, whose hand was in his pocket fingering an application form.

'Suppose we go and see some more wells?'

Mrs Winter revolted, and plumped down on a balk of timber. 'Edith, why are you so difficult? I've seen enough wells, and I'm satisfied. I don't want to go any farther.'

'Then what about home, and something cool to drink?' put in Claudia, seeing that the older woman had gone to the limit of her power.

'That's right; come along, Edith.' Mrs Winter climbed into the car and fanned herself. 'Just to think that we're right on top of a lake of oil!' she murmured, leaning back and regarding the line of derricks dwindling into the distance.

'Just a minute—I want to look at this engine.' The girl stepped forward and stood within a few feet of Shanklin.

Shanklin felt a slight drumming in his ears. Here was another opportunity for altruism. It wasn't his affair, but this girl's fortunes hung in the balance. Her mother, the pendulum, was swaying unmistakably towards Sitwell. He was conscious of a clamour assuring him that it was no business of his, but through this he heard that same small voice which had first stirred when he scanned the title-deeds of Courtney Brooks, the deeds for the land he could see a mile away. Something in the purity of the girl's face moved him profoundly. It was wistful, and carried a supremely honest appeal. This passed through his mind like lightning—with the thought of Claudia. Would the Enterprise affair be her finish too? Then the small voice spoke again, and he leaned forward. 'Keep out of it,' he whispered; 'don't touch it!'

The girl turned quickly and got a glimpse of a face that seemed in a queer way familiar. Her lips parted, and, even as she stared, he vanished.

She hesitated a moment ere rejoining her friends, then climbed into the car with a questioning glance at Claudia and the others. They had seen nothing, and she felt vastly relieved. All the way home she puzzled. The tones had been strange, but there was that in the man's eyes and mouth that reminded her irresistibly of some one she had seen but recently—and in California. Suddenly she remembered the photograph between the pages of *Marcus Aurelius*.

(*Continued on page 132.*)

SURPRISE VISITORS AMONG THE STARS.

By Professor GEORGE FORBES, M.A., F.R.S.

I.

THE certainty and immutability of the laws that govern the movements of stars and planets has something to do with the satisfaction felt by the ordinary man who watches them. But the human mind is not content with monotony; so it happens that when, at rare intervals, an unexpected guest among the stars swims into his ken, the 'watcher of the skies' welcomes the intrusion with unbounded pleasure.

There are three, and only three, kinds of unexpected starry visitors that may suddenly appear to such a watcher—at any date, without warning. Minor exhibitions are not infrequent, but it is very seldom that they reach the splendour with which all three types surprised and delighted both astronomers and the public some sixty years ago. These welcome but unusual visitors were certain exceptionally fine examples of comets, meteor-showers, and new stars; and the years 1858 and 1866 have ever remained as landmarks to a passing generation of astronomers.

In the year 1858 we saw Donati's Comet, with a glowing nucleus and a huge, curved, spreading tail of light, stretching to a length of 50,000,000 miles. Its head moved visibly among the stars from week to week, and the whole breadth of its tail was seen to pass Arcturus in two hours. This comet had never been seen before, and its brilliant aspect has perhaps never been excelled. It will never be seen again, and down to this day we have not seen its equal. Yet, its rival might be found in the sky to-morrow.

In the year 1866 we witnessed the most superb shower of shooting-stars, or meteors, ever seen in the memory of man. During three hours, hundreds of stars every minute, many of them brighter even than Sirius, swiftly swept in a few seconds, from the east, across the sky, leaving broad luminous trains. Since then we have never seen so magnificent an example of a meteor-shower. And yet, its rival might be witnessed to-morrow.

In 1866, again, a great, bright new star of the second magnitude shone for some months in Corona Borealis. Nothing like it had been seen for two centuries. The surprise and the wonder it excited were beyond description. Since then, as it happened, in 1901 and in 1918, new stars of even greater brilliance have startled the

watchers of the skies. And their rival might burst forth to-morrow.

Although comets, meteor-showers, and new, or temporary, stars seem to have little in common, yet in 1866 astronomers discovered that comets and meteors do really belong to the same class, and a theory of 'new stars' has been accepted by many astronomers which was suggested by the luminescence of meteors. Thus the three kinds of surprise visitors that alone appear among the stars may well be considered briefly in a single article.

II.

COMETS.—Although the magnificence of a comet like that discovered by Donati in 1858 may hardly be expected once or twice in a century, yet we do, not infrequently, have visits from very remarkable comets. Most people can remember that, in January 1910, while every one was looking forward to seeing Halley's Comet, already foretold, there suddenly appeared in the evening sky another and totally unexpected comet, so bright as to acquire the name of 'the daylight comet,' because it could be seen in the daylight. Immediately after sunset it used to shine with a bright head, and a long, straight tail pointing upwards, away from the place where the sun had just set. And in this respect it behaved as comets with tails invariably do. The tail always points away from the sun. This remarkable fact leads us to the conclusion that the sun, for some reason, is obliged to repel some part of the atmosphere surrounding the head or the body of the comet.

Comets vary much. Sometimes they have no tail, and only a nebulous nucleus. Others have many tails. These start from the comet's head in a line away from the sun; and then, as the comet itself sweeps round the sun, the ends of the tails are left behind, to a greater or less degree, and so the separate tails are more or less curved. The normal comet, seen in a telescope, has a bright head or nucleus, surrounded by an envelope or atmosphere apparently projected from the nucleus *towards* the sun. Then the repulsive force seems to drive it back in a stream, starting directly away from the sun, in a line that is curved in the plane of the comet's motion. The spectroscope tells us that much of its light is reflected sunlight, but the head is partly self-luminous from carbon and metallic vapours. Variations from the normal type are numerous, and should be studied in special comet-books containing drawings or photographs.

It may be said that, for centuries, the most inexplicable phenomenon in the whole of astronomy was this repulsion by the sun of a part of the comet's material. We all know that, by Newton's law of gravitation, the body of the comet is not repelled but is attracted by the sun; and so it is guided and directed in its course through the solar system. Why, then, should the sun have a power to repel the tail while it attracts the nucleus? The astronomer appeals to the natural philosopher, who experiments in his laboratory upon the forces of nature like heat, electricity, light, magnetism, and so on.

The favourite suggestion to-day is founded upon the undulatory theory of light, according to which the atoms of which the sun or a star is composed are vibrating, and transmit waves outwards through an æther that fills all space, the waves being absorbed, more or less, by any material they strike. Now, it has been proved mathematically, and, as some claim, experimentally, that if the undulatory theory be true, then very small separate particles like the atoms in a comet's atmosphere would be repelled by the sun's light, in opposition to the attraction due to the sun's mass. The principle is a perfectly sound deduction. Multiple tails are explained by the greater velocity of the lightest atoms (hydrogen). Thus the hydrogen tail is straighter and less curved than the carbon tail.

III.

Although members of the solar system generally, by their strict obedience to the law of gravitation, seem to be a contrast to erratic comets, yet there is no class of bodies in the heavens that has done more than comets have done to establish the universality of that law. Sir Isaac Newton's discovery of gravitation was related to the solar system and elliptic orbits (a special kind of oval). But his theory showed that there are other curves which the sun might compel the wandering orbs to pursue, provided their velocity were large enough. If a comet, travelling from interstellar space, were to come within the sun's attraction, the sun would increase its velocity and deflect its path until that path would be perpendicular to the sun's attraction. Thereafter the solar attraction would diminish the comet's velocity as the comet receded, and it would deflect the comet's path less and less, until the comet would return to interstellar space with exactly the speed it had at first. Such curves are called parabolas and hyperbolas. And Newton found that all the comets of which he possessed observations of position seemed to be really travelling in parabolas. When far away they are invisible, not only by reason of their distance from us, but because of their distance from the source of light, the sun, that illuminates them.

An ellipse may be so elongated as at its ends to resemble a parabola. The observations used by Newton for cometary positions were hardly exact enough to show the difference. It was not Newton, but his friend and helper Halley, Astronomer Royal, who discovered that the comet of 1682 was travelling in an ellipse, a very long oval, with one end encircling the sun, the other end away beyond the exterior, and then unknown, planet Neptune. Thus Halley

discovered a new member of the solar system, and a new type of member.

Halley's comet returns to visibility, near the sun, every seventy-five years, and its returns have been identified for thousands of years in Chinese and other records. We now recognise Halley's as one of a whole family of brilliant comets having periods of about seventy-five years, and reaching out beyond Neptune. There is another and larger family of rather insignificant comets, whose periods are six to eight years, in far less elongated orbits, apparently belonging to Jupiter, as the Halley family do to Neptune.

Each expected return of Halley's comet in the last two hundred years has roused a contest among mathematicians to compute with the greatest accuracy the time when it will next reach its closest approach to the sun. The attraction by each of the planets, sometimes hastening, sometimes retarding, the comet in its voyage, is computed from day to day for the whole period during which, invisible to us, it is pursuing its course. When Halley's comet returned in 1910, it very nearly conformed to the extremely exact time-table published by the Greenwich astronomers, Cowell and Crommelin. For although, after a journey of seventy-five years, it was late, yet it was late only by two and three-quarter days. And such was the confidence of the mathematicians in their calculations that they asserted positively that though errors might account for the fraction of a day, yet the remaining two days must be due to the attraction by some matter (perhaps a planet) not known to astronomers.

This gives rise to what may be a fantastic suggestion, a hope that comets, when they leave our range of sight, may often be used as messengers to pick up information about distant members of the solar system, and to deliver this information on their next return, in the way that Halley's comet did to the Greenwich astronomers.

Some comets, then, belong to the solar system, and return. But most of them come from interstellar space, and after a short visit go back there for ever. They seem to consist of matter in the form of powder or gravel, and gas. Since all of these particles cannot be in the same place, they travel in different orbits, and probably collide when nearest to the sun. The result is doubtless to distribute streams of particles along their average orbit; and this has been found to be true from a study of meteor-showers.

IV.

METEORS.—It is impossible to write a description that would do justice to the great shower of meteors, or shooting-stars, which we saw in this country in 1866, from 11 P.M. on 13th November till 2 A.M. on 14th November. The display was not unexpected, but it began in a startling manner, suddenly, like a concentrated discharge of rockets from a point on the eastern horizon, at the moment when Regulus and the sickle-shaped curve of stars called Leo, the Lion, were rising out of the sea. In five minutes the performance was in full swing, great bright stars all starting from near Leo, all radiating from a point in the middle of the sickle, all shooting over our heads, or away to the right and left of us, all travelling like orange-coloured lights for two or three seconds and dying out, leaving only a long, luminous trail, broadened in the middle, with which they had in their flight painted the vault of heaven. These trails generally lasted for a few seconds, but sometimes for many minutes, curling up and drifting in serpentine forms, as light clouds are drifted by the breeze. Some of the stars were seen to burst in their flight. Every few minutes a shout would come from a friend, and, turning round, we would see a flight of several together, pear-shaped, bright as Venus until they were burnt out. Then the lanceolated phosphorescent trails, pointed at the ends, grew broader, and were watched in their changing forms until they, too, faded away.

The radiating of all the lines of flight from a point in Leo was clearly an effect of perspective, just as, when one stands in a long, straight street of uniform houses, the lines of house-tops, of roof-edges, of windows, and pavements, which are really all parallel, seem to diverge or radiate from a single distant point on the horizon.

The height of meteors in the atmosphere above the surface of the ground has been measured by the ordinary method used by surveyors for getting the height of a distant mountain. Their altitude generally lies between thirty and a hundred miles. The meteors themselves, consisting of small bits of metal or stone, strike the rarefied atmosphere at those altitudes with velocities commonly ranging from twenty to forty miles a second. The friction of the air retards their motion, and the motion of the mass is converted into the molecular motion which constitutes heat, and the temperature rises to incandescence. There is not the slightest doubt that this conversion of visible motion into heat is the cause of a meteor's luminosity. Particles are torn by abrasion, pulverised and melted by friction with the air, and leave a luminous trail in the meteor's wake.

V.

The shower of 1866 was not altogether unexpected, for in 1833 and 1799 the November meteors radiating from Leo had attracted great attention in other parts of the world, whence they could be seen. Records of their periodical visits had been traced back in old records, almost every thirty-three years, to A.D. 902. And astronomers noted the fact that, if a great cluster of fine gravelly matter were revolving round the sun in an orbit slightly inclined to the earth's plane of motion (the ecliptic), and cutting it in November, the phenomena of the meteor-shower would follow as a natural consequence. More-

over, if the period of revolution were about eleven days more, or less, than a year, a shower would occur every thirty-three years. Or, again, if the period were thirty-three years, the same thing would happen. In this last case it was clear that, in the interval between showers, the cluster of meteoric matter must travel out to a great distance in the solar system, near to Neptune, and back.

In 1866, while the whole world was taking an interest in the remarkable meteor-shower which had just been seen, astronomers made a wonderful discovery about a comet seen during the previous year. In fact, they found that it had a period of just thirty-three years, and was travelling in an orbit cutting that of the earth in November, in a direction pointing from the very spot in the constellation Leo whence the meteors were seen to radiate. It seemed certain that if the meteors travelled in the larger orbit, and not in a period of about a year, then the meteoric cluster is an appendage of the comet, detached from it, and travelling in a long, narrow stream which the earth crossed in three or four hours.

Finally, Professor J. C. Adams, discoverer by calculation of the unknown planet Neptune, determined to settle for ever the question as to which of the three orbits belonged to the meteors. He undertook a more laborious calculation even than his Neptune research, so laborious that it seriously affected his health. The object was to calculate any gradual change in the orbit that might be produced by the attractions of gravitation exerted by the masses of Jupiter and other planets. His result was that, with a thirty-three year period, the planetary attractions would twist the plane of the orbit so as to retard the point where it meets the earth's orbit by eight hours in each revolution, or one day per century. Also, that no such retardation would affect the other two orbits. Now this is exactly what was found to be the case from old records going back to A.D. 902: the meteor-shower had always been delayed by one day per century. Thus Adams established with absolute certainty the orbit of the November meteors, agreeing exactly with the orbit of a comet. That is the history of the great discovery of identity between comets and meteors. Further identifications of meteoric with cometic orbits have been established beyond a doubt, and a still larger number with a high degree of probability.

When a cluster of meteors is dense enough to constitute a visible comet, on reaching *perihelion* (or nearest point of the orbit to the sun) collisions and tidal frictions must take place between the particles. This gives rise to high temperature, in addition to heat then derived from the sun. Thus at perihelion we might expect a comet's nucleus to shine not only by reflected sunlight, but also by incandescence due to its high temperature. And this is what the spectroscope tells us is truly the case.

The only really great meteor-shower since 1866 was one which was a splendid confirmation of their cometic origin. Biela's comet, a small one of six years' period, used to be observed at each return to perihelion. In 1846 the turmoil of its parts, already mentioned as occurring at perihelion, broke the comet up into two pieces, which sailed away independently. On the occasion of two subsequent returns the parts were again seen. They were then lost for ever. Their orbit happened to cut that of the earth at her position on the 27th November. And on that date, in 1872, we witnessed a superb meteor-shower, with its radiant point in the direction in which the comet would have been moving.

VI.

When, as sometimes happens, a meteor is too large to be totally consumed in the air, it may fall upon the earth as an *aerolite* or *meteorite*. These have been seen to fall, and have been found, sunk a foot or two in the ground, at a scorching heat, with the surface molten. On such occasions we pick up direct messages from the far interstellar spaces where comets are born. We are then privileged to handle bits of matter that may once have been travelling in the regions where Sirius or Arcturus is now wandering. And we are able to examine and analyse them in our laboratories, and to see the kind of material that exists in some of those distant regions of space.

Here it will suffice to say that there are, broadly speaking, two classes of aerolites—namely, 'stone' and 'iron.' The 'stones' are largely composed of silicates, and very commonly they have a structure called 'chondritic,' utterly unknown among terrestrial substances. The 'irons' contain nickel also, and many have carbon, not only in the form of graphite, but also diamonds. Some are very pure iron, with less than 2 per cent. of nickel. It seems quite probable that Mexicans, Canadian Indians, Siberians, Senegalese, and Egyptians manufactured implements out of meteoric iron before they knew the art of smelting. Nordenskiöld discovered in Greenland numerous masses of this kind, nearly pure iron, up to twenty tons in weight, but doubts have been cast upon their meteoric origin.

There is a fine collection of aerolites in the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. The Strathmore meteorite is a splendid specimen in the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh. It was seen to fall, and was picked up, on 3rd December 1917.

It has often been suggested that new, or temporary, stars may owe their brilliant outburst of brightness to heat developed when the star penetrates those masses of gas which we call true nebulæ, which are to be found scattered over the Milky Way, the very part of the heavens where new stars are always situated—a most remarkable coincidence.

VII.

NOVÆ OR NEW STARS.—Among all the wonders in the heavens, there are few so rare, so unexpected, so surprising, or so subversive of preconceived notions about an unchanging universe of stars as the sudden appearance, within less than twenty-four hours, in a well-known constellation, of a new star outshining all those that were in the sky on the previous night. Such a nova burst forth in the constellation Aquila, the Eagle, on the 8th June 1918, excelling everything of the sort recorded since the year 1604. About thirty of them, not all so bright, but all seen by the naked eye, have been recorded in history.

Hipparchus, the greatest of Greek astronomers, in the year B.C. 134, was so much surprised by a new star that he then set to work to catalogue all visible stars, so as to check them in future.

In 1572 the same thing happened to Tycho Brahe, the greatest practical astronomer who ever lived. His own words tell the tale: 'One night when I was examining as usual the celestial vault, the aspect of which is familiar to me, I saw, with unspeakable astonishment, near the zenith in Cassiopeia, a star of extraordinary brightness. Struck with surprise, I could hardly believe my eyes. To convince myself that there was no illusion, I called the workmen occupied in my laboratory, and asked them, as well as all passers-by, if they saw, as I did, the star which had so suddenly made its appearance. Its brightness could only be compared to Venus in quadrature. It remained visible in the day at noon.' It did not disappear completely until 1574. It is believed to be still visible in large telescopes, 'smouldering where it once blazed,' as a reddish variable star of the eleventh magnitude.

In A.D. 1604 Kepler and Galileo saw a nova as bright as Jupiter. Another bright one was seen in 1670, and no others till the middle of the nineteenth century, when, in 1866, a star of the second magnitude appeared in Corona Borealis.

Edinburgh can boast of a townsman, Dr Anderson, who has the unique distinction of having been the first discoverer of two brilliant novæ. He loves the stars, and habitually looks out of his window at them in the middle of the night, and 'calls them by their names.' As a result of this habit, on 1st February 1892 he sent an anonymous post-card to Dr Copeland, the astronomer, at Blackford Hill, imparting the astonishing information that a new star was shining in the constellation Auriga.

On 22nd February 1901 he was again rewarded for his patient watchfulness by discovering a nova in Perseus, equal to Algol, and the next evening exceeding Capella in brightness.

Needless to say, astronomers have attacked these surprise visitors, as well as other less conspicuous novæ, with all the resources of modern observatory instruments. In several cases novæ have been found depicted upon photographic plates taken on dates before the novæ were visible to the eye. Their great feebleness twenty-four hours before bursting into full splendour was thus established, and suggests the consumption of terrific energy to produce such a development of heat in so short a time.

The spectroscope, however, has been the most important instrument for this research, and the appearance of each new star, even minor ones, led to improvement in the instrumental equipment. So that in 1918, when the dazzling splendour of Nova Aquilæ (3) surprised us, nearly every great observatory in the world was well prepared to record the marvellous changes of spectrum going on from night to night during many months—even years. The results gained from Nova Aquilæ exceed in importance those of all previous novæ.

In 1866 Sir William Huggins's recently mounted stellar spectroscope told us that the outburst of light in Nova Coronæ was due to a blaze of hydrogen gas. But the spectroscope performs another function besides detecting the chemical elements. Here only the bare fact may be stated, marvellous as it is. The spectroscope enables us, by measuring the displacements of spectrum lines, to learn the speed with which a source of light, like a star, is approaching, or receding from, us. Thus, in 1892, Dr Anderson's first nova (the one in Auriga) told us, by spectroscopic evidence, that, compared with the hydrogen in that star causing the outburst, the other materials in the star were approaching us at the enormous velocity of eight hundred and eighty kilometres (or five hundred and fifty miles) a second. And a similar result has been derived from all subsequent novæ.

The conclusion to be drawn from this is, that the light of new stars comes from two separate parts that are moving relatively to each other, with the enormous velocities of hundreds, and in some cases thousands, of kilometres per second.

It is here that the analogy of meteors has come in. The shooting-star itself is in rapid motion, and the luminous trail is at rest in the atmosphere. The star and the trail would be inseparable in the best telescope if the distance from us were very great. They would look like one source of light; but the spectroscope would disclose their relative motion. It was, therefore, natural to suppose that, in the same way, a new star owes its sudden brightness to the friction of a star traversing a gaseous nebula, just as meteors owe their light to friction against the attenuated gases in our upper atmosphere.

The complete facts of observation offer considerable difficulties to the acceptance of any one of the theories that are still being discussed by astronomers. They may not be dealt with at present. And here, now, must end this brief account of the three kinds of surprise visitors among the stars: comets, meteors, new stars; a brilliant example of any one of which may reasonably be hoped for, if not expected, at all times.

THE BISON IN EUROPE AND THE CAUCASUS.

AT one time the European Bison (*Bison bonasus*), or Aurochs, as the Germans term it, was common throughout the Continent and in England, as is shown by the numerous fossil remains which have been found in association with those of the mammoth and the extinct rhinoceros. Its last refuge in Europe was the primeval forest of Bialowice in Lithuania, and here, under Russian administration, a considerable herd was maintained until the outbreak of the war. When, in 1915, the Germans took possession of that part of the country, the herd had been reduced to about one hundred and fifty, and steps were taken by the invaders to protect these in an absolutely wild state. With the departure, in December 1918, of the troops of occupation, the fate of the bison was sealed. Hardly had the last military train disappeared before the slaughter was commenced, and in September 1919 the last of the mighty wild bulls, famous in history, legend, and story, succumbed to the bullet of a poacher.

But although the bison has been exterminated in Europe, its near relative, the 'Circassian Buffalo,' still makes its home in the Caucasus. Sometime towards the end of the seventeenth century information reached Europe that there existed there in a wild state a kind of 'buffalo,' which, to judge from the description given, seemed to be identical with the bison of the Lithuanian forests. For a long time—owing to the political conditions—no confirmatory details in regard to this animal could be obtained, and as recently as 1836 the celebrated Russian Academician, Von Baer, expressed a doubt as to the existence of the bison in the Caucasus.

In 1860 the imperial protection was extended to the bison in the Caucasus as well as in Lithuania; and in 1870 it was estimated that there were about two thousand of these grand beasts distributed over an area of some three million acres on the northern slopes of the Caucasus and in the river valleys there. Dr Radde, the able director of the Tiflis Museum, puts the number of the herd in 1890–92 at about one thousand, and its area of distribution at some one million three hundred thousand acres.

A further step towards protecting the bison in the Caucasus was the letting of the sporting rights over this vast region to the Grand Dukes George and Sergius Michaelovich in 1894.

According to the statements of the Grand Dukes' hunting companions, Schilder and Luthau, and those of their head-ranger, it appears that the bison frequent the mountain-slopes and the almost inaccessible valleys at the head-waters of the Bjeleia, Seleutschuk, Uruschtem, and other rivers. Generally they are found in small groups of five or six, rarely as many as fifteen, among the ancient pines at heights of from five to eight thousand feet above the sea, descending to the wooded valleys only when the snow has become very deep.

Although heavily built and unwieldy-looking, the bison is extremely active in its movements, covers the ground at a great pace, and can climb without difficulty steep precipices. It is also very wary, and its senses of smell, sight, and hearing are excellent.

Schilder gives the length of the Caucasian bison at nearly ten feet, and the breadth of its forehead at the base of the horns at about eight inches only, while its Lithuanian relative measured from twelve to thirteen inches between the horns.

Not until September 1895 did the Grand Duke Sergius succeed in shooting a bison on his Kuban hunting-grounds; and his friend Schilder, with the Cossack Tschepumov as *shikari*, killed a bull and a cow after a most exhausting experience. Both these animals were sent to the Zoological Department of the Imperial Academy of Science.

In 1897–98 the grand-ducal hunting-parties shot, in the country round the head-waters of the Laba, Umpyr, Uruschtem, and Kischa Rivers, four bison, forty-two red deer, eight steinbok, seventy chamois, four bears, and one wild boar. In three months' hunting in the Caucasus in 1887, and a similar length of time in 1888, the well-known English sportsman Littledale failed to get a single bison; and not until 1891, when accompanied by a famous native hunter called Labasan, did he succeed in shooting a bull at a salt spring on the Kischa River, and some weeks later a cow. Both these animals are now in the British Museum.

After 1890 the accounts received in Europe with regard to the Caucasian bison became very meagre and unsatisfactory, and it was arranged that a specialist should be sent out in order to obtain the required information on the spot. Accordingly the Russian zoologist Filatov, at the instance of the St Petersburg Museum authorities, made three journeys to the Kuban region in 1910 and 1911. From the chart which he drew up, it appears that the area of country then inhabited by the bison was about thirty miles in length from east to west, and about twelve miles in breadth from north to south; but in spite of the most diligent inquiry, he was unable to arrive at any definite conclusion as to the stock of these animals still remaining. In his report to the Academy he wrote that their numbers could hardly be less than one hundred or more than one thousand—an extremely vague estimate.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

PERIODS seem to recur when the newspaper press produces a quick succession of entertaining and even important news from its own inner corporation; we have lately been passing through such a period. Newspapers are so much a part of national and individual life in our time that the general interest of such affairs need not be discussed, nor the importance to the world, in these hurtling days, of the daily journals and what most concerns them. And so much of a close community, for all its lack of barriers and hedges, is the world of journalism that all of long and intimate experience in it seem able to join a personal association with each event. For example, three of the greatest newspapers of the world have just been making honourable celebrations of their own. One of the most powerful organs of public opinion outside these islands is the *New York Times*, which has issued a history of seventy years of its careful and vigorous effort. That effort has been of good consequence, and its fascinating story appeals to one who, long ago, had the occasional experience of writing in its offices in New York. Nearer home, a very great journal of which England is properly proud, the *Manchester Guardian*, recently commemorated its centenary, and one must needs have kindly remembrance of how the very rudiments of journalistic knowledge were imparted in the days of youth by an old member of the staff of that great school, and of his immediate injunction at the first lesson upon the wise observance of the golden rule, 'When in doubt, leave it out.' And the *Morning Post*, veritably a glorious upholder of the best traditions of British journalism, has celebrated its hundred and fiftieth year, while at the same moment a new morning paper was coming to life in London. Along with these and other events there have been two more of a different kind that have aroused acute remembrances. One has been the publication of a biography by Mr J. Saxon Mills of Sir E. T. Cook, who, not long since passed away, was editor in turn of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Westminster Gazette*, and the *Daily News*, and the occupant also of various important offices. The other was the more recent demise of Mr Kennedy Jones, one of the strongest figures in the pioneer movement of what is known as the new journalism. The conjunction of the publication of this life-story of Sir Edward Cook and the passing of the remarkable figure who was best known as 'K. J.' forces a number of thoughts, and perhaps some strange comparisons.

* * *

Many columns, a vast extent of thought and attitude to existence, separated the conduct and the kind of sensibility of Sir Edward Cook and of Kennedy Jones in the labour of their lives, which was with newspaper production. One who knew them not by their works only—having some professional occasion to consider continually what they were doing and had done, and wished to be done—finds it a severe exercise in imagination and discovery to picture two other men engaged with the utmost distinction and success in the same profession, though in vastly separated ways, between whom there was such a contrast. They were both journalists. Were an authoritative history written of the great, throbbing, adventurous period of the start and advance of the new journalistic era—which some would call the romantic and others the golden, neither description being good or satisfying—much prominence would need to be given to the labours and the characters of these two men, who were both strong influences; and it would be according to the disposition of the author or compiler that one or the other received the better show in his pages. Yet there seemed to be a civilisation between them. K. J. was the materialist, who told Lord Morley once that he, the speaker, and his kind had made of journalism a branch of commerce! Lord Morley himself had laboured editorially at the *Pall Mall Gazette* office shortly before the opening of that transforming era, which might be said to have begun about the time of the Diamond Jubilee, or a year or two earlier, and assuredly he had never had a thought of being thus engaged in any branch of commerce—nor was he. This is not to say that Kennedy Jones had no proper sense of the moral responsibility of the work, for he had the sense, and in his own way at times exerted it; but still he was materialist, and his ambitions were mainly associated with the adventure of his great pursuit. Sir Edward

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

Cook was not a realist like the other, but idealist, almost romanticist in a sense, a philosopher, a lover of good and beautiful things, who pleaded always for sincerity and effort for the good of man. He was not concerned with 'beats' or 'stunts,' or even headlines; it would have mattered nothing to him if he had never seen or heard of such things again, except that the world of journals would have seemed the better for their going, and the cleaner too. Strong and material was Kennedy Jones, fine and spiritual Sir Edward Cook. The contrast is not without a certain interest and importance at such a time in the world's affairs as this, for these two men may seem in an unofficial way to have represented two great opposing forces in the furious development amid which we live and are tormented. A person who has had more than a quarter of a century of intimate and absorbing association with newspaper-life in London and various foreign capitals, and who became closely acquainted with these two men in the closing years of last century, when each was at his best, and was, with bright vision, straining towards his ideals and ambitions, feels this comparison to be strongly emphasised now. They hardly knew each other, though they once laboured in adjoining streets; but that is nothing. Sir Edward Cook was the first to pass from life; he went quietly away. He had withdrawn to some extent from the newspaper arena; during a part of the war period he was in control of the press censor's department, and that was almost the last we knew of him. Fleet Street makes no mournful scene when its heroes pass; its efforts in all ways are too much exhausted with the world outside and those who people it to bestow adequate or even decent attention upon its own affairs, which are often left dusty and neglected. Of course, Sir Edward Cook was served with obituaries, and he was invariably praised; but yet the people are not trained to fair appreciation of all the chiefs of journalism, who may, and often do, possess more power than chiefs of Governments, for they address the community at large in a deliberate and well-considered way, and they have the advantage of being more fixed in their situation than the best of Ministers with their insecure tenure. Sir Edward Cook in his time was a power, and he would have been one of the last to be a really great political power as a leader-writer if it were true, as Kennedy Jones continually and vehemently asserted, that the political power of the press through its leading articles was declining to nought—in which he certainly exaggerated, for the error here has been well demonstrated in recent times. But speaking thus in conjunction of editors and Ministers, one is inevitably reminded of the curious circumstances—as now they seem—of one's first meeting with Cook, who was then editor of the *Daily News*, at that time a power in the land, and living its last days in its old and substantial Victorian form. A little while before, being then but young in London, I had met Mr Lloyd George, who was trying to be as energetic in Parliament as a very young and scarcely known, but highly ambitious, member might be, and at a club one day he had explained to me a scheme in which he and others were closely interested, one that had something to do with the establishment of a council for regulating the political action of Nonconformists. He suggested that it would be a good thing for everybody if a strong article, preferably in the form of an interview with a distinguished mutual acquaintance who was keenly interested in this movement, could be got into the *Daily News*, and he submitted that the writer was the person indicated for the business. I laid the proposition before Mr Cook, as he then was, and he asked me to visit him at the office in Bouverie Street and discuss the matter. I saw him on two or three occasions about that time, and the article was inserted, Mr Lloyd George and our distinguished friend declaring themselves highly satisfied with what appeared. Those who thus came into contact with Cook at that time bear with them now a happy remembrance of a delightful gentleman of an easy, tranquil, and courteous manner, a pleasant and cultured personage, a really gentle man. In the building at the same time was the managing chief, Sir John Robinson, another great figure in the newspaper world of that period. On my being taken into his office for an introduction to him, he immediately constructed a close, cheery assembly of the three of us, standing up at the fireplace, and, according to his invariable custom, proceeded instantly but naturally to delightful anecdote, springing from the personal experience of a life rich in adventure and acquaintance. It was something new about Thackeray, as he had known him, that he spun off for us at the beginning.

* * *

What days were those—not Thackeray's, but ours—in what some have called the Street of Adventure! Kennedy Jones himself reminded us of what, I think, is the greatest and at the same time most peculiar emotion of its class that is possible to the human worker—a certain sense of creation, achievement, of the finality of a stage, and of having stealthily and in the night-watch let loose a power upon the world—let loose, indeed, for all the efforts of man and editors, proprietors with them, cannot, as is known, effectually control a new newspaper in the matter of its form, manner, and characteristics, whatever they may do with its opinions. They try, they juggle and experiment with shapes and features, but somehow the new sheet, like a wilful child, will insist on shaping itself. He told us of the great moment of his life when, after long preparation, the *Daily Mail*, a revolutioniser, came to its first printing. On a perfect

morning in May, the sun shining just at the break of day, he walked home after twenty consecutive hours' work at the office with the printing-machines burring away happily; and in the afternoon he walked back again, after the brief rest following the consummation, to be told by his prime associate, Alfred Harmsworth, that the signs indicated that they had struck a gold-mine. Many old journalists who have been in the thick of things know that walk home following upon the night of the creation; it is as a unique and thrilling remembrance of a certain state of ecstatic tranquillity which cannot be matched. This humble deponent of the present twice experienced it in London in that same era—once in earliest days, when a new Sunday newspaper was given forth, and there was just the same walk home on a lovely sunny morning of spring from a by-street off the Strand to the domicile in Russell Square; and again, not long afterwards, when the experience was shared with Kennedy Jones himself. It was just after the Sunday paper was launched that Mr Harmsworth (and who can forget the sense of terrific energy and initiative that possessed those men in those days?) invited me to see Kennedy Jones with a view to working with him, and not long after such a connection had been established a Sunday *Daily Mail* was first projected, another daily newspaper in London having determined upon a similar scheme. Kennedy Jones, who was in charge, asked me to go with him to assist in the control of the special news department. But public opinion was against such Sunday enterprises at that time, and after a suggestion by Lord Rosebery that the particular rivalry that had engendered it might, to the satisfaction of God, be abandoned, both were stopped. New journals are plentiful in these times, but one feels a doubt as to whether the thrills are just the same now as they were then. Fleet Street, for all its tearing energy, so tremendously organised as it is now, and overcrowded too, seems sometimes to the men who knew it a generation back to be a little jaded or confused. A few months ago, in a Scottish twilight, I was motoring back from the golf-grounds of East Lothian to Edinburgh to catch the night-train to London, and my host of the occasion was he who was chiefly concerned as leader in the great adventurous enterprises of those days, and who had called me to London from a small editorial chair in a midland county. More than twenty years had gone by since such a beginning, and there was the mood and the circumstance for reminiscence. I said that surely those palpitating days were the romantic age of journalism. He did not dissent, but remarked that there were great days now as well. 'But,' murmured the old associate, 'beats, scoops, and all other things that made up the thrilling joy of that life are surely not the same things now; they do not count so much. We did not think then that we were striving for the money, only for the joy of the straining effort.' 'Oh, but there are beats now,' Lord Northcliffe responded. 'Why, there was my interview with President Wilson in Paris the other day, and was that not beat enough?' he asked. 'Well, but don't you agree that that was the greatest age?' I pressed. And he answered after a pause, 'Yes, no doubt it was; but don't forget that we were younger then.' Perhaps that was it.

* * *

In those happy days the men of these affairs took no thought of the morrow; sufficient for the day was the paper thereof. It happened that on the last day I saw Kennedy Jones alive we turned back to reminiscence in a similar way. The meeting was casual, in a Westminster thoroughfare. I had just returned from the Mediterranean, and he was walking to the House of Commons. He asked me what I had been doing in Spain, and immediately he spoke of the starting days, in the way that men will talk who, after intimate association in great events, had not met for long, and, oddly in a way, asked me if I were sorry for that association and that new beginning. Kennedy Jones had had the reputation of being a hard man, and of having crushed the hope out of many young journalistic adventurers who came his way; but he used to say, and it was true, that if ever a young writer went to him, he would at least give him one chance—and it was left with the man to do the rest if he could—out of bitter remembrance of his own early days in London when, appealing for work, he found the doors of the old-fashioned newspapers slammed against him. He always acted upon that rule; a man could always have one chance in the great machine that was then attracting the attention of the whole country, and of other countries too. It was a trial of a month at a fair salary. If he failed in the month, it was the end; if he did not fail, there were great possibilities before him. Those who saw him in those days—which appear more and more romantic for the memory—had to climb a rickety and dangerous staircase in Whitefriars Street, and they encountered the new genius sitting at a little desk in an anteroom which was hardly more than a cupboard, was stacked with papers, and contained no furniture beyond a small desk, the chair upon which sat the genius, and a sofa which was short of a leg, and was supported in that corner by *Webster's Dictionary*. I remember it. In what palatial chambers did Kennedy Jones afterwards recline! This Scot, as he was, with the hard, strong, bulldog face, who hurt the feelings of some of his distinguished contemporaries by insisting that journalism was just a trading enterprise, a branch of commerce, was

posing a little at times in making these assertions, though some truths were contained in them. He had, indeed, himself developed and exploited the commercial side of the subject perhaps more than any other man in Britain, and had gained from it accordingly. His own stories of his various efforts and achievements in organisation exhibited his splendid powers of exploitation. But yet he himself at other times declared that this affair was a great science and nothing else; and as one observed this man watching and studying every minute and every hour the psychology of the public, the fleeting changes that were made by circumstance, peering at the signs of earth and heaven so that the very circumstance might be anticipated, reckoning the associated chances of human nature with the world, necessity, and materialism, surely science has it for description—with yet a little flavour of art and literature. It is because this 'science' calls upon the human faculties in so many different ways, and at the same time demands a high efficiency, and speed with that efficiency, and what we might call potential omniscience with the speed and the efficiency, working always through human life and conduct as its medium, that it seems sometimes to embrace all other professions and sciences and callings, and, again, to need a little more than the combined efficiency of them all.

* * *

A thoughtful journalist of much authority, who has been engaged in this 'science' all his life, and with distinction and success, insisted in conversation the other night that, considering the term 'journalist' in its wider sense, relating to the man with the complete instinct and ability to do all things in emergency, and do them nearly as well as possible, as against the brilliant leader-writer, the sagacious foreign correspondent, or the successful organiser, or editor, none of whom is in himself alone a complete journalist or entitled to be ranked as one of the greatest, there were fewer great men in this department of life and labour than in any other. He believed there were not more than half-a-dozen in the topmost class. A rich man may gain a kind of reputation for being journalist, and big journalist, of a kind, by the simple but expensive process of buying a journalistic property or establishing one and getting others to do the work for him. It is a splendid thing to be thus the controller of a great newspaper, but it is a costly acquirement. Kennedy Jones said that if he were to start a new daily newspaper in London, he would want not less than half a million pounds to spend upon it at the beginning; and this was, if anything, an underestimate, and was allowing something for his unique talent. As a matter of fact, such an amount has been spent on the process in comparatively recent times, with blank failure and a short life as the result. But it can be done by those who pay the price, and the proprietor then, especially if he sat some nights in the office he controlled, might be considered in some places as a journalist. Kennedy Jones, however, was a vastly greater journalist than that, even though I do not think he could have written of a great event finely, as we would say, with any literary distinction and flavour, in any circumstances, though one should add immediately that he would write entertainingly—and that is the chief thing for most journals. He had an acute sense of colour in words as well as objects. He would say that some words suggested bright colours—they glowed and were attractive; others were old, dull, and gray, and therefore he ordained a system of using only the colourful words in headlines to articles, and never the gray things, which were abolished for such purposes. Here are intuition and truth, the genius of a journalist. But, first and last, Kennedy Jones was an organiser and little else, though an editor with an enormous instinct or nose for news. His achievements were in organisation, and to-day journalism is an affair of organisation. There is nothing in life and commerce that is such a very perfection of organisation. For, whatever happens, the newspaper must be presented, without excuse, at the proper time each day. It is as a companion of the dawn. And so the wonder and the mystery of it all.

MAN'S WORK.

CHAPTER V.—*continued.*

IV.

THE car moved forward, disappeared in the valley, halted a moment at the Enterprise property, and slid back towards Los Angeles. Shanklin was looking after it when Harrison's voice sounded at his shoulder.

'The women looked good to me, but what did you make of that fellow?'

'I'd hate to say.'

'That's the way I feel. You noticed they stopped down at the ranch?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I'll bet he's the chief push in the game, and never did a stroke of work in his life. Sort of chap who lives on folks like you and me.'

Shanklin shook his head. 'Not that one,' he said with conviction. Then his thoughts turned to Claudia, and he got a glimmering of how

things stood between her and these strangers. How much or how little, he wondered, did Claudia know?

This was the question that sharpened itself in Edith Winter's brain on the way home. The two had been instinctively drawn to each other at first sight. But she had begun to make a differentiation, however slight, between Claudia and her husband. Her mother's impulsiveness made the girl think in a new way about her inheritance, and Sitwell had been a little too ready to fan the flame of enthusiasm. Then that quick whisper from an unknown workingman in stained clothes—the man in *Marcus Aurelius*—whom Sitwell had described as disloyal. The eyes were not disloyal; in fact, it was the kind of face one might suitably find in *Marcus Aurelius*—honest, open, and fearless. She was caught up in all this, and it imposed on her a silence that Sitwell, noting uncomfortably, tried once or twice to break, but with small success.

That night Edith sat on her mother's bed and said what was in her mind. It was the first time she had asserted herself in any determined fashion, and the sound of her own voice, the strangeness of her surroundings, and the events of the day all combined to give her a sense of unreality.

'It's my turn now, mother,' she began, 'and I'm going to take it!'

'What's the matter?'

'Nothing yet that can't be put right; but I feel that this thing has gone far enough. It's all very well to keep some things from Jim, and make up your mind to surprise him; but suppose it's we who are surprised, and disappointed, and perhaps worse. We shouldn't have come out here at all; but now we are here, let's make the best of it.'

'You'll settle my chance to make a fortune for you both if you're not careful.'

'I've settled on several things,' was the quiet answer. 'And, mother, it's no use protesting, for they are going to be done. You've got oil on the brain, and I haven't. First of all, we're not going to buy any stock yet.'

'Then we'll be too late—it will all be gone,' broke in her mother. 'Mr Sitwell was speaking of that on the way in.'

'I don't believe there'll be any difficulty at all: and,' the girl added shrewdly, 'there are probably lots of other things just as good. The second point is, that I'm going to telegraph Jim to try to get two weeks off and come out here.'

'And take the chance of losing his new position!' Mrs Winter was startled. Also, she wanted very much to do this thing off her own bat.

'He won't lose it, if he goes about it the right way, and I might lose everything if he doesn't come. The third thing is, that we mustn't stay here a day longer than we can avoid.'

The older woman looked up helplessly. It was a very luxurious bed—in fact, the bed of the late Courtney Brooks, who knew what he wanted in the way of comfort. She liked Claudia, and was impressed by Claudia's husband and their joint kindness. She had made up her mind about investing in the lake of oil, whose black depths were almost visible to her trusting eye. And now Edith proposed to upset the programme. There was a curve on the girl's lips she did not fancy. The girl noticed her expression, smiled cheerfully, and went on.

'The Sitwells are awfully kind, but it's queer, our being here. We accepted, because we thought there was nowhere else—but there was. I've been looking at the papers.'

Mrs Winter began to feel disturbed, and made a little gesture. 'It's on your account we came out here,' she said pointlessly. 'I want you to be a rich woman, if you'll kindly allow me to make you one.'

'And it's on both our accounts that we must be very careful. Don't you feel it yourself? Just assume that Mr Sitwell was not a bit interested in us—only in our money. Do you think,' she added with sudden insight, 'we'd have been asked here if we had only five hundred instead of twenty thousand dollars to invest?'

'Edith,' exploded her mother, 'you make me feel as though I'd no right to be in this bed.'

'That's just what I wanted—you haven't; but you'll have to stay in it to-night. Then we can move. I'm going to write to Jim, and to-morrow I'll wire and tell him I've written. Good-night, most impulsive of mothers, and don't dream about that lake of oil. There are lots of things to do till Jim gets here.'

Edith sat up late, finding it a difficult letter to write. It seemed at once that the Winter family had acted too precipitately, so she gave neither names nor details, merely stating that she and her mother needed advice about an investment. She had been impressed by the magnitude of all she had seen. It needed, therefore, the best judgment available. She was a long way from home—a little frightened—she admitted to having been too impetuous, and grasped at every possible security. Her first instinct was to send for the man she loved.

'I won't let mother do anything till you get here,' she wrote. 'We'll make a trip to Catalina, and perhaps to Santa Barbara. Address me at General Delivery, and come just as soon as you can to advise a girl who needs you very much.'

(Continued on page 151).

VOYAGERS OF THE TWILIGHT.

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN, F.Z.S., Author of *Habits and Characters of British Wild Animals, Tracks and Tracking*, &c.

I.

PAUL ALBANY was on his way to Villamer for his quarterly carousal, when, passing Berwick Hobert's cabin, he saw a white flag fluttering forlornly from the chimney-pipe. Paul had no special use for Berwick Hobert, but such a sign could not very well go ignored by a next-door neighbour here in the heart of the uncivilised foothills, so Paul readjusted his course, and steered for the valley. A few minutes later he dismounted and corralled his cayuse at the squatter's abode. Just as he was about to enter, an apparition of white fangs and bristling mane leapt from under the cabin, and Paul was all but sent spinning. He whipped out his revolver and used it with deadly intentions, but Berwick's dog was too quick for him, and managed to regain the security from which it had so suddenly emerged, while the bullet splintered the woodwork.

Paul went in, mopping the blood from one cheek, where the dog had clawed him. Berwick lay in his bunk, clearly a sick man, gazing up with wide, glazed eyes.

'The blame swipe bit me!' muttered Paul indignantly. 'A nice greeting for any one who comes along to see what you want! Why didn't you shout to me to look out for the dog?'

'Didn't know you were there,' replied the other. 'Sorry he's bitten you; but I'm glad you've come along, Albany.'

The visitor went over to the scrap of mirror to examine his wound. It was hardly skin-deep. 'If I'd known the cuss was there I'd have given him a pill!' he muttered savagely. 'When you hang out a white flag, why in thunder don't you keep the dog tied up?'

Clearly Berwick was not feeling in proper shape for a scrap. 'Oh, quit it, Albany,' he entreated, 'and get me some water. Truth is, I've got a touch of the sun or something, and been on my back three days, feeling like nothing on earth.'

Paul stumbled ungraciously round in search of the bucket, and tossed its lukewarm dregs through the door. At the threshold he paused and looked back, one hand on his belt. 'If that cuss comes for me again—I'll fix him!' he said viciously; at which Berwick struggled into a sitting position on trembling elbows.

'All right,' said Berwick; 'leave the bucket there, and I'll creep out for the water to-night, same as I did the night before last. Yes, creep on all fours, what seems like a thousand miles, and to hell with you!'

Paul Albany glared a moment, then remembered that he was talking to a sick man—an almighty sick man. 'Shucks!' he muttered, then slammed the revolver on the bench and took up a club in its place. Five minutes later he was back with the water, filled a cup, and gave it to Berwick. Berwick drank feverishly, but in silence, and handed back the cup.

For ten minutes Paul kept himself busy getting things ship-shape and giving Berwick a new start, at the end of which time he broke the silence by saying, 'Anything else you want, before I go?'

Berwick rose from his stupor with a start, and again looked at the other, with injury and contempt in his gaze. For a time he was silent; then he said, 'You're my only white neighbour within forty miles. I thought maybe you'd stay along of me a day or so, till I've taken the turn.'

Paul turned his back. He did not like Berwick's eyes. 'Sorry, I can't,' he answered. 'I've got important business in Villamer—must be there to-night. I'll come back to-morrow, or send one of the boys along. You'll make out all right till then.'

Berwick thought. He knew that to-night and to-morrow also Paul Albany would be roaring drunk. That Paul would not return was certain; that he would remain sober long enough to impress upon some one else that help was urgently needed was improbable.

'I'll pay you, Albany, if you'll stay,' he said, with quiet earnestness. 'It may seem nothing to you, but I tell you—I'm pretty well all-in, and can't get on much longer alone. Name your own price and—I'll pay you!'

Paul's back was still turned. 'Nope,' he answered. 'I'm going to Villamer, as I said. No one asked you to come butting around this range, and you've got to take your chances, same as any other son of a gun!' He paused a moment, but Berwick did not interpose. 'I reckon I've left everything handy,' Paul said. 'If there's anything else you want, shout out now.'

'Yes, there is,' said Berwick. 'I'd be grateful if you'd feed the dog. He hasn't had no grub since I fell sick, which maybe has made him kind of fierce. There's some meal on the shelf.'

Paul prepared the food, grudgingly and in silence, as he had done the rest, and placed it under the bunk.

'That all?' he queried. 'Reckon you can make out now?'

There was a moment's silence, and then, 'Yes, I can make out, Albany. I reckon I can make out without you. But there's one thing I'd like to say before you go; that is, hell's full of men like you. Maybe you're leaving me

to die; maybe you ain't. That don't matter; but some day, when you're all-in, and dead up against it, perhaps you'll know what it means to be left—alone! That's all!' And the sick man turned his face to the wall.

A minute later Berwick heard the thud of retreating hoofs, and once more the dreaded silence closed in upon him.

Skilko, the dog, came out, and fawned up to the bunk. He was a rough-coated, long-limbed creature, in whose composition many breeds were evident—Scottish deer-hound, bull-terrier, and Airedale predominating. He was not a pleasant dog to look upon, but as he gazed up into his master's face at that moment, and one saw only his eyes, it did not seem to matter much what breed he was.

'Skilko,' muttered Berwick, 'there's grub for you! Look, boy, grub!'

Skilko stared at the bowl, then backed away from it, baring his fangs. What was in his mind we cannot say. He was hungry, Heaven knows; but Paul Albany was the professional wolf-hunter of that range, and the hands that mixed the food were reputed often to sin against the law by mixing poisoned baits, scattered broadcast for the wolves. There was no poison in that food, yet Skilko would not eat it. 'Because,' muttered Berwick—'because it's mixed by filthy hands which I—and you, Skilko—and God—don't approve of!'

And Skilko sat, knowing that he was needed, yet knowing not why, till the day merged into dusk, and he shivered a little with the cold. Yet rigidly he sat, patient as a woman at the shrine of one she loves, forgetful of self in a worship all-absorbing, all-pervading, while without, through the great gray loneliness, something was ushered in, something in whose presence Skilko stood the merest atom of a slave, as all living things are slaves. Yet before that Infinite King Skilko shrank not, knowing himself to be a faithful slave, till the still, cold hand upon his forehead told him that his vigil was ended. Then he rose, to steal through the open doorway, and to pour forth his soul to the stars in the cadences of a dog who has lost his master.

II.

When, a few days later, the rangers approached the cabin to do what was to be done, they saw what seemed a large coyote sitting on a near-by ridge and watching them. One of them took steady aim and fired, at which the beast whined and speedily vanished.

Going up to the cabin, the men found coyote-tracks everywhere—round the walls, on the roof, at the very threshold of the open door. Here, at the threshold, the coyotes had evidently been fighting, for the ground was all ploughed up, and there were tufts of fur; but inside the cabin there were no signs of the raiders. The dead man's food lay at his side; under the bunk, still untouched, was a bowl of dog meal.

Then it was that understanding came to the rangers, and the one who had fired the shot looked remorseful. 'His own dog!' they said. 'Stood by him and fought off the wolves! Starving himself, he wouldn't touch his master's grub. Say, that dog's a little hero!'

They went out and called, but they saw no more of the creature at which they had fired. Skilko, as a matter of fact, had been a one-man dog all his life. There was never any special reason why he should regard the rest of humanity otherwise than with feelings of sullen distrust. Born an Indian dog, to him the memories of puppyhood were not of the sweetest, and since then he had lived alone with Berwick, far remote from camp or trading-post. When Berwick visited Villamer, he had always left Skilko at home to guard the cabin from the coyotes. Skilko had never seen a white man's settlement.

Thus, intimate only with one man, loving no other, Skilko's impressions of the remainder of humanity were strengthened by the incidents just described. First, Paul Albany had crossed his trail, and him Skilko knew. Paul was at war with the wolves, and since Skilko had lived his leisure hours much as the wolves lived, he regarded Paul as the wild wolves regarded him—an element of evil in their midst. And Paul had fired at him—tried to take his life!

Next came the rangers, and they, too, had fired at him; so, stealing away from the scene of such sad memories, Skilko took with him the impression that, now that he was alone, dependent on his own resources, he moved in hourly peril of his life, a forlorn and friendless dog in an unfriendly world.

Hitherto Skilko had hunted as a hobby; now, sick with hunger, he hunted for a living; and for the most part, during the days that followed, he lived by pouncing mice out of the prairie grass.

One evening Skilko, by good luck rather than good judgment, caught a jack-rabbit, which was fleeing in blind panic from one of its own kind. He was not hungry at the time, so, having eaten a little of the catch, he covered the rest with grass to hide it from the birds, and went his way.

Next day, coming back, Skilko found the hare as he had left it, but all about the place was the scent of man—the scent of Paul Albany, who had fired at him! Full of deadly suspicion, Skilko sniffled the meat, and learning that the man had in some way tampered with it, he scraped earth upon it, growling thunder, and trotted off stiff-legged.

Then Paul Albany, lying on a distant ridge, closed his glasses with a click, and cursed. 'It weren't a wolf at all,' he muttered, 'but old Berwick's dern dog! Dern that dog!'

Paul had reason to 'dern that dog,' for all last winter Skilko had paraded the range, as bad as a wolverine on the trapping-ground. It was chiefly owing to the dog that the prevailing spirit between Paul and Berwick had not been of the best; Paul's threat to poison Skilko had brought about a lively exchange of sentiments between himself and the dog's owner. And Paul had not possessed a leg to stand on when Berwick pointed out that poisons were illegal, and that he himself was in no way bound to chain his dog because some low-down son of a gun had chosen this particular range as his trapping-ground!

But all that was when Skilko had his man-master and was in no way dependent on his own resources. Now Skilko was free, free as any wolf of the prairies, and compelled to hunt for his living, he was calculated to prove a far more perilous rival than hitherto. Well Paul knew that Skilko was familiar with each and every one of his present sets; the dog had already marked every one of them with his personal sign of contempt, and Paul possessed little originality in the way of devising new sets to meet exceptional conditions.

A few nights later Skilko's keen nostrils led him up-wind, and as he progressed at an easy dot-and-carry-one, the heavenly aroma of dead calf increased in its seductive potency. He topped a ridge, and his nostrils told him that there, in the purple hollow ahead, the feast lay, while on the farther skyline he saw the skulking forms of many coyotes. He paused in his stride, then trotted on, stiff-legged and bristling, terrible to behold, and as he went he uttered a deep bass roar—it was not a bark, nor yet a growl, but something between the two. Our domestic dogs do not utter this sound, which is perhaps just as well, for it is a sound intended to terrify—to signify some immense and terrible personage to those who cannot see what is coming.

The coyotes heard it, and yapped their derision. They were swifter than any wolf, so did not care, but, nevertheless, they drew no nearer to that monstrous tempting bait. Skilko trotted up to within ten paces of it; then he paused, froze in his stride, for the same reason as that which had caused the coyotes to dally in the offing. About the place was the scent of man!

Skilko was a thousand times more fortunate than the wild wolves, in that he had learnt from man himself the meaning and the setting of traps, in addition to which he possessed many of the instincts of the wild wolf. Now he swiftly nosed around, and discovered each one of Paul Albany's sets. And all in turn he marked with his sign of contempt, ere scattering earth upon them; and the wild dogs of the hills, seeing the signs that he had left, would heed the warning, and add to Skilko's signs those that were sacred to themselves.

Thus, when Paul came next morning, he found that yet another of his choicest sets had been spoilt, and the signs in the sand—the tracks of a dog smaller than a wolf and larger than a coyote—conveyed the tidings as to who was the spoiler.

This was but the opening of the feud, and it would be wearisome if I were to describe how, that autumn, Paul Albany found set after set laid waste by the wild dog of his range. He put it down to some devilish and personal spite on Skilko's part towards himself, for he did not realise that that kind of evil disposition is peculiar to man himself. Paul by now had rather accusing sentiments as concerned Skilko's late master.

Bit by bit the idea grew that the ghost of Berwick Hobert was working its vengeance through the dumb friend that Berwick had left behind. At times, finding some new indication of the dog's cunning, Paul would tear his hair and rave, swearing that the varmint would be the death of him. He lived alone, you see, with the great gray loneliness, and he was not a very temperate man. At other times he would scoff at his own superstitious fears, and, full of boastful confidence, he would sally forth, till again, in the cold gray of the morning, he found his choicest sets betrayed, and again he would turn to curse God and all Creation.

III.

So Paul Albany's morbid fears grew with the growing of the pile of empty demijohns by his cabin door, till, early that winter, he again visited Villamer, and there told an old trapper, a man of originality, of this 'wolf' of exceptional cunning 'who means to get me down.' There were maudlin tears of impotence in Paul's eyes as he told his story, and the old man, seeing that Paul was 'up against it,' told him of a set he had never known to fail. Paul went back with hopes revived, scoffing at the ghost of Skilko's master; but on arriving at his cabin, he found his stores laid waste and the whole place a chaos of disorder.

Clearly this was the work of a pair of coyotes, but Paul did not pause to examine signs; or, seeing them, he was blind to what they might have told him. Berwick Hobert's ghost was 'getting him down,' and this was another step in that direction. He felt that he was striving against the inevitable; yet, a fighting-man, he would fight to the end. Underfed, poorly clothed, his whole limited intelligence centred upon one purpose, he began to watch for the coming and going of Skilko. At the end of two days he had obtained the essential information. He had learnt that Skilko, when he had to cross a certain creek, frequented always one crossing. The creek was frozen, save for its very centre, while the water moved with the metallic tinkle of extreme cold. In the centre of the unfrozen

stretch was a single stone, an island in mid-stream, which Skilko tapped with his paws as he leapt across.

Paul, trembling with weakness now, waded up the running water, so as to leave neither scent nor sign, removed the stone, built in its stead an island of moss, placed on the moss a No. 4 wolf-trap, which again he covered with moss; then over all he littered a coating of snow, leaving the island, outwardly at least, just as he had found it.

That dusk Skilko set his feet to cross the creek at the old familiar crossing, and fell to Paul Albany's trap.

At about the same hour the prairie wolves, this being the dawning of the Hunger Moon, unearthed what remained of Berwick Hobert; and one of them, one of the two that had raided Paul's cabin, set off again in that direction, carrying its sinister trophy. At the threshold it dropped what it was carrying to sniff beneath the door; then, finding that the man was back, it fled in abject terror.

Thus Paul Albany, going out next daybreak, saw something white at his very feet as he opened the door. It was a skull, a human skull, grinning up at him—the skull (something told him) of Berwick Hobert!

Paul flung his hands to his eyes, and staggered away from the horrible place, never to return. He was mad now. Some delicate fibre of his brain, long strained to breaking-point, had at last yielded under the load. He had no snow-shoes, no parki, and he did not see the dense black blizzard sweeping up from the north-west. On he floundered, through the drifts, rising, falling, clutching at the snow with crooked fingers—cursing, praying, even laughing—yet on, feebly on, till the fury of the storm smote him.

Then understanding came to the soul of Paul Albany. He was dying, and he was alone! Berwick had told him so—Berwick had attained his end!

Obeying animal instincts, Paul crept into a hollow, and banked the snow around him. No living man could have faced that devilish fury of ice-particles, and, alone with the whiteness, with the shrieking, howling fiends of death whirling in a mad dance of mockery about him, he paused, his terrors for the time forgotten, to think—to wonder! He looked at his own hands, watched the movements of his fingers, and for the first time in his life he began to respect and to wonder at this beautiful and much-abused body of his. Yes, and soon he would be so much clay, like Berwick Hobert, whom he had left to die—alone!

Yet, as the seconds passed, the thought ceased to trouble Paul Albany, for his soul was wrapt in a new wonder—a wonder at the things God had made—the snow, the storm, and again himself! If this was death, then life was a thing less merciful! He knew that he was dying; already his lower members refused to obey his will. Yes, he was dying, alone, yet he was not afraid, for he knew that of which the living are never certain—that hell is left behind with the leaving of life.

Then again understanding came to him—Berwick Hobert was not unkind! How could any man be unkind after his eyes were open—after he had crossed the Great Divide, which he himself now was crossing? Unkindness belonged to the living world. It is an element that does not belong to the world beyond. Paul no longer belonged to the living world. That, thank God, was gone for ever. He belonged to the world beyond the living, and his eyes were open.

Yet he was alone. Oh, God—why was he alone?

So the first paroxysm passed, and life came shuddering back to him. Paul Albany was fighting against, and therefore conscious of, the cold and the loneliness. The music of the wind died; it assumed the caterwauling of lynxes, the howling of wolves, and all the horribleness of man's world, not of God's world. Paul shrank into himself, stretched out his hands, clawed at the snow. 'Oh, God!' he cried. 'Why am I alone?'

And then—then he saw something moving towards him—a dark shape in the darkness—coming towards him, slowly, painfully dragging on, foot by foot. His hands touched fur—he clutched it. He drew it to him. A frosted muzzle caressed his face. It was Skilko!

Skilko, dragging the hateful trap! Skilko, now that all else had failed, now in the hour of his direst need, dragging himself to the feet of man, the only God he knew—to the feet of the very man who had set the trap—dragging himself, disarmed and helpless, to plead death or mercy!

And Paul, understanding, knew that all bitterness was at an end. He groped for his trap-key, found it, and with dead fingers loosed those deadly jaws. And with their relaxation it seemed that the last cruel bonds were split asunder from the soul of Paul himself. The dog was in his arms, and at his soul was a great quietude.

And so they lay together. Around them the snowflakes fell with feathery gentleness. The very wind seemed to sing a softer lullaby, and at the soul of Skilko, too, there was a great peace. He had tasted the boundless freedom of the wild; he knew also its bile and its bitterness. And now, in the hour of his need, he had found that which he most craved—the touch of love and the fellowship of man.

. . . . . .

Spring came. Were they ever found? What does it matter? What does it matter what man sees or sees not? For, if for a moment the curtain be raised, and a story or a poem of Wild Nature be laid naked before man's eyes, the thousand and

one who do not see for themselves pass by with a doubtful smile.

Time passes. Chickadees call in the thickets, and the glaciers thunder from the heights. Nature weaves her fabrics, autumn dawns, and a million million jewels drift to earth as for a million ages past. Yet each year brings its stories, each falling to earth to be buried by its fellows, even as the leaves bury their dead—stories as countless as the leaves themselves, as boundless as the stars, and many of them, alas! as distant from man's comprehension.

SPONGE-PLANTATION FISHERIES.

FOR years the wholesale destruction of sponge-beds, where the sponge, that interesting sea-animal, comes to maturity by feeding on microscopic sea-life, has been a source of concern, for the fishers tear up great and small, and cause much havoc. Science has come to the rescue. Sponges grow from minute round particles sprouting from the inside of the irregular canals which are contained in the parent sponge's interior and open into each other as well as into the outside holes on the surface of it. In time these particles become detached, and float away out in the currents of water circulating through these canals, till they come to rest on some hard substance, when they attach themselves to it by a flat disc. After many experiments, it has been arrived at that sponges can be propagated also from slips or cuttings, like plants. To-day, then, sponge-plantations are being laid down on a great scale in the warm waters of the Bahamas and the Gulf of Mexico.

Sixty years ago or so practically all sponges came from the Levant and the Mediterranean, but now large quantities are got in Honduras, Mexico, the Bahamas, and the waters of the coast of Florida. So great is the output from U.S.A. waters that comparatively few sponges, even of the finer varieties required in surgery and chemical experiments, are imported into the States. Sponges are found, however, in nearly every sea where the water is warm, and currents and waves are not pronounced. Of the three hundred varieties known, many of which are named from their shapes—the fan, the distaff, the trumpet, the feather, and others—only a few are fit for use. Numbers of them have hard substances like flint, and as sharp as needles; others are covered with prickly points, and are of no value commercially.

The sponges that are of worth are irregular round masses, yellow, or light brown, sometimes almost red. They grow in groups in from twelve to a hundred feet of water among the rocks and ledges to which they are attached. Here they live and die, fixed to the one spot, for, though, after much dispute among zoophytologists, sponges are now classified as animals, they have no means of moving.

Along the coast of Florida, where now lie the world's greatest sponge-fisheries, the industry had its beginning several years before the Civil War. From a small commencement, in which fishing was confined to the shallow waters around Key West, it gradually reached out northward along the west coast and out of the gulf. Northward the fishers spread up to Anclote River, fifty miles above Tampa Bay, where were discovered the most prolific beds in the United States waters. There is none to be compared with them in southern European waters, much less in the Red Sea, once so noted for its sponge-fisheries. Only in the Bahamas is there a site as prolific.

The Bahamas have an old repute for sponges. The underwater banks there are generally composed of coral, with corally ledges, in the clefts of which the sponges propagate abundantly. Andros Island, the Bemini Group, Bahama Island, Green Turtle Cay, and others have afforded fishing-grounds for many generations. But it is the Caicos Group, off the south-east corner of the Bahamas, which alone rivals the United States supplies. Here is produced a large proportion of the sponges used. The fisheries are located on a submerged coral-bank, which is fifty miles long, ten miles wide, and from twelve to thirty feet under the surface.

The sponge-fisheries form one of the principal industries of the Lucayos. The craft of the Bahama fishermen stud the waters off Andros, the Caicos, and others of these charming islands, and very stinking craft they are. The slimy sea-animals are first left exposed to the sun for two or three days till they are dead, and certain parts rot off; then they are put into water, and steeped for several more days, and washed clean. After this they are dried in the sun, and trimmed, when they are ready for sale.

In outlying parts of the Bahama waters, as well as those in the Gulf of Mexico and elsewhere, sponge-fishers use the clumsy hook-and-pole method of harvesting this valuable marine product; or, again, resort to diving and slicing, or tearing, the sponge away. Where the bed of the sea is rocky the latter method is ineffective, and the fishers are seldom able to work to a greater depth than thirty-five feet. In 1908 a complete revolution took place, first in the Florida sponge-fisheries, and later in those elsewhere. American capitalists introduced divers from the Levant, equipped with diver's gear. Against their skill and equipment the hook-and-pole spongers had little chance.

The centre of this invasion was at Tarpon Springs, Florida. Tarpon Springs became Hellenised, and so did American sponge-fishing. The total value of the sponges handled at this market alone now annually exceeds a million and a half of dollars. The Greek sponge-diver plies his trade clad in a waterproof canvas suit and an air-helmet. Not nowadays has the sponger to peer through a glass-bottomed bucket into the depths below, and reave away the sea-animal from its rocky base by means of hook-and-pole. He sinks to it, cuts the sponge away from the bed of the sea or the cleft of coral or rock, and walks along the bottom, slicing off the sponges as he goes.

He and his mates live on board a three-masted schooner all the period of its cruise, which is usually from sixty to seventy days; and the vessel carries small boats rigged out with air-pumps and all the diver's paraphernalia. When the diver is at work his craft follows him on the surface, pumping fresh air to him, hauling up the bags filled with sponges, and lowering empty ones. Frequently the sponging-diver remains down as long as three hours. The diving-dress is so well made that there are few risks except from unforeseen accidents and sharks. He carries no weapon save his cutting-knife, which he does not use against Jack Shark save when unexpectedly attacked. On seeing a shark, he remains motionless until it moves away, as a shark will not attack anything it takes for dead.

With the help of the diver, sponge-plantations have come into full swing. And so man gathers crops under the sea as well as under the sun.

NORTH OF THE ZAMBESI.

PERHAPS one of the least-known parts of coastal Africa is that immediately to the north of the river Zambesi, comprising the district of Quilimane, in the province of Portuguese East Africa.

The war, as with so many other parts of the world, added to that knowledge somewhat, for Von Lettow passed some months in this region, reaching his most southerly point when he took Nhammacurra, only twenty-five miles by rail from the port and capital of the district—Quilimane.

With the fall of Nhammacurra, from north, east, and west, British troops came down, in yet another attempt to encircle this elusive Hun. The town of Quilimane was filled for a while with men in khaki and men in blue, who were rushed up to assist 'our most ancient allies' in the defence of the seat of government; but Von Lettow, resisting the attractions of the capital, and refusing to be lured into a network of swamps and rivers, swung north-west, and once again eluding the converging forces, resumed his De-Wet-like performances, which terminated only with the Armistice.

So for some few months an air of bustle and energy marked the decayed old town. But with Von Lettow rapidly disappearing over the north-western horizon, the necessity for our troops' presence was gone; they were evacuated, and Quilimane returned to a somnolence that could hardly have been more profound when, some four hundred years previously, Vasco da Gama sailed up the river Bons Sinaes ('Good Signs') to take possession of the land in the name of His Most Catholic Majesty Manuel I. of Portugal. Contrary to the historical experiences of practically all other colonies, this territory has remained in the possession of the original European discoverers and owners.

Various theories are advanced as to the discoverer's reasons for so entitling the river; such as, that the natives were of a friendly disposition, or that good water and anchorage were obtained—for in those days, it is generally conceded, this was one of the chief exits of the Zambesi, though now it does not connect. Perhaps the most picturesque explanation for the title is that here were encountered the first dhows from India, supplying the much-desired proof that the voyagers were indeed on that road by sea to the fabled wealth of the Indies that had for so long been dreamed of and sought. Whatever the reason, one feels that cheery optimism must have been the chief factor, as the good signs must have been rather scarce, amid surroundings of endless mangroves rooted in black slime, with a background of swamps, the only obvious products of which were innumerable mosquitoes and a wonderful variety of other winged pests.

But perhaps the great Vasco was blessed with the foresight that might detect the wonderful possibilities of his Terra Nova. If 'twere so, that foresight has not been inherited by the descendants of that exceptional man, for there can be few districts of any colony that after four hundred years of possession are without a single mile of Government-made road; while the railway mileage consists of twenty-five miles of broad-gauge, cut in two by the unbridged river Mucello, and a narrow-gauge line of the same length, terminating in an uncompleted bridge. And this in a country where the engineering difficulties are of the slightest, a country which, a glance at the map will show, is the natural outlet for British Nyasaland.

In 1913 the route was surveyed, and taxes were introduced that should pay for the construction of this railway which would at long

last develop the country and make of Quilimane a flourishing seaport. Every native in the entire district is taxed, in amounts that vary in accordance with his proximity to the projected route; and an impost, solely for the railway, of at least 2 per cent. *ad valorem* is charged on all exports and imports. No official book-keeper has been appointed for the railway, though some £200,000 has been collected. The port that is to handle the large increase of traffic is still furnished with one small hand-crane that once used to lift five tons, while all loading is done by lighters.

After six years, twenty-five miles of that railway, minus a bridge, had been completed! Shade of Vasco da Gama! Those twenty-five miles of railroad may be credited to the Government, while a steadily increasing scale of taxation and endless regulations must be placed to the other side of the account.

A recent law is to the effect that the managers of all firms holding land must be Portuguese. Here, in the district of Quilimane, exists the unique and much-criticised system of the *prazo*. Maugham, in his *Zambezia*, describes it thus:

'It consists mainly in the letting or leasing by the State to approved persons or associations of the sole right of collection of native taxes and imposts in a given area called a *prazo*. On an application for a *prazo* being made, an immediate census of its native population is proceeded with, and on its conclusion, the area as it stands is offered at auction to the highest bidder; the upset amount of rent payable being 50 per cent. of the native tax-revenue capable of collection as calculated on the basis of the census taken.'

Certainly a unique method of shouldering the burden of Empire! After the auction, the lessee is responsible for the administration of the *prazo*, which is carried on by means of *sepais*, or native police, though nowadays there is a Government *Agente d'Autoridade*, who is paid by the lessees and a Government-paid inspector called the Fiscal.

With the exception of two small *prazos* and some few small freehold properties, practically three-fourths of the district is divided into *prazos* held by the following companies: Boror, Madal, Lugella, and Zambezia. And it is no exaggeration to say that the vast majority of the driving-power and development has been supplied by foreigners—Swiss and Frenchmen. Hampered by endless regulations, and for many years by a lack of capital, these men have laboured on, and at last are beginning to see the fruits of those endeavours, which fruits are in danger of being plucked from them by means of impossible regulations and prohibitive taxation.

For many obvious reasons, the development commenced at, or near, the coast, and there the ground is suited only to the growing of coco-nut palms. The type of copra produced ranks very high, and the Companhia do Boror, with a million of palms, is to-day considered to be the largest palm-owning concern in the world, while the Société du Madal has some half a million palms planted.

Both the Boror and the Zambezia *prazos* also include inland parts of the district, and here are grown sisal, cotton, rubber, and sugar. Some sixty miles from the coast the lands of the Lugella *prazo* commence in a magnificent territory, where, from some undiscovered cause, the mosquito ceases from troubling—and life is simplified thereby.

Roads have been cut through the virgin forest in every direction, and where a dozen years ago the white man dared not pass, thousands and thousands of sisal, tobacco, and cotton plants are yearly being planted.

And here, as in all the inland parts of the districts, is to be obtained hunting that is in every way superior to that of the much-advertised British East Africa, comprising every description of game in great abundance, from the royal lion, elephant, and rhino to the lesser antelopes. Maugham's *Wild Animals of the Zambezia* gives a vivid and charmingly written account of the author's experiences with the rifle in this little-known paradise of hunters. As an example of what is possible, the present director of the Companhia do Lugella, M. René Vuilleumeir, shot thirteen lions in two consecutive weeks, three of them in one afternoon.

From Nhammacurra to Lugella a light railway, to connect with the Quilimane-Nhammacurra broad-gauge line, is in course of construction, whereby access would be easy to unrivalled hunting-grounds, amid scenery of a tropical Switzerland, where one forgets the malarial swamps and humidity of the coast, and where the right sort of hunter would be welcomed by the hospitable directors of the various companies. A great land of infinite possibilities, with its magnificent timbers, and a soil that can produce anything; a land that cries aloud for roads and railways, and that would give such wonderful returns could it but receive a minute portion of the attention which it deserves but which it has so completely lacked for the last four hundred years.

PHŒBE.

A PERIWINKLE butterfly went twirling thro' the air;
It was giddy with the sunlight, so it caught in Phœbe's hair.
And Phœbe sat lamenting 'cause the butterfly got free—
I think she's sitting crying still, beneath the willow-tree.

BETTY DUNDAS.

'HOW TO KNOW THE STARS.'—We greatly regret that in this article in our December issue, the sun's diameter was given as 8800 miles instead of 880,000 miles. The second star whose diameter was measured at Mount Wilson is Arcturus, not Aldebaran, as there stated.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

HUMAN ADAPTATION TO HIGHER ALTITUDES.

In view of the departure for the Peruvian Andes of an expedition, promoted by several learned societies, and having for its object investigation into the effects of high altitudes on the human respiratory and circulatory systems, an article on the subject in a recent number of the *Indian Journal of Medical Research* is most opportune. The author is Captain Kingston, of the Indian Medical Service, who accompanied a survey-party to the Pamir Plateau, 'the roof of the world,' making on the way thither, and after arrival, a careful series of observations. He comes to the conclusion that 'mountain-sickness' shows that a process of acclimatisation is going on as an ascent is being made. The prime factor in this acclimatisation is an increase (proportionate to the height attained) of the number of red corpuscles in the blood, the increased number of these oxygen-carriers counterbalancing the decreased efficiency, due to the rarefied state of the atmosphere, of each individual corpuscle. Where the ascent is sufficiently gradual, this increase takes place at such a rate that the supply is equal to the demand, and no trouble is experienced; but should the ascent be unduly rapid, there occurs a marked deficiency in the number of red corpuscles, and symptoms of mountain-sickness supervene. In ordinary cases the deficiency is made good fairly quickly, if the climber remains for a time at the same altitude, and he is then ready for another portion of the ascent; in some cases, however, the time needed for acclimatisation is a somewhat lengthy one. Actual observation has shown that those living in high altitudes have a larger number of red blood corpuscles than those dwelling at low elevations, and that the number is increased and decreased by ascent and descent respectively. In other words, Nature is here showing her wonderful power of adjustment to man's needs, and is providing mechanism whereby the same amount of oxygen may be carried by the blood whatever the rarity of the atmosphere may be. Experience has shown that, by taking proper precautions, man can readily adapt himself to an atmosphere having a density only half that of the normal; and Dr Kingston thinks that even the air on the top of Mount Everest, which has a density only one-third that of the air at sea-level, would be quite sufficient to support life. We observe that the author does not say whether the increase in the number of red corpuscles is accompanied by a correspondingly increased aggregate amount of hæmoglobin. We presume, however, that it is, for it is the generally received opinion that it is this substance which is the active agent in carrying a supply of oxygen to the tissues.

AN IMPROVED TEA-POT.

An improved form of tea-pot, the invention of a medical man, of which we have recently made adequate trial, effects a distinct saving of both time and tea. The improvement consists in a patent 'stirrer,' which passes through the centre of the lid (to which it is firmly attached) nearly to the bottom of the tea-pot. By simply turning the knob fixed at the upper end of the stirrer a few times, a uniform infusion is made in about half the time usually taken, thus ensuring the absence of tannin and all bitterness of taste. The saving in the amount of tea consumed works out at about 20 per cent. The lower part of the stirrer is made in two forms, one being solid, and the other hollow. Our personal preference is for the former, though there appears to be little or no difference in the degree of efficiency. The tea-pot itself is of earthenware enamelled in artistic shades.

A CHEAP VACUUM CLOTHES-WASHER.

Many are the mechanical aids offered to the housewife of the present day, but, alas! all too often at a price beyond her purse. We have recently made a thorough trial, however, of a hand vacuum washer which is sold at a very modest figure. The essential features of the appliance are: (1) a cone-shaped copper body, into the top of which a wooden handle, of the length deemed desirable by the user, may readily be fixed; and (2) a copper disc, perforated with a number of holes, fitted inside the cone-shaped body some distance from the bottom. The clothes having been placed in a tub with the necessary amount of boiling water and of flaked soap or soap-powder, the washer is simply worked up and down among the clothes by means of the handle, which is kept as nearly upright as possible. Owing to the suction action of the perforated disc, the soapy water is drawn evenly through the material, and the clothes are clean in a few minutes. The device is also of great service in the operations of rinsing and blueing, as it ensures the complete extraction of all soapy water and the perfect distribution of the 'blue.' Being made of rounded copper throughout, the appliance will not tear the clothes, and it can readily be taken to pieces for cleaning purposes.

A MOTOR-LORRY WITH A 'HIGH-LIFT' BODY.

The tipping body for carts and vans has been a familiar object for a great many years, being used for carting coal, stones, or other material in bulk. This principle has been extended recently in the form of a body which can be raised as well as tipped. Moreover, the power for performing these operations is derived from the

motor itself. It is impossible without the aid of illustrations to explain exactly how the lifting and tipping operations are carried out. To put the matter briefly, a shaft about three inches in diameter across the chassis acts as a drum for winding up two very stout chains, which are attached to the ends of two huge curved lifting brackets. These brackets are fitted at the extreme rear of the chassis, and normally lie flat just under the body. When lifting begins, the body pivots at the rear end, and the action of the lifting brackets pulls up two push-rods under the front end until the front of the body is raised to its full height. At this point the rods, having reached the limit of their upward movement, come up against stops, and the fulcrum changes to the front end, the rear end of the body being then raised to a height of between seven and eight feet. The shaft which performs the operation is worked by a special power head in the gear-box, which transmits the motion through reduction gears. These bodies save a considerable amount of time and labour for certain purposes. For instance, a two-ton body may be raised so that it will tip its contents into a railway truck. Again, it may be run alongside a first-floor doorway, where it can be loaded or emptied much more conveniently than if at the customary height. The body is quickly lowered by releasing a hand-brake on the reduction gear.

A LINE-THROWING ROCKET-PISTOL.

In our issue for August 1921 a description was given of a line-throwing gun which was being tested by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. A comparatively small pistol for a similar purpose, but working on a different principle, has been brought out recently. Instead of giving a high velocity to a projectile, which enables it to carry a light line over a long distance, the pistol gives a smart send-off to a rocket which afterwards propels itself. Each rocket consists of a steel tube, charged with rocket composition, and fitted with a metal choke and head-piece. A metal rod forms the stick, to which is spliced a short length of flexible wire cord, the rocket line being attached to the eye of the cord. The pistol is fitted with a hand-rest and a canvas guard, the former being fixed at an angle of 35 degrees, which permits the user to get the necessary angle for firing in a natural way. A pull of the trigger fires a small cartridge, which not only ejects the rocket, but at the same time pierces the waterproof covering at the choke and lights it, the rocket then proceeding straight on its course, and remaining visible by either day or night. The rocket lines are 'flaked' by a special method, and are stowed in water-tight cases, which are opened by tearing away four tapes; the top of each case can then be removed, when the two ends of the line are at once seen. A bowline is formed at the bottom end, so that another line can be quickly attached before the rocket line is fired. At a demonstration at Parkestone Quay a half-inch line was thrown 230 yards, with a strong wind blowing across the flight of the rocket. One-pound and two-pound rockets are used with the same pistol, and they carry half-inch, three-quarter-inch, or one-inch lines. At a recent trial from the training-ship *Warspite*, a three-quarter-inch line was thrown for a distance of 180 yards by means of a two-pound rocket, while with a one-pound rocket four half-inch lines were thrown over a small dinghy moored 100 yards distant from the ship. More recently still, at a demonstration where only one-pound rockets were used, a half-inch line was thrown 125 yards, a three-quarter-inch line 110 yards, and an inch line 80 yards. In the past a considerable portion of the power of rockets for line-throwing has been wasted in lifting them from their troughs. The pistol avoids this waste by giving the rocket a quick send-off; it also facilitates taking an accurate aim. It is an interesting fact that Sir Ernest Shackleton's ship the *Quest* is provided with one of these rocket-pistols.

A UNIVERSAL WRENCH.

Almost every one, at some time or other, has occasion to use a wrench for tightening or loosening a nut; by the car-owner this useful appliance is constantly in demand. Nuts, of course, vary in size, and to deal with them one must possess either a considerable number of wrenches or one which can be adjusted. The adjustable wrench, however, does not usually take so firm a grip of the nut as the ordinary variety, and where great force is required it is unsatisfactory. What may be termed a universal wrench has been invented recently, which will fit practically any hexagonal nut; and the harder it is pulled, the more tightly it grips. The device consists of a steel bar, with a working part adapted to deal with large nuts at one end, and one suitable for smaller nuts at the other. Each of these working parts roughly resembles a horse-shoe in shape, the ends of the shoe being united by a flat bar, to which the sides of the 'horse-shoe' are inclined at an angle of 120 degrees. Hence the wrench may at once be placed over a nut in such a way that the two inclined sides of the horse-shoe are in immediate contact with two edges of the nut. The rounded portion of each working part is pierced laterally to admit the passage of the steel bar, to which it is attached, the end of the bar pressing hard on that edge of the nut which is opposite to the flat bar previously referred to. Each working part is pivoted on the steel bar in such a way that the bar acts as a lever when it is turned, thus turning the nut; and the pivot is so located that the harder the bar is pulled the more closely is the nut gripped by the surfaces with which it is in contact, thus obviating any chance of

slipping. Between them, the two ends of the wrench are capable of dealing with fourteen different sizes of nuts. Most important of all, this appliance does not damage the corners of the nut even in the very slightest degree.

A NOVEL OIL-FILLER.

Although primarily intended for filling motor crank-cases with oil, the filler we are about to describe should be equally useful for the lubrication of all kinds of machinery. It consists of a copper jug, holding two quarts, the main feature of which is a flexible spout, leading from an opening in the centre of a false bottom in the lower part of the jug, and thence through the side of the jug, near the true bottom. This spout, which is really a flexible metal pipe with a nozzle at the end of it, can be turned about in any direction, and provision is made for holding it in position when it is not in use. The central aperture in the false bottom is provided with a valve fixed to one end of a little rocking lever, the other end of which is connected to a rod passing up the side of the jug to the top, where a button on the end of the rod is conveniently placed for the operator's thumb. Normally the valve is kept closed by a spring, and nothing can flow into the spout; but when this button is pressed down the valve is raised, and oil can flow through the aperture in the false bottom into the spout. A strainer is fitted half-way down the jug, which removes all impurities in the oil. With this appliance, therefore, not only is the funnel eliminated, but the oil is strained and measured in one operation.

A HUGE MINE HOIST.

Very powerful machinery is needed to wind up coal and ore from deep mines, several tons being carried in the 'cage' on each journey, and the maximum speed approaching forty miles an hour. Two cages are employed, one coming up while the other is going down. They are hung on huge wire ropes, which are wound upon, or unwound from, enormous drums at the pit-head. It might be thought that the weight of one cage would balance that of the other, and therefore only the weight of the load of ore or coal would have to be reckoned with. But where depths of some thousands of feet are concerned, the weight of the rope may amount to several tons, and has to be allowed for. This is done by winding it on a spiral groove, so that, to begin with, the effective diameter of the drum is comparatively small, and the engine is able to exert its maximum power when it begins to raise both rope and load from the bottom. The diameter of the drum becomes larger and larger as the cage ascends, and after the two cages meet and pass each other the extra weight of the descending rope over that of the ascending rope assists the engine in its work. As the drum runs at the same number of revolutions a minute throughout the journey, the speed of the cage increases from the bottom to the top, owing to the increasing diameter of the groove on the winding-drum. The rope from one cage is wound in one direction on one end of the drum, the rope from the second cage being wound the opposite way on the other end of the drum. Usually a powerful steam-engine is coupled to each end of the drum-shaft, while brakes and safety devices are provided to stop the cages at the top and the bottom respectively. The foregoing explanation will enable our readers to appreciate the following particulars of a mine hoist which *The Times Engineering Supplement* states is believed to be the largest steam-driven mine hoist in the world. The drum for this hoist has a spiral groove for the rope with a maximum diameter of 30 feet, but starting with a diameter of only 16 feet. Built up in forty-eight sections, bolted together, it weighs 230 tons. The shaft upon which it is carried has two bearings, each measuring 28 inches in diameter and 54 inches in length. A part of the drum at each end, 16 feet in diameter, is fitted with a brake, which is put on or off by the action of a big piston in a cylinder. All the engine-man has to do is to open a valve at one side of the piston, thus admitting oil under a high pressure, the effect being to put on the brake with enormous force. Safety devices automatically shut off steam and apply the brakes if the engine-man fails to do his duty. The rope used weighs $18\frac{1}{2}$ tons and is 10,000 feet in length; the cage weighs $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons, and carries 10 tons of copper ore at each wind. The maximum speed is 3200 feet per minute. A compound condensing-engine is coupled to each end of the drum-shaft, and the total weight of the machinery is nearly 800 tons. This mine hoist is installed at a copper-mine in Michigan, U.S.A.

A PETROL FLAT-IRON.

A good deal of ingenuity has been expended upon attempts to improve on the ordinary domestic flat-iron, mainly in the direction of providing a source of heat in the iron itself, so that the temperature shall remain constant. The gas-iron was invented many years ago, and is still in use; electricity is also employed as a heating agent. Such irons, however, involve flexible tubing or wires respectively; while in the country a large number of households are still without gas or electricity. An iron heated by petrol has been brought out recently, which is maintained at a constant temperature for a very low cost. The iron is of the usual form, but is much deeper, and is made hollow. At one end of the iron proper is a spherical container for the petrol, which is kept under a certain low degree of air-pressure, the container having air pumped into it every time it is filled. A pipe from the bottom of the container passes along the top of the hollow in the iron to

the pointed end, where it turns down and is brought back along the bottom. The petrol is vaporised in the upper pipe by the heat from a row of petrol gas-jets issuing from holes in the lower pipe, the device being similar in principle to the well-known Primus wickless stove. Owing to the gas being under pressure, extra air mingles with it at the jets, which burn with a blue flame, denoting a high efficiency. As with a Primus stove, the vaporising-pipe has to be heated by methylated spirit for a minute or so before the petrol is turned on. The size of the jets, and consequently the heat of the iron, can be regulated to a nicety, and the iron is perfectly clean and safe to handle. Once the burner is started, it will keep going for four hours on one filling of the container, at a cost of about threepence halfpenny.

SOMETHING FRESH IN SPEEDOMETERS.

A speedometer, to indicate how many miles an hour a motor-car is travelling, forms an almost indispensable item of the dash-board equipment, and many instruments have been invented for this purpose. In one of the most recent a current of air is projected upwards in a cylindrical case by a rotary fan at the bottom, this being driven through gearing (in the case) by a flexible shaft connected to one of the wheels. A broad ring, shaped like part of an inverted cone, above the fan-blades, and rotating with them, deflects the air to the sides of the case. On reaching the top of the case, which is formed by the dial of the instrument, the air is projected towards the centre, whence it takes a downward course, and a continuous circulation is set up. During its passage downwards the air passes through a number of vanes radiating from a central spindle, these being mounted above the rotating fan, but having no connection with it. The spindle projects upwards through the centre of the dial, and carries a needle which indicates the miles per hour on a circular graduated scale marked from 10 to 60. A tiny chain wound on the spindle and attached to a spring tends to keep the needle at the lowest end of the scale. The air passing the vanes turns them in the opposite direction, winding up the chain and extending the spring, the extent of the movement being dependent upon the strength of the air-current, which in turn is governed by the speed of the fan, and therefore by that of the wheel which rotates it. The instrument is supplied as described, or combined with a mileage recorder.

THE SMALLEST LATCH-KEY IN THE WORLD.

A front-door latch, which is operated by what is believed to be the smallest key in existence, has been placed on the market recently by a noted firm of safe and lock specialists. This key, which is made of duralumin, measures only an inch in length, while the width of the blade is $\frac{3}{8}$-inch, and the thickness about that of a penny-piece. The essential part of the latch is a tiny rectangular box, containing a number of thin metal strips. These slide endways in the box, and each is pressed towards the keyhole end by a separate spring. The extremity of the key crosses the ends of the strips, and projections upon it push certain strips backwards to a greater or less extent. This arrangement allows of varying the height of the projections, and so of producing a large number of different keys. On the edge of each strip is cut a V-shaped notch in a different position, and it is only when the right key is pressed into the latch that these notches are brought into line. Placed thus, they form a groove across all the strips. A wedge-shaped excrescence, exactly fitting this groove, projects through the side of the box. It forms part of a tiny lever pivoted at the opposite end, and constantly pressed towards the groove by a spring. So long as the key is in position and the excrescence in the groove, the box can be turned and the latch pushed back; but when the key is taken out, the strips are pushed forward by their springs and force out the wedge-shaped excrescence. At the back of the excrescence is a small projection which drops into a slot in a fixed cylindrical case, so that the box and latch are locked. The key passes through a slot which exactly fits the blade, and the latter is recessed as regards the middle part, so that the middle portion of the slot is very narrow. At each side of the key is a small projection which will enter the mouth of the slot, but comes up against a narrower part when the key is pressed home. When the key is turned these projections pass under an outer flange, so that the key can be withdrawn only when the latch is locked. From the foregoing description it will be gathered that to pick this lock would be a practical impossibility, while the key is so small that it might well be hung on the watch-chain.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (*a*) a reply post-card, or (*b*) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

WHILE TRUTH PUTS ON ITS BOOTS.

By JOHN HASLETTE VAHEY, Author of *Johnnie Maddison*, &c.

PART I.

I.

FOR six years nothing had happened in Kule. The spider jetty, deserted and fast getting out of repair, still straddled the slow-moving brown stream between the barriers of mangroves and mud; the range of godowns still stood rotting on the cleared bank; but, save for Godfrey, the trader, who had once run the store with the aid of the New Guinea woman he called his wife, life seemed to have passed by the settlement. It had once been a rising hope, a prospective entrepôt for the interior, an intended port of loading for the wealth of minerals which were expected to pour in from the developed hinterland; it was now a dismal spectacle of neglect, silent, passive, depressing—a tragic monument of fallen hopes.

Gold was going to be found up the river—once! There was going to be a rush—once! But Kule was now definitely in the past tense, a deserted village surrounded by a few overgrown patches where taro, yams, and other easy-going vegetables had once been cultivated. Even the gay, impudent birds, when they crossed the river from bank to bank, seemed to scream insolently, to chuckle over the ineffective efforts of the two-legged humans to make a lodge in this wilderness; and the cunning alligators, lying up on the slime among the mangroves, smiled their mocking, reptilian smiles, as if sardonically amused at the ever-present spectacle of ruin and decay.

'Mrs' Godfrey, insufficiently but comfortably clothed in a *rami*, sat under the shade of her veranda, and, fumbling with her brown fingers in a little bag, prepared a chew of betel, fishing up in turn the nut, a pinch of lime, a green leaf. She stared reminiscently down the stretch of brown river to where it disappeared behind a dog-leg bend.

To her simple mind this solitude (where one could dress airily, and chew betel without interruption) was finer and more beautiful than anything a prosperous Kule could have shown. No more work to be done in the store; no 'white' clothes to wear; nothing but a continuous *dolce far niente*, broken only by the occasional preparation of a meal for a husband who had forgotten all his ancient niceties, the ceremonial proprieties of the white man, in this lotus land. So she sat and chewed, ejecting the crimson stream of betel-juice extracted by her slowly masticating jaws, and thanking whatever gods she knew for peace and sunshine.

The jetty was falling to pieces. It would soon be gone. The godowns were roofless. They, too, would soon be gone. It was better so, she thought complacently. Nature was like that. Prosperity always means work, and who would work in a land that gives sun and shade, fish, fruit, and vegetables in gratis abundance? Her greatest fear nowadays was the arrival of a ship. Ships meant white men, with their mad desire to make things, improve things, do things. And then farewell to *rami* petticoats, inglorious ease, the chewing of betel under the shade of one's own vine and fig-tree!

But life has always a cane up her sleeve for the chastisement of her complacent children! Even as 'Mrs' Godfrey chewed, and congratulated herself that the clock had stood still for six years, the nose of a fore-and-aft schooner poked inquisitively round the bend, swung round, as if it had seen the forlorn jetty waving a welcome, and the white lines of the schooner itself appeared against the umber of the placid river.

'Mrs' Godfrey's jaws paused in the very act of mastication, and a crimson trickle of betel-juice appeared on her lips. A ship!

Her brown face expressed alarm, unmingled with resignation. This was what she had ever feared, the thing which might actively recreate in her 'husband's' mind memories and ambitions she had hoped for ever forgotten. He was away now, somewhere in the bush inland, hunting. Could she get the schooner to go away again, before he saw men of his own kin, and began once more to dream white dreams?

Her lares and penates were the bush, the mouldering houses, the decaying solitude of the dead village, and the schooner was an enemy to these; the white men aboard were her enemies, representing civilisation, progress, action, all those deadly opponents of sloth and the betel habit, the luxuries of her simple life. She was like one of the many creeper parasites which en-

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

cumber the forest trees, clinging, overwhelming in her embrace, finally killing all the finer attributes of the tree, breaking it down, disintegrating its fibre.

All her defensive instincts were at work, planning, scheming, as the schooner, under the impulse of a light breeze from seaward, came up the river. What did it want here? She asked herself the question without anger, but without comfort. Were they coming to take her man away, these whites? As the schooner's mainsails came down with a run, and she saw the crew preparing to drop anchor, a hundred yards to the south of the jetty, she rose slowly, closed her little bag, ejected a final crimson stream of juice from her lips, and began to walk leisurely towards the shore end of the decayed pile structure straddling in the river.

There was not a detail that escaped her slow, soft eyes. She saw a man in white, wearing a pith helmet—obviously the captain. He sauntered aft as the anchor-cable ran hissing through the hawse-pipe, came back again to watch some men preparing to launch a boat. She saw, towing by a painter behind the schooner, a dilapidated whale-boat, white with salt encrustations. She stood still on the first boarding of the jetty, her *rami* fluttering in the wind, like a figure in warm brown stone. Her face was impassive, except for a slight working of the nostrils which besnoke fear and uneasiness.

The white-clad man on the schooner's deck focused her through a telescope, and shouted to some one. Then the boat went down with a light splash into the water, a ladder was lowered over the side, and he descended, following two of his men into the boat. Across the crawling brown water she could hear him speak shortly.

'Give way!'

II.

To European eyes Captain Andrews would have appeared handsome; to 'Mrs' Godfrey he seemed determined merely—determined to attack her solitude, to rape from her her 'husband,' carrying him off across the big water to some remote and unreal clime. As the boat bumped against the piles of the jetty she looked down into it, her lips tight, her eyes sombre, like those of a man who consciously leads a forlorn hope, but will give no single step while life is in him.

Captain Andrews, turning up a sunburnt face, ventured a question: 'What name this fella Mary?'

Scorn mingled with trepidation in her answering gaze. She drew herself up. 'Hell!' said she, wonderfully mimicking her absent husband. 'What you take me for, eh? My word! You keep your pidgin talk for niggers, captain.'

Captain Andrews took off his hat, half-ironically, half-apologetically. 'I beg your pardon,' he said, in a melodious but slightly drawling voice; 'my apologies, madam. I came up here hoping to get some one to interpret for me—thought there might be a settlement up here.'

Her face was a little relieved. 'You want water—stores? You can have water.'

'An interpreter—some one to——' He paused. 'We've got a nig aboard, and even my Kanakas can't understand him. I thought some one here might understand the lingo.'

She pursed her lips. 'No one here, captain; on'y me. I'm widow, you savvy—all alone. Perhaps you take me out your boat, and I say what this nigger fella say to you.'

'Good biz!' said Andrews, smiling. 'I don't want to waste any more time over this fellow. Can you get in, or shall I beach the boat?'

'Mrs' Godfrey did not reply. But she was herself again; her nimble wits were at work. There was a chance of getting the schooner away before her husband returned, and she took it, slipping down one of the piles into the boat like an acrobat, with an unashamed display of bare brown limbs. 'Let her rip, cap!' she said easily.

The men at the oars grinned; Andrews smothered a laugh, and spoke again. 'We picked up this nig at sea, in the whale-boat you see trailing behind my boat. He had a shot-wound in the shoulder, and seemed pretty bad—excited, too, about something, or I shouldn't have worried with him.'

'Mrs' Godfrey nodded. 'I make him talk, you bet.'

The rescued black was on deck when she climbed over the bulwarks, a tall, burly fellow, with a mop of frizzy hair, and a stone nose-ornament. He wore a dog-tooth necklet, an armlet, and a perineal band—that was all. 'Mrs' Godfrey went up to him at once, and hurled at him a harangue in a guttural tongue.

His eyes opened wide at once; he fired a volume of words back at her, touched his wounded shoulder, showed a row of sharpened teeth in a venomous grin, and waited.

'Got it?' asked Andrews shortly.

'Sure thing!' said 'Mrs' Godfrey. 'I tell you presently.'

So they went at it again, the brown woman questioning, the man answering in great gusts of words, excited and intense.

'Looks as if he was describing a tribal fight,' said Andrews to his mate.

'He 's sure got somebody on the run,' said the latter. 'Watch him stabbing, jumping, dodging. Some fight!'

'Mrs' Godfrey turned suddenly to Andrews. 'I have him all now. This nigger, coast-nigger, alonga Palm Bay—he an' others go war-hunt after the trader on Jelks Sound. Trader fishing in whale-boat, they spear him good. He shoot two. They drop him in water; sharks eat him good. One, two hundred they go fight white fella Mary in her house. Soft chop this, they say; take store, take trade, no pay, all good. White

fella Mary, daughter of trader, she live in shore house. Those nigs belonga trader go bung plenty quick, or run. My word! Only Fi-fi that white fella Mary alive with all those fella throw their spear.'

'Fi-fi 's magic, cap,' said the mate.

Andrews's face had grown dark, but he repressed his anger. 'So the trader had a daughter? And she 's alive?'

'My word, yes! Fi-fi belonga that white fella Mary,' said the brown woman, forgetting half her acquired English. 'Shut herself up in house; no have gun but Fi-fi that shoot like thousan' gun. Put it through window. It spit—brrumph, brrumph, spit fast all the time. Fella he fall in boats, fall plenty, begin to fear debbil-debbil. Two boat they sink, two boat run ashore, and fella run off into bush. This fella him in whale-boat, think debbil-debbil. He row fast; that Fi-fi come after him—and spit, spit. He wounded, but row; spit, spit, brrumph!'

Andrews intervened. 'And got away to sea?'

'My word, yes! Out to sea. Then big buster come on; he blown further. Almost lib for die that fella. Debbil-debbil stop spitting to blow him out.'

Andrews bit his lip. 'That means there 's a girl left alone somewhere on Jelks Sound. Look here, madam; can I get to it from here pretty quick?'

She nodded. 'You go there right away, cap. But what you do with this fella first?'

'Shoot him!' said the mate, with a glance at Andrews.

'Yes,' said the captain sternly. 'He 's earned it.'

The primitive possessions and desires of the savage awakened in 'Mrs' Godfrey's breast. She set covetous eyes on the dog-tooth necklet. 'Me get that for what I do?' she asked eagerly.

Andrews walked up to the man, took off the necklet, and handed it across. 'I 'll put you ashore now,' he said hastily. 'I must get going at once. Come along.'

'Mrs' Godfrey hugged the necklet and grinned. 'That fella go bung quick,' she said, as she stepped to the bulwarks. 'No good that fella. Say himself good-bye, eh?'

She went down into the boat; the men dug in their oars, and pulled towards the jetty. Half-way to the shore 'Mrs' Godfrey heard the sound of a single shot, and a few moments afterwards a splash. An alligator which had been basking on the mud dived out like a brown torpedo. But the woman continued to smile and to fondle her necklet as she stepped on to the jetty and walked off to her veranda.

Triumph was in her eyes, her bearing. There was to be no break now in the continuity of her slothful ease. She had secured immunity from invasion, and a necklet she would have given her eyes to possess had fallen easily into her lap. 'Plenty good I think of um white fella Mary,' she mused. 'Fetch um quick that, my word! Fool fella that captain!' And with that she sat down once more in the shade, opened her bag, took from it a green leaf, a pinch of lime, and betel, and manufactured a fresh chew.

III.

Captain Andrews slewed the head of his schooner round, and went down-stream with the current towards the open sea. The breeze had freshened, but was blowing towards the land, and there was hardly room to tack in the river. Their slow progress irked him, but, once outside the heads that screened the estuary, he had all sail set, and the schooner drew away swiftly towards the southward. There was a cargo waiting for him along the coast, but the cargo must wait. Somewhere on Jelks Sound a white girl waited, unprotected and alone, in dire danger despite the Fi-fi, which Andrews took to mean a machine-gun.

Had the natives divided their forces, and attacked from front and rear at once, nothing could have saved the girl. They had made the mistake apparently of attacking from the sea only. But there must be other natives—more plucky and more resourceful than the Palm Bay natives—who would gather like vultures about a carcass when the news spread.

'Say, cap,' said the mate, coming down to him where he was examining a chart in his cabin, 'I suppose that woman was giving us the straight goods?'

'I think so. Why not? It 's not the first time this kind of thing has happened, old man; and we have the whale-boat to confirm it.'

The mate smiled. 'We aren't either of us what you 'd call ladies' men, cap. I first ran from wimmin when I was five, and I haven't done running yet.'

Andrews placed one point of his compasses on the chart, and looked up. 'We don't know what she 's like yet. Wait and see!'

(*Continued on page 166.*)

ANSWERED.

FULL moon and morning star,
Tell me my end;
How many matins are
Mine for to spend?
How many vespers lie
Still to my lot,
Ere I pass hence and die
Wholly forgot?

Nay, son, we cannot say
What hours remain:
Those that are fled away
Come not again.
Those that are yet to come
Live as St Paul;
Fighting some, praying some,
Hallowing all.

GUY COLIN CAMPBELL.

CHINA TO-DAY.

THE REPUBLIC AND THE POWERS.

By Brigadier-General C. D. Bruce, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

I.

IT is supremely difficult, perhaps hardly possible, in such an article as this to place before readers a convincing statement of present conditions in the Far East. More particularly does this apply to China. Nor is the difficulty due entirely to the general lack of interest in, or knowledge of, Far Eastern affairs which still characterises Western thought. Under the present chaotic conditions existing in Europe, it is natural that the affairs of Europe should overshadow all else, particularly in the minds of a war-worn people still crying out for an ever-vanishing peace. Yet, as has been truly said, 'the whole civilisation of the Orient, as well as the relations, commercial, political, and social, between the Orient and the West, is swinging in the balance.'*

During the Great War and since the Armistice the average Briton has perforce learned many new lessons, political and geographical. But, as a rule, these lessons have been limited to Europe, or to the Middle East. From the face of the Far East the veil of ignorance has hardly been lifted. Nor can this happen until not only the general public, but the leading statesmen of Europe, especially of the British Empire and America, are free to devote themselves to those problems of world-wide importance which in the Far East cry out for solution.

That public opinion in Britain and America should remain indifferent to these problems seems incredible. This could not be were only a fraction of their future significance to both countries recognised. The chief argument for suggesting the vital necessity for a more general interest in such problems is that facts must now be faced in the Far East, and not, as was the case in Britain before the World War, slurred over or wilfully concealed as problems too 'inconvenient' for public discussion. To quote Mr Henry Chung once more: 'Upon the correct analysis and proper solution of these problems hinges the future peace in the Pacific basin and the welfare of one-fourth of the world's population.'

If any European nations are to help in bringing to pass the new era so devoutly hoped for by the most progressive and patriotic minds in China, then should we Britons endeavour to see things in the Far East as they are to-day. Let us not waste time, or fog our minds, by seeking enlightenment from the old China of one hundred, fifty, or even of ten years ago, for that China no longer exists. Instead, there stands a nation, a so-called Republic, containing a people of three hundred and fifty million souls. One quarter of the whole world's population! The vast majority of these are ten times more ignorant and more inarticulate even than were the Russian moujiks, before Lenin, Trotsky, and other 'saviours' of their country began their world-shaking experiment in Bolshevism.

It is necessary to emphasise these very elementary facts. For until any would-be student of Far Eastern affairs will make the effort to grasp the full significance of such a huge area, peopled by such a stupendous mass of human beings, of one race, practically homogeneous, able, at any rate in the near future, to be swayed and moved by a single spirit of patriotism, it is useless for him to attempt to understand the present situation in China. A minute minority of men, European or American trained, who have learned to think on modern lines, leaven this mountain of ignorance. But of these, some are only half-educated in present-day political and economic thought. Nor are they able to formulate in practical shape the ideas they conceive in the abstract.

'Eight years of bitter failure under a nominal republic has gradually brought Young China to the realisation that democracy cannot be secured through political changes alone; and that no democratic government can ever be founded upon a citizenry brought up in the atmosphere of semipatriarchal family system, imbued with antiquated ideas and ideals, and working in a social arrangement where the individual, even the male individual, receives no proper recognition as such. Democracy, in short, is no more and no less that the sum-total of all the democratised and democratising forces, social, economic, moral, and intellectual. It is this realisation which constitutes one of the guiding principles of the new movements in China.

'Ever since 1898, the attention of intellectual China has been confined to things political. They worked for the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty, and it was overthrown; they wanted a republic, and the Chinese Republic was proclaimed to the world; they wanted representative government, and they have had parliaments and provincial assemblies; they tried political parties, and parties they have had, and have even to the present day. They had staked all their hopes on the political at the expense of neglecting the non-political. They were bound to be disappointed, and great indeed was the disappointment.

'Then the events of 1919 gave a new lesson. It was the non-political forces—the students, the merchants, the demonstrations and street orations, and the boycott—that did the work

* *The Oriental Policy of the United States of America*, by Henry Chung.

and triumphed. This was a great revelation, and produced a new optimism. As despair naturally results from one's coming up against some closed and blocked way of action, so hope and courage are engendered with opening up of new and fresh channels of fruitful activities. Young China now finds enough to do. Let alone the Anfu Club; let alone the internal peace conference at Shanghai; let alone the petty political intrigues in Peking and elsewhere—we still have the masses to educate, the women to emancipate, the schools to reform, the home industries to develop, the family system to reshape, the dead and antiquated ideas to combat, the false, harmful idols to dethrone, the many, many social and economic wrongs to redress. It is in these new channels of activity that Young China, with reawakened hope and vigour, is now working slowly but steadily to rebuild a new foundation for Chinese democracy.' *

Whether 'Young China' is capable of any such widespread scheme of reform remains to be seen. Mr J. O. P. Bland, in his new and illuminating book, emphatically thinks not. In any case, until the Central Government has been thoroughly purged and reconstituted upon an honest political basis, no progress throughout the provinces can be expected.

II.

Whether the period necessary for this drastic process be long or short is, in one sense, immaterial, for in the East time is not everything. 'Hustle' does not necessarily ensure success, as a war-worn Europe has learned to its cost. There are other lessons, too, which the West may yet have to learn from the East before it can put its own house in order. We in Europe have hitherto prided ourselves upon our so-called civilisation, and from this presupposed elevation have condescended to suggest, if not to dictate, improvements to the East. No longer can this attitude be maintained. The Great War has once and for all time struck a fatal blow at any such assumption of superiority. During these last terrible years the West has, all unwittingly perhaps, exposed its very soul to the East.

The horrors of the Great War perpetrated by Western nations have penetrated far beneath the surface of Oriental ignorance. These doings are now known to millions of Asiatics who before never dreamed, outwardly at any rate, of making comparisons. Lately roused from centuries of contemplation China has marked, learned, and inwardly digested the result of two thousand years of Christianity. As also have millions of other Orientals.

And what has the result been? To vast masses of Asiatics an awakening has come.

How much better, they are now demanding, is Western civilisation than their own? Where is the boasted ethical superiority of Christianity? By whom were all the unspeakable atrocities perpetrated during the war committed? To-day in the Far East such questions are being vaguely formulated—at present only vaguely.

Who can furnish the proper answer to these questions? There is no direct answer. If it is suggested that the murder of a missionary or two by bandits in the interior of China is a heathen practice, nowadays in Peking you will be reminded, very politely, of daily brutalities unchecked in Ireland; and such comparisons do not help.

What is essential is an entirely new spirit and policy in European dealings with China. In the East, as in the West, to practise what one preaches is the only method of retaining the trust and confidence of those we would convert, whether the higher standard aimed at be ethical, economical, or political.

III.

Let us now turn to the actual situation in the Far East to-day. Before doing so, it should be understood that this article has no pretensions whatever to enlighten experts. It is the writer's desire to present in a simple form to uninformed inquirers a few main points. These can be used as sign-posts should the reader desire to advance a little way towards the understanding of those intricate problems which Britain, at any rate, must, for the safety of her own Asiatic Empire, help to solve.

Of the initial establishment of the so-called Chinese Republic it may be advisable to say a few words. It has already been recalled that the population of China is three hundred and fifty millions. Out of this teeming mass of humanity it is probably understating the truth to say that three hundred and forty-nine millions had at the time no idea whatever what a republic meant. That the establishment would bring a change in the form of government, or in the course of their own lives, or in their status as citizens never entered their heads. There are still to-day millions in China the sum of whose knowledge of what a republic means may be summed up by the statement that they only realise that a 'Son of Heaven' no longer sits on the throne of his ancestors. Beyond this, for the most part, is abysmal ignorance, a complete blank, a blank which no attempt has yet been made by the Central Government to fill.

When Yuan Shih-Kai was elected president, he became the hope of all who had the interests of the country at heart. He was then the one man who was capable of keeping China together, and of steering the new vessel through the stormy seas which threatened on all sides to engulf it. How he failed, and why he failed, it is not the purpose of this article to inquire. But he cannot be absolved from his share of the blame

* From the *Peking Leader* (Anniversary Supplement, 1920).

for the present condition of the Republic, for to him is due the initiation of militarism, to-day the curse of the country. He was responsible also for the temporary ruin of China's finances.

Having elected its president and evolved a paper constitution, the unfledged Republic was soon confronted with the Great War. In Europe the total demolition of familiar landmarks caused by the conflagration necessitated an entire rearrangement of international values. To the belligerents this was, comparatively speaking, plane sailing; they saw with grim determination that the only limit of each nation's war aims was, from the military standpoint, the utter destruction of its adversaries. For European neutrals the situation was less simple. For the Chinese, cut off in the Far East from the real truth of things, the situation was the most difficult of all. For China, the first set-back came when the attention of Europe was completely withdrawn from the Far East, and when the restraining influence upon Japan of Britain and America ceased to have a deterrent effect. As an Ally closely bound by the Anglo-Japanese agreement, it might have been thought that more than ever would Britain's preoccupation be the signal for a display of Japanese loyalty to the obligations imposed upon her by the terms of the treaty. That this was not so any one conversant with the twenty-one demands of the secret agreement forced upon the Chinese Government by Japan in 1918 is fully aware. Previously had come the refusal by the Allies, again at the instigation of Japan, of the Republic's offer to participate in the fighting of Europe. Added to this rebuff was the taking of Kiao-Chao by the Japanese, an exploit participated in by a few British troops, though it reflected no particular glory upon our army.

That the action of the Mikado's Government was purely political, and for the express purpose of stepping into German shoes in China after the war, hardly needs repeating, were it not for the fact that at the time of writing the questions of the rendition of Kiao-Chao and of German interests in the province of Shantung remain still unsettled. Finally came the ill-advised handling of the same problem at the Paris Conference after the Armistice by the victorious Allies, Japan participating.

Such, in brief, has been the experience of China at the hands of Britain, America, France, and Japan during the war. Many pages might be written giving in detail the causes for such treatment, but it is unnecessary here to labour the point. That China herself is to some extent responsible for her treatment is not denied, nor could Britain or America then spare a moment from the terrible struggle in Europe. But China having no real force at her back upon which to rely for defence against Japanese aggression, except the usual Oriental method of intrigue, it is hard to see what other result there could have been.

Nor, should it be added, is Japan blamed, if we judge her leaders solely from the point of view of political methods. Freed for the time being, or, as her militarists hoped, for a considerable period, from any interference on the part of Britain and America, why should Japan not pursue her long-cherished Asiatic policy? Though it is hard to imagine a more futile and less statesman-like policy, carried through in the face of Chinese Ministers equally astute as the Japanese, but entirely powerless to oppose such a policy. That Japan's attitude to the Republic during the war was in accordance with her unvarying Far Eastern programme may be a reason, but it can by no stretch of imagination be an excuse, for such a contravention of the Anglo-Japanese alliance as took place.

IV.

A few words upon the present position in Peking. It is considered advisable to substitute for the name of the country that of the capital, for the basic fact, which should be grasped before we proceed to discuss matters governmental, is that outside Peking the present Cabinet hardly functions. It is true that the President and the Premier represent the Republic whenever diplomatic relations take place with foreign Governments, or with foreign diplomats in the capital. But that, in any but the most shadowy sense, they represent the three hundred and fifty millions who make up the sum of all the provinces' tax-payers, no one who has been in China during the last year would venture to assert.

It may well be asked, who, then, does rule?

The answer is the military Tuchuns,* who are themselves bought and sold, as may be necessary, by one or other of the various cliques who from behind the scenes pull the political strings. In the south—that is, south of the Yangtze River—a second so-called Government exists, with Canton as its nominal capital. But this self-elected body no more represents the will of South China than does the Government at Peking that of North China. Each of the provinces is a law unto itself, and is dominated —governed is no word to use—by a so-called military leader. Under him flourishes a locust-like horde of worthless, cowardly soldiers. Soldiers in name only, for they are for the most part coolies, who are dressed in uniforms and carry modern rifles and ammunition, but who dread a real fight even more than they do an honest day's work. These so-called military leaders are in many cases themselves men of the common soldier class, who have risen to their proud, not to say lucrative, positions on the wave of crime and disorder which has continued to wreck the Chinese Government during the last five or six years. In the north, as well as in the south, these Tuchuns are

* Provincial military governors.

usually at daggers drawn. To defy Peking and the Central Government they come together temporarily, as suits their interests. They carry on so-called provincial campaigns, buying and selling so-called battles. In brief, in almost every province they make life a hell upon earth to all law-abiding peasants and merchants, upon which two classes rests, and always has rested, the hope of a regenerated China. To say that the internal administration of the country is hopelessly corrupt is to-day more than ever a mere truism. The military and civil organisation is in utter confusion, and until the two are again completely separated and made to reassume the position they occupy in every civilised Government in the world, progress is impossible. If this be not done, the day approaches, not next year necessarily, nor the year after (for we are discussing the East), but, as inevitably as fate, when outside intervention must come.

V.

There are, of course, alternatives to the present policy of misgovernment and corrupt administration in China. These alternatives take various forms, from a restitution of the monarchy to a reorganisation of the present Government under one or other of the most powerful military Tuchuns. There might even be a third chaotic revolution.

But salvation lies elsewhere.

In his latest book, *China, Japan, and Korea*, Mr J. O. P. Bland indicates the road to be followed.

'Any suggestion,' he says, 'for the reorganisation of China's finances and the reconstruction of the Central Government upon a new basis of effective authority must proceed in the assumption that the Commercial Powers chiefly concerned in the solution of the problem—America, England, and Japan—are sincerely desirous of solving it, and are prepared to co-operate to that end. In particular, it must be assumed that, given a clear indication of policy, the growing strength of genuine Liberalism in Japan will be able to bring sufficient weight of public opinion to bear upon the Jingo element of the Military Party to induce it to desist from further encroachments upon China's territory and sovereign rights. It may be objected that these assumptions admit of wide discussion. No doubt they do; nevertheless, they are not more Utopian than those upon which the civilised world proposes to reconstruct Central Europe, and they are much less involved.'

Upon these lines, and only upon such lines, can the future peace and prosperity of China be assured. A policy based upon friendly co-operation between Britain, America, and Japan would rally to its support the most patriotic, honest, and competent men of the younger generation. It would also be backed by the necessary wealth and co-operation of the merchant classes and of the all-powerful trade guilds. Such a policy would, without any attempt at direct control of China's finances, provide the corner-stone upon which the Chinese themselves could, if they would, raise such an empire as the world has never yet seen. But without foreign assistance the task to-day is beyond the Chinese. What Russia might have been, China can still be, if, while assimilating British and American progress, her toiling millions remain true to their own immemorial civilisation.

The hand of the iconoclast has dismembered Russia. The effort to create a Utopia on Lenin's lines has failed utterly. All that is best in China at the present day still springs from the ethical code of their great sage and law-giver, Confucius. It is not the first time an attempt has been made to put new wine into old bottles. Were we not warned, two thousand years ago, against such folly?

A solution must be found which, while fully preserving the integrity of China, will afford her the necessary staff upon which to lean during the weary period of her political convalescence.

If Great Britain, America, and Japan can settle their own Far Eastern differences, and, as the friends of China, will stand united behind her toiling millions while they rid themselves of the curse of militarism and reorganise their hopelessly chaotic Government, then is the world a long way nearer permanent peace.

MAN'S WORK.

By Alan Sullivan,
Author of *The Passing of Oulibut*, *Blantyre-Alien*, *The Inner Door*, &c.

CHAPTER VI.

I.

A FORTNIGHT later Shanklin went into Los Angeles for the first time in months. Life in the open had hardened him. There was a new depth in his voice, and his muscles felt like mild steel. Harrison's contract was finished and the well shot. To-morrow they would move to their own ground. He held a lease till the 1st of September.

He caught a motor-bus plunging northward from San Juan Capistrano, and, speeding past the Enterprise ground, saw but few signs of activity. Sitwell, it appeared, was hanging back,

and Shanklin wondered if it was for lack of the inheritance of a certain gray-eyed girl. He grinned at the thought; then, his mind turning to Claudia, he became unaccountably anxious. His worship of her, even though another man's wife, had only intensified as time passed. It was a thing settled and fixed, that he possessed no power to change, even if he would.

Descending at Los Angeles, he shouldered his way through the crowd, and turned quite automatically in the direction of Sitwell's apartment. Passing Burley's office, he glanced up at the lofty window from which he used to survey the Sierra Madre, and wondered who might be sitting at his desk now. His eyes softened a little as he recalled Burley's last words. Just at the present moment, however, he did not need legal advice, but money. There was twenty-five thousand dollars yet to be found. He walked rapidly, and halted in front of a well-known apartment-house. In a window of the sitting-room of the late Courtney Brooks was a sign: 'To Let Furnished.'

Shanklin stared at this for a moment, feeling, curiously enough, but little surprise. It was in line with the listless scene on the Enterprise ground. Gradually the revulsion came. At the entrance he found a boy lounging in the elevator.

After a moment's conversation he slipped out into the blazing street. The Sitwells had left a week ago—ejected for non-payment of rent. The furniture had been seized, and was held pending settlement. Their new address was in a side-street a mile away, and their letters were being sent. That was all the boy knew.

'I 'm sorry,' the youth went on with genuine regret, 'because I was here when her father died, and she was always nice to me. She was a daisy!' he concluded, with a burst of youthful loyalty. 'Friend of hers? Seems I remember your face.'

'Yes. I 'm a friend,' said Shanklin; and all the way for the next mile he wondered just what kind of a friend he could prove himself to be. Reaching the new address, he discovered it to be a small lodging-house. He hung about uncertainly, half hoping, half fearing to see her, and conscious that she was in need. A curtain seemed to rise for an instant, behind which she moved, vested with beauty and charm, but harnessed to a man whom her unshakable lover hated and despised. If life were difficult even in comfort, what must it be here? At the thought of that Shanklin revolted afresh.

His brain was throbbing with the renewed conviction that love was the one thing that mattered. Success, wealth, even triumph over one's enemies, were not comparable in value with the purity and power of the eternal flame. He himself was in desperate need of larger resources, but he was a free man, unshackled to any one who could burden or injure him. The reflection that he should have in any degree what this girl had not began to gnaw viciously into his brain. He was not forgetful of Harrison and all that hung in the balance, but here was something supremely instant and imperative. With one long scrutiny of the lodging-house, he walked quickly away.

An hour later he returned and rang the bell. 'Is Mr Sitwell in?' he asked.

The woman who opened the door shook her head. 'He 's never in at this time.'

'Then Mrs Sitwell?'

'Yes. Want to see her?'

'No.' Shanklin's face was half turned, and the brim of his hat pulled far down. 'But I 've a letter here—if you could give it to her.'

'Sure; but won't you come in and give it yourself?'

'If you 'd be so kind, it will be all right.' He handed her a long envelope, addressed in typewritten characters.

The woman glanced at him sharply, for the feel of the thing was unmistakable. 'I can't very well see who you are,' she said, her voice softening, 'but I guess—well—I 'll give it to her right away. Sure you won't wait?'

Shanklin only murmured a word of thanks and hurried off. The woman watched him till he turned a corner, then knocked at Claudia's door.

'A man just brought this for you, personally,' she said with evident interest. 'Wouldn't wait, or give any name. You 're looking white. Why don't you go out? Like something to eat right now?' Then, perceiving that, in spite of her thanks, Claudia only wanted to be left alone, she went out with an understanding little gesture of sympathy.

As the door closed the girl stared at the envelope, and slowly opening it, found ten notes of a hundred dollars each. She fingered them for a moment, her breath coming fast, with a queer feeling of unreality. They seemed amazingly potent. Presently her eyes rounded. Whence had this money arrived, meant so obviously for herself? Her thoughts flashed to Shanklin. It would have moved her very soul could she make herself believe that this was his gift—but she could not. She did not doubt that he still cared, but his resources were limited, and he would need them all, whatever pursuit he might be following. She ran over names of friends of her father's, and could think of none who might have done this. Edith Winter occurred to her, for, in spite of the Enterprise affair, she felt that with Edith there was a certain sympathetic bond of understanding, and even now it was still unsettled whether the Winters would invest or not. But the possibility that this was Edith's gift was too remote. Going over it all again and again, it seemed suddenly to her as though this might, after all, be Shanklin's way of showing his regret for

what had happened between her father and himself. But if he really regretted it, it was not like him to keep silent.

She thrilled at the possibility, for it was all there was left. In the past few weeks she had been initiated into a new worldly knowledge, and had faced realities as never before. The biggest of them was her husband, who was being gradually revealed to her by the stark pressure of events. There were no dreams unshattered. She began to see him as he was. Presently the door opened and he came in, with an expression she had learned to dread. She thrust the notes hastily into her pocket.

II.

If Shanklin was in Claudia's mind, no less was she in his on the way back to the valley next morning. He had had enough of the city for the time being. When he reached the property he found Harrison divided between unloading a wagon-load of derrick-frames and conversation with a stranger, at whom he jerked his chin as Shanklin strode up.

'Meet Mr Woolley, State Geologist. Mr Woolley, this is my partner Shanklin.'

Woolley held out his hand. 'You 've tumbled on a very interesting thing, Mr Shanklin. Was it as much luck as Harrison tells me?'

Shanklin laughed and took a swift glance. Woolley had a straightforward look that pleased him.

'It was pure luck—nothing else. I was loafing along the road, and heard Pettigrew, who owns this place, strike rock in an irrigation-ditch, where I thought there was hundreds of feet of soil.'

'But it might have been a boulder.'

'It didn't ring like a boulder would,' said Shanklin thoughtfully, 'and that started me thinking.'

Woolley looked at him with sudden respect. 'And then what?'

'Then I reckoned the anticline might have been faulted, if this rock was shale—and it was.'

Woolley nodded, took out a note-book, and sketched an imaginary geological fault. It was neat and workable, and did not much resemble the laborious product of a notable night weeks past, but its purport was the same.

'That 's what I make of it.'

Harrison laughed, felt in his pocket, and drew out Shanklin's sketch. 'This isn't so pretty, but it 's our picture.'

'It 's the same thing, and just as good.'

'Then how far do you reckon we have to go?'

Woolley dug his heel into the ground. 'Roughly about five hundred feet has been eroded here; that would leave you some two thousand.'

'Just what we calculated.'

'Well, good luck to you. If I can be of any use, let me know—that 's what the State pays me for. By the way, I see you 've got neighbours up the valley.'

Shanklin grinned. 'The Enterprise Company?'

'Yes—but'—Woolley hesitated an instant—'I think that would have been the right name for this property.'

He waved his hand and struck off up the highway. In his pocket was a fragment of shale, and in his mind was the knowledge that heretofore that shale had lain five hundred feet from the surface. It was patent that the partners had hit fair on a clean-cut fault, which so far had escaped his own trained observation. But, he reflected, he had no time in which to examine irrigation-ditches. If the thing was as he saw it, the result should be satisfactory.

He drove thoughtfully, stopping a mile and a half up the road, and made his way to the centre of the Enterprise ground, where Sitwell was deep in conversation with a carpenter. Woolley had known Courtney Brooks in years past, before he had formed partnership with his future son-in-law. The latter he knew only slightly, but Sitwell now welcomed him with what seemed an excess of heartiness.

'I was just hoping some one like you would come along, Mr Woolley. I want advice as to the best place to put down our first well—Enterprise No 1.'

Woolley shook hands. 'Glad to help you—if I can. Show me what you 've got.'

Sitwell waved his hand. 'Help yourself.'

The geologist's eyes made a swift survey. 'You 're a bit off the anticline, aren't you?'

'Yes; but this is the only thing Brooks and I could get—about here.'

'Was Brooks with you in this? I heard of his death a few weeks ago. He had a daughter, hadn't he?'

Sitwell nodded. 'My wife.' Then, after a little pause, 'As a matter of fact we 're both interested in this property, and I 'd be very glad of any suggestions you 'd care to make.'

This was more than Woolley had bargained for, and he thought rapidly. Courtney Brooks's daughter, as he remembered her years ago, had left a definite impression of childish charm and beauty. He wondered first if she had fulfilled her early promise, and then if her fortunes were linked up with this patch of ground. Finally he experienced a genuine impulse to help—if he could—and wondered inwardly whether Sitwell really wanted help as much as he said.

'You 're going to drill here?' he asked.

'Certainly.' There was a note of surprise in the word.

'Did you see a geological section of this territory, showing the anticline?'

'Yes; but not lately.'

'Then let me make you a rough one.'

Woolley pulled out his note-book, turning the papers till he came to a blank. Then he sketched a diagram indicating the anticline with its folded oil-sands and overlying strata, just as though a fist had been thrust up under a bed, distorting mattress, sheets, blankets, and coverlet into a long hump. On each side the strata dipped sharply. Near the edge of the page he made a cross.

'That cross roughly is your property. I don't know how far you are above the sands, if they reach here at all, which is doubtful. If you did strike them it would be a pumping proposition—no pressure.'

Sitwell made a little sound in his throat. He knew all this already, but it was no part of his game to say so.

'Of course, you're aware that in this district the oil underlies the shale. There's not much of the latter, but if you get it you're pretty sure of oil.' One hand closed round the fragment of rock in his pocket, and, intent on his argument, Woolley held it out. 'That's the shale. The sandstone is above it here; and sandstone is what I'd like to see, but I don't.

Sitwell's eyes narrowed. He had seen Woolley's car stop farther down the valley, for all day the road had been unusually clear, and from the Enterprise ground one could follow its slow curves stretching to the south-west. He recognised the character of the shale in an instant. It was freshly broken, and even geologists were not apt to keep samples in their pockets overnight. And yet Woolley had just said that in this district there was five hundred feet of sandstone on top of the shale. Sitwell's mind grew suddenly tense. In that case where did this sample come from?

'Do you want an honest opinion on your property?' asked Woolley slowly. He was thinking of Courtney Brooks's daughter.

'Of course I do.'

'Then save your money, and don't spend it here. I'm not speaking now as the State Geologist, but just man to man. You understand this isn't for publication? As a matter of fact it's immaterial to me whether you put down a well here or not. One place is the same as another.'

Sitwell flushed a little in spite of himself. He had asked for candour—and here it was.

'I'm only saying this privately—because—well, because I remember your wife as a girl. You're not offended, are you?'

Sitwell recovered himself. 'Not at all. Why should I be?' He hesitated an instant. 'Any suggestions of good prospecting-ground?' he asked casually.

Woolley's mind turned to Harrison, who had the real thing and knew what he was doing, and to Shanklin, whose sharp brain had solved the geological puzzle of what had become of the missing section of the great anticline. That was good, even brilliant, business. But this!

'We'd both appreciate anything you'd care to say, and I'm not speaking to the State Geologist either,' repeated Sitwell.

'I'm not justified in saying much, but I don't mind telling you that there is good prospecting-ground near here, and that's about as far as I can go. The rest is up to you.' He slipped the fragment of shale back into his pocket. 'Get after it, for, if you don't, I've an idea that others will.'

The promoter laughed. 'The state of California is nearly a thousand miles long. Which way do I move?'

Woolley climbed into his car. 'Don't follow me,' he grunted, and sped northward towards the city. He wondered a little whether he had said too much, but was honestly anxious to assist, if he could, a long-legged girl whose face and eyes had lingered for years in his memory. He thought nothing of the shale sample, being too accustomed to having such things in his fist, and, anyway, Sitwell was apparently too untechnical to draw any conclusions from its exhibition. The geologist's mind turned to the patch of short grass a mile from the great anticline. 'Enterprise!' he murmured disgustedly. 'That's the kind of enterprise that gives the business a rotten reputation. I wish old Brooks were alive; I'd talk to him. Didn't think he'd stand for it!'

And Sitwell, staring after the dwindling car with a little smile on his face, was also wishing old Brooks was alive.

III.

Something less than forty-eight hours later, Harrison, who was sweating in the sun with a monkey-wrench, threw the tool down and swore viciously. 'The trouble with this country is that labour is up in the air. You can't depend on it. These fellows think it's a favour to work for you at their own figure. Where's that carpenter we hired yesterday?'

Shanklin, who was levering a gas-engine on to its wooden bed, looked round and nodded. 'He must have lit out last night, and without pay, too.'

'He was the smartest man I've seen in a year. Now what do you suppose was the matter? Didn't take anything, did he?'

'No; there's nothing missing.' Shanklin straightened himself up, and just then an uncomfortable thought flashed into his brain. He paused a moment before speaking. 'Has it ever occurred to you that we're going about our job a bit carelessly?'

Harrison regarded his work. 'No, it hasn't; there's nothing the matter with this?'

'Come over here. I want to talk to you.'

The contractor recovered his wrench and

followed, wondering. A little way off Shanklin squatted under an orange-tree. His face was unusually serious.

'The rule of the road in this country,' he began, 'is that any one can go and look at any one else's work—especially so when it comes to putting down a well. Now we happen to have tumbled on to the only new thing in this part of the country, and it 's big enough to be kept quiet.'

Harrison sucked at his pipe. 'Perhaps you 're right.'

'I know I 'm right. That carpenter, for instance—he didn't want a job; he wanted information, and he got it.'

The elder man whistled. 'Whom for?'

'That 's what we don't know, but it 's out. As to your own crowd, I reckon they 're safe?'

'They ought to be. I 've had 'em six years—the three who know anything. I suppose we ought to let 'em into this?'

'Presently—yes; but not yet. In the meantime we run a closed shop; no one admitted to the ground, if we can work it. And, Harrison, I 've got a confession to make about money.'

'Not broke again?'

'No; but I 'm a thousand dollars short of what I figured.'

'Well, that 's a thousand more to find.'

Shanklin grinned. 'I thought I ought to let you know; that thousand may mean a good deal.'

'If we have any luck, we 'll start punching a hole in this shale in about three days,' murmured Harrison reflectively. 'Then you can get out and make up your shortage. But,' he added, 'I wonder whom that darned carpenter was really working for?'

(*Continued on page 162.*)

SOME BRITISH BIRDS.

II.—BIRDS OF THE GRAVEL MARGINS.

By H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S., Author of *Habits and Characters of British Wild Animals*, *Tracks and Tracking*, &c.

I.

THE dipper is a favourite among all those who are familiar with its habitat and its habits. Best known to the angler, beloved of all who find relaxation by the water's edge, the dipper arrests the attention by its rapid flight and shrill, metallic note as it darts from one end to the other of its home reach. It is characteristic of this bird that it seldom leaves the water and flies overland, unless attacked by another dipper. Each bird or pair of birds has its own stretch of water, and any other dipper passing over that stretch is at once attacked by the rightful owners. To avoid actual conflict, the assailed generally swerves upwards in its flight, and thereby manages to dodge its aggressor; but should the latter prove equal to the ruse, the fugitive mounts still higher and makes for the bank. Immediately it is over the land it is evidently on common property, and is allowed to pursue its way unmolested. Like the water-voles that share their habitat, dippers are very conservative and very much of a stay-at-home disposition. It is, of course, hard to identify individuals, but the following are my impressions as regards the home-life of this bird.

A pair take up their quarters and build their nest. They breed early, and seldom produce more than one hatching per year. For a matter of forty yards or so above and below their nest they regard the stream strictly as their own, and savagely pursue any other dipper that trespasses thereon. If a neighbouring dipper insists on trespassing, this pursuit is backed with the utmost energy. They may follow the trespasser a hundred yards or more, both screaming shrilly, and performing flashing 'banks' and manœuvres, till, at a given point, the pursuer turns leisurely homewards—often to be attacked by another neighbour, or possibly by the first offender's wife. Thus, during the early part of the nesting season, when the male birds are on sentry-go, their pursuits of one another and their accompanying shrill notes are familiar scenes and sounds to all who know the streams they inhabit.

Though unknown on many English rivers, it cannot be said that the dipper population is unevenly distributed. In Scotland and the north of England it is one of the best known of water-side birds, and anywhere that clear running water exists it seems to be entirely at home. I have found them living at great altitudes the year through—managing to wring a living from some tiny stream, very often fouled with moss-water owing to its great altitude, and so high up, indeed, that the rattle-like croak of the ptarmigan is practically the only familiar sound amidst their mist-ridden surroundings. Yet here, as elsewhere, the dipper is the same merry little soul that we know by the sunnier waters where beach and oak vie with one another along the slopes.

It was only comparatively recently that man realised anything at all of what nature has practised for countless ages past in the art of camouflage. The nature-books tell us that the dipper is best known 'by his conspicuous white front.' Conspicuous? No. Could anything be

less conspicuous? A dipper, seated amidst his natural surroundings, is almost, or completely, invisible owing to that white front of his. If one sees the front at all, one sees nothing but the front. The rest of the bird is invisible against the dark background. If he is against a white background, one sees only his dark markings, and the white front is invisible; and whether it be only his white front or only his 'black' back that one sees, neither by itself bears any resemblance to a bird. So his colouring breaks his outline, and his invisibility lies in his 'conspicuous' markings.

A blackbird amidst the surroundings of a dipper is highly conspicuous, yet this little bird of the waterways, seated among his native pebbles, is invisible till he bobs. The habit of bobbing is very curious, and almost peculiar to birds of the water's edge—the sandpiper, the wagtail, and the dipper affording the three most striking examples. Why do they bob or waggle as they do? It strikes me as being an infectious habit, which possibly they have caught from one another, but there must be some very good reason for it. Is it that thereby they disturb and render visible the insect life on which they feed so largely? I hardly think so, as the dipper, at any rate, depends chiefly on aquatic larvæ. It may be that they are so well camouflaged that this waggling is necessary in order to enable them to find each other as they pass hither and thither in their rapid flight. At all events, I have repeatedly noticed that the appearance of a second dipper or of a second wagtail immediately has the effect of making the one seated at the water's edge begin to bob or waggle, as though to attract notice.

II.

The dipper rejoices in a vast variety of chosen haunts, but clear and shallow water is best beloved by it. Numbers of them bred in a deep gully near to the home of my boyhood. The mountain-stream was scarcely eighteen feet in width, and for a matter of two miles it wound its course through a deep gully which cut the range clean in two. The depth of the cutting varied from eighty feet to two hundred—a vault-like, dripping corridor, cool as a cellar, even in midsummer, fragrant with the spray of many waterfalls, and with the prolific growths of hartstongue ferns and rock plants that festooned every shelf. If one did not mind climbing and getting wet, one could traverse the entire length of the cutting, and many a happy day have I spent in its gloomy depths, studying the habits of the wild birds and the otters, for which it formed a natural sanctuary. The nests of the dippers were, I say, very numerous, though usually they were placed just out of reach. I remember how eerily the shrill call-notes of the old birds echoed along the passage-way.

Many young birds require little training from their parents. They take naturally to the habits on which they depend in later life, but the parent dippers may often be seen teaching their children how to find their food, flying with them from rock to rock, encouraging and calling: and these little family gatherings are very pretty to watch. The young birds leave the nest early, full of all the joy of life, and young and old together seem so much to rejoice in each other's company and to have so much to do that there is no time left in their happy lives for such things as dull care.

Truly the dipper is an inspiration, for, like the true jester, it finds mirth in its own merriment when all the world is dull. Not long ago, one dripping autumn evening, I paused at a small stream in order to look down from the bridge and see whether the salmon had returned to their favourite resting-places. But it was so dark and dim that I could not see below the surface. The very trees appeared to be drooping, and the cold drip-drip-drip from their branches seemed the utterance of their musing. Cat-ice hung about the rocks, and there was no sound in all the land save the metallic murmur of the stream.

But presently I heard a song—a rollicking, heedless little song, like that of a tipsy skylark—and there, seated on a boulder below me, I saw him. He was warbling just for the fun of being alive, when even the chickadees in the pine-grove had sought the sheltered nooks, and as I watched him he tumbled head over heels from the boulder into the stream, to reappear two yards away, mount another rock, and there sing again. Sunshine or storm, snow, hail, or gale, who has ever seen a dipper otherwise than falling over itself for the joy of being alive? Other birds may droop their wings and fall silent, but the dipper sings on, as though hunger were unknown to it, and mortal foes played no part in its existence.

Yet the dipper has as many foes as any other bird, though, owing to its aquatic habits, it is well able to evade them. I once saw a peregrine stoop at a blackcock near to a stream. A dipper happened to be passing at the moment, and as the peregrine stooped the dipper, though really in no danger, dropped like a stone into the water; nor did I see him again. I have no doubt that he rose eventually under the willows that overhung the stream at one side near to this point.

Herein, possibly, lies the reason why dippers, travelling from point to point, always fly directly over the water, following every turn of the stream. They are essentially water-birds, and the stream affords them the shelter that other birds find in the nooks and the thickets. I have seen old dippers, accompanying their heedless chicks, work themselves into a great state of agitation on the passing of a bird of

prey, and one could not help thinking that the show was necessary for the sake of teaching the chicks the meaning of fear, rather than because they were in danger. Young dippers, just able to fly, are very fearless. When fishing I have had them come quite near to me, pursuing their affairs in the most unembarrassed manner a yard or two away; and one could not help regretting that such goodwill towards man, even among the most lovable of our wild kindred, is necessarily limited to their unsophisticated youth!

But it cannot be otherwise. Not long ago I fell foul of a fishing competition, and I saw one of the competitors strike at a dipper with his rod as it flew past him. I asked him what good it would have done him if he had killed the bird, and he replied that he would have 'had it stuffed.' But for a well-founded realisation that in the unity of labour lies its strength, I might have tried the experiment of consigning this gentleman to the element from which he and his companions were hoisting salmon parr and infant trout for the glory of winning the 'sporting honours' of the day!

III.

Those who are familiar with the environment of the dipper know the sandpiper equally well. Both of them are generally beloved companions of the followers of the gentle art. One must live for a while in a birdless land in order to understand how much these birds add to their surroundings. In such a land one is at first merely subtly aware that something is missing—sadly missing. Then, after a while, comes the realisation, 'There are no birds!' and thereafter, even though one may not consider one's self a bird-lover, one is aware of a very real longing for their call-notes, and the sight of the bright presence.

I have lived in birdless lands. I know what the snow-buntings are to the North, which has its bitter pinch, even though they are present in their thousands. Once within my experience a great white owl settled on the trail ahead of our dogs, and even *its* sinister presence was welcome, since for weeks we had seen no birds, though the Indians who accompanied us declared the appearance of the great bird of prey to be a bad omen.

For myself, I know that the dippers, the sandpipers, and the wagtails have no little to do with the charm of the rivers and burns whose margins they frequent. The sandpiper does not hold an honoured place among the best-beloved birds of mankind, for the reason that so few of us are in intimate touch with it, but in character and disposition it is one of the most lovable of wild birds. Though, in a sense, wild as the March wind, it has no great distrust of man, and very soon a pair of these birds will come to know certain individuals, when their guileless trust cannot but win affection. Two of them nested one year in a strawberry-bed at the bottom of my garden, and so tame did they become that the hen-bird almost permitted me to stroke her while she was on her nest. So long as she thought me occupied, she would quietly sit her eggs while I worked within a yard or two, looking about her with her bright eyes, and occasionally pecking at an insect that settled near. Clearly she knew that I and my household would do her no harm, and if compelled to leave her nest, as she often was, she would merely run a few yards, and stand there, watching. Perhaps her mate would call to her, and together they would fly far out across the loch on trembling wings, apparently just for the fun of being together; but when the hen-bird thought it time to return, she would come back to her eggs and quietly take her place, even though she knew human beings were observing. Season after season I have watched the nesting of the sandpipers, and always I have been impressed by their devotion, as by their trusting and gentle ways. So far as I can judge, the parent birds share equally the task of incubation. While one sits the other watches, ever ready with an alarm. On the approach of danger the outlook bird works itself into a state of frenzied agitation ere the other deems it time to leave the eggs. In photographing the birds, one very soon learns that the male is much more timid than the female. He leaves the eggs immediately the shutter clicks, whereas the female, on hearing it, merely looks about her, then seems at once to forget.

In bird and animal photography it is particularly noticeable that it is the strange that frightens. If one can tune one's shutter so that its release merely resembles the cracking of a twig, the wild subject is not much alarmed; but with the click of steel, or the sound of a blind winding itself on a drum—types of sound entirely unknown in the wilderness—the sensation caused is instantaneous, and not at once forgotten. My experience is that it is not so much a matter of having a silent shutter as it is of having a shutter which makes such noise as it has to make *after* the exposure; and, providing it is the right kind of noise, the actual volume of sound does not matter much.

The sandpipers are the elected sentries of their environment, just as are the curlews and the redshanks in their different sphere, and I have specially noticed that these birds are abnormally restless on still, thundery nights. Whether it is that the weather has a direct effect upon the birds themselves, or whether it is that on such quiet nights they are more conscious of ominous sounds in their surroundings, it is hard to say. On certain still nights in June, however, the sandpipers are never at rest. Flying, alighting, calling, calling, the sandpipers' shrill notes haunt one's ears, and one knows that their chicks are just hatched, and that both parents are wild with anxiety lest some harm befall them.

PEPYS AND HIS LIBRARY.

By E. Beresford Chancellor, M.A.

JUST as Samuel Pepys occupies a position which is unique in the annals of literature, so does the library which he collected with such care and bequeathed to the university of Cambridge stand alone among the innumerable bibliographical legacies which have been left by private collectors to public institutions. Pepys, the most human and outspoken of diarists, has become a legendary figure, but it is a legendary figure ramparted about with so many human touches—there is so much of him in every one of us—that we have come to regard him not as the busy man of affairs, not as the hard-working, painstaking Secretary to the Admiralty, so much as the outstanding example of a large section of humanity, rather vain, very complacent, a compound of high ideals and petty acts, a good, straightforward, intensely prejudiced, rather narrow gentleman, perfectly satisfied with himself and his position, his clothes, and his collections, and not wholly indifferent to the swish of the 'tumultuous petticoat.'

It is probable that there is little hid from us concerning Pepys's life, his hopes and fears, his predilections, or his dislikes. Since the great Diary was first translated from its original shorthand, and a human soul was found to be underlying that mass of documentary evidence of a day so far distant, all sorts of searchlights have been directed on to the character of its writer, and his personality has been subjected to every conceivable variety of test. From this trial Samuel Pepys emerges a greater man than many have been inclined to allow. His littlenesses, his weaknesses, serve but to accentuate his essential and fundamental capacity, and, like the Rousseau of the 'Confessions' (although he never descended to the meannesses of the Frenchman), he emerges, in spite of his outspoken avowals, a man of parts, of intelligence, with an admirable power of seeing the life of his period sanely, and seeing it whole. We may count ourselves lucky in the fact that he was not a greater man, for, had he been, it is probable that we should have then had a diary like that of Evelyn, valuable as a record of an interesting period in our history, but as lacking in the human touch, as cold and precise, as that which the author of *Sylva* has left us. Coleridge, in one of the marginalia in his copy of Pepys's Diary, wrote: 'He was a *pollard* man, without the *top* (that is, the reason as the source of ideas, or immediate yet not sensuous truths, having their evidence in themselves; or the imagination or idealising power, by symbols mediating between the reason and the understanding), but on this account more broadly and luxuriantly branching out from the upper trunk.' It was difficult for the poet to make a plain statement clearly, but one sees what he means, and we can, I think, leave Pepys's character at that. But few things give a better idea of a man than the books he collects and his manner of handling them, and in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, we shall probably gain a juster estimate of Mr Secretary Pepys than from any number of philosophical observations, even from so great a genius as Coleridge.

The most unimaginative must feel something of a thrill as he enters the old-world, oak-panelled rooms in which are preserved the books collected with such care by the man whose name has become a household word, and whose personality has such an enduring hold on the minds of most of us. There stand the famous oak book-cases, eleven in number, which he caused to be constructed, and which gave him such 'extraordinary satisfaction' when he received them on 24th August 1661, and within them are the books, remaining exactly as he left them, arranged in the precise order in which he had placed them. As one gazes at these mute evidences of the diarist's care and orderliness, all sorts of entries from his diurnal record spring to the mind. 'Dec. 17, 1666. Spent the evening in fitting my books,' he writes, 'to have the number set upon each, in order to my having an alphabet of my whole, which will be of great ease to me;' and again: 'Feb. 4, 1667. Home, and to my chamber, and there finished my Catalogue of my books with my own hand.' And so on—as when he gets his brother to help in the cataloguing, or when the whole household is pressed into service 'titeling' the books for the year, with the result that they all tired their backs, but completed the work 'to my very good satisfaction.' There we stand in the midst of the collection, arranged and 'titled' as Pepys left it; neat and methodical as was the mind of its collector; catholic in its large embrace of all sorts of subjects, as his tastes were catholic.

The book-cases themselves are things to delight in. Handsomely carved, with handles at each end for convenience in moving them; their doors are formed of little panes of glass, the glass in the lower divisions being made to lift up. All the books are in double rows, the smaller ones in front, so that the titles of all are visible. Some of the books have tickets outside, and as we notice this fact we recall an entry in the Diary which reads: 'To my chamber, and there to ticket a good part of my books, in order to the numbering of them for my easy finding them to read as I have occasion.' So far as regular arrangement is concerned, this did not

consist so much in classification as in placing the volumes in order of size; and as a proof how carefully this was carried out, we find some short volumes mounted on blocks, gilded over, in order to raise them to the required height. One can imagine Pepys complacently reviewing his treasures after they had thus been set uniformly; and I dare say he found as much pleasure in regarding his regiments of gilt leather as he did in the perusing of their contents.

For, truth to tell, his taste seems to have been better in accumulation than in actual reading. Every one knows the story of his struggle to appreciate *Hudibras*: how, in converse one day with Mr Battersby, the discourse fell on this 'new book of drollery'; and how Pepys must needs go and buy it, picking it up in The Temple for two shillings and sixpence; and how he found it 'so silly an abuse of the Presbyter knight going to the warrs' that he was ashamed of it, and later in the same day sold his copy to Mr Townshend for one shilling and sixpence. When the second part came out he tried again to like it, as the 'world cry it up so mightily,' but did not succeed. In this instance, wise by experience, he only borrowed the book. Later on his qualms returned, and he bought both parts to place in his library. As, however, the copy which is now there is of the 1689 edition, he must have got rid of this second purchase, and finally procured another example.

Once he bought 'an idle, rogueish French book,' entitled *L'escholle des Filles*, in the Strand, but resolved, after reading, to burn it, in order that it might not disgrace his books if it should be found among them. He was, too, uncertain as to Rochester's poems, and at first would not admit the volume among his treasures; but, as Mr Wheatley attests, it is there, bound and lettered 'Rochester's Life'—an example of hypocrisy on the part of our collector which many, I suspect, could match from similar experience of their own or their friends' collections.

The books in the Pepysian library number just three thousand, and as the diarist determined not to have more than his presses would hold, he probably from time to time got rid of surplus volumes, which would, no doubt, account for the absence of certain works which one might have expected to find in such a catholic assemblage. Many of the books were specially bound for him, and when this was the case his arms are found stamped on one side, and his name on the other. References to the Diary will bring to light the names of various binders employed, just as are to be found there the names of the booksellers with whom Pepys dealt, Kirton being one of those chiefly patronised. Among the books not rebound one may instance a small missal in two volumes, the binding of which may conceivably be from the hand of the great Mearne, to whose work it bears a strong resemblance.

Pepys had two book-plates, one containing a portrait of himself by Robert White, the engraver; the other representing his initials with crossed anchors in a design formed by ropes. It was his practice to place one of each in every volume he owned—the portrait-plate in front, on the back of the title-page; the anchor-plate at the end of the book.

Apart from the personal interest of the Pepysian library, it possesses an immense value from the number of rarities it contains. For instance, there are no fewer than nine works from the press of Caxton, as well as several examples of Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson, and other early and rare printers. There are, too, the five volumes of old English ballads, embracing the largest series of broadsides ever brought together, exceeding in bulk and importance even the famous Roxburghe collection in the British Museum. On the title-page of this wondrous assemblage Pepys has himself written these words: 'Begun by Mr Selden: Improved by ye addition of many Pieces elder thereto in Time, and the whole continued down to the year 1700, when the Form till then peculiar thereto, viz., of the Black Letter, with Pictures, seems (for cheapness sake) wholly laid aside, for that of the White Letter, without Pictures.'

Besides this collection, there are volumes of tracts on the Popish Plot, six in number, and practically complete; four volumes of sea-tracts; and a large assemblage of news-pamphlets from January 1659 to January 1666. Topographers —especially London topographers—will rejoice, too, in a couple of thick folio volumes filled with prints and engravings on the London of Pepys's own day and of preceding periods. The diarist seems to have been the first to collect such illustrations of the city's history—a characteristic which has not received its due meed of appreciation. He left these volumes to his nephew, who also added to them.

This fact brings us to the reason why the whole of Pepys's collections are now at Magdalene College. At his death he bequeathed them, in the first instance, to his nephew, John Jackson, with a proviso that they should on no account be dispersed. Jackson was to have a life-interest in them, and at his death he was to leave them to one of the universities, at his discretion; but Cambridge, Pepys's *alma mater*, was to have the preference. In any case, a private college rather than a public library was to be selected, and of the colleges, Trinity and Magdalene were to be preferred over others, and Magdalene (Pepys's own college) was to have a prior claim. It was also arranged that whichever college did not benefit by the legacy was to be appointed visitor, and if at the annual inspection any breach of covenant was discovered, the library was to be forfeited to the visiting college.

Pepys was nothing if not a business man; and nothing attests his acumen in this respect

better than the careful provisions of his will, by which he ensured, as completely as was humanly possible, the safe custody for ever of his beloved books.

The Pepysian library differentiates Cambridge more completely from Oxford than does even the glorious pile of King's College Chapel or the incomparable beauty of the 'backs.' It is *sui generis*. No other collection is exactly like it; for as you enter its precincts you are, as it were, wafted into the spiritual presence of the immortal diarist. Through the pages of his famous record he seems intimate to us as few of the past have become intimate; but here, somehow, among the books he loved and handled he is almost more intimate still; and a thought of that ghostly, but still genial, presence will give pause to the most careless, should they be moved to handle even the most insignificant of the treasures roughly—for these were the solace and delight of one who, by his writings, has given to so many of us delight and solace.

VOLCANOES FOR GARDENING.

By Derek Ingram.

PARADOXICAL as it may appear, volcanic disturbances serve to enrich the country and to fertilise the soil. The New Hebrides, where volcanic eruptions are quite frequent, are richly productive of the fruits of the earth, products which it is practically impossible to grow in this country, such as bread-fruit, yam, copra, and the sago-palm. A few years ago the island of Ambrym, one of the New Hebrides, was running with molten lava; to-day its vegetation is more abundant than ever.

We are not suggesting that the Saturday afternoon gardener should arrange for a miniature explosion beneath the surface of his beloved soil, for, even if he could dig so far as to reach the valuable mineral properties of the earth, it would be some generations hence before any appreciable benefit would be derived. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the streams of lava, or molten rock, which flow down the mountain-sides and over the neighbouring country after a volcanic eruption render the soil extremely rich in course of years, owing to the presence of chemical fertilisers. When the earth was younger, and the solid crust considerably thinner than it is now, there were many extensive eruptions, due to the rending of the crust along huge fissures, often hundreds of miles in extent, and around the sites of these disturbances fertile valleys exist to-day.

Of course, fresh lava is absolutely unfertile, but, as its rocky surface begins to soften under the influence of climatic conditions, vegetation appears. Tourists who have visited Vesuvius will recall that, although the slopes of the mountain are barren almost to the base, the surrounding district of Campania is extremely rich; so much so that, despite other people's fears of a serious outbreak from the old crater, the local population is dense.

Just before the war, Dr Kleiber, head of the Chemical Institute at Zurich, discovered that the ashes covering Pompeii and Herculaneum contained large quantities of potash and argil. All over the district around Vesuvius these excellent fertilisers are to be found on the surface. Potash was at that time a monopoly in the hands of a German syndicate, which supplied the whole of the Continent. This discovery, however, broke the trust.

It is a remarkable fact that the country surrounding the city of St Pierre, in Martinique, is now thickly clothed with forests; barely twenty years ago a fearful volcanic outbreak destroyed nearly forty thousand of the inhabitants in a few minutes. Even the slopes of Mont Pelée itself, the volcano which produced this holocaust, are now richly covered with vegetation. In the vicinity sugar-cane, coffee, cocoa, tobacco, and cotton plants flourish in abundance. A letter from a naval officer who visited the ruined city some ten years ago declares that where lava formerly poured along, mangoes were growing in abundance, the trees sometimes sixty feet high. Any one who has essayed the cultivation of this plant in England knows that it requires an extremely rich soil, with loam and peat as ingredients.

A still more amazing example of the fertilising properties of volcanic eruptions is found in Mount Brazil, in the Azores, which many years ago used to belch forth vapour and ashes. It is not very difficult to ascend to the crater, where one looks down into the bottom of a cavity about a mile in diameter, the highest point being about one hundred and seventy yards from it. There are two depressions of unequal depth, as if the volcano had burst out at different times. Now fields of maize cover the lower part of the concavity, thousands of beautifully bright amaryllids adorn the interior slopes, and in the autumn form splendid decorations with the rosy corollas. In picturesque contrast, the roads in the crater are formed of a vitreous sand, with yellowish-green reflections and black crystals, which sparkle in the sun. This rich garden is at times the settling-place of swarms of locusts, which come from the African shore and carry devastation with them, and yet these depredations are of no avail, for the place bursts forth into a glorious blaze of colour at regular seasons.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

LOW TIDE AND ROCK POOLS.

By CONSTANCE M. TROY.

LAST evening I came to the edge of the cliffs and looked over; the tide had gone out—gone out silently over the sands of yesterday. So I went down upon the sands, which stretched along as far as the eye could see, wet and sodden. The tide had left behind many salt pools among the rocks, little mirrors of the past.

I stood for a moment watching a gull, circling, dipping, rising, swooping, and I listened to his piercing, lonely, yet half-musical whistling, which, here in this lost haven of forgotten years, reawakened a longing for the old sunny dream-years of my childhood.

I went in search of one of the little pools, and found a tiny one in a slimy rock-basin, with a star-fish filling most of it. I gazed into the shallow depths, where a vision formed before my eyes. A sweet-faced, laughing woman was guiding a stumbling little baby along those sands, striving to keep it from falling on its stubby nose. Presently a man joined them, a great, tall, strong man, and he tossed the baby on to his big shoulders and let the chubby hands tug at his moustache. It was a sweet picture of sublime happiness, and I turned from it with an odd feeling in my throat.

The next puddle was a little larger, but a minnow, left behind by the tide, was stirring up the mud and making the water murky. But I could see the woman and the child; the man was not there now. He had gone away, and would return no more. The child, a little older, did not understand; but the mother—ah! the mother! She knew why his step sounded no more; she understood why he didn't come with some funny rhyme to kiss his wee daughter good-night; she knew why his pleasant, deep-voiced laugh was never heard now. Yet, with the knowledge of all this tearing and rending her heart-strings, she put aside her own grief to comfort her baby in the first great sorrow of her childhood.

The kitten was dead, and no one knew how it had died; but it was dead, and the little girl was very unhappy. The mother had helped her to dig a tiny grave in the garden, and had wrapped it in one of her own handkerchiefs; after which she had taken the little girl in and rocked her and sung to her till the wound began to heal, and they made arrangements about getting a new kitten, which, while it could *never* take the place of the first one, would at least help her to forget.

I lived that time over again, all that bitter anguish of the first stone in my path, which had been brushed away by a mother's kisses.

Slowly I went on over the rocks till I came to the next pool. This time the child had been naughty, very naughty indeed, and the mother was displeased. The child, perhaps eleven years old, was going to school, and, with the thoughtlessness of most children, did not realise what it meant to her mother to send her, for it was a good school and cost money. She had made great sacrifices for her child, but the child was so careless, and would not do as she was told, and the poor little mother was almost discouraged. But she realised what it would mean to the girl and woman of the future years, so she punished the child, though it nearly broke her heart; and later on the child came sobbing to say she was sorry and to ask forgiveness.

Forgiveness! That wonderful power! Happy the child who has known a mother's forgiveness.

But the water of the next pool was not so smooth. Looking down, I saw the reason. The child, now a girl of about seventeen, had left behind her the smooth sand. She had come now to the foot of the cliffs, and here the ground became rough and stony. The girl was puzzled by this change: up till now the way had been so smooth, so easy to skip along, and the sunshine had been so warm. Now there were a few shadows, and the girl found it difficult to get along. But her mother walked beside her, her arm around the girl, explaining the shadows of life, and leading her gently round the boulders that in her youth she would have stumbled against.

And as they went the girl's brow cleared; the sunshine came again, and the shadows had no terror for her. She became very happy, and the knowledge of all her mother had done for her made her love burn brightly in true gratitude and understanding.

And so I came to the last of the pools. The pair were climbing arm-in-arm the path of the cliffs. Just ahead were a pair of golden gates

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

and when they reached these, the mother, tired-looking, but smiling, opened them, and the daughter, leaving childhood and girlhood behind, passed in to strong, pure womanhood.

She turned and held out her hand, to draw her mother in with her, but the mother gently shook her head, and closing the gates again, turned away with a happy sigh. The hardest part of the journey was finished; her work was done—well done. She had brought her daughter safely to the gates of womanhood, and, tired and worn, she had gone to join the man she loved, who waited for her out beyond the margin of the sea.

With a feeling of awful loneliness I turned, to find the water stealing in again. I went up the path, and when I reached the top of the cliffs I looked back. Far below, the sea was tumbling over the rocks. Somewhere under that raging water lay the sands of yesterday, They were gone, and I was powerless to save them, and so I turned away.

Under the light of the full moon the fields of the future looked cold and desolate, but no doubt to-morrow's sun would change them and make them bright. And so I went towards them alone, my heart full of love and the memory of the lost haven of forgotten years, by the edge of the summer sea.

MAN'S WORK.

CHAPTER VII.

THE carpenter's employer was at that moment approaching his boarding-house, in a side-street in Los Angeles. He walked quickly, and his step was light. Once inside, he raced upstairs, and found his wife seated by the open window. The day was warm. As Sitwell entered she glanced at him curiously. She had seldom seen him so animated—not, in fact, since the first day of the Winters' visit. He kissed her, and began to stride up and down the room. Presently he pulled up a chair close beside her.

'Claudia, I want to tell you something. It's important for both of us; and I want your help.'

She shrank instinctively. Was this another twenty thousand dollar inquiry? He seemed to interpret her thoughts, for he went on at once.

'Before asking you to help, let me go back a little. You thought I treated you badly over that Winter affair. Perhaps I did; but I felt you might have done more to keep them at the apartment. You knew how tight things were.'

'I did,' she protested; 'but I won't abuse the confidence of perfect strangers. I leave that to you. I don't know anything about the Enterprise business—except,' she added cynically, 'what you've told me.'

He flushed at that, but retained his poise.

'I'm willing to let bygones be bygones, if you are. I'm sorry if I was unkind. I didn't mean to be. I was wrought up with anxiety. And the Enterprise——'

'Well?' she put in.

'Isn't what I thought it was. I got that yesterday on the highest authority. At the same time I got a hint of something infinitely better and bigger.'

She stared at him intently. If he had only thought the Enterprise was good, how could he have spoken to the Winters as he did? Had her father only thought so too? With this came the blinding conviction that Shanklin had been right. She felt a little sick, and leaned back in her chair.

Sitwell glanced at her anxiously. 'What's the matter?'

'Nothing! Go on.'

He paused for an instant, noting the pallor of her face and the throbbing pulse in the white throat. But this time he was genuinely in earnest, more in earnest than he could remember having ever been before.

'I've a chance now to catch up and get out for good, if I can work it. A discovery of great importance has been made about a mile from the Enterprise—oil-shale on the surface. It's part of the big ridge on which you saw the producing wells. You couldn't understand it technically, but it really means that what has been found on that ridge will be found on that patch of shale.'

'Who told you all this?' she asked. This sounded more real than anything he had ever told her about his business.

'Woolley, the State Geologist, suggested that if I went south I'd find something better, and'—he hesitated—'I did. I can't use his name. He only gave the hint because he knew your father, and you too, years ago.'

Claudia puzzled, then dimly recalled him, but it was only a childish memory.

'And you got it?' she asked, with a lift in her voice.

'No, not yet; but I'm the only man who knows about it, except Woolley and the present lessees. Now, listen! They are two prospectors who have very little money, most of which has gone into purchasing an option, which runs out in about three months. They've got to get this well down by then, because their option won't be renewed. I've bought the renewal with all I could lay my hands on, and it's an impossibility for them to win out. With that property I can get any sum I ask; and even with the prospect of it I can get all the backing I want. It's literally a slice cut clear out of the richest oil-sands in California.'

'But what about the Enterprise? Have you abandoned it, then? And what about the people who have bought stock? I'm a large stock-holder myself.'

'I was coming to that. I used some of the Enterprise money to get that option. It was in the interest of the stock-holders, and will be officially confirmed.'

She stared at him, amazed. 'Can you do that without asking them?'

'It isn't regular, but I've done it,' he said coolly.

Her hands moved helplessly. 'Is there anything else?'

'Yes; and the most important part of it. I've got to go to New York to see Spencer Martin.'

'Who is he? And why?'

'Spencer Martin is one of the biggest and pluckiest oil operators in the States. He has wells in Central America, Pennsylvania, and Texas. He's tried California several times, but didn't get in soon enough. I know he wants to get in, because there's war on between him and western operators. That's why he'd go a long way to find something. I can't write him all this, so I've got to see him, and I can't see him till I get some money.'

She did not answer, for her mind was pitched on the packet of notes hidden away in her room. Had Sitwell mysteriously divined their presence? Certainly he had not seen them. Something in her responded, in spite of all that had passed, to his earnestness, and she admitted with shame that now he talked like an honest man. Then doubt assailed her anew.

'My idea is'—her husband was speaking slowly—'that, if possible, we both go to New York. If nothing comes of this, I'm ready to turn over the Enterprise affair to the other directors, and get a job in the east and settle down. If something does come of it, then we are justified in going.'

His smooth face betrayed only a sincere desire for her company and encouragement, and a readiness, should this venture fail, to take up a less risky method of life. This last possibility gave her a vivid gleam of hope.

'How much would it cost?' she asked nervously.

'Including expenses in New York, say for three or four days, about six hundred dollars. Then you'd need some things. I wish I hadn't sacrificed that car,' he added reflectively.

Six hundred dollars for the chance of getting rid of the nightmare life she was leading! She searched her husband's face again.

'Of course, the Enterprise Company won't make any trouble if this thing goes through,' he said, as though speaking of the action of some outsider; 'but if it doesn't, they possibly may.' His eyes caught hers and held them. 'I have to remember that.'

She stood up and put her hand on his shoulder. 'Bertie, will you give me your word of honour about something?'

'What is it?'

'That whether this thing goes through or not, you'll get out of promoting companies. You know what father felt and said. We all considered that Mr Shanklin was disloyal—to say nothing of making himself ridiculous—and he paid for it—but Mr Shanklin was right. If he was here I'd tell him so. Do you know where he is?'

Sitwell's pulse fluttered a little. If Claudia only knew! 'No,' he lied.

'I want to be honest with you, as I think this afternoon you've tried to be with me. You don't know how it has all hurt. I didn't marry you, Bertie, because I loved you—for I didn't love you—but because father wanted it. Did you ever guess that?'

He had known it all along, but his ambition dulled his sensibility. He stared in her face. 'No,' he said again.

Her lips contracted with pain. 'Well—it's true—and because, perhaps, I owe you something for that, I'll help now—if you give me your promise. If there was any love between us I couldn't talk like this, but you've killed whatever there might have been.'

Sitwell, still gazing at her, had a blinding vision of what might have been. Her loyalty, her courage, her honesty, her wistful appeal, the supreme frankness of her spirit—all these he might perhaps have won and kept. He began to perceive that all his life he had shut his eyes to the things really worth while. He had nothing left to offer in exchange for the gifts she once extended to him, but now definitely withdrew. And even as she moved in spirit and thought farther away from him, so did she become the more attractive and desirable. And yet it was his pride which was hurt the most.

She went into the next room, and returned with six notes of a hundred dollars each. 'You must not ask any questions about this money. It's mine.'

He stiffened with surprise, but she went on quietly. 'I give it to you to save us both—and find a way out. When do you want to go to New York? I'll come.'

Sitwell, with the money in his fingers, could find not a word in answer. His brain was racking itself with questions. Swiftly he ran over the names of their acquaintances, then pitched on one that seemed to stand out in flaming letters. What if it was Shanklin! The irony in the idea was so sharp and pointed that it made him a little breathless. And Claudia had said that now she would like to tell Shanklin that he had been right. There was much that he wanted to say, but it seemed suddenly wiser to say nothing.

'We'll go as soon as you are ready. Will to-morrow do?'

'Yes.'

'Then I'll see about berths now.' He went out, closing the door with unusual deliberation. She did not even look up, being exhausted with the tenseness of the moment. She longed with her whole soul for some faithful breast on which to forget the utter loneliness of her spirit. She felt within herself a capacity for companionship, love, and passion that would never be fulfilled, and dreaded those long hours during which the incense of life would be fruitlessly dissipated.

A little later that day came a letter from Edith Winter, in Catalina. Claudia opened it with pleasure. The Winters were awaiting the arrival of a friend from the east, who would advise them about investing in the Enterprise, and hoped that the delay would be quite understood. The girl went on with a bright account of her present surroundings and her growing love for California. She concluded with an affectionate personal message that came straight from her heart.

Claudia sat for some moments deep in thought. She had assumed that the Winters had decided not to pursue the Enterprise matter any further, and, in spite of the situation thus created, the reflection relieved her. But now she knew that the Enterprise was not worth considering—and Edith didn't. She dwelt uncomfortably on this, till, gradually, there unfolded itself the parallel between her present position and that in which her lover found himself months ago, while in her breast sounded the small voice Shanklin had heard as he stared at the title-deeds of Courtney Brooks. And it was not till Claudia was stirred by this persistent whisper that she began to perceive what his action must have cost the man whom she now admitted she still loved with secret fervour. The small voice persisted in minute distinctness. Here was the situation! What was she going to do about it?

Gradually it became quite clear that this was an obvious opportunity to do the right thing, the thing worth while. She must cast her bread upon the waters, and leave the rest to destiny. The letter she wrote depicted nothing of the stress under which she laboured. She expressed the hope of seeing the Winters when they came back from Catalina, and suggested other interesting places to visit. As to the Enterprise, she said: 'Will you think it very strange if I tell you that I'm disappointed so far? I have a large number of shares left me by my father, and I'm afraid it's not going to turn out what we hoped.'

She read this over twice, nodded, and sealed the envelope. Then, quite automatically, she opened a drawer and took out a photograph that in days past had rested between the pages of *Marcus Aurelius*. Shanklin's face smiled up at her with its confidence and candour. Her own eyes grew misty, for his lips seemed to be moving, whispering that she had done right.

(*Continued on page 187.*)

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ADVOCACY.

By His Honour Judge PARRY.

III.—THE LAMP OF INDUSTRY.

The Seven Lamps of Advocacy are *Honesty, Courage, Industry, Wit, Eloquence, Judgment, and Fellowship.*

I.

THE first task of the advocate is to learn to labour and to wait. There never was a successful advocate who did not owe some of his prowess to industry. From the biographies of our ancestors we may learn that the eminent successful ones of each generation practised at least enough industry in their day to preach its virtues to aspiring juniors.

Work soon becomes a habit. It may not be altogether a good habit, but it is better to wear out than to rust out. Nothing, we are told, is impossible to industry. Certainly without industry the armoury of the advocate will lack weapons on the day of battle.

There must be years of what Charles Lamb described with graceful alliteration as 'the dry drudgery of the desk's dead wood' before the young advocate can hope to dazzle juries with eloquent perorations, confound dishonest witnesses by skilful cross-examination, and lead the steps of erring judges into the paths of precedent.

All great advocates tell us that they have had either steady habits of industry or grand outbursts of work. Charles Russell had a continuous spate of energy. Many of us can remember him, tireless and active himself, bustling into the robing-room at St George's Hall, Liverpool, and finding several members of the Junior Bar standing around the fire.

'Why are you loafing about here?' he asked. 'Why don't you *do* something?'

'We have nothing to do,' said the Junior Bar.

'Why don't you go to the races?' he rejoined. '*Do* something!'

Abraham Lincoln owed his sound knowledge of law to grim, zealous industry. As a storekeeper he studied Blackstone out of shop-hours, perched on a wood-pile or lying under a tree. On circuit, in the bedroom of the village inn, a candle at his head and his feet protruding over the foot-board of his bed, he lay reading law until two in the morning, undisturbed by snoring comrades. When possible, he would

read aloud, for thus, he said, 'two senses catch the idea. First, I see what I read; second, I hear it, and can therefore remember it better.' In after-life to every student who came near him his advice was, 'Work! work! work!'

Advocacy is indeed a life of industry. Each new success brings greater toil. Campbell, writing home from the Oxford Circuit, describes the weary round of his daily task. Some advocates suffer thus every day the court sits, whilst others sit round and suffer envy.

'I ought to have got so far to-night on my way to Hereford, but we have a long day's work before us, and I shall be obliged to travel all to-morrow night. You can hardly form a notion of the life of labour, anxiety, and privation which I lead upon the circuit. I am up every morning by six. I never get out of court till seven, eight, or nine in the evening, and, having swallowed any indifferent fare that my clerk provides for me at my lodgings, I have consultations and read briefs till I fall asleep. This arises very much from the incompetence of the judge. It is from the incompetency of judges that the chief annoyances I have in life arise. I could myself have disposed of the causes here in half the time the judge employed. He has tried two causes in four days. Poor fellow, he is completely knocked up.'

II.

An advocate must study his brief in the same way that an actor studies his part. Success in advocacy is not arrived at by intuition. Mr O'Brien, in his excellent biography of Charles Russell, details an interesting conversation with his hero which enforces this truth. He had raised the question of an advocate succeeding by mere intuition in picking up the threads of a case in court, when Russell interrupted him in a characteristic phrase. '"That's all nonsense," he said. "You don't know anything by intuition. You have to work hard and to think hard. I get some good help, as I tell you. My mode of work is this: One of these young men reads the brief and makes a note—a full one. I go through the note with him" (smiling), "cross-examining him, if you like. Sometimes, I admit, it may not be necessary for me to read the brief; the note may be so complete, and the man's knowledge of the case so exact, that I get everything from him. But it often is—in fact, generally is—necessary to go to the brief. You have seen me reading briefs here. I admit that I am quick in getting at the kernel of a case, and that saves me some trouble; but I must read the brief with my own eyes, or somebody else's."

'I said, "Sir John Karslake went blind because he could only read his brief with his own eyes. It is a great point to be able to read your brief with somebody else's eyes!"

'*Russell*—"Well, well, well, that's so! but it is not intuition."

'I said, "It has been said that O'Connell never read his brief when he appeared for the defendant. He made his case out of the plaintiff's case."

'*Russell*—"I don't think that is likely; I think O'Connell knew his case—the vital points in his case—before he went into court. There is often a great deal in a brief which is not vital, which is not even pertinent. I can read a brief quickly; I can take in a page at a glance, if you like; I can throw the rubbish over easily, and come right on the marrow of the case. But I can only do that by reading the brief, or by the help of my friends. I learn a great deal at consultations; I am not above taking hints from everybody, and I think carefully over everything that is said to me" (holding his hand up with open palm); "I shut out no view. If I have a good point, it is that I can see quickly the hinge on which the whole case turns, and I never lose sight of it. But that is not intuition, my friend; it is work."'

III.

Industry in reading and book-learning may make a man a good jurist, but the advocate must exercise his industry in the double art of speaking and arranging his thoughts in ordered speech. He must be ready to leave his books awhile and practise the athletics of eloquence with equal industry.

The silver-tongued Heneage Finch advises students 'to study all the morning and talk all the afternoon.' Old Serjeant Maynard, deeply learned in booklore as he was, described the calling of the advocate as *ars lablativa*. Brougham told the law students of London University to habituate themselves to talk about everything.

For 'bare reading without practice pedantiseth a student, but never makes him a clever lawyer.' Our fathers understood this better perhaps than we do, and made provision in halls and cloisters and gardens, where students could take exercise and discuss the mysteries of their profession when the hours of reading were over.

Roger North tells us in his life of his brother, the Lord Keeper: 'I remember that, after the fire of the Temple, it was considered whether the old cloister walks should be rebuilt or rather improved into chambers; which latter had been for the benefit of the Middle Temple. But in regard it could not be done without the consent of the Inner house, the masters of the Middle house waited upon the then Mr Attorney Finch, to desire the concurrence of his society upon a proposition of some benefit to be thrown in on that side. But Mr Attorney would by no means give way to it, and reproved the Middle Templars very wittily and eloquently upon the subject of students walking in evenings there and putting cases, "which," he said, "was done in his time, as mean and low as the buildings were then, however it comes that such a benefit to students

is now made so little account of." And thereupon the cloisters, by the order and disposition of Sir Christopher Wren, were built as they now stand.'

The days of wandering in cloisters and gardens, putting cases to one's fellow-students, and listening to the wisdom of elders by the margin of the fountain are, alas! not for us. But even to-day a wise youngster should recognise that sitting in court to listen to the conduct of cases, attendance at circuit mess and dining in Hall, where the law-talk of seniors may still on occasion be of value—these things are all forms of industry, for the advocate can only learn the true creed of his faith from oral tradition.

In recent years we have wisely revived the old moots which date back to early days when the Inns of Court were really schools of law. Dugdale thus describes the ancient ceremony of the moot: 'The pleadings are first recited by the students, then the case heard and argued by the barristers; and lastly by the reader elect and benchers, who all three argue in English; but the pleadings are recited, and the case argued by the utter barristers, in law French. The moot being ended, all parties return to the cupboard, where the mootmen present the benchers with a cup of beer and a slice of bread.'

Roger North tells us that in his day, the time of Charles II., the custom of mooting had been discontinued for upwards of a century; but modern wisdom brings us back to many old customs of our fathers, and to-day all dramatic methods of education are recognised as of greater value than dictatorial lectures.

IV.

And not only are these more social forms of industry good in themselves, but they are the only antidote to that despondency and dread of failure that attacks the brightest and most helpful mind in the long days of apprenticeship. Even the greatest advocates have suffered such moments. Had John Scott yielded to his own sinking inclinations, he might have been a provincial barrister at Newcastle instead of Lord Chancellor; Kenyon nearly became a Welsh parson instead of Chief-Justice of England; and Russell tells us that in our own day Gully nearly exiled himself to the Straits Settlements, and Herschell proposed to emigrate to the Indian Bar.

A learned County Court judge, in dealing with the unfortunate bankruptcy of a brother-barrister, expressed the opinion that for a man to come to the Bar without private means, or, at least, expectations from a maiden aunt, was 'a rash and hazardous speculation.' His dictum was unsound in law and history. Some of the greatest advocates began life as poor men. And though men of wealth have succeeded in advocacy, yet poverty is a true friend to industry. 'Parts and poverty,' said Lord Chancellor Talbot, 'are the only things needed by the law student.'

Kenyon, when asked by a fashionable lady how her son might best prepare for success at the Bar, said: 'Let him spend all his money, marry a rich wife, spend all hers, and when he has got not a shilling in the world, let him attack the law.' For a lawyer, as an old pleader said, must be prepared in his early days 'to eat sawdust without butter,' or, as Lord Eldon put it, 'to live like a hermit and work like a horse.'

If a man is endowed with health and industry, the profession of an advocate is not 'a rash and hazardous speculation.' He may even without blame give hostages to fortune, remembering that when Erskine made his first appearance at the Bar his agitation nearly overcame him, and he was just about to sit down a failure when, he says, 'I thought I felt my little children tugging at my gown, and the idea roused me to an exertion of which I did not think myself capable.' He succeeded, indeed, far beyond his expectations, and he found, when he had overcome that first modest inertia which benumbs even the greatest genius, that he was fully equipped to fight the battles of his clients against all comers. And the reason of it was that he had not failed to read and learn and digest beneath the Lamp of Industry.

WHILE TRUTH PUTS ON ITS BOOTS.

PART II.

IV.

JELKS SOUND is a deep and irregular indentation in the land. To the eastern side the ground rises to the serrated razor-edge ridge which forms a landmark far out to sea; the western shore is muddy and flat, with undulating ground behind, covered with lush bush, intersected by creeks, alligator-haunted, malarial. Andrews concluded that the dead trader must have made his home on the eastern side of the Sound, probably somewhere near the mouth of the big river that empties its waters close to the head.

The schooner made good way, for the breeze was a stiff one now, but steady, keeping in one quarter with praiseworthy determination, and at the end of the second day's run Andrews was confident that they would make a landfall before the next night.

'I feel easier in my mind,' he confessed to the mate. 'The nigs will want time to get up their courage before they try again. If the girl's alive and safe, I aim to put her ashore at Port Moresby. The Hoopers will give her house-room until she can get the Sydney packet.'

'Right!' said the other. 'Virtue's got to be its own reward.'

They made the land towards evening on the following day, the blue ridge rising mistily out of the sea low down on the horizon, and steering a course which would bring them to westward of the head, ran into the mouth of the Sound before night fell.

They held a short consultation. Andrews was for keeping on until they got farther up the Sound; the mate advised caution.

'Bring her up here,' he said. 'There isn't anything going to happen to the girl during the night, and we can creep along to-morrow an' pick her up. The wind's falling, anyway.'

It was the latter fact that really decided the captain to remain where he was, for he was fidgeting about the girl ashore, and fearful as to her fate. Suppose the blacks plucked up courage again, and attacked the store from the land side! Suppose——

'I don't like waiting, and that's a fact,' he said uneasily. 'We don't want to find this station in ashes, and know that that girl's head's being smoked for the medicine-house. I should feel a hound!'

The mate pursed his lips. 'Well, I guess there isn't a puff to stir a cat's whiskers, cap. But if you're so almighty keen to get on, what's against our getting out a whale-boat, and snooping along the shore a bit to locate this station?'

'Good!' said Andrews. 'Now you're talking, my son. I'll go along with some of the men right away.'

'What about your good little mate?' said the latter, chuckling. 'Don't he come in on this racket—anyhow?'

'I thought you hadn't done running from the wimmin yet?'

The mate grinned. 'I'll have time for a get-away even if I do come along,' he said. 'Fact is, when it comes to a scrap I don't give two bits of paper for a crowd of Kanakas, like the tame lot we have aboard. Sailorising ain't scrapping!'

'Oh, we'll both go "heeled,"' said Andrews; 'though I hope we sha'n't need it.'

'Ah,' said the mate lovingly, 'I should be lonesome without my little lead squirt. When I talk with my enemies in the gate I do love to have something better than bits of stone to argue with.'

V.

So it was arranged then and there; the schooner's anchor went down, the whale-boat was drawn up on a shortened painter, and six lusty Kanakas tumbled into her, followed by the captain and the mate, who was arranging ammunition in his pockets with a kind of childish glee. The schooner's riding-light would serve for a mark on the way home, in case they did not come upon the shore station within a reasonable time.

The night was dark with a velvety blackness, few stars shone in the sky, and the moon had not yet risen. As the native crew rowed steadily up the Sound, keeping within a hundred yards of the shore on the eastern side, Andrews had his night-glasses continually to his eyes, sweeping the land for a sign of the trader's dwelling. Palms, pandanus, brush, endless trees, tiny bays, the mouths of one or two rocky streams, they passed, but there was no sign of the station. The air was very still; they could hear the swish of a bonito as it ran on the surface after a shoal of fleeing fish, the grunting occasionally of wild pig in the scrub ashore, the monotonous dull murmur of the frogs in the swamp on the western side.

Andrews put down his binoculars. 'I'm scared for that girl,' he said suddenly. 'Can't you imagine it? She's all alone there, in that house somewhere along, watching and waiting, afraid to sleep. Perhaps she hasn't been able to get out to fetch water. I shouldn't blame her, knowing those fellows were waiting round for a chance to spear her. A white girl, my son, and lonely! It's bad enough anywhere, but out here!'

The mate assented. 'Some of them would be loco over it. But I can't see we can do any more than we're doing.'

As he spoke the silence of the dark waters, the menacing but invisible land, was broken by a medley of voices, yells, shouts, screams, as if hell had vomited its furious denizens upon earth. The Kanakas in the boat stopped rowing, and listened fearfully.

'Get on!' roared Andrews in a voice that cut like a lash. 'Pull, you devils! Pull! My heavens! they've gone to it again!'

The mate caught his arm. 'It's close in here! Say, I don't hear that gun of hers. Suppose——'

'I daren't!' said Andrews, jumping in his seat with impatience, though the whale-boat was racing through the water at her best speed. 'Listen to it! Are we too late?'

He tugged at the rudder-lines, and the boat sheered in towards a little bay, backed by trees. Through the trees they could see a torch flicker and die out. The yells rose again maddeningly. At that fearful sound the Kanakas again stopped rowing, and one of them protested against going farther. Andrews pulled his revolver from his pocket and leapt at him. 'Get on you! You lib for die you no pull, you darned nigger! I kill that lot you fella you no go on plenty quick!'

The oars splashed again, and the whale-boat, racing into the bay, grounded on the beach. Andrews and the mate did not hesitate. They jumped for it the moment the bow grounded, splashed into shallow water, and without thought plunged into the bush.

To the black man the chivalry of the white will always be a source of mingled mirth and wonder. Andrews and the mate knew the dangers, they knew the fate that might await them if they failed, but they had heard that a

white girl was in danger there—at this moment, for all they knew, she might be engaged in a last desperate struggle for her life—and because of that they faced death without dismay.

Torches appeared again between the trees. One fell, and a great flame leapt up in the night.

'They're burning down the house!' Andrews shouted above the din. 'Come on, boy!'

As they ran into the glare made by the fire a spear whizzed past the mate's head, and stuck quivering in the trunk of a tree. The place seemed suddenly alive with natives, armed with clubs, spears, axes, and running, throwing, screaming like men possessed. Andrews threw up his arm and fired thrice. A spear pierced his sleeve; an axe thrown from behind a bush grazed his head. The mate was running hither and thither, firing and loading with marvellous rapidity.

As the axe touched him Andrews whirled round, and darted into the bush from which it had come. He came into collision with a hot bare body, felt a heavy hand on his throat, and fired. He fell with his man into the bush, rose again, his face scratched and bleeding, and staggered into the open. The glare had died down. He heard a rattle of shots from the right, and ran that way. He found the mate behind a tree bristling with thrown spears, cool, but sweating, shooting into the brown of a mass of natives.

They scattered into cover as Andrews's weapon came into play. The captain shouted to the mate as he fired, 'Where's the house? I thought it was on fire!'

'I don't know,' said the mate. 'Looks as if we'd bitten more'n we could—chew!' His words were punctuated with shots, and he 'broke' his weapon and pushed in fresh shells with energy.

Both could see now that the glare had been caused by a bunch of dry grass into which a torch had fallen. There was no house to be seen. The dark closed in upon them again, and only the hiss of passing spears hurled at random told of their enemies gathered near them.

'We must get her,' said the captain in a voice of anguish. 'I am going to bear to the right, old man. Do you turn left, and see if you can locate the station.'

They separated at once, and as they took their several ways there was a rush of feet, of men dashing forward, the thud of clubs on unguarded skulls, the screams of men impaled on stabbing spear-points. The natives had rushed the position, and were having a *mêlée* in the dark.

The mate turned to the left, chuckling, collided with a tree, and paused. He went on again, found himself puzzled by the wilderness of trees, stumbled over something, and fell. As he fell there was a rush. Then he was down under half-a-dozen men, suffocating, shouting, kicking, his fingers on one man's throat, his knee in another's chest, biting and scratching like a wild cat at bay.

Andrews had swung off to the right, but his feet betrayed him, and he came round in a half-circle. He drew up, with staring eyes and dry throat, as he heard the mate shout for help.

He went almost mad then. Screaming like a man bereft, he ran crazily to and fro, until he found himself within a few paces of a scrimmage on the ground, a whirl of thrusting, battling figures.

Then came the mate's voice, spent, but undaunted: 'One for old Oregon!'

A spear, standing point downwards where it had fallen, touched Andrews's foot. He grasped it by the haft, and felt suddenly cold. To stab at random into the struggling mass might be to kill his friend. Hastily he put his pistol in his pocket, felt for a match-box, fired the grass to his right, and sprang to the rescue.

The glare of the burning grass lighted up the spot, disclosed dark muscular bodies writhing, fighting over something beneath. With a cry Andrews stabbed down and down, shouting, his voice hoarse and cracked as he stabbed, 'Take that! That! Damn you all!—Hang on, dear old boy! I'm here.'

The mass fell away. One man darted to cover; two remained moving a little on the ground; the others lay grotesquely spread-eagled where the stabbing spear had caught them. Andrews fell on his knees beside the body of his mate.

'I'm here, old chap! Hi! You're all right. You know me. It's the captain, old scout—Andrews!'

The mate turned his face a little, and a faint grin overspread his white face. 'Some scrap, cap!' he said. 'Some——'

Andrews, crying with rage and despair, tore open the mate's coat, felt for the dead heart, and looked away towards the blazing grass, his face set. The cries, the shouts, the frenzied din of war had died down, and there was no sound in the night.

Half-an-hour passed, and he still crouched there, his hand upon the mate's heart. Then he suddenly straightened himself, put his arms about the limp body, and raising it, began to pass slowly towards the shore. The boat still waited; the trembling Kanakas had marvellously resisted an instinct to fly. They gave a cry of joy and relief as the captain staggered down to the beach, and walked up with his burden to the boat.

They rowed in silence to where the schooner's riding-light shone like a star. Andrews sat in the stern like a man of stone, and the blood from a head wound trickled unnoticed down his face.

VI.

The captain walked the deck of the schooner all that night, his shoulders bent, his gaze on

his feet. The mate was dead; the girl might be dead. He had failed to help her.

He had killed to no purpose, first the man he had picked up at sea, now these unreasoning savages. He had lost his mate, and his heart was heavy with the thought of the futility of it all.

The dawn came at last, and with it the serene light of the morning sun. The Sound was very peaceful, a calm, unwrinkled blue, and the sky overhead was unstained, unclouded, flawless.

Like a man in a dream, he gave the order to weigh, to get out boats to tow the schooner up the Sound. Like a man walking in his sleep, he paced the poop as the schooner crawled in, his glasses turned here and there upon the shores for sign of the station he had come so far to relieve. There were no signs, only the unending fringe of trees, and behind it the blue serrated ridge rising to the sky, the farther shore with its mud-banks, its flanking mangrove swamps. All day he searched, and the next; and then he turned the schooner's head to the sea, and went out under the impulse of a land-wind which had suddenly risen. They had nearly dropped the land when they spoke a small brig pointing south. At Andrews's signal she hove to, and Andrews went on board.

'A trading-station in the Sound?' said the grizzled skipper of the brig, shaking his head. 'Ain't bin one since the nigs wiped out Temple, ten years back. 'Tisn't safe. Place full of nigs allus fighting one another. No, you can take my word, there ain't bin white man, woman, or child on the Sound these ten years—and Temple had no belongings!'

The ships parted a quarter of an hour later. Andrews gave up the puzzle. Had he shot an innocent man when he executed (as he thought at the time) the native he had picked up at sea? Had he killed natives who were merely indulging in a tribal fight, lost his mate in a combat that was no concern of his? Impossible. There was the woman's story, circumstantial in details. It might be true that 'A Lie will run half-way round the World, while Truth is putting on its Boots'; but why, on the other hand, should the woman have lied to him at all? He was never able to answer the question. . . . .

What is a lie? If any one could have told him, most assuredly it was not the placid brown woman on Kule. In her simple mind there were no complex codes to regulate the use of the tongue. It was, if she thought about it at all, the woman's weapon of defence. She had been afraid that the lingering of the schooner in the river might awaken disturbing thoughts long dormant in her 'husband's' bosom. Obviously the schooner had to be sent away. What of it?

She came out on her veranda, settled herself in the shade with her betel and her thoughts. As she chewed she examined with loving care the dog-tooth necklet. No tiara of diamonds, no superb collar of pearls, could have given a society woman greater pleasure in possession than that coveted necklet. For such things on the islands men fought and died. She had coveted it from the first moment she had seen it on the neck of the wounded savage on the schooner.

She smiled subtly. What fools, those white people! Actually they believed everything they were told. Never would she understand how such simple people could prosper as they did!

And what extraordinary store they set upon those spectral, pallid women of theirs! One had only to tell them that one of their women was in danger to set them racing madly anywhere to the rescue.

She laughed quietly. Peace reigned again on the river, and a satiated alligator basked happily under the air-roots of a mangrove down the bank.

THE END.

GRAYLING AND SALMON FISHING IN LAPLAND.

AS long as it lasted the season had been a good one, eight and ten fish having been the order of the day for five weeks; but the snow-flood had given out, and the great Tana River (which drains a vast tract of wild country in Finland, Russia, and northern Norway, and which with its confluents is accessible to the migratory Salmonidæ for over four hundred miles) was dead-low; the appearance of its water was that of gin. The experiences of the day before had proved too much for my friends' patience, and at a council, held in an atmosphere composed of equal parts of mosquitoes and tobacco-smoke, it had been determined that after a few hours' rest they should take their departure for the mouth of the river, and go on an exploring expedition on the coast of Finmarken, while I remained on for another week to take my chance with the grayling. The preparations for the journey of nearly one hundred miles down-stream occupied a considerable length of time, but by 8 P.M. they were completed, and in a few minutes the three long canoes containing the travellers and their impedimenta had disappeared down the rapids.

Owing to the reduction in the number of its inhabitants, the hut—situated at the junction of the Levjok and the main river, where we had had our headquarters—looked rather deserted; but my Lapps, who had of late been depressed

at the want of fresh salmon, seemed in remarkably good spirits. Chattering like magpies, they sat round a fire brewing their eternal coffee; and one of them told me that within twenty-four hours we should have rain for a certainty, and lots of it. In view of the brilliancy of the weather and the height at which the aneroid stood, this forecast sounded too good to be true, but there was a modicum of encouragement in it nevertheless.

A little way below the mouth of the Levjok River there is a 'flat' on the Tana, some two hundred or three hundred yards in length, where grayling are plentiful, and this was chosen as our field of operations for the evening. It was shaded on both sides by pine-clad rocks; there was not a breath of wind, and the air was gray with mosquitoes. Wearing a veil, whose dimensions admitted of smoking inside it, and long gauntleted gloves, it was possible for me to stand the attacks of these venomous little insects and to fish in comparative comfort.

The Lapp in the bow controlled the movements of our light craft with his long birch pole, moving it from place to place, or holding it against the gentle current in one spot; his companion's time was fully occupied in using the landing-net and unhooking the fish, which rose greedily to the fly. Often I had two on at a time, and once Mikkel succeeded in scooping out three together—one on each fly. Fresh fish being wanted, I kept on until half-past eleven, by which time, although the sun was still above the horizon, it had become rather dark and distinctly chilly. I had secured between ninety and one hundred pounds of grayling; but, as it turned out, the sport was not yet over. While I was playing a fish of about a couple of pounds, which had taken one of the droppers, a salmon seized the tail fly—a Scottish loch pattern—and promptly we were engaged in a big fight. At first my friend seemed inclined to remain in the 'flat,' which he exploited in all directions for some ten minutes; but gradually he dropped back to the lip of the effluent rapid, down which we had ultimately to follow him—a dangerous performance in the bad light. The Lapps, however, managed with great skill to avoid the numerous obstacles, and some four hundred yards below they manœuvred the canoe into a comparatively sheltered bit of water among the rocks on the Russian side of the river, where Mikkel shortly afterwards gaffed out the salmon —a 24-pounder.

On getting back to the hut about one o'clock I found that the aneroid had, for the first time in a month, fallen very considerably; clouds were showing away to the south, and the Lapps were unanimous in prophesying a flood. How best to utilise the coming rain was the question. It was now the end of July, and previous experience had taught me that about that time, given a sufficiency of water, a run of heavy salmon entered the Tana, and ascended it as far as the group of magnificent pools immediately below the mouth of the Russian tributary, the Vietsjok, about thirty miles down-stream. Accordingly I arranged to make for the other (Scottish built!) hut, from which these could be conveniently fished, and about twelve hours later we got away in the middle of a regular and most welcome downpour.

After a somewhat sensational descent of the five-mile tract of rapids above Sjumpo, we reached the house of the Russian Kron-Feged at Aimijok in safety, but very wet. On the way I had tried the great pool Aite Gnoika Savo, which it takes hours to fish properly, and one or two others, but without success. On going down to the water's edge next morning soon after two o'clock we found the Tana had risen quite a foot; so, sending on my Norwegian *tolk* with one canoe and the heavy luggage, I started to fish my way down to the second hut, a distance of between six and seven miles. In Aimijok Savo I lost a heavy fish after playing it for some time; it cut the treble gut on a ledge of rock, and carried off the fly—a Durham Ranger. As we passed the mouth of the important tributary, which here joins the main river on the Russian side, the sun began to show through the driving rainclouds; and as the water had acquired a distinctly brown tinge, the prospects for sport had greatly improved.

As the Lapps turned the canoe against the strong current at the head of the Utsjok Gnoika two large fish threw themselves on the Norwegian side, and a third down near the tail of the pool. But these were evidently individuals which had been in fresh water for some time, and which the rain-flood had galvanised into activity. I caught one of them after a severe run—a 29-pounder —as also three others averaging twenty-three pounds on the way down, all slightly discoloured; but not until the next day, in the splendid pool Ula Savo, which the hut overlooks, did I fall in with any absolutely fresh-run fish —with sea-lice on their silvery coats. After that I had no reason to regret having elected to remain behind for a week's grayling-fishing; for when the day for departure came I found that in the week since my friends left I had added eight hundred and forty pounds of salmon to the season's bag, including a 40-pounder from my favourite pool, Biavra Savo.

On reaching Guldholmen, at the mouth of the river, we found that for some reason or another the Vadsö steamer was twelve hours late. After paying the Lapps their wages for the season, therefore, and squaring up generally, I went for a little cruise in the fjord with the Norwegian forest-master, who had come down with us from the Stor Foss. The water was, of course, brackish and very thick, but with Devonshire minnows we filled a large creel with beautiful sea-trout of from one to four pounds apiece.

DOMINA VICTRIX.

By Lloyd Williams.

I.

THERE was the swishing sound of a scythe outside, and Domina opened her casement window early to breathe the sweet air. For years past she had been tramping daily from her flat in Bloomsbury to the showroom in Conduit Street without a real holiday, and she intended to make the most of these few days.

She was not yet thirty, and she had conquered her world. Beginning with little capital, she had fought her way from a bare living to competence, and from competence to something like wealth and fame.

'Domina' millinery was in a class by itself. Women who knew the difference between the superbly good and the merely smart would point out a 'Domina' hat without hesitation; and she had won her success, not by good luck, as rivals sneeringly suggested, but by almost fierce endeavour.

As she looked from the window of old Mr Terriss's house her mind went back to those early struggles. Rex and she had parted company, after three years of married life, on the bottom note of failure. She loathed failure. She loathed the people who muddled through life on the brink of calamity, and she felt that Rex was the one man in the world whom she should not have married.

Domina valued money less than her enemies supposed. To 'build' a hat which sold for fifteen guineas although the actual material was barely worth thirty shillings was an achievement that delighted her, not on account of the money, but because there was hardly another woman in London whose work would fetch the same price. Rex excelled in nothing. The small legal practice inherited from his father dribbled away before her eyes; he could never seriously bend his mind to the work. Sordid vexations connected with rates and rent had doubtless helped to bring about the severance, for it is hard for a woman to respect a man who fails. And there had been no wrench at parting; he submitted to her wish with quiet acquiescence. Doubtless, he felt it was inevitable.

And she had succeeded.

Leaning on the window-sill and looking over a beautiful garden, she could review the past few years with satisfaction. There had been times when she nearly starved. In the days when she had no showroom, she carried out her own hats and called upon strangers, asking them if they would care to see some millinery. She had been snubbed and treated as something midway between a thief and a beggar.

Yet she had succeeded. Perseverance and talent had carried her through all troubles. One of her first triumphs was making a friend of old Abraham Terriss. He was an elderly widower, and she happened to call at his house to sell hats. Naturally he was finely amused, but he made her tell the story of her struggles, and before she left he had offered her the use of an empty shop.

'Suppose I couldn't pay the rent?' she said.

'You will. I shall charge you nothing for the first six months, five pounds the second, ten pounds the third, and so on till you are paying the correct figure, one hundred a year,' he said. 'Will you take it?'

It was an absurd little shop in the wrong part of the Edgware Road, and she could smile at it now; but she laid there the foundations of fortune. Her Conduit Street showroom cost her a thousand a year; she had a two hundred guinea Persian carpet on the floor, and the silk brocade curtains cost nearly as much. Her showroom girls were chosen with twice the care that girls are chosen for Daly's; face, form, manners, intelligence were all considered, and they earned salaries that a Second Division clerk might envy; there were dozens of women who shopped at Domina's for the sheer delight of being waited upon by the most beautiful girls to be seen in London.

Domina revelled in the profusion of her arrangements. The uniformed man who stood at her door had been the tallest man in the Guards, and stood rather more than six feet six; she paid him eight pounds a week, and considered him cheap at the price.

Mr Terriss, who had followed her rising fortunes with amused comments, was alarmed at some of these extravagances, but Domina was right. The more she spent, the more she earned. Besides, she was rapidly becoming one of the institutions of fashionable life. Americans visiting the Metropolis were told that they must certainly go to Domina's; they went—and Domina saw to it that they paid for the privilege.

And now she was taking a holiday—the first real holiday since she began. There had been wild rushes to Paris in pursuit of ideas, and occasional flights to Brighton and similar hurly-burlies, when health demanded it; but she had never before shaken the dust of the showroom off her feet and emptied her brain in order to fill her lungs.

She drew in a deep breath.

Still a young woman—hardly more than a girl, in fact—and she had succeeded. She had parted with the man who would have dragged her into sordid drudgery, and had made a life of luxury for herself.

In the garden below a man with a scythe was working slowly and rhythmically, and she looked at his bent back with a frown. The man with a scythe—old Father Time—would have her in the end. She was young now, but the years would pass; she would be a lonely woman, patronised by those who considered themselves her superiors, and envied by the unlucky ones. And she would have no one to share her success. No one to cry, 'Brava, Domina!'

She was a married woman with no husband—a single woman who could never marry. After all, that was a drop of bitterness in the cup, though she had been too busy to think of it before. She knew now that the chaffing applause of old Terriss was precious to her simply because he was human and companionable.

None of her friends and acquaintances knew that she was married; she was a spinster to all and sundry, including Mr Terriss himself, and her Christian name, Domina, had become almost a title of honour.

So she stared at the bent back of the gardener as he swung to and fro with his scythe, and a creepy sense of loneliness came over her.

Suddenly the man below unbent his back, in the slow, painful way of men who spend many hours stooping, and straightened himself; he turned round, and she saw his face.

Instantly all thought of herself vanished.

The man below was—Rex.

Her own husband, the man she had not seen or heard of for eight years, was cutting her host's lawn.

She drew back into the shadow of the curtains and stared. Her lips curled with contempt. So this was what he had come to. But could one be surprised? The man of education, who had taken a first-class at Oxford, and, if he had applied himself with reasonable industry, might have made a name and fortune in his profession, had sunk to the level of a gardener.

She observed his appearance with a woman's eye for detail—the heavy, shapeless boots; the trousers tied with a strap below the knee; the cotton shirt, open at the throat and revealing an expanse of brawny neck burnt almost black.

'My husband!'

She could not take her eyes from him, and when he bent again to his work in the slow, methodical way of his kind, she again drew nearer to the window.

'I suppose I was in love with him once,' she said to herself.

It sounded ludicrous; yet it was true. In the early days of married life she would have been indignant if any one had hinted she did not love her husband. They were equals and mates, and she could recall numbers of happy hours. Their honeymoon had been a dream of delight, and it was not till long afterwards that they began to drift apart.

Rex was an easy man to get on with, and perhaps that was why she first began to despise him. Her wish was law. Yet he was not a weak man. She remembered times when she could not stir him from his opinion or alter his course, and if it had not been for his persistent failure, her scorn might not have risen to fever-heat. They might have drifted through life just as happily as another couple. But now he was mowing the lawn, and she was the guest of honour.

II.

Mr Terriss received his guest, when she went down to breakfast, with a mock, half-playful obeisance.

'*Ave, Domina Victrix!*'

He had dubbed her 'Domina Victrix' years ago, when she 'stepped out' from a second-rate shop to a more spacious place, but she could never make sure that he was not making game of her.

'Our Sussex air is already bringing back the roses,' he said gallantly. 'Have you had a before-breakfast walk?'

'No. I have been studying your gardener,' she said quietly.

'How like a woman!' said the old man. 'You study the gardener, when you should have been studying the garden. I am positive that Mother Eve did the same. I wonder if you would be so good as to preside over the coffee-pot?'

'What does a man of that sort earn?' she asked.

'Here we have Mother Eve again,' murmured Mr Terriss, apparently addressing the chafing dish. 'We don't want to know what the man's outlook is, or what is the preoccupation of his immortal soul. We ask, what does he earn?'

'I'm afraid I'm a worldly creature,' said Domina with a smile.

'That's inevitable,' said her host. 'A girl who makes such delightful hats, and knows so well how to charge for them, could not be otherwise. Let us return to our gardener. I pay him four pounds a week, and consider it a good bargain.'

Domina's lips curled a little. She paid her showroom girls—the dainty, exquisite creatures who displayed her millinery so entrancingly—more than that, and would consider an hour's work of her own hands poorly rewarded if it produced less than a ten-pound note.

Mr Terriss was attacking mushrooms and bacon lustily. 'For the rest, he lives in a cottage along the lane, which you may see with your own eyes when we use the car. It has two rooms and a decent strip of garden; likewise a small glass-house. Even that is not all. He is a man of cultivation, and sometimes he and I have a talk on books and the like in such

a rarefied atmosphere that I doubt if Domina, victrix though she be, could follow us.'

'I suppose he has come down in the world,' she said coldly.

'That is what Bond Street says,' he remarked. 'The man happens to be a genius. In the eyes of Bond Street, all geniuses go down in the world.'

Domina frowned and helped herself to a pear. It was never easy to tell when Abraham Terriss was chaffing or talking seriously. What he said about Rex was characteristic; he was a man who would neglect his proper work, whether it were law or horticulture, in favour of dreaming fond dreams that were non-productive. Her practical nature had little sympathy with that sort of thing; yet she decided to seize an opportunity of speaking to him, and when Mr Terriss took his pile of letters to the library, she wandered into the garden to interview her husband.

He was still at work upon the lawn, and his back was turned to her as she approached.

'Good-morning!'

He unbent slowly and turned round, lifting his cap automatically. Then he stared in surprise.

'Domina!'

'So you have not forgotten me?'

'Hardly.'

His face was burnt almost black with constant exposure, and it was lean; his eyes were bright and humorous, and he smiled at her in the friendliest way.

'I didn't know you were coming here,' he said. 'The change will do you good. What do you think of my lawn?'

Now Domina knew as much as any woman in London about hats, but of lawns she knew nothing. You played tennis on lawns, and they made a perfect carpet for showing off a smart frock and a pretty hat; a hat designed for Goodwood, for instance, would be different from that she would design for Cowes. But as for the lawn itself—Domina smiled.

'It looks very green and nice,' she said encouragingly. 'I dare say you are proud of it.'

'The colour is good,' he said gravely. 'Considering it was laid only three years ago, I like the colour. But it's too young to be a good lawn.'

She looked at it again, and pressed her small foot upon its close, springy substance.

'In a couple of hundred years' time, if it is well cared for, and the successive gardeners are not too free with their infernal mowing-machines, it will be as good as the lawns at Oxford.'

Domina looked at the man in despair. This was like him. He was working on a lawn which would reach perfection when he was dead and buried and forgotten. Was it to be expected that a sensible, practical woman would spend her life in semi-starvation by such a man's side?

Hats for Domina every time.

'I'm afraid we have drifted far apart, Rex,' she said.

His face became grave. 'I fear we have,' he said. 'They tell me the dresses you design——'

'Hats, Rex,' she said demurely.

'I beg pardon,' he murmured, in the tone of a man who did not know that the two arts were entirely different. 'At any rate, you are a great success.'

'I have been lucky,' she replied, prodding his sacred grass with the end of her parasol.

He watched the operation for a moment, and then, quietly but firmly, put his hand over hers, and transferred the parasol to the gravel path, where it could do little harm.

'Sorry,' she said with a good-humoured smile. 'I forgot about the lawn.' Then, after a pause, she added something else: 'Mr Terriss doesn't know you are my husband.'

She was not a snob—not as the world counts snobbishness—yet it was embarrassing to find one's self a guest in a perfectly appointed and luxurious country-house, whose owner mixed on free terms of intimacy with the leading people of the county, and discover in the gardener your own husband. A less ambitious girl than Domina might have felt vexed.

'It's awkward, isn't it?' she murmured.

He laughed in quite the old, careless way. 'I didn't think of that,' he chuckled. 'We must be wary, Domina, and not let any one guess our guilty secret. At this moment Mr Terriss is coming from the house. I am the gardener, and you the lady visitor.—Excuse me, ma'am.'

He bent over his work, and Domina, having to choose in a hurry, accepted her rôle. Yet she was not to escape the penalty of pride.

'Cut Miss Hobson one of the new roses, Hobson,' said Mr Terriss. 'By the way, Hobson's name is the same as yours, Domina,' he added, as the gardener crossed the lawn.

'I'm afraid it's a common name,' she responded.

Rex returned with a delicious half-blown bud, crimson in colour, yet so dark as to be almost black.

'We are showing it at Shalford to-morrow,' said the old gentleman. 'And I fancy Hobson thinks he will win a prize with it.'

She accepted the blossom, and Rex touched his hat civilly. Domina felt extremely uneasy.

III.

First Prize and the Society's Gold Medal.
'Domina Victrix'—Mr Rex Hobson.

Domina was fond of flowers, but she did not enjoy the flower-show. It took place in the town-hall of Shalford, which was as unbeautiful as a town-hall could very well be; moreover, it was overcrowded by an extremely active and vigorous country population, who positively

gloated over flowers, fruit, and vegetables—particularly the fruit and the vegetables.

Mr Terriss had motored her over and pointed out Rex's success. It did not excite great enthusiasm in her breast. Winning a prize at a rose-show, in her estimation, was not at all the same thing as knowing that the half-dozen most stylish hats worn at the Royal Garden-Party were 'built' by Domina.

Yet, as the afternoon wore on, she had cause to alter her point of view. The Duchess of Shalford was present, because Shalford could not have found enough impudence to hold a flower-show without the Duchess's patronage, and her Grace had a way of making a casual remark as if it were a dictum of fate, and ought to be heard by the world at large.

'Who did you say the woman was?' she remarked distinctly.

There was a hasty murmur from one of her satellites.

'I have heard of her,' said the great lady. 'She makes hats. Or is it stockings? People of that sort don't interest me.'

Domina bore it with remarkable composure, though she was aware that half-a-dozen eyes were quizzing her. It looked as if a person might be a notability in Bond Street and obscure in the country. Later she had an opportunity of seeing the reverse of the picture.

Rex appeared at the flower-show, arrayed in a plain serge suit, looking, of course, the well-bred creature that he was, but self-effacing and shy as ever.

But Rex was somebody of consequence here. Every one knew him, and he was received with a hum of admiration such as Domina herself might have excited in the foyer of Daly's.

'That's Mr Hobson who grew the new rose, you know.'

These absurd people seemed to think that growing a new rose was as important as trimming a new hat.

Domina was nettled, especially when Mr Terriss took Rex to the duchess and introduced him as a person of the highest consequence. And the duchess commanded an Under-Secretary of State to make himself scarce, so that Rex might sit by her side and discuss the new rose. When the duke arrived, he positively hobnobbed with Rex; there was no other word for it. His Grace was a dull, quiet man, who was bored to death with being a duke; the joy of his life was to talk with a man who knew his job and could tell him things. Rex and he wandered about the town-hall side by side, examining flowers and fruit curiously, while a well-dressed crowd listened and stared in respectful silence. Presently they drifted close to Domina, and she heard a word or two of the discussion. They were examining a prize cauliflower, and the conversation was taking a learned turn. The wretched vegetable had a history. The duke thought it came to England in the seventeenth century, and Rex corrected him; it was the sixteenth century, and it came from Holland. He explained how the 'flower' had been artificially developed, and that it was a resplendent son of the humble cabbage.

Domina was downright irritated. All she knew about cauliflowers was that, with sauce, they went well with roast-mutton, and this serious disquisition on an obscure subject exasperated her. It exasperated her still more when Rex passed her without even a smile of recognition. No doubt he took it for granted that she did not wish to be hailed as an acquaintance, and, considered properly, it was the highest form of politeness.

At dinner that evening Mr Terriss was in high spirits, and took no notice of the fact that his guest was depressed and silent.

'Your husband is coming round to see me after dinner,' he said casually. 'I hope you'll excuse us if we shut ourselves up in the library.'

'My husband?' Domina gathered up her forces. 'I suppose he has been talking about me behind my back,' she said.

'My dear child, he has never mentioned you,' said the old gentleman carelessly. 'Try one of these Persian cigarettes. They are just your mark.'

IV.

Domina was not the woman to be silent; as soon as they were seated in the drawing-room she opened fire. 'How did you know he was my husband, if he didn't tell you?' she inquired.

'Guessed,' remarked the old gentleman laconically.

'But you couldn't guess when you had every reason to believe I was a single woman,' said Domina argumentatively. 'I think you might explain. I hate mysteries.'

'So do I,' he said dryly. 'But I am not mysterious. You and your husband are the mysterious beings. You mustn't blame me. Surely you knew that the man you deserted'—Domina frowned at the expression—'is one of those people who never discuss themselves or their belongings. Soon after he settled here I took the liberty of entering his cottage when he was absent, and I saw sufficient evidence to make me know he was the husband of my young friend Domina Victrix. That is all. He will be here soon. I suppose you wouldn't care to meet him in a friendly way?'

'No, thank you.'

'I thought not, Domina. You are an example of the clever woman who is a fool, my dear. You are mistaking the shadow for the bone.'

'I think not,' she said quietly. 'The truth is exactly the opposite. I have abandoned the shadow of happiness for the bone of reality.'

He looked at her quizzically.

'I am too old to try to convince a woman against her will,' he said. 'Yet there are one or two things I want to say. You think your husband is a failure and yourself a success. The truth is exactly the opposite. Domina Victrix is the failure; the humble gardener is the success.'

She laughed softly.

'No, no, don't reply to me,' he said gently. 'Let me do all the talking for once. Domina Victrix imagines that because she trims very admirable hats for which the world pays her a preposterous price she is a success. Domina is wrong. She knows in her heart that money is not the true measure of success. In a few months her most charming hats will be in the dustbin.'

'And my husband's rose will wither in as many hours,' she said smartly.

He laughed.

'That is true. But roses born of his mother-stem will be blooming hundreds of years hence. Domina, you have never done the fellow justice. Even from a material point of view, you don't value him aright. The duke offered him a thousand a year to take sole charge of the gardens at The Towers. He refused.'

'And you ask me to appreciate a man who is content with four pounds a week when he might earn twenty?'

'He refused because he is a great man,' said the old fellow solemnly. 'He prefers to work here for a small wage and cultivate the peculiar gifts God gave him. And they are greater gifts than trimming hats, my dear. He and I have sent to the press a book he has written, which will be read when you and I, and your hats, are dust. It is the most learned and complete history of the rose that has been penned. Men will treasure it when much of our civilisation has perished. It will be in every library in the world; it will be translated into every tongue spoken by men who love beautiful things. And you dare to think that because you can twist some feathers and ribbons into a becoming shape, you are entitled to look down upon such a man?'

She looked rather angry, for she was not used to such lecturing as this.

'Oh, my dear, don't think I don't appreciate your great talents, and your still greater courage,' he said. 'But you are missing the great things of life. You are missing the roses and treasuring the artificial flowers. If I had been younger, Domina, and you were free, I should have tried my hand long ago at winning you. But that can't be, and I want to see you crowned with roses instead of ospreys. You know the sort of crown I mean?'

'I believe I can guess,' she said in a low voice.

'When my wife was living——'

He was interrupted by a maid-servant. 'Mr Hobson to see you, sir.'

'Take him to the library, and ask him to wait a minute.' He returned to Domina and stood over her, looking down thoughtfully. 'When my wife was living, our happiness was spoilt by just that—the lack of children,' he said under his breath. 'We began life with little, and, as you know, we prospered. But nothing made up for that. She went to her grave long before her time, pursued by'—he hesitated, trying to find the word he wanted—'pursued by a shadow that made us both unhappy,' he went on. 'No one ever knew it, but it arose from the bitterness of disappointment and empty arms. She died, and left me a lonely old man, with nothing better to do than watch young fools make a muddle of their lives.'

He went to the door with his old jaunty, playful air. 'Don't let your arms be empty, Domina. Fill them with roses. Be a real victrix. Conquer that little core in your own heart that is spoiling all. Will you come with me now, and meet him as a friend?'

She refused.

V.

The cottage stood a little way back from the road, and was pleasantly sheltered by a tree or two; originally it was merely a workman's cottage, but now it revealed the personality of its inhabitant's spirit, and blossomed like a bower. A creeper had flung its arms round uncouth walls, and blossoms tapped at tiny windows.

The night was dark, and Domina had found her way along the lane with difficulty. Rex was still with her host; she had come here, drawn by a queer reason that a mere man could not well understand.

The old man had spoken weightily, and she was not the kind of fool who does not listen to reason. One thing he had said weighed with her more than all else, yet it was a phrase to which he attached little importance. In the aftertide of eloquence it was forgotten.

'I took the liberty of entering his cottage when he was absent, and I saw sufficient evidence to make me know he was the husband of my young friend Domina Victrix.'

What had he seen?

The question had drawn her out into the night.

What had he seen in Rex's cottage to make him sure he was her husband?

She hesitated before the door, and peered right and left into the darkness; then she put her hand on the simple latch, and entered.

It was a labourer's abode, yet the home of a fine spirit. One stepped across the threshold into the single living-room; the floor was of

red brick, and the space narrow; in the centre was a small deal table, and a kind of cupboard stood against the wall, where, doubtless, he kept the utensils of daily life. Obviously this room was at once kitchen and parlour; an old-fashioned stove held a slumbering fire, and on the shelf above was the photograph, in a silver frame, of him and her. She remembered it well; it was taken in Torquay on their honeymoon.

There were no other pictures in the room, for the walls were literally lined with books. He had converted his domain into a library, and she looked at the portrait of herself—and him—with a faint smile. In the days of their honeymoon hopes ran high; not till afterwards were they defeated.

'I suppose this made Mr Terriss guess us to be husband and wife,' she thought to herself. 'Still, it was a long shot. I should have thought there was something more significant.'

The cottage contained but one other room, and she hesitated at the door before entering. His bed, a plain, wooden affair, stood in the corner, and the place was bare with a Spartan plainness, except that books had overflowed from the parlour.

Here again there was but one picture, and that once more a photograph. Before it stood a bud of the new rose 'Domina Victrix' in a vase. She had lighted a candle which stood on the table in the parlour, and she crossed the room and held it up, so that she might see his one other work of art.

There she stood transfixed.

She understood now why the old man was so sure she was married. Again it was a portrait of herself—herself with a child in her arms. The son that was born to them in the second year of their married life had slipped out of the world when but a few weeks old. Rex photographed her with the little creature in her arms, and in the agony of her loss she could never bear to see the picture. Indeed, she had forgotten it.

And suddenly she knew that the woman she saw in the picture was the woman she no longer was, but wished to be.

The candle fell from her hand and sputtered out; she returned to the parlour and extinguished the light, for she could not bear to be seen. Beside the slumbering fire she seated herself and—waited for him.

Presently she heard his step. On the threshold he paused for an instant, startled, doubtless, because he had left a light burning, and found the place in darkness. Then she saw him silhouetted darkly against the night as he stood framed in the doorway.

He came to her side and laid a hand on her shoulder. 'Have you come back, Domina?' he asked gravely.

'If you want me,' she whispered, weeping softly. 'But if you don't care——'

He laughed, and, kneeling down, drew her hands from her face and peered into her eyes by the firelight.

Suddenly she started. 'What was that, Rex?' she said under her breath. 'I felt'—she looked round among the shadows in awe—'I thought I felt a tiny hand on my cheek.'

'I have felt a tiny hand clutching at my heart for years, my dear,' he said. 'But you will never find the spirit of childhood where you have worked, Domina. We will seek it together among the roses, for my lady has stooped to victory at last—victory, indeed.'

BUTTERFLY TOWN.

ANY bright day on the heathy down
You may hear the music of Butterfly Town.
'Tis not very loud, and not very strong,
Just a murmurous hum, but an old, old song,
Older than you or I or dad,
Older than grandfather when a lad;
To the Roman who wandered long ago
In this same corner it still was so.

There 's no great show in this fairy town,
For 'tis only a patch of the thistle-down,
With else a nettle and dock or two,
And a long-stalked scabious bold and blue.
'Tis he that plays the commissionaire
To warn you off with a frigid stare;
And if you stand still and don't take fright,
He 'll go on nodding with all his might.

Tortoise-shells, peacocks, and admirals too,
With just the appropriate touch of blue!
That is their club, that old brick wall,
Where the warm resilient sunbeams fall.
They don't seem bothering much to-day
With the income-tax or the price of hay,
And yet they are very busy too,
As people are who have nought to do.

The song they sing only they can hear—
Unless you 've a sympathetic ear—
For even the wild bee's underdrone
Roars like a thunder above their own;
And the breeze that sighs in the alder copse,
And bows all together the nettle-tops,
Carries away with the thistle-down
Those elfin strains of Butterfly Town.

For their song is as old as life itself,
Not sung for honour or fame or pelf:
It is only singing for singing's sake,
A safety-valve that the heart mayn't break.
When life is life to be lived alone,
Without any thoughts of how it 's done,
It just comes bubbling, but ne'er can drown
The gay, insouciant Butterfly Town.

ARTHUR W. HOWLETT.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

KUTZMANN THE COURIER.

By SIDNEY T. FELSTEAD, Author of *German Spies at Bay*, *The Blood-Stained Pearl*, &c.

PART I.

I.

'*AH*,' growled Colonel Baron von Hauptmann of the German Secret Service, 'so you are ready to serve the Fatherland in any capacity—no?'

'They told me at the *Kriegsministerium* in Berlin that you were wanting couriers to carry messages to America,' replied the object of the Herr Colonel's somewhat contemptuously-put question. 'I am quite willing to do that. I have just come back from America, but they say I am not physically fit for military service in the field, and suggest that I could be better employed where my knowledge of the English language might be utilised.'

'What shall we do with him?' asked the colonel, turning to his colleague, Major Stolzberg, who was watching the pale, unpromising-looking Imperial messenger with amused indifference.

'Oh, I think I should send him to England first,' answered the major. 'We had better find out what he is made of before entrusting him with despatches to Bernstorff. Let him go over to London and make the acquaintance of Luise. She has much valuable information to give us, and finds herself unable to get it through owing to the accursed English censorship. Our young friend here can have an American passport. Nobody will suspect him. The English will never dream that the Fatherland is so short of agents that we send a player of the piano as a spy.'

'Good!' said the colonel. 'We will send him on to Rotterdam to-morrow.'

'But, pardon, Herr Colonel,' interjected the victim of these amiable passages, 'I do not think I should become a successful spy. The English would be certain to ask why I had come to their land. Besides, I do not know my way about the country.'

'What does it matter?' answered the colonel roughly. 'We will provide you with a passport issued in Washington, and will give you papers to show that you are a commercial traveller. Luise will collect the information. All you are wanted to do is to stay in London quietly, and, when Luise is ready, bring across to Rotterdam the messages she will write out for you. There is no risk whatever. We will give you a thousand marks a month, and will pay all your travelling and hotel expenses. Report yourself at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and we will give you your instructions.'

It is quite possible the newly recruited agent would never have accepted the idea of going to England as a spy had he been a witness of the many similar scenes which had been enacted in the German-occupied *mairie* at Antwerp. More reluctant still would he have been had he known that during the past three months half-a-dozen German spies sent to England had mysteriously disappeared—where, none of their employers could tell, although Colonel Baron von Hauptmann and his cynical coadjutor had a very fair idea that the British knew. However, it was none of their business. Their particular mission in life at that time was to get spies into the country of their hated enemy, by hook or by crook. The cosmopolitan crowd of adventurers and *demi-mondaines* revolving around the master-spies in Amsterdam and Rotterdam had grown wary. Fellow-mercenaries who had gone to England, seemingly secure in the possession of forged passports and elaborate sets of false papers, had failed to return to the cafés frequented by the gentry who day by day compared notes as to the possibility of securing some immense secret which would sell for a sum likely to keep them in affluence for the remainder of their days. But trips to England, no! There seemed to be something wrong with the theory of the master-spies that the English were too stupid for words. Of all this, however, the newly enlisted spy, Emil Kutzmann, was quite ignorant. He had left Germany as a very young man, and had spent some years in the United States of America, returning to the Fatherland at the call of Kaiser and country. Always there remained in his consciousness the fact that the word of a Prussian officer was sacred.

Days of fear and trembling succeeded that interview at the Antwerp town-hall. From the Belgian seaport Kutzmann had made his way to Rotterdam, where he made the acquaintance of that interesting section of the German

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

Secret Service which kept a first-class stock of fabricated passports. And also he met Herr Flores, who from being a schoolmaster had assumed the war-time rôle of mentor of amateur spies about to proceed to England. Flores was nothing if not plausible. 'Good!' he said with guttural pleasantry. 'It is good indeed to see our young Germans so eager in the service of the Fatherland. Serve us well, and you shall have the Iron Cross of the Third Class. Come back this afternoon, and we shall have everything ready for you.'

'Is there much danger, Herr Flores?' asked the spy, inwardly shaking at the expeditious manner in which his going was being arranged. 'Are the English not likely to suspect everybody foreign who enters their country just now?'

'Danger—poof!' replied Flores. 'Have we not our agents travelling to and fro almost every day? Do they not go to London and sell the stupid English goods which never come, and bring us back all sorts of news of what Kitchener's Army is doing? Do we not know where the British Fleet is hiding itself, thanks to those patriotic Germans who are still in England? And it is you, my young friend, who shall be the means of conveying all this wonderful information back to the Fatherland. You shall be the courier to carry the news that will enable our High Seas Fleet to drive the English rats from their lair. Our wonderful Luise in London knows all the English naval officers; she it is who will travel up to Scotland, there to gather the news that you must afterwards bring back to me. Just keep a still tongue in your head, and you will be in no danger whatever.'

Late that day Kutzmann was equipped with the stock-in-trade of a spy. A passport with his photograph newly emblazoned thereon, the forged signature of the American Secretary of State requesting that Mr George Davidson be given every facility to travel between America, Great Britain, and Holland for commercial purposes, seemed to provide an identity safe enough for the allegedly stupid English. Also had the spy been supplied with the address of the wonderful Luise, whom Flores declared to be a beautiful woman, especially fond of a brave man. Funds amounting to one hundred English pounds reposed in his breast-pocket, with a promise of as much more should occasion arise. Altogether, the prospects of the hitherto penurious Kutzmann seemed excellent. The only fly in the ointment was the English.

II.

Luise Schmidt—or Smith, for the convenience of war-time—was certainly a fascinating little woman. Necessarily so, owing to the fact that for twenty years she had lived on her charms. By virtue of this fact, coupled with the undoubted truth that she was growing *passée*, she had readily enough enrolled herself in the German Secret Service, which worked on the doctrine common in the Fatherland that to be successful a female spy must, first, be devoid of morals, and, secondly, be beautiful. Luise certainly fulfilled the first qualification.

But the arrival of Kutzmann did not give her unalloyed joy. '*Ach*,' she said, relapsing into the German tongue in the privacy of her lodgings in Bloomsbury, as she looked at the insignificant Kutzmann; 'it will not do for you to travel about the country. If they found you asking questions around their naval ports, they would know you were a spy immediately. Besides, you will not see anything. It is the officers who know.'

'Herr Flores said I was not to move about,' replied Kutzmann. 'He said I should stay in London, and was to take back to Rotterdam letters you would write.'

'Did he give you anything to write the letters with?' asked Luise.

'No,' was the reply. 'He told me to use the juice of a lemon and a clean steel pen, and be sure to have a rough-surface paper.'

'Bah!' said the woman contemptuously; 'that man Flores lives in the Middle Ages. Does he not think that the English learn? Writing in lemon-juice was known hundreds of years ago. I can give you a better ink than that. What it is I sha'n't tell you. If you are caught, you will not be able to tell them what it is, for you will not know. How much money have you?' she asked suddenly.

'Nearly one hundred pounds,' answered Kutzmann.

'Good!' was the reply. 'We will have a week's enjoyment in London, and then we will go down to the seaside for a few days. I have been running short lately owing to the trouble of getting money over Holland. These English trace every remittance that comes into the country. You have to be careful. Whatever you do, don't tell anybody your money comes from Holland. The West End of London is full of spies.'

Followed a week of riotous living. From his Bloomsbury hotel, where he led a so far unsuspected existence under the name of Davidson, Kutzmann daily escorted the expensive Luise to fashionable restaurants, where all kinds of dubious characters, remarkable only for the impeccability of their outward raiment, greeted her with voluble cheerfulness. Mr Davidson interested them not at all, except as a supposedly wealthy young man anxious to spend his money with all possible despatch.

It was not long before funds began to run short. The trip to the seaside, where the pair posed as casual acquaintances, made the remainder of the hundred pounds vanish altogether. Luise suggested that her cavalier should cable to Holland for more, and after some little demur Kutzmann consented, making the stipulation that the woman should begin her travels to the

north of England, where she could pick up something concerning the Grand Fleet with which it would be worth his while returning to Holland. And that, although neither Kutzmann nor the woman knew it, was the undoing of them.

III.

The head of the British contra-espionage service, despite the fact that the war was only in its second year, was sorely disappointed in the reputedly wonderful German spy system. It seemed that the Hun was never able to solve two or three basic problems connected with successful espionage. He could get his spies into England right enough, but he did not appear able to keep them supplied with money in a manner which would defy detection. Neither had he discovered any particularly efficient manner of enabling them to transmit their information—such as it was—to the desired office in Holland. Sweden had been tried; Norway had been tried. No better result had attended the establishment of dozens of little shops and offices in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and The Hague. The British had a most regrettable habit of sending over to these places people who apparently spoke every language under the sun, men who made appallingly endless inquiries as to who lived at these mysterious addresses, and what they did for a living. And the almost inevitable consequence of these visits was that letters from England ceased to arrive when most wanted. And, worse still, communications in secret ink which did get through sometimes proved to be nothing but forgeries. It would appear that we were unscrupulous enough to capture the spies, and, with a consideration rare in these days, continue their correspondence for them.

However, human nature is proverbially optimistic, so Kutzmann got his remittance. Flores decided that he should have thirty pounds, and, to eliminate all suspicion, had it sent in the name of the Dutch firm which Kutzmann was ostensibly representing. A French bank in London was chosen as the medium; Flores thought that the fact of a Dutch house patronising an Allied bank would keep the inquisitive English from worrying as to who was to be the recipient of the thirty pounds.

Very unfortunately for all parties concerned, the British spy-hunters had come to learn many things in the few months the war had been in progress. One was that the German spies wrote messages in German between the lines of a letter in English, and that this message might be read by any one possessing the perspicacity to heat a flat-iron over a gas-ring, wipe the iron carefully, and then pass it over the letter.

And another thing we had learnt was that the German payment for spies in this country was thirty pounds a month! It was indeed unwise to receive such an amount at that particular period of the war.

Anyhow, as I have said before, 'Mr Davidson' duly received his thirty pounds. The West End branch of the French bank mentioned, all-oblivious of the origin of the money, paid 'Mr Davidson' in British Treasury notes; and that gentleman, living a quiet and fearful life in his Bloomsbury hotel, registered a mental vow that, whatever happened, the spendthrift Luise, then industriously gathering information in Scotland, should have none of this remittance.

It so happened that one of the regulations made for the defence of our realm was that all remittances coming from abroad should be revealed to the British authorities. 'Mr Davidson's' thirty pounds was among these, and in due course an officer was detached to find out who 'Mr Davidson' was, what he wanted here, and how he occupied his time.

Nothing happened. 'Mr Davidson' hung around his hotel practically all day, speaking to few, reading but little, and apparently waiting for something to turn up. The officer watching him put up at the hotel and spoke to him occasionally, but received nothing but disjointed replies. 'Mr Davidson' did not want his company; that was evident.

'I don't know what to make of him, sir,' was his report to the chief of the contra-espionage. 'He may be on a spying mission, but so far as I can find out he goes nowhere at all. He speaks with an American accent, and says he is over here to buy metal for Holland.'

'All right,' said the chief; 'don't let him out of your sight. I have arranged for his letters to be kept under surveillance. If he gets another thirty pounds, we shall know what to do with him.'

A week of unmolested residence at his hotel did much to restore the confidence of Kutzmann. Lounging about the place all day, he managed to strike up one or two acquaintanceships with English people in town for a few days. Quite a warm friendship sprang up between the pseudo-American and a Kentish family with a small place near the North Foreland, as a result of which 'Mr Davidson' was invited to spend a week-end there. Combining business with pleasure, Kutzmann took a walk into Ramsgate. He was volubly inquisitive towards the family, asked questions as to the war-vessels that visited the port, whether there had been any Zeppelin bombardments, what were the signals shown by the lighthouse, and many other things. In fact, his questioning became a little oppressive, and the family were forced to plead ignorance as an excuse for silence.

Kutzmann returned to town on Tuesday morning, and drove from London Bridge to his hotel in Bloomsbury, where he found a letter from Luise Schmidt, with the Edinburgh postmark to proclaim her whereabouts.

'I have only been able to obtain a little information of value,' she wrote. 'Important movements are taking place in the disposition of the Grand Fleet, and it is better for me to remain in Scotland for some time. There is a battle-cruiser squadron at Rosyth, together with many armed trawlers for mine-sweeping. I am trying to find out when and where the squadron is going. You had better write a letter to Rotterdam, using the ink I gave you before I left. They will develop it over there. Write an ordinary business letter to your firm in English, leaving enough space between the lines to send my information, together with any you have been able to pick up yourself. I shall be wanting more money soon; you had better mention that in your letter.'

IV.

Major Jameson of the British contra-espionage service came into the room of his chief with a smile of satisfaction on his face. He was carrying in his hand a letter, which on close examination the chief perceived to be covered with a mass of handwriting that at first seemed indistinguishable. Closer scrutiny, however, showed that the first line was written in English, the next in German, and so on all down the page. 'Who is the writer of this, Jameson?' asked the chief.

'Oh, it is that fellow at the Loch Lomond Hotel in Bloomsbury,' replied Jameson. 'You remember the one, chief, who got the thirty pounds about a week ago.'

'Oh, yes,' said the chief, reading the German message. 'So we have a battle-cruiser squadron at Rosyth, and a fleet of mine-sweepers there as well. And Ramsgate possesses a light which flashes twice a minute, does it? And Margate was severely damaged in the Zeppelin raid of a month ago, was it? And you want more money, do you, Mr Davidson? You all do.

'Well, Jameson, I think you had better go down to Scotland Yard for a couple of men. Then go to the hotel and inform Mr Davidson that some difficulty has cropped up with regard to his passport. You can have a short preliminary interrogation at the "Yard," and then, if he will not tell you anything, keep him under arrest until you are ready to have him properly examined. Who is the letter addressed to, by the way?'

'Oh, an old acquaintance,' answered the major. 'Our friend Griebe, to be precise.'

'Good gracious,' said the chief, 'why will they always use that man's address? It doesn't give their unfortunate spies a chance.'

Making his way to the 'Yard,' where his wants had been notified by telephone, Major Jameson picked up his two detectives and took a cab to Bloomsbury. 'Do you know if Mr Davidson is in?' he inquired of the girl at the hotel office.

Mr Davidson was in the smoke-room, it appeared, so the major went there, and, sure enough, found his man in an easy-chair, busy reading a morning paper. 'I should like a word with you, Mr Davidson,' said the major. 'Would you mind coming outside a moment?'

The spy jumped up with a sharp exclamation. 'What is it?' he asked agitatedly. 'Is there anything wrong?'

'I don't know,' was the reply. 'The authorities appear to think there is something the matter with the *visé* on your passport, and would like you to come down to Scotland Yard to answer a few questions.'

'Scotland Yard! Is that not the police headquarters?' asked Kutzmann, his face going white.

'Yes,' was the reply.

'But—er—I don't know——'

'You must come along at once,' said the major. 'I have a cab waiting.'

'And who are these gentlemen?' asked the spy, as the major ushered him into the vehicle.

'Oh, they are colleagues of mine,' said the major. 'You had better not say any more just now. Anything you have to tell can be kept until we get to Scotland Yard.'

(*Continued on page 204.*)

OLD FIRMS.

By W. A. Atkinson.

THE annals of the peerage tell us much of long associations of families with certain places. The continuity of the succession to domains and castles, and the long tenure of offices of dignity and trust, constitute a great part of the history of the aristocracy. One might almost say that these things are the plot and purpose of the aristocratic story, for, though the interest and the romance are almost entirely connected with the personal deeds and circumstances of the successive actors, the historic effectiveness of their lives is judged almost exclusively by their success or failure in maintaining the continuity of their holding, whatever the character of that holding may be.

While books innumerable have been written upon and around this subject, not much has been written of a subject which has a somewhat similar interest—that is, the long-continued association of a family with a particular trade or industry. The chief reason for this is, no doubt, that industry and trade have only in recent years

been regarded as worthy to be chronicled by the side of the military deeds and the sporting prowess which have adorned the lives of the ancient aristocracy. Even now, though we have all to acknowledge the necessity and the dignity of labour in the upholding of the body politic, there are many who will not accord to it the honour which they give to military skill and daring. Nor is there the material available for long industrial histories. Though the craft-names which many men bear point out to us how far back these personal associations with industry go, there are no genealogical records to bridge the gap between the remote past and the present, such as we can find for personal and territorial associations in almost every church and castle, and in thousands upon thousands of rolls of parchment. The records of our oldest firms go back only a century or two, while it is quite the usual thing for a person of aristocratic connection to trace a lineage back to post-Norman days, if not to the Conquest itself. A firm or partnership is, of course, a corporate entity, and not a personal one. It may, so far as continuity is concerned, be nothing better than a name. On the other hand, it may be an actual family succession, like the publishing house of John Murray, now presided over by the fourth in succession of that name and family. These are details for the serious historian of old firms to investigate; and though there are pitfalls for the casual writer, they are probably not greater or more numerous than those which lie in the path of the true genealogist.

Some years ago the writer was made aware that the name of Henzell was to be found in the list of glass-making firms in Newcastle. The fact was interesting in the light of a historical record, not carefully verified, that the manufacture of glass was commenced at Stourbridge in 1557 by Thomas and Balthazar Hennezel, and that other members of their family settled in Newcastle-on-Tyne. It seemed that here were circumstances favourable to the preservation of some tradition of a long family connection with an old industry; but, alas! investigation failed to reveal the slightest evidence of any such tradition.

Traditions of this kind are often worthy of investigation, however, since a notable historic incident frequently leads to the preservation of some record of the origin of an industry, or of its transference to a new locality, which would in all probability have been lost but for this association. At Salendine Nook, near Huddersfield, there are potteries still carried on by the descendants of a Scottish family named Morton, who fled from Scotland to escape a persecution of the Protestants about the time of the accession of Queen Elizabeth. They were potters, and settling at Salendine Nook, they established works, which were staffed partly by their fellow-countrymen and partly by workmen from Staffordshire.

Cast plate-glass was first made in England at Ravenhead, near St Helens, by a chartered company which established its works in 1773. The history of this company is interesting, as showing the way in which works, or at any rate their goodwill and traditions, often persist, though their original names disappear. The name of the initial company was the British Cast Plate-Glass Manufactory, and the writer possesses a tariff or price-list of this company dated 1794. Shortly after this the works were acquired by the British Plate-Glass Company, which carried them on to the middle of the nineteenth century, and exhibited specimens of their products in the International Exhibition of 1851. At this time the London and Manchester Plate-Glass Company, proprietors of works in the neighbourhood, acquired a lease of the Ravenhead works. This company continued the manufacture until 1896, when it went into liquidation, and a new British Plate-Glass Company took over the Ravenhead part of the concern, and carried it on until 1904, when the works were bought by Messrs Pilkington Brothers, a firm which originated about a century ago, and has grown to be perhaps the largest firm of its kind.

In this history we have no record of personal associations, such as we should look for in the history of a 'firm.' It is hard to say what it is which persists through all these changes, whether buildings, site, type of industry, commercial goodwill, or mere reputation and tradition; yet something does persist, perhaps a little of all these, and gives a sense of continuity.

We have examples of this sort of thing, ranging from the haziest ghost of an entity to a close family succession, in hundreds of businesses and industrial concerns. The earliest work issued from the Oxford University Press was a treatise on the Apostles' Creed, printed in 1478, a date which carries us back to the very dawn of printing in England. The issue of works has not, however, been continuous. There are large gaps in the first century of its history, but from 1585 the issues have been continuous, and from first to last over twenty thousand works have been produced. For a century or more the actual printing was done in the Clarendon Building, Oxford, built with the profits of Lord Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, founded in 1698, and the Religious Tract Society, established in 1799, have as printing and publishing agencies corporate associations more definitely personal than the Oxford Press, with its long history and its vague origin. From these it is but a step to a score of publishing firms which have had a dominating family or personal association for a century or more. Rivingtons, for instance, have been associated

with the publishing business for over two hundred years. In earlier days the firm published works by Dr Johnson, Richardson, Smollett, Pope, Gray, and Prior; and later they published the much-discussed *Tracts for the Times*.

Something analogous to the progressive steps towards family control exhibited in these printing and publishing concerns may be seen in other industries. We have an excellent example in the Kirkstall Forge, near Leeds. The earliest iron smelting and working was associated with Kirkstall Abbey, and according to some historians may date from the period of the founding of the abbey in 1152. The ore was the black-bed ironstone, obtained from bell-shaped pits, which were widened out at the bottom when the band of ore was reached. The traces of such pits have been found in the very heart of Leeds, a mile or two from the abbey, and old heaps of scoriæ are to be found in the vicinity of the present forge. The forges of the abbey were probably not worked by the monks later than the close of the fourteenth century, but other workers continued the industry, and it is said to have been ascertained that slitting-mills or rod-mills were set up over two hundred and fifty years ago. Finally, the modern forge has been in the family of the present owners, Messrs Butler, one hundred and forty years.

The history of the Royal Porcelain Works at Worcester reveals a family connection which the present name and constitution of the company would hardly lead us to suspect. The works were founded by Dr Wall in 1751, and the original partnership deed, naming fifteen proprietors, is still in existence. Dr Wall died in 1776, but the remaining partners carried on the works until 1783, when they sold them to their London agent, Mr Flight, who placed them under the management of his two sons. Ten years later Mr Barr joined the firm, and the Flight and Barr control continued under various designations until 1840.

Among those who were associated with Dr Wall when the factory was established was a Mr Chamberlain. When the works were sold in 1783, he severed his connection with the concern, and commenced business on his own account. The new venture was a success, and there was always a Chamberlain at the head, and in active control, of the business until 1840, when the two factories, the Barrs' and the Chamberlains', were united under a joint-stock company, on the directorate of which both families were represented. A Chamberlain continued at the head of affairs, in spite of one or two changes, until 1852, when the firm passed under the control of Kerr and Binns, which management lasted until the present company was constituted in 1862. The designation 'Royal' dates from 1788, when George III. visited the factory. This sketch-history of the proprietorship of the works reveals an actual family connection with the industry—that of the Chamberlains—lasting a century, and this, too, through a number of curious titular and partnership changes.

We may contrast with this the history of the firm of M. Oldroyd & Sons, woollen manufacturers, of Dewsbury. The business was founded in 1818 by the late Mr Mark Oldroyd, and the recent head of the firm was his son, Sir Mark Oldroyd. In this instance a whole century has been bridged by father and son, though the business was technically reconstructed in 1897, in order to cancel certain share liabilities. Sir Mark Oldroyd, who was born in 1843, was trained for the Congregational ministry, but his father's business grew so rapidly that it claimed his energies, in addition to those of his two elder brothers. He joined the firm in 1862, and when it was converted into a limited liability company in 1873, he became the managing director.

The history of Barclay's Brewery is interesting in several ways. The firm of Barclay, Perkins, and Company may be said to have been founded by Barclay, a Quaker, who paid one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds for Thrale's Brewery, that concern which Dr Johnson described as offering a potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. This was in 1781. The business, however, was already in existence in 1709, when Dr Johnson was born. It was then carried on by Edmond Halsey, upon whose death it was sold to his nephew, Ralph Thrale, for thirty thousand pounds. Part of the brewery occupies the site of the old Globe Theatre of Shakespeare's days. Whitbread's brewing business was contemporaneous with that of Thrale. Guinness's business in Dublin was started in 1759, the beverage brewed being not stout, but an 'Irish brown ale.' The brewery of Bass and Company was founded in 1777; and Allsopps absorbed a business which was in existence some fifty years earlier than this.

A little while ago there was sold in Yorkshire an estate in seventy-one lots, which estate had been in the possession of the vendor's family for three hundred years. An ownership going back roughly to the days of Shakespeare is interesting, but not really remarkable. Much more so is the fact that one of the lots was an inn, named the 'Cross Keys,' which had been in the occupation of one family, of the name of Lister, during the whole of the three centuries.

The firm of Broadwood & Sons is said to be the oldest firm of musical keyboard instrument makers in the world, and the business in England which has been longest carried on in the house in which it was originally started. It was founded in 1732 by Burkhardt Tschudi, a Swiss, who came to England in 1718. There is in existence a painting, by an unknown artist, which represents Tschudi tuning a harpsichord which he presented to Frederick the Great in

1744–45. His wife and two children are with him, and one of the latter, when grown-up, carried on the business in conjunction with his brother-in-law, John Broadwood. Frederick the Great bought two harpsichords from Tschudi in 1766 for his palace at Potsdam; and in 1773, just before Tschudi died, he bought two others, one of which he presented to Maria Theresa, and the other to the Empress Catharine of Russia. The number of harpsichords and pianofortes produced by this firm is enormous. Between 1780 and 1861 they manufactured over 123,000 instruments, the average for the latter part of the period being well over two thousand a year. They have introduced many important improvements in construction, and the firm's existence covers, in fact, practically the whole period of development of what is now the pianoforte. The factory, 33 Great Pulteney Street, bore in Tschudi's days the sign of the Plume of Feathers.

The firm of Godfrey & Cooke, chemists, had a long tenure of premises in Southampton Street, London, before they removed to Knightsbridge in 1863. Theirs was at that time the oldest chemist's shop in London. The predecessor of the firm was Hanckwitz, a Pole or a Russian, who first commenced the manufacture of phosphorus in England, under Boyle's direction, and sold it wholesale at fifty shillings an ounce, and retail at sixty shillings. This was in 1680, or, more correctly, it was to this date that Hanckwitz referred the commencement of his business in the neighbourhood of Southampton Street. The said street was commenced in 1704, and in it Hanckwitz built new premises in 1706, into which he removed. He died in 1741, and was succeeded by Ambrose Godfrey. Messrs Godfrey & Cooke retained the date 1680 on their premises in Southampton Street, thereby, perhaps, unwittingly suggesting a misapplication of the date; but the tenure of the premises, all deductions made, was a phenomenally long one.

The financial value of an old name in business is hardly to be measured. An old name is an advertisement of the best kind, for it implies a firm which has been manufacturing goods for a long period, and the persistence—which is perhaps only another name for the excellence—of these goods has been recommending them all the time, as a mere literary advertisement hardly could. Let us try to imagine, for instance, what the name Rodgers means to the buyer of cutlery. The firm of Joseph Rodgers & Son was established about two hundred years ago. It possesses a set of samples made in 1735. Throughout the long period which has intervened, it has built up and maintained a reputation for honest workmanship in an industry and a place where the standard of workmanship is very high. It is related that many years ago a son of one of the members of this firm entered a shop in London, and asked for a knife marked 'Rodgers & Sons.' When it was put into his hand, he asked if it could be warranted. The shopman, instead of answering the question, produced another knife, bearing his own name, and offered to warrant that. The incident revealed to the cutlery firm the treacheries of equivocal methods of advertisement, and they resolved henceforth to stamp only their own name on their own goods. The struggle to carry out their resolution was a costly one, but the principle was worth contending for.

Even in ordinary press advertisements the age of an old-standing firm is a point to which attention is often drawn, directly or indirectly. One may cite, as instances taken at random, Messrs A. & F. Pears and their pictures of patrons in olden times alighting from sedan-chairs; the bacon of the 'House of Harris,' famous for over one hundred and fifty years; and the Horrocks's long-cloth, recommended by 'six generations' of British womenfolk. All these have passed the century; and, indeed, no business which has not done so can well claim to be an old firm by the side of so many which have. Yet, what a number of world-famous firms would be rejected by such a standard as a century! Whole districts, like that of Cleveland, with its great iron industries, and many industries now of the highest importance, such as the india-rubber industries, would be eliminated. In looking for old firms one must search the old industries, like paper-making, coal-mining, cloth-making, iron-smelting, soap-making, even starch-making. It is not necessary that these should be of primitive and fundamental importance, for, as already said, the history of industrial firms does not go very far back. Yet it is probably among the primitive industries that the most astonishing examples of long family connections would be found if the facts could be investigated. In connection with the recent sales of the Duke of Rutland's estates, it was said that many farms had been held by the same families for hundreds of years, and that one farmer 'is still working practically the same holding on which an ancestor settled in the days of King Stephen.'

THE CLOISTER'S SHADE.

In some secluded cloister's shade
There grows a floweret fair;
At evening-time, when vows are paid,
'Tis thither I repair.
My heart is steeped in wondrous peace
Beneath these sheltering walls;
My soul seeks vainly for release,
From out her prison calls.
Be patient still: this lesson know,
Which Nature's art reveals,
That only they who pass through woe
Shall break their prison seals.
When sinks the sun in twilight's hour
My swift heart, longing, calls,
There virtue sways a sceptre's power
And all my sorrow falls.

FERGUS FERGUSSON.

THE MILKY WAY.

By Professor GEORGE FORBES, M.A., F.R.S.

I.

ON a very clear night in our latitudes attention is often drawn to the Galaxy, or Milky Way, with some wonder as to what is the meaning of that pale arch or band of light stretching across the sky from horizon to horizon. If any consider it to be without beauty or interest, they will be surprised to be told that, after becoming aware of its full significance, they will look upon it as the most wonderful and sublime and beautiful of all celestial phenomena. But so it is, and it has become more and more so as the discoveries by astronomers have disclosed its constitution, and its significance in the universe.

Only one-half of the entire belt can be seen above the horizon at once, the other half being below, exactly opposite the visible half. Indeed, there is a portion of it which can never be seen in our latitude, being so near the south pole that it is always below our horizon. If the earth were annihilated, or made transparent, so that we could see the whole celestial sphere at once, the Milky Way would appear as a complete belt surrounding us.

Unfortunately for us, the hidden parts are the grandest and brightest. In southern latitudes the Milky Way does not look like a mere appanage of the starry firmament. It dominates everything, and often overwhelms the stars by its brilliance. There, too, our interest is increased by the gaps of blackness that disturb its continuity and puzzle our understanding. At the Southern Cross there is a pear-shaped vacancy so conspicuous and remarkable as to arrest the attention of the most careless gazer. It is called the 'Coal-sack.' Its size is about eight by five degrees, and this jet-black vacancy, in the middle of one of the most brilliant patches, contains only one star visible without a telescope. Either the light of the Milky Way is there obscured by a black cloud among the stars, or else there is a hole going right through the Milky Way.

Then, again, in the southern hemisphere we discover a great longitudinal black rift along the central line of the Milky Way; which is, in fact, thus divided, over a length of a hundred and fifty degrees, into a main stream and a side branch. This rift starts at the bright pair of stars, alpha and beta Centauri, which point to the Southern Cross. The main stream and the partly interrupted branch then exhibit the very richest and most brilliant portion of the Galaxy, in passing the constellations Sagittarius, Scorpio, Ophiuchus, and Aquila, to meet again in Cygnus, where the rift may be well seen in northern latitudes. From Cygnus the bright belt, no longer divided, continues to Cassiopeia, where it is only ten or fifteen degrees from the pole. It then passes by Perseus, Taurus, and Orion, west of Sirius, to the southern constellation Argus and the Southern Cross.

The great rift is a source of wonder to every one in the southern hemisphere. It is so surprising that often, on board ship, when coming on deck after dinner and looking overhead, one sees the bright sky blotted out, as it seems, by the foul black smoke pouring from the steamer's funnel and streaming away aft, although the ship is burning smokeless coal. It takes some minutes to realise that the sole cause of the phenomenon is the black rift in the glowing Milky Way.

There is still another reason why the southern hemisphere of the Milky Way is the more interesting. It is only there that the Magellanic Clouds can be seen, two glowing cloudlets, like detached fragments of the Milky Way.

In those regions the Galaxy is resplendent. It no longer resembles a mere wash of white paint upon the celestial vault. It suggests an assemblage of luminous clouds, and may well give to the beholder a fancy that the Creator has taken great handfuls of universes, like snowballs made of myriads of stars, and has hurled them into the ring of light, there to spread out and encroach on one another; while some parts of the ring seem to have escaped the bombardment, leaving blank spaces; and two throws seem to have missed their aim entirely, and formed the Magellanic Clouds.

When Galileo was so fortunate as to be the first to point a telescope at the midnight sky, he could not fail, and did not fail, to make a great discovery every night. One of the most gratifying revelations granted to him was the discovery that the Milky Way is no continuous cloud of nebulous light, but consists of multitudes of minute stars too feeble to be seen individually without a telescope. And now, in the twentieth century, we are discovering that, in all our researches about distances, movements, sizes, and constitution of the heavenly bodies, this galactic plane, the central line of the Milky Way, is the fundamental basis for the construction of a comprehensive cosmogony, that shall enlighten us as to the construction, and as to the laws underlying the movements, of the whole material universe.

II.

What is the form of the space which is filled with the stars of our Galaxy? This is a problem that has been puzzling the speculative section of astronomers, from the days of Sir William

Herschel, the father of modern sidereal astronomy. And it is a pleasing fact that the huge mass of observations bearing on the Milky Way, accumulated during the present century, support the assertion made by that great man to the Royal Society in 1785. The heading of one of his sections was this: 'We inhabit the planet of a star belonging to a compound nebula of the third form.' Speaking of the Milky Way, he then said: 'I shall now proceed to show that the stupendous sidereal system we inhabit—its existing stratum and its secondary branch, consisting of many millions of stars—is, in all probability, a detached nebula.'

There is now little doubt that the space occupied by the stars of the Galaxy is in form like a ring surrounding us, filled with clouds of stars, streams of stars, and nebulous gases; also, that between us and the nearest part of that ring there is a more uniform distribution of stars in every direction in a spheroidal or bun-shaped space, within the ring. The massing of the stars in the direction of the median line of the Milky Way (the galactic equator) is not due to crowding, but to the vast depth of the stratum. In higher galactic latitudes there is probably a much more restricted distance within which stars may be found. The more we increase the power of our telescopes, the more faint stars do we find in more distant parts of the Milky Way. Or, as Newcomb has forcibly put it: 'If we should blot out all the stars visible with a twelve-inch telescope, we should find that the greater part of the remaining stars were in the Galaxy.'

The question now is, 'What would this ringed space of star-clouds and star-streams, and the bun-shaped central spheroid, look like if seen from the outside?' Before attempting an answer, we notice that the telescope, assisted by photography, shows among the stars many objects that were called 'nebulæ' when first discovered, from their cloud-like appearance. They were supposed to be masses of glowing gas. Increase of telescopic power partially resolved many of these, in Herschel's time, into star-clusters, some of them globular, or oval-shaped, and condensed at the centre, others disc-like and of uniform luminosity like a planet's disc of a milky colour, others quite irregular and apparently irresolvable. Herschel always maintained forcibly the view that the two last classes are gaseous, and are not resolvable into star-clusters.

After the late Lord Rosse had constructed the then greatest telescope in the world, 72 inches in diameter, he used it for studying nebulæ. He discovered that with his great magnification a large number of them showed a spiral form, and many of those which had hitherto looked like clouds could be resolved, as Galileo had resolved the Milky Way, into countless groups and sprays of small stars. It then seemed probable that, with increased size of telescopes, all nebulæ would be resolvable into star-clusters.

This expectation was for ever dispelled, and Herschel's surmise proved correct, when, in 1866, Sir William Huggins directed the new instrument of research, the spectroscope, upon the great nebula in the sword of Orion. Seen through a spectroscope, the light from most nebulæ (the spiral ones) is spread, like the sun's light, into a continuous 'spectrum,' or ribbon of colours from red to violet. But the light from the Orion nebula showed only a very few definite colours. This proved to those familiar with the spectroscope that the light came from glowing gas, and the first gas to be recognised by the colours emitted was hydrogen. Since then helium has often been found in gaseous nebulæ, and also an element quite unknown among terrestrial substances, to which the name 'nebulium' has been given. All of these gaseous nebulæ are in, or close to, the Milky Way or its branches.

But this is not all. Of late years astronomers have been convinced that in the Milky Way there are a great number of dark, non-luminous nebulæ which blot out the stars that lie behind them. Ordinarily, the known gaseous nebulæ shine by virtue of their temperature or electrical excitation. When these are insufficient, the gaseous nebulæ are non-luminous. One of the most striking first-fruits of the gigantic 100-inch telescope, completed at Mount Wilson, California, in 1918, is a photograph of a nebula in the belt of Orion, a part of which is obscured by a well-defined dark nebula, like a black rock rising out of a luminous ocean.

Then photography has extended the Great Nebula in Orion's sword by showing fainter outlying parts enveloping most of that constellation and the sky round it. So too the Pleiades and Hyades are enveloped in similar nebulosity, as also other parts of the Milky Way.

The general result is that we now know the Milky Way to be the home of gaseous nebulæ, both bright and dark. The spiral nebulæ, on the other hand, are composed of clusters and sprays of stars, and give a spectrum like the stars, nearly continuous from red to violet. They show a distinct tendency to avoid the Milky Way.

Sir William Herschel, in 1785, surmised that the whole of our sidereal system is one example of the class now known as spiral nebulæ. These, when sufficiently magnified, have a shape something like the white foam you may see in the eddies of a swift river when it sweeps past a jutting-out rock, or like the froth on a cup of coffee when stirred to give to it a circular motion. Radial star-spangled arms are often seen, of spiral form, issuing from a bun-shaped centre.

The modern view of the constitution of our sidereal system goes even farther than Herschel's surmise. It now seems more than probable that the whole of space is practically void of stars, except where the spiral nebulæ exist as 'island universes'; and that the whole of our sidereal system, with the Milky Way, is only one, and

not the largest, of these countless spiral nebulæ revealed to us in the beautiful photographs by the gigantic reflecting telescopes of the present century, like our great 73-inch telescope at Victoria, British Columbia, or the 100-inch at Mount Wilson.

III.

What types of stars do we find as the principal constituents of the Galaxy? The most important discovery about the constitution of the stars by the spectroscope was Father Secchi's classification of stellar spectra. It has been extended and subdivided, but it remains fundamental, basic. Every one has noticed that some stars, like Sirius and Vega, have a kind of steel-blue colour, being whiter than Capella, Regulus, or Altair, which are yellow; and a few, like Aldebaran, Betelgeuse, and Antares, are ruddy. The spectroscope analyses the colours in a star's light, arranging all the colours of which this light is made up in a tinted ribbon of coloured light from red to violet, crossed by dark lines. The positions of these lines in the ribbon spectrum indicate the chemical elements that exist in the stellar atmosphere. Thus iron is represented in the spectrum of the sun or of Capella by hundreds of dark lines whose positions have been measured in our laboratories by vaporising a piece of iron at luminous temperature.

Secchi found about half of the stars to be of one class and half of a second class. Class I. includes those like Sirius, the white stars, their spectra being due chiefly to the gas hydrogen, the lightest element, with the smallest atomic weight of all substances. Class II. contains those stars like the yellow Capella or our sun, their spectra being due chiefly to metals, including nearly every metal known on the earth, except the heaviest ones. Classes III. and IV. are very small in number. Both are red stars: III. due largely to oxide of titanium, IV. to carbon compounds.

Of the two principal classes I. and II., those of the second class are distributed pretty uniformly over the sky, and are certainly predominant in the bun-shaped space that is inside the ring of the Milky Way. But Class I., hydrogen, are crowded into the Milky Way. Later research since Secchi's pioneer work made a separate section of some stars in Class I., those that contain helium, the second lightest gas known on our globe. These not only frequent low galactic latitudes, but are confined to certain longitudes also. The helium stars are among the most specially localised types of stars known.

These few facts, taken alone, might lead us to say that, if our sidereal system is a spiral nebula, with a central bun-shaped space like other nebulæ, then the central space is the seat of metallic elements, out of which stars of Class II. and the sun and the earth have been made; and the radial arms in our nebulæ are the seat of hydrogen, except one or perhaps two of the arms, which are helium. Such a supposition might at this stage be natural; but astronomers of to-day generally favour a different interpretation of the diversity of spectral types. This would be a fitting subject to put forward with the prominence it deserves on another occasion.

There is another type of star favouring the Milky Way, distinguished not by their spectra, but by the fact that they vary in brightness up and down in short periods of a few days. Excepting the hydrogen stars of Class I. and these variable stars, all other kinds known to cling to the Milky Way—that is, to low galactic latitudes—are stars whose spectra show bright lines or bands instead of, or in addition to, the dark lines of the normal classes. These are (1) Wolf-Rayet stars; (2) Secchi's Class I., with bright hydrogen lines added; (3) new stars; and (4), as already stated, gaseous nebulæ. It will be well to say a few words about each of these.

IV.

Soon after the spectroscope was applied to astronomy, a class of stars began to be discovered having spectra quite different from any of Secchi's four classes. They are called, from their discoverers, Wolf-Rayet stars. They can easily be recognised by the eye, even with a weak spectroscope, for the spectrum then seems to be all concentrated in two bright bands, one in the blue, the other in the yellow. With the increased power given by photography, these and other wide bright bands are shown on a faint continuous spectrum.

Thus we learn that stars of this type are made of luminous gas, as are the nebulæ that haunt the Milky Way. Now there is no feature of local concentration in space more marked than the presence of all the known Wolf-Rayet stars (except some in the larger Magellanic cloud) within a few degrees of the central line of the Milky Way.

Their connection with planetary nebulæ having a star as a nucleus has lately been proved by the discovery that the nucleus star is always a Wolf-Rayet star.

The next class of stars with peculiar spectrum which haunt the Milky Way are stars of Secchi's first class, the hydrogen stars, exactly like the others, except for the addition of *bright* hydrogen lines in their spectra.

Finally, all the new, or temporary, stars that suddenly burst forth into great brilliance, and slowly fade away, are, with one exception, found in the Milky Way, and generally in those longitudes where the gaseous nebulæ most do congregate.

Concerning these novæ, all that can be said at present is that their great brightness is largely due to glowing hydrogen gas, showing as bright bands superposed at first on one of the ordinary stellar spectra; that the stellar spectrum grows

faint and disappears; that to the bright hydrogen lines are added later the bright lines of Wolf-Rayet stars, chiefly due to nitrogen; and that when all of these have gone, there remain generally only certain bright spectrum-lines due to the unknown element 'nebulium,' which belong to nebular spectra, but to no known terrestrial substance.

Now there is a remarkable fact about this nebulium. Our natural philosophers have lately made great progress in discovering the structure of atoms; and Professor Nicholson has been able to connect the spectrum-lines of an element with its atomic weight. In this way he arrives at the conclusion that the atomic weight of nebulium is three, that of hydrogen being one, and of helium four. This, however, is only a tentative hypothesis.

Hence all of the gases peculiar to occupants of the Milky Way are the lightest known gases, a curious and interesting result. And an equally important generalisation is that all of the heavenly bodies that exhibit in their spectra the bright lines of hydrogen, nebulium, and nitrogen are very markedly localised in the Galaxy, while others that do not show bright lines, but which also frequent the Milky Way, have their spectra dominated by hydrogen and helium.

V.

Such are the facts or data that astronomers are hoping to combine into a complete theory of the constitution of the Galaxy. We have to confess that up to this date none of the theories that have been suggested is sufficiently complete to explain all the facts. There is, however, some satisfaction in finding that the work done by astronomers of late years has brought so many diverse problems under general heads. This is always the first step to any complete theory in natural philosophy.

This very brief summary of the very important position held by the Milky Way for unravelling the mysteries of the stellar universe cannot fail to give us a new interest in that wonderful belt of light surrounding our stellar system. Even when looking at the comparatively pale features of its northern regions, we can no longer fail to add to our mental picture the splendour of the southern parts, 'trailing clouds of glory,' with the glowing luminosity of stellar multitudes, the rifts and dark patches, and two offshoots in the Magellanic Clouds. Nor can we fail to associate even with its paler aspects the revelations of the telescope and the spectroscope. We recognise in this belt of light a key to the architecture of the heavens, probably a spiral nebula, one archipelago of stars out of a million, a mere fragmentary sample of the immeasurable contents of infinite space. Our greatest Scottish astronomer, the late Sir David Gill, said to a friend, 'My idea is that, if you could get up to the nebula in Andromeda, you would see our stellar system and the Milky Way looking very much as the nebula in Andromeda does to us.'

When we realise the immense distance that separates us from the nearest edge of the Galaxy, and the inconceivable distance beyond, to which that belt extends; when we realise that all the orbs contained therein are pursuing their courses in periods that are incalculable, we begin to look upon the Milky Way as symbolical of both infinity and eternity.

I saw Eternity the other night
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved, in which the world
And all her train were hurled.

And when we further realise that the distance we must penetrate to reach the external coils of our own island universe is as nothing compared with the distance to our nearest island-universe neighbour, we have to extend our notions both of infinity and eternity.

And there, on any one of those spiral nebulæ, people perhaps do see their own celestial sphere, just as we do ours, with their own private sun, their own private solar system, their own private firmament of stars, their own private Milky Way; while our sun and solar system, and firmament of stars and Milky Way, which seem to us so important a part of the material universe, must be invisible to them except with a large telescope, aided by the boldest flights of photographic art. What a vast image of immensity is thus opened to our view! Unfathomable depths unfolding problems to delight countless generations of astronomers in the centuries to come.

MAN'S WORK.

CHAPTER VIII.

I.

SPENCER MARTIN'S private office, on the twenty-second storey of a lower Broadway building, was big, like himself. For a desk he used a large, mahogany, glass-covered table, out of which a segment had been carved to accommodate what he called his bow-window. From this desk he could see the harbour, and Governor's Island, and the teeming traffic that ploughed in from the Seven Seas. He stood something under six feet, with a vast paunch, huge shoulders rounded with fat, a reddish face, a ponderous lower jaw, pendulous cheeks, and small, blue, gimlet eyes.

He was looking over his Texas production report when Sitwell's card was brought in. Glancing at it indifferently, he went on with his figures. They were very satisfactory. Presently he grunted and picked up the card. 'Who is he?'

The secretary shook his head. 'I don't know him, sir.'

'What does he want?'

'I don't know that, sir, except that it's personal.'

'It's always personal. Find out.'

The door closed, and Martin turned to the news from Mexico, where he had large interests. He began to frown, and pushed a button at the edge of his desk. The secretary reappeared.

'Mr Sitwell says that——'

'Forget it. How much are we paying that Alcade down in Tampella?'

'Five hundred dollars, sir.'

Martin tossed over a report. 'Jenkins says he's having difficulty in getting labour. Wire him to double that payment and demand results.'

'Yes, sir—and Mr Sitwell?'

'Sitwell be darned! I'm busy.'

The door closed again, and Martin's mind pitched back to Mexico. He was almost sorry he had ever committed himself there. What with labour trouble, insecurity of title, and Government extortion, it took a big production to make money. But he was accustomed to having his own way and carrying things through, and hated to withdraw. Had Mexico had decent administration it would have been all right. He pondered over this for a while, then absently picked up Sitwell's card. In one corner he saw 'California oil properties.' He pushed the button again.

'Show him in.'

If the truth were told, Sitwell entered with his heart in his mouth. To seek an interview with Spencer Martin was like fingering the door of a lion's cage. But for once in his life the promoter was fortified: what he had to say was unadulterated fact, and he could prove it. So, when Martin glowered at him from under thick bristling eyebrows and motioned to a chair, he sat down, quite collected and ready for the ordeal.

'Good-day. What do you want?'

Sitwell nodded and began. Knowing what manner of man this was, he had very carefully rehearsed what he would say, and determined to be as brief and to the point—if he could—as Martin himself.

'Forty miles south of Los Angeles there's a big anticline. It's broken by a fault; and——'

Martin pressed the bell automatically. 'Bring me the maps of the Richfield Anticline, Southern California.' He leaned back, surveying Sitwell in total silence. The latter knew better than to speak before his turn, so contented himself with examining the office—its mahogany furniture, with the Persian carpet and other costly equipment. Presently the map was unrolled on the big desk.

'Go on,' snapped Martin.

'This anticline is broken by a fault, and continues half a mile farther south. It's all productive ground, and yields about half a million barrels a day.'

Spencer Martin cleared his throat. 'Well, what about it? Tell me something I don't know.'

Sitwell leaned forward with his most courteous air. 'The throw of the fault has never been established till'—he paused for an impressive moment—'till last week.'

The big man laid a podgy finger on the map. 'Go on.'

'Where it has been discovered there's shale on the surface. On the anticline the shale is down five hundred feet. That takes that amount off the necessary depth of the well.'

'Obviously; but I'm not interested.'

Sitwell's face did not alter a muscle. 'Perhaps you will be when I tell you that the discoverers will not be able to exercise their option. They don't know it yet, but I do.'

The small eyes grew even smaller and sharper. 'How much shale is there, and how far from the anticline?' It was the first promising question Martin had asked.

'Fifty acres, about, and half a mile away; that's the throw of the fault.'

'Go on.'

'This ground is underlaid by oil-sands of the anticline. I have it on high authority.'

'Whose?'

'I can't very well tell you. I'm not supposed to use his name.'

Martin made a sound like a mastiff's bark. 'Good-morning.' Then he got out of his wide armed chair, stumped to the window, and stood staring at the slim hulls of the ships furrowing the Hudson River. 'Good-morning,' he repeated over his shoulder.

'His name is Woolley, the State Geologist.' Sitwell's voice sounded jerky and unnatural. His face looked a sickly yellow.

The big man wheeled suddenly. 'Why couldn't you tell me that before? Don't you think I'm a safe one? Think I'd be where I am if I couldn't keep my mouth shut? Now go on.'

'This fifty acres is virgin ground, with deep sands. The present option will expire in about three months and a half, and,' he added, 'I've got the next one.'

'But if the other fellows win out?'

'They can't—they haven't money enough.'

'Who are they?' demanded Martin with sudden interest.

'One is Harrison, a drilling contractor; the other a young fellow called Shanklin, who was recently fired from a law-office in Los Angeles.'

'How far have they got?'

'The well's just started, with Harrison's rig.'

The big man pushed out his lips. 'You said just now that they would not be able to exercise their option. How can you be sure of this?'

'If they do, it's because I've gone to sleep.'

II.

Martin settled down in his chair again and bent his small eyes on the map. It struck the visitor he looked like an overfed pig, dressed in fine clothes. A great solitaire diamond glimmered on a fat finger. He was not pretty, but he looked amazingly capable.

The finger moved along the diagram of the anticline to where the fault sheered it off, then westward a little.

'That's the place?'

'Yes.'

There was a little pause, and Sitwell held his breath.

The finger moved to the bell, and, simultaneously, it seemed, the door opened.

'Is Mr Hunt in?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Send him here.'

A young man came in, of middle height, with a firm mouth and quiet, brown eyes. Sitwell regarded him attentively, and was immediately impressed by the resemblance to some one he knew—he could not remember whom. Then he smiled a little. It was to Shanklin. The thing was grotesque—the men were so similar.

'Hunt, this is Mr Sitwell of Los Angeles. Haven't been in that country, have you?'

'No, sir.'

'Then look here.' The fat finger pointed to the diagram. 'Mr Sitwell tells me the throw in the Richfield fault has been located. That's it.'

Hunt nodded.

'Look up what information we've got on those sands, and let me know in ten minutes.'

The young man disappeared. Spencer Martin pushed away the map and surveyed his visitor with the least suspicion of a twinkle. 'Mr Sitwell, I suppose you came here because you've heard I want to operate in California?'

'That's quite true.'

'About ten men come in every day for the same reason, but they don't usually get as far as you have. It's a fact that I do want to operate there. Now, in case your statements are verified, what's your proposition?'

Sitwell did not stir a muscle. He was playing the biggest game in his life—and almost enjoying it. It was wits against wits now, and his shrewdness stood alone against the weight of the other man's wealth and reputation. Spencer Martin was not the kind out of whom money could be made quickly. He was too sharp for that. But he was the kind who would stake a fortune when he thought a fortune was in prospect. The mere possibility of being associated with him seemed to Sitwell to satisfy every ambitious dream.

'If you think I've come here to try to make money out of you, you're mistaken, Mr Martin. I don't need your money—at least, not yet.'

The big man nodded. 'That's the talk. Go on!'

'I've got an option which promises to turn out the biggest thing in southern California. I can sell it, but I don't want to. What I am looking for is a partner who will help me make sure that my option is good, and will develop the property later on. I don't want you to take my word for anything. Come and see for yourself.'

'I don't know a darn thing about it myself,' said Martin suavely. 'I hire men who do. The fact is brains are the only cheap thing in the market, but it needs guts to buy them. There's that fellow Hunt—knows more already than I ever did—and I pay him what?—three thousand a year—and he's tickled to get it. I pay three thousand a year for cigars. Difference between guts and brains. Go on!'

Sitwell smiled. 'I've said all I've come to say.'

The big man sent him a grudging glance of admiration. 'Well, then, how much?'

'Five thousand and a half-interest. You pay expenses meantime, and the cost of development.'

'What expenses?'

'The outlay in securing that work does not progress too rapidly for the next three and a half months,' said Sitwell coolly.

Martin's left hand stole up to his heavy chin and caressed it slowly. 'Any suggestions?'

'Do you need any? You're longer in the game than I am.'

'Perhaps not. Should I leave that to you?' The broad face wore a grim smile. 'Here's Hunt.—Well, what about it?'

The young man laid a rough, hastily sketched diagram on the desk. 'Last report of Woolley, State Geologist, gives no estimate of the throw of the fault in the Richfield anticline. There has been much erosion in the valley to the west, and this is supposed to have destroyed whatever portion of the ridge was shifted. Shale is reported five hundred feet down, oil-sands about twenty-five hundred. Present production about half a million barrels high-grade oil. Union, Western, Richfield, Pacific Coast are principal companies operating.'

Martin grunted. 'And suppose one did find that bit of lost anticline—what then?'

Hunt glanced at him. 'It should mean a big production. It's virgin ground.'

'Come back in another ten minutes.'

III.

Hunt closed the door gently, and Martin turned to his visitor. 'When do you go west again?'

Sitwell smiled. 'When I've made satisfactory arrangements.'

'Look here, you said I've been in the business longer than you have. That's right. You reckon that I'm a bit of a plunger; that's right too. So far, I'm with you. Now as to your proposition—I'll take it up—with one alteration, which is that you get your five thousand the day that option comes into my hands. I won't pay an advance profit on a speculation you thought good enough before my name ever came into your head. As to expenses—I understand—and will meet them up to a certain amount, but you will personally report by letter just what you spend and how you spend it. When the property comes into my hands, you can make out partnership papers. I'll sign 'em, and pay cost of development. And it will be the first time I entered into partnership with any one. You know what that means to you, or you ought to. All this is on the understanding that Hunt confirms what you've told me. You've put up a good story, and I'm inclined to believe you, but, on principle, I don't believe anything till it's confirmed. There's just one thing. If through any oversight of yours that first option is exercised, you'll be sorry you ever saw me. That's my offer—take it or leave it.'

Sitwell made a little gesture. He had tacked on the five thousand, though really not expecting to get it, but there were conditions that he did not fancy. He looked at the big man, who was lighting one of his famous cigars, and reflected that to be Martin's partner was something which would establish him for ever. The contemplation of it gave him a sharp sense of pride.

'Will you put that on paper?'

'I'll put nothing on paper till I get a report. What do you take me for? This isn't the only chance I have to get into the California field. If you want to bet, I'll lay you a thousand dollars another one comes along inside the next hour. You've got my proposition.'

The door opened softly and the secretary said something in an undertone. It was only a whisper, but Sitwell caught the name of a man pre-eminent in oil circles.

'Ask him to wait.' Martin turned to Sitwell with the movement of an impatient elephant. 'Take it or leave it—quick'—and, at the latter's involuntary nod, 'Send Hunt here.' He drummed thoughtfully on the polished glass of the big table. 'What are you doing to-night?'

Sitwell had a flash of inspiration. 'I'm having you to dinner at Romano's. I want you to meet my wife.'

Spencer Martin grinned. He liked the daring of the thing, and began to wonder whether this was not the kind of associate he had always been looking for, but never so far found. Just then Hunt came in, and stood waiting.

'You go west with Mr Sitwell to-morrow. Get to Los Angeles nine o'clock Friday morning. The property he will show you is forty miles out. That's an hour. Look it over, and leave Los Angeles that afternoon by the Sunset Limited. Get back here on Tuesday with your report. You've got to leave Tuesday night for Pennsylvania. Burbridge is in some kind of trouble. Tell the office to get accommodation; draw what money you want; and wire to have a car meet you. That's all.'

Hunt nodded and went out. He did not seem at all surprised, for this was Martin's way of doing things. The latter examined his cigar and scrutinised Sitwell's face, which, though his heart was beating rapidly, had remained impassive. Again the big man felt a throb of approval. He had wanted to discover just what might be this visitor's code, and how it matched his own. And as a matter of fact he made a remarkable, if swift, analysis of Sitwell, putting him down as shrewd, not scrupulous enough to interfere with business, and an excellent actor. Sitwell, he then and there decided, was the kind of man he could use.

'Steer Hunt out to your option and let him alone. He doesn't need any help. If this thing goes right, it may lead to others. I make no promises—but you can draw your own conclusions. My name doesn't appear in this matter till you turn over the property. Is that understood?'

'Perfectly.'

'Then when do you dine?'

Sitwell got up and stretched himself. To all appearances this might have been the end of a conversation in which he had long lost interest. 'Eight o'clock suit you?'

'Yes; meet you then.' If Sitwell had said half-past seven, Martin would have changed it to eight. He liked to approach the table feeling like a hungry wolf.

IV.

Sitwell entered his hotel twenty minutes later, treading on air, but preserving outwardly an unbroken calm. He told himself repeatedly that this was not the time for excitement or elation. He had made greater progress than he had dared hope, but there was difficult work ahead of him, and he admitted quite frankly that it would be a contest of underhand trickery against decency and honest effort. He did not like the idea of those periodical reports to Spencer Martin; but against that he put the dream of a partnership with so outstanding a personality, with its consequent fortune and progress. He felt himself potentially a bigger man than ever before. Self-possession had served well that afternoon. He would maintain it henceforth.

Claudia looked at him anxiously as he opened their door. She had spent the last few hours

looking in shop windows. All she could afford, except one new evening frock, on which her husband had insisted, was to look. Now her eyes were bright and strained, and her face was a little flushed. She had counted the moments, being aware of what was at stake.

'Well?' she said unsteadily.

Sitwell nodded contentedly. 'Martin accepts my proposals. He's sending an engineer out with us at once.'

'Does that mean——'

'Success? Yes—undoubtedly. Also, he has suggested a partnership.'

Her eyes rounded. 'Is he very wealthy? Oh, Bertie, I'm so glad.'

'He has anywhere from ten to twenty millions,' said Sitwell coolly.

Claudia felt a little dizzy. She had never seen her husband display more poise—and this at a moment when poise was unnecessary. She felt suddenly impressed, and more confident.

'That means that you will be able to straighten everything out, and we can live in the east.' She gazed out at the pyramidal skyline of New York. 'Perhaps here!'

'If things go as I expect, we shall probably have to live here.'

She sighed with happiness at the thought. 'And when do we go back?'

'To-morrow. Martin's engineer goes with us. He spends less than a day out there, and then starts for Pennsylvania. Martin has interests all over the country.'

'To-morrow. Oh, no!'

Sitwell pushed a stud into his dress-shirt. 'I'm lucky—darned lucky—that he's coming at all. Martin's dining with us at eight. That's luckier still.'

Somehow she did not seem impressed. Why shouldn't Martin dine with them if they could afford it?

'What sort of man is he?' she asked curiously.

'No beauty—not a ladies' man—but I take it that he knows a pretty woman when he sees one.' Sitwell surveyed her slim shoulders and exquisite face approvingly. 'That's why I'm mighty glad you're here; so put on that new dress and look your best. This is one of the places on the road of life where a girl can help her husband. Martin's a rough diamond, but you must overlook that. This is probably the most important evening of our lives,' he concluded impressively.

(*Continued on page 197.*)

ENGLISH PRISONS.

By JOHN C. GOODWIN.

Dartmoor is a tidy place;
Chatham the terror of our race.
Portland is not quite so bad;
Broadmoor is for those stark mad.
Pentonville's the Hell of London;
Borstal—if you're there you're undone.
Portsmouth is a noted shop;
Brixton is a regular cop.

THE above lines, written on the wall of his cell by a convict of a poetic turn of mind, embody his views on prisons, within some of which the bard had enjoyed His Majesty's hospitality.

Everything depends, however, on the point of view. Life in a prison is not meant to be a bed of roses—were that so, there would be no housing shortage. But life in some of our large penal establishments may be better understood through a closer inspection of the buildings and their occupants.

The Jesuit Fathers are said to boast: 'Give us a child until it is seven years old, and after that you may do what you like with it.' This principle is followed, to a certain extent, at Borstal, where the youthful criminal is taken in hand at the most impressionable age, and his character moulded on right lines, instead of his being allowed to receive savage and brutalising impressions, either in the animal existence of slum-life or through the harsh, soulless agency of prison routine.

Borstal is situated at Strood, near Rochester, the two, with the addition of Chatham, forming practically one large town. There is accommodation for three hundred boys in the institution. The Borstal system was originally introduced by Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, K.C.B., the late Chairman of the Prison Commissioners, who believes in the principle that criminals, especially young ones, should be led, and not driven. To this end the boys are educated, put through physical drill, allowed indoor and outdoor games and books; while after tea, instead of returning to their cells, as in the case of the inmates of other prisons, they are allowed to sit about in the common-rooms and talk with the warders and with each other. Their cells are larger than the ordinary prison cell, and furnished with bookshelves and iron bedsteads and other comforts. The institution, in fact, resembles a military barracks rather than a place of punishment, and were the warders on duty on the walls and the watch-tower in military uniform, the illusion would be well-nigh complete.

Like many other ventures concerning the betterment of the conditions of the 'under dog,' the Borstal system has been strongly criticised; but the answer to the reactionaries who would, if they were allowed to have their way, reintroduce the thumbscrew and the stake into our penal code is that 'the proof of the pudding lies in the eating,' and that the Borstal system, so far

from 'nursing criminals,' cures them, for over 50 per cent. of the discharged Borstal boys never see a prison cell again. So successful, in fact, has the system proved that Portland Prison has recently (1921) been converted into a Borstal institution.

Brixton Jail, pleasantly situated on Brixton Hill, is a 'remand' prison for the temporary accommodation of those who are not yet convicted and sentenced. Their friends are allowed to see them daily if they wish, and, as befits the nature of the place, there is a total absence of the rigorous prison discipline that prevails elsewhere. Prior to its present use Brixton was a military prison.

Should an offender be sentenced in the London district, he will probably find himself in Wormwood Scrubs, or Wandsworth, or Pentonville, which are, so to speak, 'clearing-houses' for those on their way to durance vile. Here most of them remain for twenty-eight days *en route* for the 'local' prisons, where they serve the next one to three months of their sentences prior to being finally drafted to the convict prisons, there to serve the longest and hardest part of their expiation. The women, of course, go to Holloway. At 'the Scrubs' there is accommodation for fifteen hundred prisoners, and it is here that finger-prints are taken and the luckless 'lag' gets his first taste of hard discipline.

This latter fact prompted a certain sailor to inscribe the following lines on the wall of his cell:

> Oh, who can tell the pains I feel,
> A poor unlucky sailor?
> I miss my grog at every meal,
> And curse the blooming gaoler.

It is, incidentally, an extraordinary fact that convicts are especially prone to write doggerel rhymes on the walls of their cells, and, indeed, almost anywhere. The writings of criminologists are full of instances.

It is at Wormwood Scrubs that the distinctions in prison dress are first encountered, offenders in the 1st Division wearing a gray uniform, those in the 2nd Division being clad in brown, while the 3rd Division wear a buff garb. All are employed on Government work —making mail-bags and other articles for the public services.

Dartmoor, perhaps the best known of our big convict prisons, is a great contrast to Wormwood Scrubs, being a huge, bleak, rambling range of buildings situated at Princetown, a dreary village on Dartmoor itself.

The prison was originally built for the accommodation of French prisoners during the Napoleonic wars, though extensive additions have since been made. The system of prison dress is more complicated than that at Wormwood Scrubs, and is based upon the number of years of his sentence which each man has served.

The convicts work on farms and quarries attached to the prison, as well as in the buildings in the prison precincts, such as the kitchen, the carpenters' shop, the stonemasons' shed, the laundry, and the sawmill. They rise, as at most prisons, at 5 A.M., and retire to bed at 8 P.M. Those employed on the farms are all men in the last year of their sentences, who have most to lose by availing themselves of the exceptional opportunities for escape which this work offers.

The prisoners are allowed to see their friends periodically, but the privilege is forfeited by misbehaviour of any sort.

The routine at Parkhurst is somewhat similar to that at Dartmoor, quarrying being the main occupation of the 'lags.' For good conduct a convict earns a remission of three months for every year of his sentence.

Women offenders are sent to female convict prisons. Their hours are more or less the same as those of the men, but their work is much lighter, it being confined to gardening and twine-making, apart from indoor and domestic duties, while they enjoy a little more freedom than do the men. The female convict prison at Aylesbury, formerly the chief establishment of its kind in England, is now a female Borstal institution, and is doing most useful work in reforming girls on humane lines.

Wandsworth is a huge 'local' jail, of grave, chilling aspect. Its chief interest lies in the gruesome fact that it is here that most of the executions in the London district take place. Here, too, is the 'E 1 Room,' where are those prisoners who are mentally deficient, though not sufficiently so to warrant their transfer to Broadmoor, the famous criminal lunatic prison.

This asylum-prison is situated at Crowthorne, in Berkshire, and has accommodation for nearly seven hundred inmates. This place, which resembles, and is, a county asylum rather than a penal establishment, is surrounded by attractive grounds, while the view of the neighbouring country is superb.

The inmates have their own string-band, and hold dramatic performances from time to time.

There is at Broadmoor a 'convict class' of patients who are kept apart from the ordinary inmates, and who have become insane whilst serving their sentences at other prisons. It is hardly to be wondered at that the soul-crushing monotony of prison life occasionally drives a man mad.

To conclude with another sample of prison poetry:

> Millbank for thick skins and graft at the pump;
> Broadmoor for all lags who go off their chump;
> Brixton for good grub and cocoa with fat;
> Dartmoor for bad toke but plenty of chat.
> Portsmouth's a blooming bad place for hard work;
> Chatham on Sunday gives four ounces pork.
> Portland's the worst of the lot for to joke in;
> For fetching a lagging there's no place like Woking.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

HOW far along in time must we advance ere what we think of as the historical perspective begins to be established? Some desire an idea upon this matter because of certain affairs affecting the late war in Europe and other parts of the world and various personages connected therewith. But is it not plain that this historical perspective is dependent upon circumstances, and especially those associated with the nature and extent of the problem, the variety and strength of view upon it at the time of its first presentment and after, the degree of emotion experienced regarding it, and the personalities and temperaments of the persons most concerned as subjects, objects, and associates? These factors are interwoven, affecting each other intimately. For an example, consider a case of experience of some violent and most disconcerting, yet nearly harmless, malady of a temporary character; let it be the toothache. At the hour of experience, say in the morning, this affair appears, most distinctly feels of more consequence, more upheaving, than all anxieties of a wrecked political world. To an extent it is a matter of temperament and strength of will, but commonly it is difficult to contemplate with fit seriousness and effective thought and judgment any great question while one is thus harassed; nor can the pain of itself be considered save in a manner of desperation and often hopeless desire for relief. One does not remember any great speech having been made, any remarkable dramatic representation in a theatre, or any other highly creditable performance in the arts while the hero was thus tormented; nor, such torments being as they are known, can we comprehend any man, whatever his philosophy, however fine his strength, setting himself to an analysis of his own emotions and the peculiar suggestions attaching thereto at such a time. Yet in the afternoon, or but an hour after the event, this quite temporary affair, affecting only the individual, and scarcely moving him from the line of his general action and progress, might be viewed with clear judgment, analysis, and the most trustworthy historical perspective—better, evidently, than a week later, when so little of what seemed real would be remembered. At eleven o'clock an individual enjoys a better historical perspective of his breakfast than will be possible to him later. But obviously with greater events, concerning wide communities and of more enduring consequence, the period of preparation of the historical perspective is more extended, obeying, as it seems, almost a simple natural law. Only this season we were presented with the most authoritative biography of the great Lord Salisbury, Conservative Premier of such excellent and solid parts in the closing period of the Victorian era, and the point was presented immediately to the minds of many persons variously interested as to whether the time had yet elapsed—or whether it had not already almost too long elapsed—for the historical perspective to be true. It is eighteen years, some argued, since he who was plain John Morley then produced one of the most splendid biographies in our literature, his *Life of Gladstone*, who was at the time but five years dead; and the perspective seems true enough, with the premise accepted that it was a faithful and admiring—and yet not uncritical—disciple who was writing. Much more recently the official biography of Disraeli has been presented. Each of these two personalities and careers was complex, more so than Lord Salisbury's, more difficult to appraise. Lord Morley's work suggests the special value of that which is written when knowledge and perhaps the love—or it might be hate—still are keen, for then there is revelation, penetration, and atmosphere, and the reader's imagination is set aflame, lighting up the lines with personal interpretation. Twenty years after, and it all looks so much a matter of dead bones and stuff cast off upon the heap of history that seems to matter less and less as years succeed. Rarely an atmosphere, no crimson streaks, reprehensible as they might be in the view of history and art, but gray tones and flat washes. These works, in which the historical perspective is so good and true, seem, for the most part, just semi-instructional things pointing sundry morals for our personal and national guidance, if personally or nationally we are disposed to profit by them—which seldom happens. If the attainment of historical perspective—which evidently must vary with the individual—is regarded as a pleasant intellectual

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

study, it is good, but in the educative way it is of less value than is supposed. Man may be subconsciously influenced by the past, but it does not appear that he will ever be consciously controlled by it. He will never learn his lesson; he is too much of an adventurer—yearns unceasingly for knowledge of the unknown, the awful secrets, even though he fears, with good reason, that the knowledge will be perilous. It may be unwise of man, but it is his nature, and there is still something to admire for it in the fellow.

* * *

A mistake is often made when the historical perspective is considered or spoken of: after the maturity of time and thought, when the sobering effect of distance has been established, it is supposed to be accurate and constant. But surely this is not so, for see how in centuries judgments upon men and things of the past, the views of them—in politics, literature, art, and all affairs—the characters of personages are differently appraised by the students of succeeding ages, as mental processes of nations, schools, and individuals, for evolution's sake, pass through their unceasing transformations. Civilisation is jealous always of its present capacity in judgment, disregards the past whenever it dare, and establishes new standards, declaring all others to be obsolete. Contemporary circumstance is all-powerful in controlling judgments. See the ups and downs of the celebrities of the past; we are breaking many old idols into little pieces, and from the cobwebbed corners of history resuscitating long-discarded figures and setting them up as demi-gods, workers of incomparable excellence, as we now regard them, who were victims of the sad inappreciation of their age. From this it appears that there is not one historical perspective, clear and constant like the Pole Star, but many; and they may be as radically different from each other as were the opinions of extremists during the burden and agony of terrifying war. It is very early, but some such thoughts bring us to a hesitating question as to whether even now, so soon, we are approaching the hour when the first rough sketch with a historical perspective of certain features of the World War may be attempted. For some time past, with the delirium and the confusion of the past three years, there has been occasional reference to that perspective as being a thing not for our time, or that of the next generation; for it was felt that the war was so big, so vast, is still so incomprehensible, that time must roll away in centuries ere the conflict can be fairly viewed. But if the events were gigantic, and their effects the most drastic, we think more and faster—if not better—in these days. Nothing is clearer than that the mind of the world in regard to some aspects of the war has changed in the last year or two, even the last few months. There is evidence of the circumstance everywhere; suffering, upheaval, disillusionment have hastened on the process, and fear has assisted too. To appreciate the change, consider the financial reckonings that were made at the Peace Conference at Paris, and now, when there are murmurings of debt cancellations. Consider the international political views as they were one year ago, being then moulded in the pure image of the war, and now as expressed by the same individuals and communities, all in their own way. There is a difference here as well, and it is tremendous. To make the point a little clearer, please to reflect upon the difference of view that would be taken now of some of the most important war-books, of the biographical and reminiscent sort, that were produced scarce more than a year ago, from the view held of them at the time of their issue. Nothing could be more revealing of the speedy mutability of human emotional judgments than this. A reader on reverting to and turning over those pages read of yesteryear might sometimes be surprised at his change of self. Take such as the Repington diaries, the Fisher memoirs, and other such for a trial, and see how vastly views have changed.

* * *

The Washington Conference that was called in November was a sign of it. It was a proof that men at last were capable of realising some magnitudes in their fair proportions. President Harding chose his moment well. A ray of the new perspective seems almost to be cast in natural compliment towards Mr Harding himself, for after the end of the war, when the United States appeared disposed to indicate a certain separation and almost an indifference to Europe, as in remorse she licked her wounds, people were wont to speak stupidly of this man, who was a newspaper owner and editor from the middle west, as if he lacked breadth of mind and that magnificent outlook upon the world that is obtained from Paris, ever since Napoleon established the view from there. It was stupid, even in moments of pain, to think for a moment slightingly of such a man, as if it were even possible, through any number of election vicissitudes, expected and unexpected, for any man to become elected to the most important individual office in the world, as it is commonly regarded, unless he were a truly great man. There are varieties and degrees of greatness, and they have been exemplified in the line of American presidents, some of whom have been, comparatively, disappointments; but a man who reaches this position cannot be small or mean or unintelligent, as may a statesman suddenly raised to power in some other places. Mr Harding, however his schemes may fare, bears within him greatness. It was great to choose the period as he did. The League of Nations, magnificent in idealism and desire, was product of fever and pain, and it may have come too soon, and thus made difficulties for itself, even though it were

plainly an ideal to be maintained and worked upon if the world were to be good again. Mr Harding's conference at Washington recognised human limitations, and that worst form of them the politico-human limitations and weaknesses, and it mixed ideals with plain reason and cold facts. But in America, with its intense materialism, one finds always a craving for the romantic, and we see it on the surface of things always like a thin veneer of sentimentality; and thus, with a stage set for an episode in plain materialism, we had Mr Charles Evan Hughes at the first words flinging off it to the wings every property and trapping of old convention, the pretty diplomatic baubles that they play with in the Chancelleries, as the result of which the diplomats and their staffs had come to Washington all prepared for the interchange, among their very numerous selves, according to the exacting tenets of diplomatic etiquette, of just forty thousand visiting-cards. This was cancelled, the ceremonies were abandoned, and Mr Hughes burst upon his highly diplomatic audience with such proposals as at first gave shock, the old diplomats feeling that they themselves never thought and spoke like that. But the sense of it supervened. No historical perspective about Mr Hughes as yet, as perhaps about Mr Harding, although there might have been; it is hardly remembered what a stir he caused nearly six years ago when he opposed Mr Wilson for the presidency, and when it was said of this earnest-minded lawyer, son of a Baptist minister, and intended to be a Baptist minister himself, but educated from his own earnings for the law, that 'there was nobody for Hughes—but the people.' There were times at Washington, perhaps, when it might have seemed that there was nobody for Harding and Hughes again—but the world.

* * *

The mention of Mr Woodrow Wilson brings us sharply to another consideration of the new perspective. It seems to be working fast upon Mr Wilson now, and perhaps not since the time of Napoleon, a very different sort of person, has the world had such violent and opposing views about any man. Three years ago, various peoples just released from war—Germany overthrown and no more need for any fourteen points; the world then more intensely material than it had ever been known to be, far less spiritual than at this present moment, unspiritual though still it be—thought and spoke most contemptuously of Mr Woodrow Wilson. He was derided as a visionary, an idealist most unpractical, then as arrogant, domineering, and even stupid. There is no man about whom opinion has oscillated more rapidly and violently than about Mr Wilson. Before the war he was regarded distantly, dispassionately. It was just a curious thing and no more to consider this university professor—with all his independence and his new schemes for the achievement of liberty and progress—in the seat of the mighty, where Washington and Abraham Lincoln sat. Came the war, and then the Allies looked with unspoken question and anxiety towards that American President. It was natural, and perhaps inevitable, that during the next year or two fighting peoples—fighting for liberty—nerves on edge, judgments in a liquid state, anxieties extreme, should think of Mr Wilson one day as President Good and the next as President Bad. At the time of the 'too proud to fight' speech—a remark always misunderstood—the sentiments of those fighting peoples were of a certain kind; at the time when the United States at last came into the war they were of another, the President being classed then among the more blessed of the immortals. Yet Mr Wilson had not changed. His policy all through that time showed a clear and steady line towards a practical idealism, and he was playing, like an Antony, now this way and now that, seeming to veer and suit sentiment, with the mind of the American people by no means desirous of entering the war, until at last, at the supreme moment of consummation of his effort, he had them all ready and united, and America 'came in.' For such shepherdry the victors of the war owe grateful thanks to the lonely past-President. Later, the war won, Mr Wilson's idealism became less practical, and in Paris, fervent upon his dreamy possibilities, he lost the tact and skill that might have helped him on; while the victors, flushed with conquest and all its unestimated material promise, resented interference, and resented idealism more than they do now. Mr Wilson was like one stoned, and he left Paris a broken man. He was not the first seeker of ideals to suffer from mammon. Perhaps some of it he deserved, most of it surely not. Just think of the difference in popular sentiment towards him at Paris and previously when the States 'came in'! But now, already, the new perspective is settling in the matter of Mr Wilson too; he is perhaps its most difficult problem. It raises the register of his virtues as with few others. Dreamer, idealist, he was before his time. But he was one great individual force in the world, who, more than any other, strove sincerely and fervently for the good of humanity. The Washington Conference itself, how could it be otherwise regarded than as a monument to the truth of the Wilson view, and the need to apply some form of his treatment for universal salvation? His prescriptions at the 'peace-making' were refused; but later, in agony and horror at the appalling catastrophes that were ever looming nearer, panic-stricken, this parley was sought upon the scene where Wilson strove himself, whence he issued that famous message giving his country to the war —'God willing, she can do no other.' Directly

in front of Westminster Abbey in recent times there has been raised a most impressive monument to that great man, true lover of humankind, tremendously strong, almost divinely gentle, Abraham Lincoln. America does well to be proud of him; we serve our good sense and heart thus to seek a share in such wholesome pride. The historical perspective now works to such effect that there are some who think that in days to come Woodrow Wilson will rank there on the heights as well.

* * *

The former President of the United States becomes an example of the quick change of character complexions of great individualities as they are viewed in changed circumstances. During the four years of struggle colours were untrue; Mars orange was laid in washes upon what was essentially ugly; the most stupid militarist was made to glow in heroic tones. It followed that the unmilitarist, whatever other qualities were possessed, was flat in dull drab. So was this university professor, who became first citizen of a great country, and vitally influenced a world at war. He seemed a plain figure then; he was spoken of as dry. He made no attempt merely to beautify his speeches, to draw in metaphors from heaven and earth to their illustration. Like Antony, he only spoke right on. But is there one who had part in the conflict upon whom romance has seemed to glow more and more as the truth emerges from the smoke and stink of war? There is something for thought and significance in this. The picture of the man, broken as he was, the failure of Versailles, making a desperate attempt in an agony of suffering to attend the inauguration of his successor at Washington is the most poignant tragedy. And then a few months later, when leaders of the world were at that moment assembling in Washington to attempt some of the work his League of Nations would have done had the world been ready for it, he himself, somewhat recovered, was accompanying the coffin with the body of the unknown American soldier to Arlington cemetery. On returning that afternoon a great non-partisan gathering assembled before his residence in Washington—almost within the hearing of the assembly of world statesmen. He came, as we are told, out on to the portico to receive a committee whose chairman, Mr Hamilton Hold, said: 'We congratulate you, a wounded soldier of the World War, on regaining your health. We pledge you on our honour to respect your work, which shall not die.' Then Woodrow Wilson spoke publicly for the first time since his illness, saying: 'I wish I had the voice to reply to you, but I can only thank you from the bottom of my heart. God bless you!' The people sang 'My country, 'tis of thee.' There were cheers for the League of Nations, and as they were given Mr Wilson vigorously waved his hat. The Americans are a curious people; their sentiments and conduct are often difficult to understand—like those of every people by other peoples. The mixture in them of sentimentalism and materialism seems peculiar to us. At that emotional moment in Washington did any of those who cheered, while the wife of the man sat beside him weeping, recall or picture fairly to themselves the moments of giant aspiration such a little while before? As, for example, on the Fourth of July in 1914, within a month of the beginning of the war, when in his national address Mr Wilson said: 'My dream is that as the years go on, and the world knows more and more of America, it will turn to her for those moral inspirations which lie at the basis of all freedom: that the world will never fear America unless it feels that it is engaged in some enterprise which is inconsistent with the rights of humanity.' There is a revival in these present times of the disposition of dramatists to make great stage-pictures about personages whose story is more or less familiar to the multitude. Thus one of the best successes in London for some time past has been Mr Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*. It is as yet too soon; but in days to come, what a drama, what a tragedy, what a film of Woodrow Wilson! For in that tragedy will be told the suffering, not of one man, but of the world. The Washington Conference and the appearance of one of the most engrossing biographical books in a season that has been rich in such, the story of Wilson and the War, told by Mr Tumulty, his secretary, inevitably turn the mind to thoughts like these, or others, according to the disposition of the thinker; and then it seems sometimes that the historical perspective is working more favourably to the ex-President than to any other figure in the history of the last seven years. Moods and circumstances are favourable. It is a remarkable book. One day Mr Wilson was talking to Mr Tumulty, and said, 'When we move against Germany we must be certain that the whole country not only moves with us, but is willing to go forward to the end with enthusiasm. . . . I am not afraid to go to war. No man fit to be President of this nation, knowing the way its people would respond to any demand that might be made upon them, need have fears or doubts as to what stand it would finally take. But what I fear more than anything else is the possibility of world bankruptcy that may inevitably follow our getting into this thing. Not only world chaos and bankruptcy, but all of the distempers, social, moral, and industrial, that will flow from this world cataclysm. No sane man, therefore, who knows the dangerous elements that are abroad in the world would, without feeling out every move, seek to lead his people without counting the cost, and dispassionately deliberating upon every move.' . . . .

See how different historical perspective, grinding small like those mills of God, is acting upon some militarists who seemed of the Colossus kind five years back. There is General Ludendorff, who is writing books about himself. How immense and awful seemed Ludendorff in 1917! But now he, a miserable, contemptible thing, is comparable only to the popinjay, his imperial master, who, when near battlefields, had the roof of his temporary dwelling specially fortified, and paled and trembled at the thought of the approach of an enemy aeroplane. Here was a war lord who ordered his people to die for him. Silent now is William; but Ludendorff day by day, as it seems, mangles out his miserable explanations and his protests, throwing the blame for failure on his military associates, on the politicians, on the people, on all, squealing and scratching frantically like a rat in a trap. There was, after all, a certain nobility in the later Hindenburg, but there is none in such Teutonic truck as this. The Historical Perspective shows.

MAN'S WORK.

CHAPTER VIII.—*continued.*

V.

SPENCER MARTIN arrived at Romano's at a quarter before the hour. He would watch the Sitwells, and come to a final conclusion before they saw him and assumed the guise of hosts; from which it will be observed that he was a man of considerable perception. They had been waiting for him in the lounge for perhaps ten minutes when he emerged from an adjoining room. Claudia, looking up, saw the ponderous figure—the dusky red face, the small gimlet eyes, the enormous paunch, encased in spotless clothes and a shirt on which gleamed pearls as large as marbles, and put him down as one of those products of the metropolis which one had read of, but never seen. She wondered if, perhaps, he was the Pearl Bill Higgins whose photograph sometimes appeared in Sunday illustrated papers. 'What a man!' she thought. 'What a dreadful man!'

'Claudia, let me introduce Mr Martin.'

She got up as though in a dream, felt the blood climbing to her temples, murmured something unintelligible, and presently found herself at a small, candle-shaded, flower-decked table between the two men. The flowers, the lights, the silver, the women's dresses, the music that drifted from amidst a cluster of palms, were all what she had hoped and anticipated. But this man!

Spencer Martin settled himself comfortably. Romano's was his favourite restaurant. He often entertained here, and they all knew him, from the *maître d'hôtel* down. This party, he reflected with a grin, would be well looked after. His eyes took in Claudia's figure with definite approval. He had heard about these Californian women.

'Fond of New York, Mrs Sitwell?'

'Yes; but I know very little of it.'

'And you won't see much this time,' said her husband apologetically.

'You shouldn't let him make such flying trips,' chuckled the big man. 'Here to-day—gone to-morrow.'

Claudia pulled herself together. It was all like a dream, a breath that played over the surface of something hidden and profound. Then Spencer Martin began to talk, unfolding a sharp, shrewd observation that impressed her deeply. Even in his play she got a glimpse of the strength of the man. It seemed that she and her husband were shuttles that he flung back and forth across the continent.

'You must be a very busy man, Mr Martin,' she ventured.

'I suppose I am—it's my form of amusement—and it agrees with me.' Even as he spoke his red flesh exhaled, as it were, a suggestion of coarse, primal vigour. 'Your husband couldn't stand what I do; but, then, he takes it more seriously than I do. I can see that.'

'Some men have to work harder than others—to live,' put in Sitwell deferentially.

'And a lot of them ask too much to live on. Thing is to make your first million, and let that make the others.' Martin applied himself noisily to his soup. 'What would you do,' he said presently, with a twinkle, 'if some one gave you a million?'

Claudia laughed in spite of herself. 'It's beyond my dreams.'

'Why should it be?' he answered quietly. 'I've made one, and seen one made, over night.'

She did not answer, but regarded him with something like awe. Sitwell's face, too, was introspective. Suddenly she caught the eyes of Spencer Martin. They were fastened on her, brows pulled down, with a stare that seemed to bore through her very clothing. It was a ruthless look that ripped away all her defences, and left her in a strange way unprotected. Then his eyes shifted and were bent on Sitwell.

'It's a darn shame shooting you across to California when you're just off the train. Why not let Hunt go alone, and stay here and see a bit of life? I'll show you New York as it ought to be shown.'

Sitwell felt a surge of triumph invade every fibre of his body. 'That sounds good to me.'

'You can stay at my place out in Westchester,

and spend every day in town. We can do the theatres, and motor home afterwards. I 'm busy most of the days, but my play-time is at night.'

Martin jerked this out as though he wanted to get rid of it, but all the time his small eyes were glancing first at Claudia, then at her husband, in what would have seemed a jocular, careless way had it not been for the little points of light that had suddenly kindled in their gray-green depths. The girl saw them, and was smitten with a nameless fear.

'That 's a pretty good offer, Claudia. Let 's take it—eh?—It won't make any business difference?' Sitwell turned to his guest.

'I 've known such visits mean a considerable aid to business,' came the significant answer. Simultaneously Claudia felt Spencer Martin's foot press firmly on her own. 'Better stay and have a good time, Mrs Sitwell.'

She shivered violently and became bereft of strength. The small eyes still held her fascinated, and Martin's face appeared to grow larger and larger, and, becoming detached from his body, to swim towards her like a hideous mask. Sitwell, too, was looking at her with an expression not to be misunderstood. Martin's proposal had startled and delighted him. The inner circle was open at last. He made a little, secret gesture.

'May I talk it over with my husband?' Her voice sounded small and thin. She was in terror of what might happen, whether she agreed or not.

Martin nodded. Presently his foot was withdrawn. 'We can fix it up to-morrow.' He ate for a while without speaking; then, 'I 'm going down to Pennsylvania in the car in a few days. You 'd better both come along and have a squint at some of my wells. I can put you on to something good in the way of stock before it comes on the market.'

'I 'm afraid my money 's all locked up in option,' said Sitwell regretfully.

'I 'll carry it for you—don't worry. You see, Mrs Sitwell, it 's more than probable that your husband and I will be pretty closely connected before long. We sort of tried each other out to-day,' he added with a laugh.

'Oh!' she ventured uncertainly.

The big man chuckled. 'I can see you don't guess what that would mean to you.' His mood changed, and he talked for a while with Sitwell, flinging out curt sentences that seemed to lag behind his active brain, revealing a mind ruthless, courageous, and fortified by success.

And while he talked Claudia explored every avenue of escape. Whether her husband was blind to Martin's thinly veiled desire for conquest of herself, or whether, seeing it, he deliberately put it aside, she could not tell. She prayed it might not be the latter. Whatever happened, she must leave New York to-morrow. The spider's web was gleaming, and Sitwell was ready to take her by the hand and walk into it.

At ten o'clock Martin proposed going to a cabaret, but she pleaded fatigue after her long journey.

'Never mind; we can do something to-morrow. Get in my car and I 'll take you both home.' He seemed too assured of to-morrow to raise any protest.

As the big motor moved off she looked pale, but very beautiful. Martin, glancing at her sideways, thought her the most desirable woman he had ever seen. His knee moved slightly toward her. He stole a look at her husband, who was dreaming of the future, and smiled inwardly. When they got out, he held the girl's hand in his big, hot palm for an unreasonable time.

'See you to-morrow,' he said a little thickly.

She did not speak, and Sitwell looked at her, puzzled. He had been listening to the lisp of the tires against the smooth asphalt as the car sped up the great, brilliantly lighted avenue, and his thoughts were of days that would obliterate the petty anxieties of the past. Once in their room again, his tongue became unloosed.

'Why didn't you say good-bye to Mr Martin?'

'I loathe him!'

He stared in sincere amazement. 'What 's the matter with you?'

'Everything, and nothing. I 'm going west to-morrow.'

He shook his head. 'We 're staying here for a week, Claudia. You 're not a fool?'

'I 'm a woman with a little self-respect left. You can enjoy Mr Martin's society without me.'

But Sitwell was vividly aware that it was not his own society which prompted Martin's hospitality.

'You misunderstand him altogether. He 's rough, and, perhaps, a bit vulgar, and——'

'I 'm glad you are aware of that.'

'But he 's good-hearted, and intends well for us. Have you the faintest idea what all this means?'

She surveyed him with eyes of utter scorn. 'I know what he intends—for me. And you, my husband, stand by and smile. You can stay with him if you like. I go back to-morrow.'

Sitwell shook his head. 'You propose to upset a fortune by a bit of foolishness! You 'll do nothing of the kind.'

'And my first duty will be, as a shareholder of the Enterprise Company, to ask an inquiry into their affairs,' she went on steadily, there being nothing left in her heart now except shame and hot resentment.

He began to think furiously, for this was the one thing he could not afford—yet. A new Claudia faced him, her whole soul in her indignant eyes. Then something like fear took hold of him. 'I don't want you to be uncomfort-

able. You misinterpret Martin altogether. It 's only because you 're not used to the life here. If you insist on going back to-morrow, we 'll go. I 'll see him in the morning.'

She looked at him strangely, as though suddenly she saw him for the first time in natural colours—false, calculating, without pride in that which demands pride, ready to barter the shreds of his reputation for the prospects of wealth, a stranger to honest effort, a semblance of manhood in well-cut clothes—this was her husband.

They left next day. Just what Sitwell said to Martin he did not reveal, but Claudia suspected that on her shoulders had been put the responsibility. She was secretly glad of this. If her husband had said anything which might divert Martin's attention from herself, it was the best thing that could happen. She was ready to be called either a fool or a prude, if only her face was set away from that loathful visage.

At the station the engineer met them, and was introduced. As Sitwell spoke his name she looked at him with a swift sense of remembrance. 'Is this the Mr Hunt who is engaged to Miss Winter?'

He smiled broadly. 'How on earth do you know?'

'I met your fiancée in the west. She——'

Sitwell pressed her arm warningly. He was a little breathless. He did not understand anything, except that in the next moment the Enterprise matter would come to the surface.

'We met Miss Winter and her mother in Los Angeles a few weeks ago,' he broke in. 'Now let us find our seats; there 'll be lots of time to talk.'

Hunt nodded and picked up his bag.

'Not a word of the Enterprise,' Claudia heard a sharp whisper close to her ear. 'If there is—I 'm down and out.'

(*Continued on page 215*).

MURMANSK AND THE MURMAN COAST.

By G. Arvey.

ALTHOUGH situated well within the Arctic Circle, Murmansk is accessible for merchant-vessels throughout the year. This does not by any means signify that the waters of Kola Inlet, on which it stands, are never frozen over; but the ice that does form is of such thickness that ordinary steamships can negotiate it without difficulty. On the other hand, for six months of the year it is impossible for them to enter or leave the White Sea ports farther south without the assistance of powerful ice-breakers. Kola Inlet is the drowned valley of the combined Kola and Tuloma Rivers, and is about forty miles in length. It runs generally north and south, but half-way up there is a short east-to-west stretch, completely protecting the upper reaches from the ocean. Numerous lesser fiords branch off on either side. On one of the western ones, close to the mouth, stands Alexandrovsk, connected with both Peterhead and Archangel by a submarine cable laid during the war. Murmansk is built on the eastern shore, three-quarters of the way from the entrance. Although the harbour is deep and well protected from both sea and wind, Murmansk can scarcely be described as an ideal port. A strong current runs at all times, whilst the narrow inlet is tortuous and badly charted. It is studded with rocky islands, some of which are believed to be either rising or sinking. Further, the high latitude occasions severe magnetic disturbances, which render navigation and wireless communication difficult. The sun does not appear above the horizon throughout December and part of January, and the cold is intense. To make matters still worse, the prevailing westerly winds bring thick fogs, which remain for days and weeks before a breeze springs up from some other direction to clear them. When the surface of the water is not covered with a thin sheet of ice, great chunks are swept down by the rivers. Communication between ships and the shore is practically impossible while these conditions last. Means of communication between Murmansk and the interior are long and precarious. However, the local conditions are capable of much improvement, and, apart from the Black Sea, Murmansk is present-day Russia's only winter port. It possesses the great advantage over both Petrograd and Odessa of opening directly on to the ocean instead of on to an inland sea.

Although no attempt was made to develop Kola Inlet commercially until 1914, its importance had been recognised, and the formation of a naval base considered some years before. At one time it was practically decided to establish one on Kildin Island, just to the westward of the entrance. Between the island and the mainland is an excellent roadstead where vessels may anchor when prevented by fog from entering the inlet. The need for a port accessible to British and United States ships all the year round became imperative with the outbreak of war with Germany. Murmansk was founded under the name of Romanov, which remained until the overthrow of the dynasty in 1917. Before the new port attained any real value, however, it was essential to build a railway six hundred miles long through desert country in order to connect it with the capital and the main Russian railroad system. The physical difficulties were immense. It had to be carried through virgin forest, over fever-infested swamps, and across deep gorges. Although

its construction had been contemplated before the war, the enormous cost, together with the question of labour, rendered it prohibitive. But the war solved all this. Money became of little account, and Austrian and German prisoners provided the necessary labour. The work was begun from both ends in 1915, and the central section along the shore of the White Sea was barely completed at the time of the Revolution. American rolling-stock was put on the rails at the northern terminus. The construction was pushed forward with all the resources of the Allied Powers, and—like most railway work in Russia—with total disregard of human life. The track is, of course, single, and the bridges are of timber cut at the side of the line. The locomotives burn wood fuel. The line is very roughly laid, and it is not until the ground is frozen hard that really heavy traffic can be taken. The actual terminus is at Murmansk, but a branch line runs along the other shore of the inlet, so that vessels can load and unload on either side.

A British battleship—first the *Jupiter*, later the *Albemarle*, and after 1916 the *Glory*—was stationed at Murmansk throughout the war. In 1917, on the night of the first Russian Revolution, a disastrous fire broke out in a British store-ship alongside the wharf, threatening the town with destruction. The quay was stacked high with munitions of war for the Russian armies, and the town was saved only by sinking the ship. The thickness of the Murmansk fog is illustrated by the fact that on this occasion, although flames were leaping high above the burning vessel's masts, the *Glory*, only two or three hundred yards away, was unaware of what was happening until she received a wireless call. An hour then elapsed before one of her boats could reach the shore to render assistance. During the following winter the Bolshevists were in possession of the town, but the *Glory* remained in the harbour. A British expeditionary force landed in the spring, and a local White Government was set up. In October 1919 the British evacuated the country, and the White Government fell a few months later, leaving the Bolshevists in undisputed possession of north Russia.

The town is surrounded by hills, which render the winter days even shorter than the latitude alone would justify. A wireless station has been erected on the top of one of these. Murmansk is just inside the northern limit of trees, and where protected from the wind the slopes are covered with lovely pine-forests. Elsewhere nothing is in sight but bare, rugged rocks. Under the hot sun of the twenty-four hour July day the inner reaches of the inlet appear as though they were but newly created. The virgin green woods are thick with undergrowth, the air is humming with insect life, whilst countless duck and other wild-fowl skim over the water. At this season of the year mosquitoes are a curse. They breed in the impassable marshes. They find their way everywhere and permeate everything. Unfortunately, too, they seem to scorn the natives of the place, and exhibit a partiality for Westerners. At the head of the inlet stands Kola village, quite ancient compared with Murmansk. Should one propose walking from the one place to the other during the summer months (not a proceeding to be recommended!), there is no alternative to following the railway track. Prior to the foundation of Alexandrovsk and Murmansk, Kola was the only permanent settlement on the Murman coast. In the early stages of the Crimean War it was shelled by a British squadron, as a house yet standing bears testimony.

The town of Murmansk consists mainly of wooden wharves and railway sidings. No attempt has been made at town-planning, the houses having been set quite haphazardly in clearings. The buildings are of timber, and, with few exceptions, are all one-storeyed. Pavements are non-existent, but raised duck-board platforms have been laid across the most marshy spots. A large proportion of the population lives in wagons on the railway sidings. The place of shops is filled by a few wretched stores.

One of the features of Murmansk is the extraordinary diversity of races, suggestive of a mining community on a newly discovered goldfield in Alaska or Western Australia. The sweepings of humanity from eastern Europe, Siberia, central Asia, and the Far East seem to be collected there. The officials are Russians, the store-owners Japanese or Jews, the railway and wharf-side workers Poles, Serbs, Chinese, Koreans, Siberians, Tatars, &c.

The Murman coast, extending from the Norwegian frontier along the Kola Peninsula to the Gorla (the entrance to the White Sea), is among the most desolate and hopeless in the world. To the west of Kola Inlet is Petchenga, recently ceded by the Bolshevists to Finland. Petchenga, on the fiord of the same name, is a tiny village with possibilities as a port; but beyond Petchenga and Murmansk there is simply nothing along that three-hundred-mile stretch of coast-line. It runs for mile after mile without a break, ever in the same south-easterly direction. Inhospitable cliffs rear themselves all the way along, steadily decreasing in height towards the mouth of the Ponoi River at the White Sea entrance. Here and there they appear to have collapsed, giving the impression of a gigantic slag-heap. Inland is one vast plateau, without a vestige of vegetation. Lighthouses, connected by telegraph with Archangel and Murmansk, have been established at several points, and there are a few stone houses inhabited by Lapps during the short summer. Summer, too, brings a cod and herring fishing fleet from Archangel, Kem, and other White Sea ports. From November to May the sea freezes all along this coast to within a few miles of Kola Inlet. Seals found on the ice bring a few Russian sealing-steamers.

THE LAST POST.

By A. A. Methley, F.R.G.S.

I.

WHEN the summer holidays came, Harold Dobson decided, after mature consideration, to go for one of the personally conducted 'battlefields' tours advertised in the daily papers. It would be interesting and instructive to have an opportunity of studying for himself, and on the spot, the tactics, problems, and blunders of the Great War.

Dobson had not taken any active part in the war while it was in progress, having unfortunately been incapacitated by varicose veins, hammer toes, cold feet, or some such minor disability; moreover, as an assistant-master in a small provincial school, his work might justly be classed as of national importance. He was a morose, self-opinionated man, who generally had a grievance of some sort or another, and was not averse to airing it. He wore spectacles and crimson neck-ties, admired Bernard Shaw, despised soldiers, criticised the Government—any Government—and disbelieved, on principle, in such things as patriotism, German atrocities, and the hardships of trench warfare.

The expedition, which took place in August, was not an unqualified success, so far as Dobson was concerned, and he often wished that, instead of undertaking it, he had chosen a visit to the English lakes, or a trip to lovely Lucerne. In France the roads were dusty, the hotels were crowded, and the prices of everything were absolutely prohibitive. He soon tired of devastated areas, which, he was disappointed to find, after the lapse of three years, were not always so completely devastated as he had anticipated; while shattered cathedrals, cemeteries, and such memorable names as Vimy, Arras, and Ypres left him cold and unimpressed.

The company, too, in the 'conducted party' was not to the schoolmaster's taste. There was a one-armed ex-officer, who struck him as being insufferably conceited and argumentative; a pretty war-widow, come with her second husband to visit the grave of her first; an elderly couple, whose only son had been killed on the Somme; and several enthusiastic and aggressive Americans. These people were all uncongenial and uninteresting, so when Le Cateau was reached—for the journey was an extensive and expensive one—Dobson decided to sacrifice the remainder of his ticket, and go for a short walking tour on his own account.

He packed a knapsack, therefore, ascertained that his passport was in order, and set off early one morning, without saying good-bye to any of his fellow-travellers.

II.

That same evening a small, old-fashioned town was reached, where there was a decent inn, and, apparently, no English or American tourist. The schoolmaster felt quite satisfied with himself and with his surroundings. After a good dinner and an excellent cup of coffee, he lit his pipe and strolled out for a breath of fresh air before turning in.

The town—really it was only a large village—was set among thick woods. Dobson struck northward along a wide, tree-shaded road, and as he walked he considered his plans for the next day, wondered whether the sheets at the inn would be properly aired, and meditated on the probabilities of being able to obtain eggs and bacon for breakfast.

He did not think about the late war at all. There was, indeed, nothing to remind him of it in this peaceful country, across which the successive tides of retreat and invasion had swept swiftly and comparatively harmlessly. The devastated regions through which he had travelled so recently seemed unreal and remote.

It was quiet and restful there in the forest, and Dobson wandered on and on without troubling himself about the time. When, at last, he stopped, and looked at his watch by the light of a small electric torch that he always carried in his pocket, he was amazed to find that the hands pointed to half-past nine. He remembered then that he had ordered a glass of hot milk to be ready for him in his bedroom at ten o'clock. If he were to be ready for the milk, it would be necessary to take a short cut back to the town. He turned his torch from one side of the road to the other, peering round with short-sighted, blinking eyes. After a few moments, having found what he wanted, he plunged into a narrow pathway that slanted sideways through the tangled undergrowth.

It was very dark now, for the trees were close-set, and heavy clouds had gathered overhead. There was a strange sense of oppression, of foreboding, in the air. Every now and then a low mutter of thunder—that might almost have been the sound of distant guns—could be heard.

Dobson hurried on, but after a while the path seemed to lose itself among the bushes—or he lost it, which came to much the same thing. He retraced his steps, blundered against a heap of stones, turned sharply, pushing his way through a dense tangle of bramble and bracken fern, and then came to a standstill in what seemed to be a disused and deserted quarry. He groped about blindly for a minute or two,

and, once more, felt in his pocket for the electric torch. As its shaft of vivid light swept athwart the open space, he saw, with a start of surprise, that he was not alone.

A man was seated on a low rock in the middle of the quarry—a soldier, in muddy khaki, and with dark stains on his ragged tunic. His boots were broken and caked thickly with mud. There was a filthy bandage tied across his forehead under a battered cap. He looked as if he had not washed or shaved or slept for a month.

Dobson was very much surprised at the presence of the soldier in that lonely spot—he had not realised that there were still British troops in the country. However, it did not occur to him either to approach the man or to question him.

He simply stood still, the torch in his hand, watching the woebegone, scarecrow figure that crouched low, as if utterly exhausted, over the feeble flicker of a small fire.

III.

The heavy clouds had broken by this time, and there was a pale gleam of moonlight. The white, encircling cliff-walls of the quarry could be plainly seen. Here and there they were broken by dark, cave-like holes.

After a few minutes the soldier roused himself, and, moving stiffly, kicked the smouldering embers into a blaze. Then he pulled a wallet out of his pocket, produced from it a pencil and a sheet of paper, and began to write.

He took a long time over the job, for his head kept jerking forward; it was evidently only with a great effort that he could keep awake. Once or twice he stopped, frowned, and sucked his pencil, as if he were fumbling in his wearied mind for a word or a letter.

When he had finished he folded the paper, replaced it in the case, and thrusting his hand into his pocket again, got out a pipe and a tobacco-pouch.

There was nothing in that pouch—not a shred of tobacco; and Dobson, although an unemotional man as a rule, was suddenly conscious of an overwhelming feeling of pity and sympathy—almost of remorse. He held his breath, and a choking lump rose in his throat as the soldier's dirty, clumsy fingers searched every corner of the shabby little bag, and then turned it inside-out.

At last the pathos and misery of it all became unbearable, and the onlooker, dragging his own pouch from his pocket, stepped forward. 'Here, my man, take what you want,' he said, his voice sounding strangely loud and unnatural in that desolate place, as if it were breaking the dead, solemn silence of years. While he was still speaking the little electric torch went out. The firelight and the moonlight seemed to go out too.

It was very dark there in the quarry—and cold. Once more the thunder muttered in the distance. Dobson shivered, and turning sharply, stumbled back to the path with a sense of chill and helplessness and hopelessness at his heart.

IV.

The next day was hot and sunny, a typical summer's day; and, as he sat over his breakfast in the shady inn garden, where hollyhocks and late roses were in bloom, the schoolmaster felt thoroughly ashamed of his foolish qualms and tremors. He determined to revisit the scene of his curious experience before setting out on the day's march. As his pipe was missing—he must have dropped it when he pulled the tobacco-pouch out of his pocket—an excuse for the deviation from his previously decided route was ready to hand. He detested mysteries, but it is always wise to get to the bottom of one without delay.

It was not easy to find the quarry; the distance was greater and the path more overgrown than he remembered; but at last his search was successful. He found the pipe lying on the spot where he had been standing when he watched the soldier. There were his own footprints—but only his—on the soft soil.

The place itself looked much the same—a dreary, lonely spot, even in broad daylight. There was a hot scent of thyme on the still air. Except for the ceaseless drone of innumerable insects, it was as silent as the grave.

In the middle of the open space were loose stones, and some of them were piled together and blackened with fire. Near by were wet fragments of charred wood. It looked as if there had once been a picnic-party here, or as if some one had bivouacked in the quarry, years—perhaps seven years?—ago.

There was no sign anywhere of the solitary British soldier who had sat over his smouldering fire on the previous evening.

'He must have cleared out early this morning. A deserter from the Rhine army, I suppose,' Dobson said to himself; but he did not feel satisfied with his own explanation.

He looked round the quarry, strangely reluctant to leave, although, at the same time, eager to be gone, and then noticed again the cave-holes that he had seen the night before. Going closer to one of them, he perceived, with a little shudder of apprehension, that a foot, or at least a boot, was sticking out from beneath the tangle of creeper and bramble that curtained the low opening.

It looked as if some one had crawled into the hollow to sleep, or to die—and that was exactly what had happened.

He was lying there on the ground—what was left of him—a man in khaki, and he must have been dead for years. A rusty, dusty rifle lay at his side, and around were the scattered remnants of a soldier's equipment. Dobson had his elec-

tric torch with him (he had put in a refill that morning before leaving the inn), but he did not stop long in the cave. When he came out again, pale and rather breathless, into the brilliant August sunshine, he brought with him a blackened identity-disc and a stained leather wallet.

He sat down on one of the large smoke-marked stones in the middle of the quarry, and read the letter which the wallet contained.

It was not by any means an easy missive to decipher, for the paper was badly discoloured; the handwriting was uncouth and illiterate, and many of the words were strangely misspelt.

The schoolmaster frowned as he read the almost illegible page:

'DERE JANE,—I ope as this finds you in the pink as it leaves me. We as ad a busy time i can tell you since i rote larst and we got it in the nek on sunday at a place wot they calls Mons. But we isnt beat yet not arf and we means to give them blinkin germans a bit of there own back befor weve done with em. No more at present from your lovin usband, BILL.'

There were several rows of criss-cross kisses after the signature, and at the top of the paper a date. It was 26th of August 1914.

Dobson sat for a long time there in the hot sunshine, with the scattered ashes of a long-dead fire round his feet, and with the bees humming drowsily over the wild thyme. Then he carefully folded the soiled scribbled paper and put it back into the mouldering wallet.

'This letter must be delivered,' he said to himself.

TENSIONS.

By BART KENNEDY.

OUR good old friend man is apt to feel that everything will be settled—or, at least, be put on the track for being settled—during the particular time in which he is adorning this earth with his presence. He feels that this time, in which he is breathing the good live air, is the time of times. Never was there a time like it. The time fifty years ago, when compared with it, was nothing. And the time five hundred years ago was in the same box. And the time five thousand years ago was likewise in the same box.

It is all very well—it is all very right and proper for man to feel that the time during which he is ornamenting the surroundings with his presence is It as far as time is concerned. But when he thinks that this time is different from any other time, as far as the settling up of things generally is concerned, he thinks the thing that is wrong. His mind goes down the wrong turning.

The present time is reckoned to be the most stupendous of all times because of the things that have happened therein. Never has there been such a time of crisis! Compared with it all the other past and gone times were mere flea-bites. Never has there been such tension!

But the cold, icy, and congealed truth of the matter is, that, grave though the present tension is, the tension before that was just as grave—that is, to the people who had to endure it. And the tension before that was much the same. And the tension before that. And that. And that again.

Hundreds of years ago there was a tremendous tension in the affairs of man. Indeed, there was a like tension many, many moons before the Year One. And long, long even before that. There were tremendous tensions in the affairs of the men who lived in the civilisations the very names of which are now lost. And during these tensions men felt that everything was on the point of being settled—or soon would be settled—even as the men of to-day feel that the affairs local to this time will be settled.

But, as we all know, the tensions of the past were never settled in the sense that men thought they would be settled. They merely resolved themselves into other tensions, even as the tension of the present time is resolving itself now.

It has always been thus from the time of the most remote and profound past.

This was knocked down, and that was set up! One tyranny was exchanged for another. Heroes came and conquered—and passed into the dust—and in the end it almost appeared as if they had never been.

Men rose to guide their fellows to peace and happiness—men who were to resolve these tensions harmoniously. But the men passed, and the tensions remained, guised in other forms.

There has always been a struggling and a killing and a shouting and a proclaiming in this world of ours. There has always been the time when the goal is in sight! There has always been the struggle to grasp—to grasp what no one really ever knew. Through the thing we call time men have been coming and going with nostrums as to how to grasp this will-o'-the-wisp. Some of these men have been wise and good. Some of them have been foolish. Some of them have been evil.

Nostrums have come and gone—and come and gone—and come and gone again. But they have had little effect. The tension has never been really relaxed. Nothing has ever been

really settled. On the way to be settled, of course! The thing has always been about to be accomplished.

And man has always thought that the tension he endured was the gravest of all. The time in which he lived has been the greatest and the most significant that has ever passed. Man thought thus even when he lived in the dread depths of the primeval forest. That time was the time of times, even as this present time is the time of times. That time all but held the solution of terrible problems, even as does this time. Man was about to grasp the secret, even as he is about to grasp it now.

The whole business has been a kind of merry-go-round, with the merriment severely excluded—if one may be allowed the use of a bull. Man has passed from tension to tension. He has passed from one to the other till, in the end, he returned to the original tension. And then he has started all over again. He has been doing this from time immemorial. Indeed, he was doing it even before he invented the abstraction, Time. He was always trying to settle something or another. Or he was living in hopes that it would be settled. He has always been waiting for the calm, nice, easy, peaceful day to turn up. The day when everything would be lovely. The day when everything would be all right. The day when his brother-man would be sweetly reasonable.

Our dear, good old friend man! It is sad to think that he has been kept in a state of worriment and tension ever since the day he made his first appearance upon the map. For he isn't a bad fellow when you know him. Of course, you have to keep your weather-eye upon him. But that is neither here nor there. When you get to know him, you will find him the most interesting person it is possible to imagine. He is at once as innocent as a lamb and as ferocious as a tiger. He is at once as clever as paint and as dull as ditch-water. At times he would take your head off. At times he would give you the last stiver he has in his pocket. He is a mixed-up kind of a wildly interesting proposition. What he knows about himself is less than nothing. But he is there right enough. There on the map.

And as for his being in a state of tension—why, it is necessary for him. It keeps him going.

KUTZMANN THE COURIER.

PART II.

V.

CONSCIENCE makes cowards of us all. The moment which Kutzmann dreaded above anything on this earth had come at last. How much did the police know? he asked himself in frantic terror when left in a cell for the night. Had they caught Luise Schmidt? What had she told them? Who could have given him away? Would his captors believe his story of being an American commercial traveller? And why did they not ask him about his passport then and there, instead of keeping him in a prison-cell for the night? Did the English shoot their spies? Too well did he know that the penalty for espionage in war-time was death. Would they let him off if he told them anything, or everything? It did not matter, for he would certainly be kept in prison for a great many years.

Morning found him in more confident mood. Quite possibly the English knew nothing of the letter he had written to Holland, and were merely going to deal with him for having a forged passport. That could not be such a very serious matter, surely. 'I will tell them that I am a genuine commercial traveller,' he said to himself. 'They cannot learn the truth unless Luise Schmidt gives me away.'

By the time he had been taken to the room at Scotland Yard where suspect persons were questioned Kutzmann had made up his mind to adhere to the story which had been concocted for him in Rotterdam. But he was reckoning without his captors.

'What are you doing in England?' asked his interrogator.

'I am trying to buy metal for export to Holland,' was the reply.

'Oh—and have you bought any yet?'

'No,' said Kutzmann; 'I have only been here a week or two. I am making inquiries, and when I can get the metal at the right price I shall advise my employers, who will give me instructions to buy or not.'

'You are an American, Mr Davidson,' said the official questioning him. 'Have you ever been in Germany?'

'Yes, I have made a few business visits there,' said the spy.

'Have you ever done any military service there?' was the next query.

'No, sir. How could I? I am an American subject.'

'Were you born in America?'

'No; I was born in Germany, but my parents took me to America when I was a child. I have since become naturalised there.'

'Attention!' suddenly shouted the interrogator in German.

Kutzmann sprang up from the chair he was occupying and stood smartly to a position of attention.

'Oh, so you have never done any military service,' observed the official sarcastically. 'You seem to know the words of command fairly well. Where did you acquire your knowledge of the German language?'

'My parents taught it to me,' said Kutzmann.

'And have you written to any one connected with the German Secret Service since you have been in England?' continued his remorseless questioner.

'No, sir, indeed I have not. I have only written business letters to my firm in Holland.'

'And do you know that the man you have been writing to is a German spy?'

'It is the first I have heard of it,' replied Kutzmann.

'Are you aware that your passport has been forged?' persisted the official.

'No. My firm arranged that matter for me.'

'Well,' was the reply, 'we do not believe your story. We think you are in this country for the purpose of espionage, and if you are wise you will make up your mind to tell us the real truth. In the meantime you will be detained in custody.'

VI.

It was some weeks later before Kutzmann again faced the interrogating officials at Scotland Yard, and what little courage remained to his fearsome nature had gradually vanished in the terrifying conditions of a prison-cell. He knew, only too well, that the letter from Luise Schmidt which he had not destroyed must have been found among his belongings. But what of the woman? Had she been captured yet; and, if so, had she confessed everything to the police? If that were the case, it would be useless for him to keep up the pretence of being a commercial traveller. Better by far to tell everything, and give the officials the full story of his entanglement with the Secret Service of his country. Of Luise Schmidt he had heard nothing, and he dared not ask his jailers what had happened.

So the time arrived when Kutzmann had once more to face that formidable party of men at Scotland Yard, who seemed to know all about him.

'Well, Mr Davidson,' said his interrogator pleasantly, 'have you decided to give us the truth this time?'

'Yes, sir; I am willing to tell you everything. But, first of all, can you inform me what this means? Does it mean death?'

'I am afraid it is quite impossible for me to say,' was the reply. 'The matter does not rest in my hands.'

'Perhaps I had better tell you everything from the beginning,' said Kutzmann. 'I am indeed an American citizen, although a naturalised one. My mother and my father have lived in Germany all their lives, and I left home a few years ago to try to earn a better living in the States. When the war came I was ordered home as a reservist, but when I came to be medically examined the doctors would not pass me. They said my chest measurement was too small, and transferred me to a reserve. A few weeks later I had a letter from our War Office asking if I was agreeable to act as a courier between Germany and America. I replied that I was, and was ordered to report myself to Colonel Baron von Hauptmann in Antwerp. Against my will, I was told to come to England to carry messages from an agent in this country until such time as they should be ready for me to go to America.'

'And who was this agent?' interrupted his questioner. 'Was it a woman named Luise Schmidt?'

'Yes, sir,' replied Kutzmann.

'Go on,' was the answer.

'Before I go any further, sir, I should like you to understand that this woman——'

'All right, go on with your story. We will see about the woman.'

'Well,' continued Kutzmann, 'I have written only one letter to Holland containing any information, and I am sure it was nothing of any value. I asked Mrs Schmidt to find out something about the Grand Fleet for me. She sent me a letter giving me a little news, and I sent it off to Holland with a few scraps of information which I picked up round about London.'

'Where is Mrs Schmidt now?' asked his interrogator.

'I cannot tell you,' was the reply. 'She lives in rooms at Camden Town, but I don't know if she is there now. In any case, I should like it to be known that it is no fault of hers that the information she sent was forwarded on to Holland. She——'

'That will do,' replied the official. 'We will put our own construction upon Mrs Schmidt's actions.'

. . . . . .

In the golden dawn of an August morning the last scene in this drama of war was played in that historic pile of buildings lying by the side of the Thames, where in centuries past kings and queens, with so many other famous figures, last looked upon the light of day. From the time when he and the woman Schmidt had stood together in the dock at the Old Bailey, Kutzmann had abandoned all hope. To the eternal credit of the man, he had done his utmost to shield his accomplice from the extreme penalty of the law. Probably by doing so he in no way altered the course of his own fate. But that does not debar even a subject of the country he sought to betray from giving full recognition to a spy, a man full of imagination, who could visualise with painful accuracy the scene likely to take place when the dread summons came to take his place before the rifles of his executioners.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AN AUTOMATIC DEVICE FOR STOPPING TRAINS.

THE problem of stopping a train automatically at a danger-signal has baffled the efforts of inventors for a good many years, and until recently no device for this purpose has proved reliable enough to justify its adoption. To stop a train running at full speed, it is necessary to put on the brakes and shut off steam on the locomotive, and these operations must be brought about by stationary appliances on the ground, preferably under the control of the signalman and interlocked with the signals. The difficulty so far has been to devise a trustworthy connection between the ground tackle and the apparatus on a locomotive moving, say, at sixty miles an hour. Once this has been achieved, it is easy to do what is required. Lately appliances have been invented by Mr J. J. Daniels which have demonstrated their ability to stop a train automatically at any desired point. The mechanism on the locomotive consists in the first instance of three small rubber-tired wheels, which hang down at the ends of three levers to within $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches of the rail-level. These levers are carried on a short cross spindle, mounted on a frame under the driver's cab. One is in the mid-position between the rails; the other two are $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches on either side of it. Each lever is extended above the spindle and is hinged to a vertical tension-rod, so that normally both lever and rod are in line. Now, if one or other of the rubber-tired wheels be pushed forward or backward, the lever to which it is attached is swung out of the vertical, and the rod hinged to it is pulled down. The upper ends of these rods are themselves hinged to the ends of horizontal levers, and when the rods are pulled down, the horizontal levers operate mechanism which sounds a whistle, puts on the brakes, and turns off steam. It is simply a question, therefore, of providing projections on the ground which will act upon the rubber-tired wheels as the locomotive passes, these projections being always in a position so to act when the signals are at danger. Plain upright projections obviously would not do, as, if the wheels were to crash into such an obstacle at sixty miles an hour, the mechanism would be broken up. What is wanted is a gradual engagement between the rubber wheels and the ground tackle, and this is effected by long steel plates, rising in a convex curve from the rail-level at each end to the requisite height at the middle. These interceptors, as they are called, are fixed to the sleepers in such positions between the rails as to engage with the rubber wheels, which run up them and are pushed back with their levers. At a distant signal the interceptor is in such a position that it is directly beneath one or other of the outer rubber-tired wheels; at the home signal it lies in the middle of the track, vertically beneath the central wheel. As the plates rise in the middle and curve down at each end, the result is the same whichever way the locomotive is proceeding. Similarly, it makes no difference if the locomotive is running tender first, as the tension-rods are pulled down whichever way the levers are pushed. Furthermore, the two outside levers perform the same functions, and move in unison, so that a curved plate at one side only suffices, no matter which end of the locomotive is the front for the time being. The interceptors are hinged near one end, and are so connected with the signals that when the latter are at danger, the former are, as we have seen, in the raised position, and engage with the rubber wheels. When the signal is lowered, however, the interceptors are also lowered, and thus do not come in contact with the rubber-tired wheels. With the distant signal at danger, one or other of the side-wheels operates mechanism which blows a whistle continuously until shut off by the driver, and puts on the brakes partially. Should the home signal also be at danger, the brakes are put full on, and the steam is shut off by the middle wheel. After the apparatus on the engine has performed its functions it is reset by the driver. In addition to the movable interceptors worked by the signals, fixed plates are also provided, these engaging the outside wheels just enough to blow the whistle, whereby the driver is notified that he has passed a signal. The apparatus throughout is of a simple and robust character. Finally, it is of a type which can be kept in order by the ordinary permanent-way staff who maintain the signalling apparatus. Trials have been carried out on the Great Eastern Railway with satisfactory results.

A SPLIT-PIN REMOVER.

Those of us who are mechanically inclined know how difficult it often is to remove a split-pin. Moreover, even when forced out of the hole, it is not infrequently dropped, and has to be searched for; or it may fall into some inaccessible position where it cannot be recovered without dismantling essential parts of the machine to which it belongs. A device, therefore, which will draw out a split-pin and hold it without risk of escape will be welcomed by every mechanic, whether professional or amateur. There is now obtainable an appliance of this description, which at first glance resembles a pair of pliers. One leg of the pliers is, however, straight, and contains a sliding bar having at the outer end a hook which engages with the hole in the split-pin, and at the inner end a rack. The movable leg, which is kept open by a spring, carries a pawl, which engages with

the rack teeth on the sliding bar, the other end of this pawl being pivoted on the moving leg. Consequently, when the pliers are squeezed and released two or three times in succession, the effect is to force the sliding bar inward, and to draw with it the hook holding the split-pin. A slotted nose on the moving leg of the pliers fits over the hook after the pin is engaged, and prevents the pin from falling off when it has been extracted. Either the nose on the moving leg or an extension on the fixed one butts against the spindle or the part from which the split-pin is being extracted, and, therefore, takes the thrust due to the pull on the pin as the rack is being worked inwards.

ENLARGING A TUBE RAILWAY.

Most readers of these notes will know that a proposal is on foot for enlarging the tunnels of the City and South London Railway, which runs between Clapham Common and Euston. This was the first tube railway to be built in London, and the tubes are smaller than those of other lines, being only 10 feet 2 inches in diameter. It is proposed to enlarge them to 11 feet 8¼ inches 'in the clear,' an improvement which, allowing for the increased accommodation of the coaches and the higher speeds then permissible, will practically double the carrying capacity of the line. Tunnels of this description are lined throughout with cast-iron. In the tube referred to, each lining ring is in six segments, these being bolted together through inside flanges at the joints. Similar flanges at the ends serve to connect the rings with each other, so as to produce a continuous tube. The most interesting feature of the tunnels is the method of boring them. This is done by what is known as a 'Greathead Shield,' so called from the name of its inventor. It consists of a short tube, slightly larger than the outside of the lining, with one end formed into a cutting edge. A number of hydraulic rams, placed at intervals round the inside of the shield, force it forward through the space occupied by one ring of lining; meantime the loosened earth is being removed from the middle. After the next ring of lining is built up in the rear part of the shield, the shield is pushed forward another ring space. In this way, as the work advances, the ground is always supported by the shield until the lining can be erected, so that the tunnel cannot cave in. Finally cement is run into the space left by the shield between each lining ring and the wall of the tunnel, thus securing the tube firmly in place and preventing any entrance of water. The enlargement of the City and South London tube is to be undertaken in this way, shields being started and worked towards each other from each station. By these means the work will proceed rapidly, and it is not expected to take more than twelve months. The old lining is to be used, with a packing segment at each joint, which will increase the circumference to give the enlarged diameter necessary. Although the trains will be able to run through the shields, the work will be done at night, when about four hours clear of traffic are available. It is expected that two rings of the enlarged tube will be put in every night at each shield, while any disturbance of the rails, electrical connections, &c. will be made good in time for the morning traffic. Ten hydraulic rams are to be used to push forward each shield, their combined force being about four hundred tons.

STEAMED APPLES.

If one were to ask the ordinary housewife how to cook an apple whole, she would answer unhesitatingly, 'Bake it.' There is, however, at least one other way of cooking whole apples in their skins. Instead of heat being applied to the outside and allowed to permeate to the interior, as in baking, the cooking begins at the core and spreads to the skin. Moreover, the heat is provided by steam acting at a constant temperature. The apparatus for cooking apples by this method is exceedingly simple. It is made of tin, and comprises, in the first place, a lower vessel, in which water is placed. Above this, and fitting into the top of it, is another vessel, which is just deep enough to take a large apple. Projecting upward from the bottom of the upper vessel, like so many fingers, are perforated stalks through which the steam escapes from the water in the lower vessel when it is boiled over a stove. The cores are cut out of the apples from the bottom, leaving holes that are just large enough to take the perforated stalks, over which they are placed. A glass lid is fitted on the top of the upper vessel, through which the apples can be observed while cooking. After the water in the lower vessel has been boiling for about fifteen minutes, the apples are done. The results are remarkable. No discoloration takes place; moreover, the skin can be pulled off almost in one piece, and is as thin as tissue-paper. In fact, the original colour is left on the apple after it is skinned, and gives it the appearance of a peach; while the surface is smooth, and the apple is perfectly cooked right through. The appliance is made in eight different sizes, which will cook 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11, 17, and 26 apples respectively.

A NOVEL STEERING-GEAR FOR MOTOR-CARS.

New devices which are constantly being brought out demonstrate in no uncertain manner that mechanisms having every appearance of finality are still susceptible of improvement. This has happened recently with the well-known method of operating the steering-gears of motor-cars by a worm or screw on the bottom of the wheel-spindle, which engages with teeth in a quadrant on the rocker-shaft, a lever on which, known as the 'drop arm,' turns the front-wheels.

A rubbing contact is never so good as a rolling movement where motion has to be transmitted, as the former involves friction and wear. When the rubbing contact, such as that between the thread of a worm and the teeth of a quadrant, consists of a line which theoretically has no surface and actually has very little, wear takes place rapidly, and shake, or 'back-lash,' soon develops. In the device we are about to describe, the bottom of the steering-wheel spindle crosses the rocker-shaft as with the usual worm-gear, the two occupying about the same relative positions towards each other. Instead of the quadrant, however, the rocker-shaft is fitted with a stud or spindle passing through it at right angles, and projecting towards the steering-wheel spindle. On this stud is a roller, which, therefore, comes between the rocker-shaft and the steering-wheel spindle. The problem is to rock the stud, and with it the rocker-shaft, to an angle of thirty degrees on each side of the middle position, or sixty degrees altogether—the movement needed to work the steering-gear. This is done by a very curiously shaped cam on the steering-wheel spindle. We will suppose for the moment that the latter is fitted with a cylinder (in place of the worm), having a big groove in the middle, just wide enough to take the roller. If the steering-wheel be turned, the cylinder will rotate; but as the groove is plain, it will have no effect upon the roller. Should the groove be in the form of a spiral, however, the roller will be pushed over as the cylinder is turned, and this is how the problem is solved. But a plain spiral groove would only fit the roller in the middle position. As it rocks in a circular path, off the centre, one side of the roller tips up nearer to the cylinder, and the other turns down away from it; consequently the sides of the groove have to be made to suit. In general form the grooved cylinder or cam resembles an hour-glass with an involute, spiral ridge at each side, the result being that the roller is an exact fit between these ridges in all positions. The motion being a rolling one, this mechanism is almost frictionless, and practically no wear takes place; hence steering is much easier than with the worm and quadrant, and 'back-lash' is entirely eliminated.

A KITCHEN MACHINE FOR KNEADING AND MIXING.

We have long been accustomed to the use of machines for various purposes in the domestic kitchen, but the appliance we are about to describe is capable of performing not only one piece of work, but several operations which are usually carried out by hand. It will knead, mix, mash, or strain, and do each more quickly, effectively, and with less effort than it can be done in the ordinary way. The main parts consist of a trough, and an arm which works therein with a very curious motion. From a rectangular top two sides of the trough curve inwards towards the centre at the bottom, giving a V section with convex outsides and a rounded point. The other two sides are flat and vertical. Over the trough is mounted the mechanism for moving the kneading-arm. This takes the form of two spindles, the upper of which is turned by a handle, while a pinion gears into a wheel on the lower spindle and rotates it at half-speed. The kneading-arm swings on a pin at the outer end of a horizontal lever, the inner end of which fulcrums on a fixed pin. At about the middle of this lever is another pin, from which a small connecting-rod is taken to a crank on the upper spindle. When the handle is turned, therefore, the crank works the horizontal lever up and down, and with it the kneading-arm. A plain up-and-down motion, however, would be very ineffective for kneading or performing the other operations of which this machine is capable; consequently it has to be modified. This is done by extending the kneading-arm above the pin on the lever, and giving it a horizontal motion from a crank on the lower spindle. The combination of up-and-down motion, with a horizontal movement at half-speed, causes the bottom of the kneading-arm to move down one side of the trough, following the curve; upward at a slant; then over and down the other side, and up to the top, to begin over again. There is a cross-piece at the bottom end of the arm, which is at all times parallel with the sides of the trough. For kneading and mixing a tinned-steel arm is used in a tinned-steel trough; but for pressing and straining, a trough of perforated metal is used, together with an arm having a wooden cross-piece, the latter being big enough to touch the sides as it follows down their curves. Both trough and arm can be changed in a few seconds. Among the many operations that this machine will perform are the following: kneading dough; mixing the materials for cakes, pastry, confectionery, or potted meats; mashing potatoes and other vegetables; pressing and straining fruits and vegetables. The machine is made with capacities of from 3 pints to 12 pints for working by hand, and up to 12 gallons for power-driving.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (*a*) a reply post-card, or (*b*) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE VISITOR.

By C. M. A. Oman.

PART I.

I.

I ARRIVED in London late on a March evening in 1918, and although I discovered that it would be possible for me to get the last train down from Paddington to my ultimate destination, I decided to spend the night in town, and travel the next morning. My uncle James had written to me several times while I was in France to tell me of the gem of a house that had taken his antiquarian fancy, and I was anxious to land my motley luggage at a safe base, so I left Paddington again at ten o'clock the next morning, and arrived at Lostminster a little after noon. I saw the spires of the cathedral clear against a gusty March sky, as my train ran past the gasworks on the outskirts of the town, and congratulated myself on the prospect of spending leave in such a peaceful place.

There was a little delay about getting away from the station. I knew the name of my uncle's house—Friar's Entry—but what street or road it was in I had no idea. A gallant inspector, seeing a lady in distress, or perhaps influenced by my uniform, came to my rescue and enlightened the driver of my cab. 'Friar's Entry—that's in a little court off St Frideswide's.' 'Near the "Dolphin and Anchor"?' said my Jehu, brightening. 'Between Skinner's and the bicycle-shop,' supplied a bystander. We drove off.

I had not expected to find Friar's Entry in a cobbled street of low-browed shops of unprepossessing character. All Lostminster was not like this, I knew, for I caught sight of bright windows full of millinery, and flourishing grocers' shops, as we passed the west gate and drove down the High Street. St Frideswide's was one of those areas where it is made a point of honour to walk in the middle of the road and let the traffic look to itself. Children sat on the pavement, a few disconsolate dogs wandered round, and from the yards near came shrill pleasantries and the smell of stale washing. A squalid street: if it were not for Uncle James, I would have called it a slum.

My cab drew up finally opposite a small whitewashed entry. There was a distinct odour of fried fish and old clothes. As I stepped out I saw the name I wanted, 'Friar's Entry,' above an archway leading to a narrow passage.

Inside, a many-gabled house stood back in a cobbled court. I looked up, and saw dark, diamond-paned windows, and a long wooden gallery supported by grotesque carved corbels—a gem certainly, but shining from a dirty finger.

A man, whom I took to be a gardener, was ready to carry my luggage down the court. In the hall my uncle James came to meet me. He had aged very much since I had seen him last, four years before. He was my mother's eldest brother, and had stayed with us frequently, in an unannounced, spasmodic manner, before her death. I had always been supposed to be a crony of his. He used to show me his coins and his engravings, and I took him to see the brasses in our Norfolk churches in return. When I was left parentless, in the first year of the war, he had written most kindly offering me a home. I was twenty-two then, and had lived all my life in the deepest country, so I refused his offer 'for the duration,' and took my first chance of seeing a wider world. After nearly two years in hospital in London, I was sent abroad at five days' notice. My uncle still took sufficient interest in me to send me books from time to time, and I had promised to come to him when I returned to England. The prospect of spending leave in a gem of a house in Lostminster was decidedly more attractive to me than a fortnight at a club or a hotel in London.

My uncle James was good company, in spite of the fact that he had a disconcerting habit of appearing to reflect deeply before he uttered a word or even performed such simple acts as ringing a bell or opening a letter. I believe he was generally reported to say less in a week than any other man did in twenty-four hours. He was delighted with the house—the latest addition to his collection—blind to the slum in which it stood, and apparently gratified to find in me a sincere admirer of his black oak walls, his linenfold panelling, and his overmantels.

My bedroom looked on the courtyard. The bed, I felt sure, was a genuine antique. (It was vain to look for the artificial worm-hole.) There it loomed—vast, canopied, and curtained—horrible to my official hygienic mind. Even at midday I could hear the wind blowing tunes in the chimney and singing up the passage. The walls

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

were panelled, but painted yellow, and across the ceiling ran one huge black beam.

I unpacked my luggage, and took from it several objects to show my uncle down in the library. A little Battersea enamel patch-box, inscribed 'A Present from Lostminster,' I had picked up in a shop in Calais.

The library was literally covered with books. Books lined the walls, stood in piles on the floor, and, worst of all, they sat on all the chairs. I moved a roll of maps and a mass of papers before I could find a seat on the edge of the writing-table.

'Those are the papers,' said my uncle, without any preface. 'I'm making a book from letters belonging to some of the people of this house. Dull stuff mostly, though—very dull; and there's a pack of cipher ones will give me a lot of trouble.'

'Duller than the Pastons?'

My uncle, with a glass screwed into his eye, was at the congenial task of unframing a miniature to hunt for a signature, but after a few minutes he laid it aside and devoted himself punctiliously to his guest.

Behind the door I was a little surprised to see a map of Northern France and Belgium. I had forgotten that he was an amateur strategist of some distinction, and for an hour after tea-time we stood in front of it—he questioning and informing. I found myself hopelessly inferior as he touched on place after place, dates flew from my confused mind, and the only thing I was able to affirm was that my present hospital at Rouen had been a monastery and had served for the wounded before—in the Franco-Prussian War.

II.

When I went upstairs before dinner I noticed for the first time how starkly inappropriate my uniform glared from the old walls. My room did not look welcoming, although some one had lit the fire and drawn the curtains across the windows. It was warm—close even. In some sinister fashion it seemed to have shrunk in the firelight. I thought I caught a glimpse of a man making up the fire as I came in, and got the impression that some one had just left it. They had tried to do their best for me—a few waxen town flowers stood in an ale-glass on the dressing-table—but I did not feel inclined to linger. I found my unaccustomed place laid opposite my uncle at the gate-leg table in the dining-room.

'Who looks after you here, Uncle James?' I said. 'Is Bland still with you? I haven't seen him yet. At least, he had just left my room as I went up.'

'Oh, not Bland, poor fellow! I lost him just before I moved in here,' said my uncle. 'A woman comes in by the day, and Goodyear works in the garden, and sleeps in the little room over the entry.'

'Yes, I saw him as I arrived. He stared as if I was a monster, and seemed deeply interested in my luggage,' I said.

'Oh, decidedly a character, Goodyear. Fond of the old house too.' He laughed gently, and the slender port-glasses on the table tinkled louder than I should have expected in the shuttered silence of the black room.

'I can understand that. I like the plaster lady on the ceiling. "Ceres," is she? Are there many houses left in Lostminster to be picked up by chance like this?'

'I told you in my letter, didn't I?' he asked. 'It was a stroke of Providence, aided by a little acute observation. I was passing through Lostminster on my way to London, saw the picture of the house and a notice of the sale on an advertisement-board in the station, and ran between trains to take a look at it. I wired an offer, and returned home four days later to discover that Friar's Entry was mine—and for practically a song. "Drains," of course, was my first thought; but no!'

'Just, I suppose, that most people want to live right round the cathedral and don't care for the fried-fish shops?'

'Possibly so, but the shops don't trouble me,' he replied dryly.

I reflected that the hot summer days were yet to come.

'What was it originally? Is there any history?' I asked.

'Plenty, but not very enlightening. You noticed the doorway at the end of the passage—No?—fifteenth century—that's all of the Friars left us. . . . Well, I will take you round and into the garden to-morrow. This house as it now stands was built by a John Wonnacott, and then descended from father to son for four generations. The second fell in the Civil War.'

'On the right side, I hope.'

'Yes, they were noted royalists then; but wait. The third stayed abroad until the Restoration, when he returned in time to settle down, take a wife, and have a son born in this house. He had no luck, though—followed the waning fortunes of James II.; landed with him at Ambleteuse, they say.'

'I was there last week,' I interrupted.

He nodded and went on: 'Died in exile. His son survived the '15, but fell, somewhat tarnished, in a duel on Calais sands. Rather a mysterious affair. There are a lot of letters of his, some in cipher that I haven't come to yet, but there seems no doubt that, although upon the Continent he lived the life of a broken-down Jacobite of good family, he made several surreptitious visits to London as a Hanoverian agent.'

'Spied for both sides perhaps. All the clever ones do that, don't they?' I suggested.

'Possibly. Anyway, he had plenty of enemies, and his death seems to have been remarkably opportune. Nothing definite ever came out. In

one thing I feel a fellow-feeling for him, though. He was apparently devoted to Friar's Entry, and used to ride down into the country and have a look at it when he was over in London at his shady work.'

III.

I was very tired by the time I got up to bed—the change from months of routine to a leisured life, I thought. I had never felt so tired as this in France, although I had often been shaken awake there in the mornings. But to-night a headache oppressed me; the room felt damp, although the flames cast semi-human shapes moving upon the walls. When I came up with my candle I thought there was somebody else in the room, but Mrs Garfitt had gone home hours ago; and when I shut the door, and put my candlestick out of the draught, I saw I was wrong. The room was quite empty. I lay awake, and heard one, two, and three strike; got up and took some aspirin, and fell into a somewhat troubled and confused sleep until morning.

I walked with my uncle in the garden after breakfast, and after lunch went out alone shopping in the town. I came back about four o'clock, and met Goodyear in the entry. I was swinging parcels from my finger, and almost knocked him over in the dark passage. His arms were full of pots, and he stopped to talk with me.

I was about to move on, when he said, 'Miss, there's one thing.' He looked awkward. I waited, expecting to be asked for the fiftieth time to go and discover a missing relative's grave in France. But I was wrong. 'Does Mr James like strangers coming round?'

'Strangers?' I said. 'I shouldn't have thought many found their way in here.'

'There's a gentleman, though,' he said. 'Been here several times; got into the garden once, and was here this evening looking up at the balcony and a-talking to himself.'

'Oh, an archæologist, I expect. Did he look an odd, untidy sort of person? A gentleman, you said.'

'Yes, miss—odd and strange-looking like, but not Mr James's sort. I've went after him twice to speak, but each time he's gone.'

'Shy bird,' I said. 'I'll speak to Mr James, and if the gentleman is interested in the house, I'm sure he'll tell you to bring him in next time you see him.'

'Yes, miss.' Goodyear looked dissatisfied.

I changed into ordinary clothes that night for the first time, and looked with relief in the mirror before I went downstairs to dine.

'I feel less of an alien in your house now,' I said.

'You look younger,' replied my uncle.

'But I am five-and-twenty, and what I know, I know,' I quoted.

He looked surprised. 'As much as that—my youngest sister's child?'

I felt the question of age delicate for both of us, so I changed the subject, and told him about Goodyear's gentleman, who was strange with a strangeness that was not Mr James's sort.

He laughed at that, but moved a little uneasily from further questions.

'I suppose he's keen on old houses, like us,' I said. 'Have you ever seen him, Uncle James? I think I shall ask him to lunch if I find him staring up at me on the balcony some fine day—may I?'

'Yes, do. Speak to him, certainly,' he replied, with a shade of embarrassment in his air.

I went to bed early that night. Aspirin had taken away my headache, but it had also apparently produced another effect on me. I was painfully alive, vibrant to every sound and touch. A barrier was gone with my uniform, and I moved in 'worlds half-realised.' I felt as if some one was in the room with me. Well, that was not extraordinary, I told myself. I had been accustomed to share a room with fellow-nurses for months past. But that was different—smoke, talk, laughter, food—sleep. To-night I felt watched. I sat down with my back to the looking-glass to brush out my hair, and twice caught myself looking up at the mantelpiece, expecting to see somebody standing there looking down at me.

'You're getting nervy,' I said half-aloud to myself, and then wished I had not.

I fell to thinking about France. I thought furiously, keeping my attention fixed. I saw the stars through the open window—they seemed very near. I fell asleep, and dreamt of John Wonnacott being born in this room, and woke with a struggle.

IV.

The next day my summons came. I went out with my uncle in the morning to see the cathedral and the museum. In the close we met the dean and his daughter. They were cordial and pleasant, and although they seemed to know my uncle but slightly, they accepted his invitation to tea with us that afternoon. They talked of the local happenings, kindly questioned me a little about my experiences abroad, and some general comments were made on the news from France—it was March 1918.

After tea Miss Vane and I went out on to the balcony, while my uncle carried the dean off to see the garden wall.

Miss Vane's voice changed. 'How nice for Mr James to have you coming to look after him!' she said.

I felt suddenly selfish. 'It is lonely for him alone, I suppose.'

'Yes, and not only that. Well, you know, don't you, why he got the house—why it was sold?'

I looked at her, but just as she was going to speak a shout from the courtyard interrupted us. It was Goodyear below the balcony.

'Miss—miss—a telegram for you.'

I had been heavy and exhausted all day, as if some responsibility had come upon me.

'Leave cancelled,' I said to Isabel Vane.

'Oh! I was afraid it might be bad news. That means a push of some sort, I suppose?'

'It means the first boat from Folkestone to-morrow morning certainly.'

As I changed back into uniform I felt years away from Friar's Entry. I sang at the thought of work again.

I said good-bye to Uncle James in the hall. 'Six months and I'll be upon you again.' To Goodyear in the court, 'Look after Mr James.'

'I passed the gentleman in the court just as I brought your telegram, miss,' he said. 'I called out to him, but he vanished.'

'I'm vanishing too, now,' I said.

I got the eight o'clock train to London. That night, before I went to bed, I scribbled a line from my club to Isabel Vane at Lostminster deanery, giving her my address in France. I liked her. She might have something to tell me.

v.

It was not until after the Armistice that my thoughts turned seriously towards Friar's Entry again. I had heard from my uncle that his book on the Wonnacotts was progressing, and Isabel Vane had written to me three or four times. My uncle had been to tea with them twice at the deanery, but apparently she had never visited Friar's Entry again. She said nothing of our interrupted conversation, and I answered her letters in the same vein, but we both knew that there was a great deal more to be said.

To tell the truth, I had begun to wonder if I should ever see the place again, and had banished all unanswered inquiries about it from my mind, as one banishes the memory of a past illness.

The post-Armistice depression which was attacking so many touched me for the first time one afternoon in December. My hospital had been one of the first to break up, and I had arrived the day before to fill in a few remaining weeks of contract attached to a hospital in Calais. I looked out from my billet window—I occupied a second-floor back—I saw the grime on the bare trees and the fog closing on endless roofs. Below, a maid sang and clanked plates in the sink.

Nothing could have been more commonplace and unworthy of profound emotion. Yet I began to feel a very real tragedy impending. I went out for a walk alone—down narrow streets crowded with Englishmen, past the docks, where the sunset was tangled in masts and rigging, to the sands—the long sands—Calais sands. My thoughts were all with John Wonnacott, though I resented it. Somewhere about here he had fallen in early morning, I suppose. Was it a duel, after all? Was it from this spot that he had made his weary visits to Friar's Entry? I thought I would rather die anywhere than on these barren flats, to be left lying on the cold ribbed sand as the sea crept nearer. The fog closed down, and I reached home late, to find a batch of English letters waiting for me.

My uncle James had died of influenza, and had left Friar's Entry and all it contained to me. Two other letters were from Isabel Vane, the first telling me of my uncle's illness, the second of his sudden death. The remaining letter was from headquarters. I answered them all the same night, and signed a four months' contract for work in Cologne.

I must have time to reflect on my heritage. But I knew what I should do.

(*Continued on page 234.*)

TREASURE-TROVE.

By the Rev. W. C. Mitchell, M.A.

I.

WHEN old Edie Ochiltree, the gaberlunzie, in the search operations at Misticot's grave in St Ruth's ruined chancel, brought to pass the pretended prognostications of Dousterswivel—to that mountebank's no small amazement—by discovering the chest of silver, the pawky bedesman added to the zest of the occasion, and incidentally, as the novelist hints, to the trepidation of the impecunious baronet, Sir Arthur Wardour, by exclaiming, like a Scottish schoolboy when he finds anything, 'Nae halvers and quarters—hale o' mine ain and nane o' my neighbour's.' 'Monkbarns's' assurance, however, that as lord of the manor the treasure was Sir Arthur's, but that he should write about the business to the Exchequer and get a deed of gift, should the Crown make any claim, preserved the rights and the self-respect of the baronet, as the issue showed; while Sir Arthur's rewards and hospitalities to the labourers, at the 'Four Horse-Shoes' tavern, liquidated indebtedness in that direction, though, as the antiquary sagely remarked, it could not secure the silence of a dozen of people. But the old bedesman's (pretended) claim, assumed as part of his design to unmask the German charlatan, reflects the attitude generally adopted by finders of hid treasure, due largely to the autocratic ways of Dogberry and Verges, the official depositaries, which, indeed, have been responsible for sending more treasure to the place that tells no tales—the melting-pot—than all other causes put together. Nothing would secure so well the reporting and the preservation of treasure-trove as the wide publication of the law of finds, as has been done, for example, in the wisely directed propaganda of a

scientific union in the south of England. There, by means of literature and placards, the law of first-finding, and the law of treasure-trove, an exception to the other, are clearly set forth, with examples. Whether a fossil, a crock, a prehistoric boat, an ancient weapon, or other article belongs to the finder depends on a variety of circumstances. The general principle is that where a person has possession of a house or land, with a manifest intention to exercise control over it and the things on it or in it, then if any article is found therein by employee or stranger, the possession of it is, nevertheless, in the owner of the *locus in quo*. Thus a 'dug-out' or prehistoric boat, excavated during operations by a gas-company, was held to belong to the owner of the estate, since their licence to remove and dispose of the excavated earth extended only to the said soil, and not to what was unknown and uncontemplated in it. On the other hand, it was decided, and is good law, that a bundle of notes found on the floor of a shop belonged to the finder and not to the shopkeeper, neither of whom was the actual loser of the money, on the ground that the bundle, having been dropped in the public part of the shop, was never 'within the protection of the house.' At the same time, for the future security of finds made in the earth which do not come within the scope of treasure-trove 'escheit to the Crown,' owners would be well advised to deal as liberally, in the way of reward, as the Treasury does with finders of treasure.

The subject of hid treasure has a perennial interest, alike in tales of Eastern djinns and genii, the romances of a Stevenson or a Henty, and the lurid and gory columns of the *Police Gazette*. And the persistence of legends regarding hoards is in itself an element of proved worth. There is always a grain of truth in every tradition; the proportion may be but an ounce of fact to a pound of fable; the pertinent thing is that there is a deposit of truth. Severe literalists may frown on those pleasing histories, resolving them into the insubstantial pageant of a myth. But as the Fairy said to Silvestre Bonnard in Anatole France's charming tale, 'To know is nothing at all; to imagine is everything. You even doubt whether I exist. Silvestre Bonnard, your warm coat covers the hide of an ass!'

II.

According to the definition enunciated by the union above mentioned, treasure-trove 'consists of gold or silver deposited advertently anywhere without abandonment, the owner being unknown.' This succinct statement of the law leaves little to be desired, being based upon the oft-quoted reference in Coke's *Institutes*: 'Treasure Trove is when any gold or silver in Coin or Plate or Bullyon hath been of ancient time hidden wheresoever it be found whereof no person can prove any property. It doth belong to the King or to some Lord or other by the King's grant or prescription.' The four essential elements of treasure-trove are, therefore, the material, the place, the advertent intention, and untraceable ownership. The law itself, which makes the Treasury the rightful owner of all ownerless and obsolete gold and silver, is really a survival, if not an anachronism, conceived in days when bullion was needed for the coinage. To-day the bullion value even of a discovery like the Traprain hoard is negligible. But from the point of view of antiquarian research—the sifting of evidence, secured (in England) by a coroner's inquest and testimony taken on oath, and the safe but insatiable maw of the British Museum, suspiciously like the swallowing apparatus of certain of the viperine world, *vestigia nulla retrorsum*—the law may well be allowed to stand.

Years ago, as I came through the great glens of Strath Farrar and Strath Glass, the clan-country of those Chisholms and Frasers who, in the ''Forty-five,' gave of their best for Death's dolorous harvest on dark Culloden Moor, I met an aged man. Conversation revealed him to be a person of culture and education, imbued to the finger-tips with the folk-lore and the history of the glen, and willing to impart it to a receptive ear; and under his hospitable roof-tree I heard the following romantic history. In Strath Farrar there is a fine stretch of sporting-ground, known in the Gaelic as 'Corrie Eachaibh,' or 'the Horses' Corrie,' in a dry season springy moss, in wet weather a treacherous bog of unknown depth. Here in the shooting-season sportsmen often come on bones and skulls of horses, with sometimes a stirrup, sometimes the wooden frame of a saddle, extruded from the ground in wet weather. On one occasion a saddle-bag full of hammered seventeenth-century silver coins came to the surface. No one in the glen could explain the mystery of the bones, and the place-name added but little light. Some time before, however, in the south of England, a package of manuscripts had been discovered, which proved to be military despatches relating to Cromwell's operations in Scotland in 1651. In one of these the writer, an officer whom Cromwell had sent with mounted troops to sweep the glen from Loch Maree to Beauly, reported that they had seen only three people in the whole strath, two old men and a woman; 'but,' he added, 'we lost three hundred of our best horse in a morass.' Here was the solution of the mystery; in this case the silver, having been left inadvertently, was not treasure-trove, but simply a find.

A second instance came to my knowledge in a Highland strath, where the tired traveller finds one of those comfortable houses of call so desiderated by the Great Lexicographer. As I took my ease at my inn, mine host, in an expansive mood, related a discovery that had been

made in the neighbourhood. Ploughing some fallow ground, the plough turned up a great leather wallet full of silver coins of the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. From a damp-stained manuscript with the treasure, it transpired that the bag had been hidden by one of Montrose's officers, till he could return and retrieve it. Mayhap he met his fate among the claymores at Inverlochy; at all events he never returned to claim the coins, for there they were (as in all likelihood they still are), Elizabeth's haughty face, James's squat countenance, and Charles's peaked beard. This was undoubtedly treasure-trove 'escheit to the Crown.' But there! there are some glens in Scotland where the King's writ runs with difficulty, and where they believe that the King—God bless him—has more to do than to be bothered about a lot of 'old ancient coins!' On another occasion I saw in a house in Strathpeffer a very fine ancient Celtic silver brooch. It had been found in the wall of an old 'clay biggin' on Culloden Moor which was being pulled down. Had the brooch been secreted there by some former inhabitant, or had it been cast away by some berserker fugitive, fleeing for dear life? Who can tell?

III.

In the London Museum at Lancaster House, which is 'something like a museum,' and more entertaining in some ways than the finest cinema show, there is perhaps the most appealing collection, coming under the head of treasure-trove, discovered in modern times. The discovery was made during some internal alterations in a house at the clanging centre of London City, in that Wood Street, Cheapside, where, a century before, Leigh Hunt noted in his 'Town' that there grew a real live tree! At a depth of sixteen feet below the surface there was unearthed a wooden chest containing a hoard of Elizabethan or Jacobean jewellery which must have made the eyes of its twelve discoverers glisten. How those twelve men were able to preserve the secret, absolutely, for the space of two years is incomprehensible except for one obvious *à priori* factor which need not be laboured! At length tidings filtered through to the Treasury, which acted with caution and despatch, for ultimately Mr L. Harcourt secured the collection for the city—probably the valued stock of a city goldsmith of three centuries before. The sum which was handed over in solatium was never divulged, nor were any details given. The city coroner, however, took exception, rightly, to the transaction, so far as it constituted an evasion of his authority and opened the door to abuses. The matter for congratulation, however, is that the collection is intact and unique—rings and tie-pins, necklaces and pendants, to the number of a hundred and fifty, set with emeralds, sapphires, rubies, pearls, and other precious stones in profusion.

A beautifully chased cup and paten of the thirteenth century were unearthed in 1892 near Dolgelly by three miners, and were subsequently sold at Christie's to the late Baron Schröder for seven hundred pounds. After the baron had bought them, however, the Treasury intervened, and claimed them as treasure-trove, with the result that an arrangement was come to, giving him the possession of them for life, their ultimate destination to be the Medieval Art Department in the British Museum. The precious relics, which are said to be worth at least ten thousand pounds, have thus been prevented from being taken out of the country.

An authentic case of similar character occurred at Uckfield, in Sussex, in March 1914, when in 'mudding' an old pond near the parish church the labourers found some ancient silver plate, which, however, they did not recognise as valuable. As it was quite black when discovered, the collection was thrown out in a field, where it lay for some weeks. Eventually a labouring-man picked up one piece and took it home, where a local collector purchased the 'old pot' for a trifle. He sent it to an expert in London, who pronounced it a very valuable specimen of the time of Queen Anne. Local tradition associated the find with a tragedy of a century before, when a butler was murdered by burglars at Downfield Place. A hoard of Elizabethan and early Stuart coins was found in a garden at the Manor Farm, Itchen Abbas, Hants, in May 1914, where a lad of eighteen was digging for the purpose of making a 'water-garden' beside the Itchen. In the operations his pick struck a small earthenware jar, some three feet below the surface, which contained two hundred and thirty-four coins. An inquest was held on them in the following month, when their value was estimated at twenty pounds; they were adjudged to be treasure-trove, and the finder was suitably rewarded. It was surmised that the treasure had been deposited by a Royalist who fought for Charles I. at Cheriton Down in 1644, and was killed in the rout.

An exceptionally high tide on the Suffolk coast in April 1911 resulted in the exposure, at Thorpe, of over a hundred old coins and tokens, on which a coroner's inquest was held. The decision was that, not being treasure-trove, the 'galoonas' should be handed over to the local representative of the Board of Trade, with powers to decide whether they came under the category of wreckage and should go to the finders, or to the lord of the manor, as rightful owner. While two labourers were digging a drain at Fakenham, Norfolk, in January 1911, they discovered two hundred gold nobles. These having been reported and rendered up to the Treasury as treasure-trove, each of the men, Wake and Graver, received a cheque for one hundred and five pounds, with an intimation that when the rest of the coins were sold a

further sum would be paid to them. It is questionable if the navvies who melted down the eight-and-twenty Celtic gold brooches, coeval with the Cadboll specimen in the British Museum, found by them in the course of the construction of the Highland Railway through Sutherlandshire, did half so well by their nefarious and vandalistic deal.

Without reference to the thorny question of the rival claims of Scottish Museum *versus* British Museum, the general merits of the case for the proper protection and exhibition of precious relics have been well put in a letter to the London *Times* of 22nd May 1914, relating to a disputed collection: 'The moral is, that a collector who wishes his labours to yield posthumous harvests should place his collection in an establishment, first, of guaranteed permanence; secondly, one with funds and staff to keep it in order; and last, but not least, where it will be accessible to the greatest number of people seriously interested in the subject.'

MAN'S WORK.

By Alan Sullivan,
Author of *The Passing of Oulibut*, *Blantyre-Alien*, *The Inner Door*, &c.

CHAPTER IX.

I.

THE journey west meant for Claudia four days of unreality, tinged with a sense of irreparable loss. The similarity between Hunt and the man she loved was remarkable, because not only his features but his manner and temperament were constant reminders of what she had lost. Her fortunes turned on this man's report, and her husband could have no influence here. With Hunt beside her in the observation-car, she watched the painted desert flicker past, and realised that for the very first time her future depended on the decision of a supremely honest man.

Hunt himself was very happy. He had wired Edith that at the most he could have but a few minutes with her—but this was better than nothing. He wanted a glimpse of California. He re-read his girl's letter, noting that she had only said that she wanted his advice, and it was no use writing more till he got out there. Had he known it, she was, at the time of writing, conscious that her mother had made a foolish move, one of which he could not approve. The proposed investment was in oil—but he did not know where. Reading the letter, he had wired out urging no action till he could express an opinion, and to this Edith instantly agreed. Then had come her trip to Catalina.

In Claudia's wistfulness Hunt found something that matched his mood. Sitwell, it appeared, had little to say that did not concern the oil industry, and Hunt, for the time being, was putting oil out of his mind. He was confident in his love, happy in his heart, ambitious in his work, and the world looked very good. When the train swung down the long grade from San Bernardino, through gleaming orange-groves, and pulled into the great white station of Los Angeles, he jumped out over a pile of luggage and raced to the barrier. In another minute Edith was in his arms.

'I've only a minute or two, blessed one—the car is waiting to take me out. I'll meet you here ten minutes before the afternoon train. That's the best I can do.'

Her eyes filled with tears of disappointment. 'Jimmy, it won't do. Let me go with you. I've so much to say. Oh!'

Claudia and Sitwell had come up—Claudia with a pink flush in her temples; Sitwell's hat off, his face expressionless. Edith's brows went up in surprise.

'Oh! Is Mr Sitwell with you? I didn't know. Are you going out with him?' She extended a small palm, mustering a smile for Claudia. 'I'm afraid I'm rather excited, with so much happening all at once.'

'I wish we could take you both with us,' put in Sitwell, 'but'—he glanced at Hunt—'this is strictly business.'

Hunt nodded. 'I've a property to inspect and eighty miles to drive before four o'clock.' He turned to Sitwell. 'We go south from here?'

'On the San Diego highway.'

'Look here, Edith, I'm desperately sorry, but we'll make it up some day.' Hunt hooked his arm in hers and started for the street. 'Tell me about yourself quickly. Where's your mother?'

'In Catalina. I rushed over to meet you. Oh, Jimmy, this is too tantalising. Is it Mr Sitwell's property you're going to inspect?'

'Yes—for Mr Spencer Martin.'

'That's funny,' she said reflectively.

'Sitwell doesn't happen to be the man who asked your mother to invest?'

'But he is.'

'Good Lord! And I can't tell you a word about it.'

'What do you mean, Jimmy?'

'Don't you see? I'm reporting on this confidentially for my principal. My mouth is sealed even to you.'

She looked straight into his face, a twinkle in

her gray eyes. 'You can frown or smile, Jimmy, when you get back. That 's all I 'll ask.'

'Temptress! Here 's my car.' He beckoned to Sitwell, and the two sped off.

Edith stared after them, a breathless thought springing in her brain. It was wild—probably ridiculous—but it was worth trying. Claudia was signalling a taxi when the girl touched her arm.

'I 'll see you again before I go back; till then, good-bye.'

The taxi moved off, and Edith ran to a big car waiting for hire across the street. 'The San Diego highway—as fast as you can.'

The driver scented business, nodded, and in another moment was dodging southward through the crowded traffic. Edith huddled herself into a corner of the back-seat, a queer smile on her lips. 'If Jim is acting for his principal, I 'm acting for mine,' she murmured.

II.

The car, clearing the city, increased in speed, the engine-note rising to a rhythmical drone. Marking the pace at which they travelled, the girl nodded contentedly, her eyes fixed on the road. At a turn she saw, a mile ahead, the black body of another motor, moving very fast. She leaned forward and touched the driver's shoulder. 'Do you know that car?'

'Was he waiting for the Sunset Limited?'

'Yes.'

The driver grunted. 'It 's my brother—thinks he has a better bus than this. Want to pass him?'

'No; stay half a mile behind. Stop when he does. I don't want those men to see me—understand?'

'You bet I do. He 's letting her out a bit now. How far do we go?'

'About forty miles.'

The only answer was an additional burst of speed. Farmhouses, orange and lemon trees, bungalows and cattle swam past in a blur. The speedometer crept up to sixty, and stayed there. Edith's heart was in her mouth, but she enjoyed the rapid movement.

Half-an-hour later the Enterprise sign fled by, and, looking westward, she saw the line of derricks crowning the great anticline. So it wasn't the Enterprise, after all. Remembering Claudia's letter, she wasn't surprised, but her imagination was sharply piqued. A moment later the brakes were rammed on and the big car pulled up close to the ditch. A little farther on Sitwell and Hunt climbed over a fence.

'Go on now,' she commanded, 'and drive very slowly.' She huddled down, the brim of her hat tilted over her face. It was prudent—but unnecessary. She saw Hunt at a little distance in conversation with two men, near by a cluster of shanties around a derrick. Sitwell she did not see at all. Presently the three sat down; after which Hunt got up and seemed busy with something in his hand. Edith stopped the car and watched intently. Came another long conversation, and Hunt walked slowly over the width of the ranch north and south, then east and west, and, with a word of farewell, came back to his car. Sitwell got up from where he had been lying in the shade and joined him. Then the car moved up a side-road and climbed the slope of the anticline.

She saw all this, glancing constantly at her watch, for the shadows were beginning to lengthen. At a quarter to three they were still on the anticline, and she grew desperate. At five minutes to three the car nosed downhill, heading for the highway.

'Now,' she panted, 'back to the station. Get there before them, whatever you do.'

The driver grunted, 'Our turn come—eh?' and opened his throttle.

At ten minutes to four she dashed into the dressing-room at the Southern Pacific station. Emerging, it seemed a few seconds later, with hastily tidied hair and a dab of powder on a small nose which felt uncomfortably hot, she placed herself at the barrier. The last hour had been a whirl in which there had been little opportunity to think, but one thing was clear. It was not the Enterprise, after all. She had no guide as to what lay behind this sudden development, but, remembering Claudia's letter, concluded that the Enterprise was to be left to take care of itself, Sitwell having transferred his energies to something more promising. Then she realised that Hunt knew nothing of the Enterprise. But they were both Sitwell's undertakings. Finally the way seemed clear. It was now three minutes to four.

In another sixty seconds Hunt raced up, and slipped his arm round her. 'Engine trouble—lost eight minutes! What rotten luck, girlie! I 'm so disappointed.'

She clung to him. 'Jimmy, don't worry. It can't be helped. When will you be out again?'

'I don't know; it depends on this thing. Edith, you look adorable.'

'Never mind me. I 'm dreadfully in earnest; and in a minute and a half you 'll be gone. You saw Mr Sitwell's property?'

'Yes.'

'Well?'

He looked hard into the gray eyes.

'Are you smiling or frowning?' she demanded.

He did not speak, but slowly a wide grin wreathed his face, revealing the strong white teeth, puckering in little wrinkles, a grin that was whole-hearted, spontaneous, and eloquent.

'Oh, Jimmy, I 'm so glad.'

'Glad of what?' he said teasingly, one eye on the clock.

'If you 're taking this train,' remarked the official at the barrier, 'I 'd take it.'

The girl felt herself enveloped in a pair of muscular young arms, and the next moment Hunt sped up the platform. From the car-step he waved his hand. The grin was still on his face when it lessened in the distance. She stood for a moment deep in thought; then, walking slowly to the street, she signalled her driver, paid him, and waited irresolute.

'Anything else I can do, miss?' He had enjoyed that trip.

'I want to go out there to-morrow morning, but it 's rather expensive.'

'It don't cost so much when I 'm not chasing my brother,' he laughed, attracted by her dainty personality, and therefore naming a moderate price.

She smiled back, and gave the name of her hotel. 'Pick me up there at nine o'clock.'

He touched his hat, and she walked off, tense with a situation on which, she was assured, hung so much of the future. It was now a case of her wits against those of Sitwell, who had at last got hold of something good. She was proud that her fiancé should be sent on an important mission by a man like Spencer Martin, and thrilled with the fragmentary knowledge she had herself acquired. It was a matter of forcing Sitwell to take her money and put it into this new property, instead of the Enterprise. Then she would have the support of Hunt and Spencer Martin. But before she did that she would have a look at the property herself. She smiled at the idea. What did she know about it? And were visitors welcome?

(*Continued on page 229.*)

AN ECHO OF THE MONS RETREAT.

I.

EARLY in November 1918 we received orders to move our headquarters to the town of Le Quesnoy, which had been taken only a few days previously after a miniature siege of about forty-eight hours, resulting in the capture of about eight hundred Germans, including the local commandant.

Without delay I set off to arrange billets, and found the town one of the queerest old places we had seen in that part of France. Though now in France, when built Le Quesnoy was an important town of the Spanish Netherlands, and the two enormous brick and earth walls, and a broad moat surrounding the town, bore testimony to the troublous times of that period.

Even during their final retreat the Germans found time and men enough to leave behind them every kind of booby-trap and delay-action mine, from a bomb in a piano in Cambrai, which blew the hands off a British officer as soon as he started to play, to a huge delay-action mine, which blew up the railway bridge at Caudry, twenty-nine days after the Germans had evacuated the place. Another pleasant little surprise-packet which they left for us in one village took the form of bombs in spring-beds, set to explode as soon as a man lay down.

On learning in Le Quesnoy that the late German commandant was still detained there, I sent for him, in order to find out, if possible, where the delay-action mines had been set in the town: visions of the general's billet going up sky-high any night made me distinctly uneasy.

Very soon the late commandant, a typical Prussian major, in Jäger uniform, his face heavily cut from student duels, and wearing an eyeglass, was marched into the room. I don't think I have ever seen a finer veneered savage, and, to show his complete contempt for me, he spat vigorously on the floor, and stood glaring at me through his eyeglass.

The Prussian denied all knowledge of any mines in Le Quesnoy; so, after my telling him that I would shoot him myself directly the first mine exploded, he was marched off to cool his heels. Within an hour he sent word that he would like to see me. This time he gave me the necessary information, and, with the aid of three 'Pioneer' prisoners, we were able to locate and put out of action five delay-action mines in different parts of the town.

When billeting a French town in the reconquered territory, we usually found that during the German occupation one man had become the leader of the inhabitants, and that if you could get in touch with this man billeting became at once a comparatively easy job. After a few inquiries in Le Quesnoy, the interpreter and I directed our steps to the house of a man called Bécourt, and I don't think that during the whole war I ever met a more interesting or more patriotic Frenchman.

Le Quesnoy was a town of narrow, mean streets, and in one of these we knocked at a small plain door set in a large blank wall, and on being admitted found ourselves inside a palace. Bécourt readily consented to come with us, and in about two hours we had finished our billeting, afterwards returning to Bécourt's house to drink a bottle of wine, which had escaped Fritz's well-known nose for that beverage.

II.

Bécourt told us that when the Germans swept over northern France in 1914 he decided to stick to his home, thinking that by so doing he would be of more use to his town than if he fled to Paris, which he could have done quite easily. Finding that Bécourt could speak their language,

the Germans at once made him responsible for the carrying out of their orders in Le Quesnoy, and at the same time his house was used at frequent intervals by the general commanding the group of armies of that part of the line.

Previous to the war Bécourt had rented the shooting of the Mormal Forest, which lay a few kilometres to the south of the town, and shortly after the German occupation had started one of the forest-keepers brought him word one night that two large parties of British soldiers, one hundred and sixty in all, who had lost their way and been cut off during the Mons retreat, were hiding in the forest, and that they were starving. Bécourt, who appears to have been allowed to go about much as he liked, returned with the keepers to the forest, and told the fugitives that he would arrange to feed them, that the food would be left at a certain place every second or third night, and that on no account were they to show themselves during the day-time.

It was difficult enough to hide such a large number of men, but to feed them for any length of time must have been a Herculean task. However, Bécourt got in touch with the parish priest of Engelfontaine, a village lying on the outskirts of the forest, and between them the two managed not only to hide but to feed these one hundred and sixty British soldiers for over two years.

Of course, they were greatly helped by the French peasants for miles round, who, as time went on, must have nearly starved themselves in order to provide food for the British fugitives; but it was Bécourt and this grand old priest who organised the whole thing, and carried out the transport details themselves. It required an iron nerve to carry on work of this kind for over two years, knowing all the time that detection meant a speedy death.

By great good luck the forest appears to have been famous for good shooting—though when we went there with Bécourt we saw only two hen-pheasants—and, as a result, was put out of bounds to the German troops, and the shooting reserved for the general, who used to stay with Bécourt. Owing to his knowledge of the forest, Bécourt always accompanied the general on his shooting expeditions, and managed to keep him away from the hiding-places of the British, one being in the north and the other in the south half of the forest.

III.

During the second winter this general, who, on the whole, behaved decently to Bécourt, settled to shoot the forest on a certain day for woodcock, during a heavy fall of snow. The evening before the shoot Bécourt happened to be late for dinner, whereupon the general flew into a rage, and, instead of taking him shooting the next day, ordered Bécourt to sweep the snow off the footpaths in the town for ten hours.

On his return the general told Bécourt that he had seen French peasants in the forest, but his men had failed to catch them, and that if any more were seen there they would be shot at sight. Bécourt realised that the general must have seen some of the British fugitives, and that if they were seen again the forest would be searched by troops.

Soon afterwards Bécourt learned that the Germans had strong suspicions that British soldiers were hiding in the neighbourhood, and that several divisions in reserve were shortly to carry out attack manœuvres near Le Quesnoy. He at once guessed that in reality these divisions were going to search the forest, and that the sooner he got his fugitives away the better.

This task seemed to Bécourt an impossibility, but the priest suggested that they should appeal to a certain Belgian princess, notorious as an ardent supporter of the Allies, and this Bécourt managed to do. The princess at once promised her help, and in a short time evolved a successful plan of escape.

At this time some patriotic Belgians, in order to supply the much-needed reinforcements for their army from the occupied part of Belgium, had established a complete system of scout agents throughout the whole country; these agents collected all the young Belgians they could, passed them gradually, and generally at night, towards the Dutch frontier, until they eventually got into Holland, and then by sea to the base of the Belgian Army at Le Havre.

By means of these agents the princess quickly passed the whole of the one hundred and sixty British fugitives from the Mormal Forest by twos and threes, dressed as Belgian peasants, to Edith Cavell in Brussels. From there they passed into Holland in the same way as the young Belgians.

Of the one hundred and sixty only sixteen fell into the hands of the Germans, most of them near the Dutch frontier, where the Huns had special guards to try to prevent any communication between Belgium and Holland. Once in Holland, the fugitives quickly made their way over to England, with the exception of two.

As Bécourt said, the British soldier is a queer fellow. One would have thought that, after having lived for over two years like badgers in the Mormal Forest, they would have been only too thankful to reach home. But no. These two men had grown fond of two French girls in Engelfontaine, and managed to make their way back there from Holland. Of course, they were taken prisoners in a very short time.

IV.

After we had been in Le Quesnoy for some time, Bécourt invited us to shoot in the forest, and though I knew that there would be no game,

I went in order to see the places where our men had hidden for such a long time in the middle of the German Army.

In both cases the hiding-places were cleverly concealed in the midst of thick patches of undergrowth, and the men had made quite good dug-outs with their entrenching-tools, scattering the excavated earth over a large area, so that there was no sign of the usual tell-tale mound. Inside they had made bunks, with mattresses woven out of willow-rods, while there were rough tables and chairs made from the forest wood.

Bécourt told us that towards the middle of the war the food of the German troops on the lines of communication consisted chiefly of turnip marmalade, potato-skin soup, and beech-nut coffee; and though the French peasants were not so badly off, yet it gives one some idea of the tremendous self-denial they must have exercised to be able to put aside enough food to keep one hundred and sixty British soldiers alive for such a length of time.

One can hardly find the right words to express one's admiration for Bécourt and the priest of Engelfontaine, who, during that long time, knew that detection meant instant death. Edith Cavell was an Englishwoman, but these two were Frenchmen, who risked their lives for over two long years to save Englishmen from falling into the hands of the Germans.

We learned from Bécourt that on several occasions both French and British spies were dropped from aeroplanes in the neighbourhood of Le Quesnoy. One very interesting incident of the kind is worth mentioning.

About September 1915, as well as Bécourt could remember (most probably when the French were attacking at Arras), a French officer in uniform was landed close to Le Quesnoy from an aeroplane at dawn one morning with two baskets of pigeons. The main railway to that part of the German front ran past Le Quesnoy, and in some bushes at the top of a cutting this officer took up his position with his pigeons.

Here he remained for forty-eight hours, sending off a pigeon every two hours of the day with a message stating the size and the number of troop-trains for the front which passed during that time; and by this means the French General Staff learned what reinforcements the Germans were bringing up to the Arras front. At the end of the forty-eight hours, just as it was beginning to grow light, the aeroplane took this gallant French officer away safely, not even the empty pigeon-baskets being left behind to tell the tale.

SOME CENTRAL AFRICAN CUSTOMS.

By B. Johnson.

I.

SOME years ago—about fifteen, to be a little more precise—I was crossing from Feira on the Zambesi to Broken Hill in North Rhodesia. On the way I called at a native village, named, as is usual, after the induna. His name, in this instance, was Machado. I needed meat and fat badly, and when the old induna told me that there were a couple of hippo in a pool on the Lunsenfwa River close at hand, I was very pleased to hear it.

I went down to the river early next morning, and (by way of parenthesis) in pushing my way through the scrub on the bank became acquainted for the first time with a creeping plant that grows a bean, some two or three inches in length. These beans are covered with a fine, hairy down, which causes an intolerable irritation to the skin for an hour or so after contact. I was dressed in my usual bush garb—shorts, shirt with sleeves cut off well up the arm, and chest well open—so that all the beans had to give they gave me, 'good and plenty,' as the old sailor would say. I have since heard it called buffalo-bean. The proper botanical name I have never discovered, and the name that I gave it would certainly not bear repetition.

However, I reached the pool, found it walled in on two sides with rock, with an open approach at both ends. I sat there the whole day, but never saw a sign of hippo. The whole surface of the pool was easily visible; had a hippo broken water I could hardly have failed to see it. I was disappointed, and so was the old native. He told me that he would try to make things better for the next day or so. On my inquiring how he proposed to do so, he told me that he knew some evil spirit was angry with him, and that on the morrow he would go and speak to the old chief about it.

This old chief was long since dead, and was buried close at hand. Without actually intruding on the ceremony, I saw and heard what happened. The old chap knelt at the grave-side, placed a little honey and a little meat near the grave, bowed his head, and, as though he was talking to a living person, implored the departed to help them, pointing out that they were hungry; asking also that he would not be angry with them, and that he would overcome the anger of whoever wished them ill. This happened about nine o'clock in the morning; at about four o'clock in the afternoon I went down to the same pool again, and had not waited longer than five minutes, when a bull hippo broke water. He gave an easy shot, as

his head was well out, and was killed instantaneously.

The old native was immensely pleased. I could have pointed out to him that there was an overnight's hippo-spoor leading into the pool, but at the same time thought it would be rather mean to damp the old chap's faith in his gods. I might here remark that one 'success' such as this repays them for a score of disappointments, as when their prayers go unanswered it is always put down to the evil spirits (and native spirits are nearly all evil) being temporarily too strong; also, that the custom of propitiating the 'manes' of the departed is still as strong to-day in Africa as it was two thousand years ago—or ten thousand, for that matter—in ancient Rome and elsewhere. I have found the practice to be common to the scores of different tribes I have met.

While in the same district news was brought to me that a boy had been killed by a lion. It seemed that a lion (or lions) had cleared some villages out of dogs and goats, and had now turned man-eater. I judged the offender to be an old lion, as—this being a tsetse-fly country, there were no cattle—game was by no means scarce. I was not too keen on man-eating lions; however, a decent skin in those days was worth up to ten pounds at the African Lakes stores, or possibly a bit more from an individual who particularly wanted one, and a 'tenner' to me in those days (as it does to-day) meant 'beer and baccy,' not to mention other necessaries. The lion was known to hang out in a thorn-scrub patch of a square mile or so in extent. I asked the induna of the village to give me guides, and I would try to shoot it. He smiled at me, saying that the lion had only taken the young boy to 'grease his throat,' and that if he gave me guides some of them might possibly be killed, or that even I might get hurt, and in that case he might be called to account by the *bwana* at the Government camp, some eighty miles distant. However, I reassured him by pointing out that unless the marauder was finished he would certainly come again, and might possibly get him too, and that if a white man insisted on looking for lions and got killed or hurt, only the white man himself was to blame, and that this was a well-understood white man's custom. I eventually got a shot at the brute in thick scrub—a good shot, too. Unfortunately, I had previously broken the extractor of my old sliding or falling block express, and was forced to use a cleaning-rod to eject the empty case. Before I could get another shot home he bolted into some very thick scrub, and I left him 'to get cold.' I returned the next morning, and found him dead, but still warm—a mangy brute, with broken and worn-out teeth and a hide not worth taking off. As showing (what I have since proved) that the porcupine is not despised as lions' meat, quills of this animal were firmly embedded, but broken off, in the flesh of the chest.

II.

However, customs was what I started to write about, not lions, so here goes. Natives came from all around to have a look at the carcass, and the manner in which they abused it was amusing. It seems to me that a fitting proverb to accompany the saying 'A living dog is better than a dead lion' would be 'A live louse is more to be feared than a dead lion.' The natives held an indaba. The headman came to me and said that it was well known that the lion in question was a malignant human being (a common belief), and that they wished to burn it, but that they were aware that the skin was a great trophy to the white man, and they wished to burn hide and all. If this were not done, they were afraid that some evil-disposed person might become possessed of even a part of it, or some hair, and with that in his possession might bewitch others, or perhaps acquire the power of being able to turn himself into a lion. As a recompense for the loss of the skin, they were quite willing to give me a girl or a boy, as a slave, should I be good enough to agree. Labour was cheap in those days. I pooh-poohed the idea of receiving anything in return (as already mentioned, the skin was worthless), and with a lordly gesture and a few words presented the lion to them, lock, stock, and barrel, thereby cheaply acquiring a reputation for unusual generosity. They promptly burned the carcass to ashes, absolutely believing that they were destroying all trace of a most malignant man-witch.

There is living close to me an old, nearly blind native, Matotela tribe, named Kaliangula, famed far and near as a lion-doctor. He is scarred on the forehead. It is most firmly believed that he has the power of becoming a lion at will, and the scar is pointed out as evidence that he was found (in lion guise) eating a buck. The native who found him threw his spear and wounded him, &c., &c. He is not charged with being a man or cattle killer, and as his medicine is credited with being a protection for man and beast against lions, he has escaped the usual fate of the 'witch,' and, on the contrary, is honoured accordingly. The 'honour' consists of an occasional present of a goat, a piece of calico, or the like. To attempt to laugh the natives out of the above belief is time wasted. Their faith in Kaliangula is great, and obviously sincere.

In 1911 I made a canoe journey up the Kabompo River. The Kabompo is a tributary of the Zambesi, and runs in a southerly direction, to join the Zambesi at the upper end of what is known as the Barotse Valley. There was a well-known rogue hippo on the lower reaches of this river. It was credited (or debited) with having smashed up quite a number of canoes, and with having caused the death of some of the occupants by biting them, and others by drown-

ing. (The river is not more than one hundred yards or so wide, but crocodiles are plentiful.) I was taken to the stretch of river the beast usually frequented, and found a good part of it to run between reed-beds, thus making approach difficult, and affording a fairly safe retreat for the hippo. He had already been shot at many times, and was wary enough to give no great chance of a brain shot. I tried for several days, but with no success. I saw him give an occasional puff, with his snout on a level with the water, but was afraid to risk a shot, always hoping for a better chance.

There was a native in the vicinity with a reputation as a 'shooting-doctor.' I was urged by my natives to give his *muliana* (medicine) a trial. I could not stay much longer on the off-chance of getting the hippo, and the natives were scared of paddling through his 'water right.' It therefore meant a porterage of some five miles or more, which I was anxious to avoid. I thought that I might give the 'boys' confidence by having the 'doctor' brought. I had meanwhile got a 'brain-wave'—one of those simple plans that always leave one thinking, 'What an ass I was not to think of that before!' It was simply to procure an old canoe and let it float empty down-stream. If the hippo acted up to his reputation, he would attack the canoe on sight; and, therefore, I had only to keep pace with the slow current as it carried the canoe down-stream, and wait for him to show.

Before my putting this plan into execution the 'doctor' arrived. I let him doctor me for a start, which doctoring consisted of slightly scratching the skin between trigger-finger and thumb and rubbing in some grease (of what sort I have not the least idea, and, of course, the 'doctor' was not giving away his trade secrets). He also rubbed the natives and the guns with the same stuff. The next morning I sent 'boys' to a village up-river to get an old boat. They sent down to me, some hours later, to say that they had procured what I wanted. In the early afternoon I also went up-river, and launched the old canoe. The scheme worked without a hitch. I walked abreast of the canoe. It sometimes hung up near the banks for a minute or two, but always eventually drifted down. The hippo put his head well out to look at what was coming, and was shot dead at easy range. 'There you are,' was the cry on all hands; 'did we not say so? A great doctor, truly' (referring to the 'gun-doctor'). 'His medicine is real medicine,' &c., &c. That I had anything to do with the business never seemed to enter their heads.*

I called up my 'boss boy' (a native who had been schooled at the mission-school since childhood), as I was curious to hear what he thought on the matter. He was absolutely convinced that I took only a second-rate part in the affair; that whatever credit there was was due to the 'doctor,' and that I was only his 'agent' (which word I use for want of a better). That a simple plan, combined with a dash of luck, had rid the river of a pest never occurred to him. And I wisely left it at that, well knowing how hard superstition dies.

I could quote many more instances of the peculiar (and sometimes terrible) customs which I have come across in Africa, but in doing so might bore the readers of the *Journal*. I will, therefore, conclude by remarking that within a radius of ten miles of where this is written can be found a native gun 'doctor,' a crocodile 'doctor,' a snake 'doctor,' and a 'doctor' who is very often called up to dance the devil and the disease (any disease whatsoever) out of the bodies of the afflicted. There is also a woman with her right hand burnt completely off at the wrist. It was burnt off by her own mother some years ago for a petty theft committed by the unfortunate creature. There is also a woman who threw her own child into the river and drowned it because it cut its top teeth first, and was therefore bewitched. The saying that 'African natives are only children' is very much of a half-truth, and an exceedingly dangerous half-truth to boot.

* I have also remarked, on making a well-aimed or fortunate long-distance shot, that 'the man behind the gun' does not by any means rank with the gun itself; such remarks as, 'Of a truth, a gun, a fine gun,' 'Surely the white man is a god [*mulimo*] to make such things,' being common.

VALE.

HUSHED are the chapel bells—all hushed
The myriad sounds that fill our day;
The 'Last Post's' throbbing, lingering note
Faint o'er the river dies away:
Soft, kindly night, with lulling hands,
Spreads wide her dream-brocaded pall,
And wraps our little world in sleep,
As darkness closes over all.

Framed in my lattice, widely flung
To lure each vagrant summer breeze,
Wafting the garden frankincense,
Whispering blessings on the trees,
Pensive I muse, all unaware
How swiftly flies each quartered hour,
Throbbing upon the drowsy air
In deep-voiced chimes from Lupton's tow'r.

A tardy bee drones slowly by,
Leaving a waning trail of sound;
The crescent moon ascends on high,
Fantastic shadows etch the ground;
All ghostly in the silver light
The dear, familiar buildings rise,
Like gracious spirits beckoning
A pilgrim into Paradise.

Alas! they beckon but in vain,
For dawn shall ring my passing bell:
A swallow flown comes not again;
Old days—old ways—farewell! farewell!

GUY COLIN CAMPBELL.

A FEW NOTES ON SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By P. Roualeyn Gordon.

I.

A STORY is told of a California small boy, who, on being asked if he could tell where it was that Noah landed with his Ark, promptly and confidently replied that 'It was California, of course, because everybody comes to California; besides, there are so many things in California that other places ain't got—big trees and Indians and strange animals and——' Somewhat hazy in his biblical knowledge, this young man, nevertheless, was an enthusiastic Californian—a trifle over-enthusiastic perhaps, although California does possess, in a large degree, many things that other places 'ain't got.'

From the time when Spain, in the height of its glory and in its desire for the choicest lands of the world, first claimed it, California—especially southern California—has always had a wealth of romance attached to it. The famous missions (a line of which skirt the coast from San Diego to San Francisco) founded in the eighteenth century by the Franciscan Fathers still stand in majestic splendour—fitting monuments to the state's earliest pioneers—surrounded by beautiful vineyards and fragrant orange-trees.

It was the discovery of gold that caused the eyes of the world to turn toward this land so richly endowed by Nature; people flocked into the country from all quarters; many rich strikes were made, and the treasure wrung from the mountains and the deserts played a wonderful part in the development of the 'Golden State.' It forged ahead in a remarkable manner, and at the present time occupies a foremost position as one of the wealthiest and most important of the states forming the Union.

One of the chief assets of this highly favoured land—particularly the southern portion—is unquestionably the climate. Within its boundaries one has choice of a wide diversity of climates—a fact many people do not realise. The idea held by a large number of people who have never lived in the state that the whole of California during the summer is a counterpart of the nethermost region is entirely erroneous. In San Francisco, for instance, it is invariably so cool in August that household fires are necessary; while at Indio, in the Coachella Valley, in the same month the thinnest of clothes are too warm for comfort. Los Angeles, on the other hand, occupies a happy position between these two extremes, and this is shared, with slight variations, by the smaller towns for twenty miles around, the climate becoming moister and cooler toward the ocean, and drier and warmer toward the mountains.

The climate in the northern part of the state—taking the average the year round—is much cooler and moister, but more bracing, than it is in the southern portion. In San Francisco, even on the hottest day, the air is tempered by a cool breeze from the ocean, and hardly a day passes but there is some fog, either in the early morning or at night. In the southland the climate verges on the semi-tropical; this becomes more pronounced farther inland. In certain of the small interior valleys are localities where the mercury in the middle of a hot summer day will range up to or above a hundred degrees in the shade.

A recent 'climate bulletin' issued by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce gives the average number of days in that city (since 1877) when the mercury climbed above ninety degrees as thirteen days a year, with an average of one day a year when the thermometer registered over a hundred degrees. During the year an average of three hundred and nine days will be found with cloudless skies or when the sun is partly obscured.

The period from November to April—the winter months—is the rainy season. The rainstorms are intermittent in character, seldom lasting for more than two or three days at a time, with frequent spells of fine weather. Thunderstorms are rarely experienced, and tornadoes are unknown. Snow and hard frost are also rare in the city, although one morning early in January 1913—a winter of exceptional severity—large icicles were found hanging from buildings in Los Angeles. Such an unusual sight caused a great deal of discussion; the leading newspapers contained editorials on the phenomenon, and enterprising photographers made the most of the occasion; while many of the younger people, who probably had never before seen either snow or ice, went into raptures over the occurrence!

The bulletin also states that on only fifteen days since 1877 has the winter temperature in the city been below thirty-two degrees, the lowest on record in that time being twenty-eight degrees above zero on 6th February 1883 and 7th January 1913.

II.

With such an 'all-the-year-round' climate it is not surprising that southern California attracts to its hospitable shores people from all parts of the world. Many go there for health reasons; some go on a visit to friends, and become so enamoured of the country that their return home is postponed to a date which in many cases is always in the future. Others, again, are drawn there by the strong attraction the state has for many people as an all-round vacation land; still others by the opportunities for advancement California offers to all who can recognise Opportunity when it comes knocking at the door.

The principal city in this land of 'eternal

sunshine' is Los Angeles—'The City of the Angels.' With a cosmopolitan population of over five hundred thousand people, this city is rapidly becoming one of the leading cities in the United States—a surprising fact when one considers that, apart from the production of moving-picture films, a few small shipbuilding-yards at Long Beach and Port Los Angeles (San Pedro), some fish-canneries, packing-houses, and other minor industries, the city is not, strictly speaking, an important industrial centre. Its prosperity depends largely on tourist traffic, though a true Angelenos will hardly ever admit the fact!

During the winter months tourists, globe-trotters, prospective settlers, 'hoboes'—gentlemen of the road who travel from place to place without paying railway fares, and who work only as long as it suits them to—pour into Los Angeles from all quarters, by trains, steamships, automobiles, and aeroplanes, and settle down to enjoy themselves until spring arrives. Then many of them 'fold their tents like the Arabs and as silently steal away'—the 'hoboes' especially!—but the greater number take up permanent residence, either in the city itself or in one of the smaller surrounding towns, and then write to their friends and acquaintances to 'hurry up and come to southern California, where the sun is always shining and where life is always worth living.'

The cost of living on the Pacific coast is, if anything, a trifle lower than in other sections of the continent, and, generally speaking, lower in Los Angeles than in the majority of the coast towns. But, on the other hand, there is tremendous competition in the labour market at all periods of the year—but more especially during the winter months—in all large towns on the Pacific coast, and wages, in consequence, vary in different places, according to the law of supply and demand. This is particularly the case in Los Angeles. There one finds many people willing to work at a lower figure than conditions warrant, simply because they desire to live in that city in preference to all others. This undercutting of wages affects the labour market accordingly; competition for work is very keen, and employment agencies—with high fees—are rife in all parts of the city. Somewhat higher remuneration than is obtainable in the city can be secured by workers who are willing to go to distant points in the county and the state, but especially to certain parts of Arizona, where one is cut off, in a large degree, from the many attractions and opportunities for amusement offered to dwellers in large cities.

Japanese labour is another factor which affects the labour market, particularly in agricultural pursuits. The little brown men are everywhere and in everything. They have their own colonies, churches, restaurants, employment bureaus, schools, film companies, and cinema theatres; they are actively interested in a great many major and minor industries in the entire state, and are lessees and owners of some of the choicest agricultural land in all parts of California. In some of the smaller counties in northern California the major portion of the cultivated acreage is owned, leased, or controlled by the Japanese.

During the summer of 1919—to quote from a copy of the *Los Angeles Times*—the price of vegetables and potatoes in that city was fixed arbitrarily by Japanese combines; while a strike of the Japanese fishermen not only cut off the fish-supply from the city, but threatened to close the canneries.

In the Imperial Valley—a rich agricultural section of southern California—the Japanese, it is stated, are purchasing the best farming-land in the district, in spite of California laws forbidding Japanese to own land in the state, or to lease it for a term of more than three years. But these laws are totally ineffective to prevent the wily Asiatic from making deals in land, for the simple reason that every male child of Japanese descent born in the state of California is entitled not only to lease land, but to own it outright. The shrewd fathers therefore buy land for their sons, and the childless for their wards. At the present time there is a regular boom in Japanese marriages in California, the reason being, no doubt, that it is only through the children born in that country that the Japanese can become landowners there.

The Japanese do not limit their working-day to eight hours; they are quite willing to double that number of hours during certain seasons of the year in order to increase their output and their earnings. They consume about one-third less food than does the average American workman, and instead of improving the communities they belong to, they invest their savings in more land, or send them to Japan. So grave has the Japanese menace become in California that strong efforts are being made at the present time by prominent people and state societies to induce the legislature there to pass an anti-Japanese law, and so call a halt to further invasion of the state by the Asiatics.

III.

Los Angeles—like other large American cities—is a city where people live at high pressure. Everybody is on the rush from early morning till late at night, and all, more or less, strenuously engaged in the fascinating business of trying to capture the almighty dollar—the national idol which the majority of the American people worship from the cradle to the grave!

In this melting-pot of nations—as Los Angeles is in a minor degree—the acquisition of money is comparatively easy in certain spheres of activity. For instance, in the real estate business many large sums change hands in the course of an ordinary day's work. Farms, acreage, vacant plots of land, houses, business

chances, sky-scrapers—no matter what it is, if negotiable at all, it can be disposed of here, either by sale or exchange. Some of the shrewdest business minds in the city are engaged in this lucrative profession, and many fortunes are made. While there are a large number of firms of high standing handling real estate here, there are also many concerns of which the same cannot be said. These, strange to say, find much business in the crowds of prospective settlers constantly arriving in the city, many of whom possess a few hundred dollars and a large faith in human nature!

In this city the selling of property—especially subdivisions—is a fine science, and those engaged in the business have not, as a rule, much to learn about it. New ideas are always being tried out, and fierce competition—to increase sales—is the rule. One method, generally successful, adopted by many concerns engaged in this business is to purchase from the owner or owners a large tract of land situated within easy travelling distance of the city. The land is divided into lots of various sizes and given an alluring title. Next an extensive advertising campaign is carried out, and free trips to view the property are offered to secure possible investors. In many cases an appetising lunch is also provided, free of charge, on the property. Certain days of each week are set aside for these excursions, and many people—mostly tourists—avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded to view sections of the surrounding country. There is no obligation to purchase, although he is a poor salesman who allows a likely investor to slip through his fingers.

Though the people of Los Angeles lead a strenuous life endeavouring to increase their bank-account, they still find considerable time and energy to devote to amusement of all kinds. During the summer months thousands of the inhabitants betake themselves to the various 'beach towns'—Long Beach, Venice, Ocean Park, Santa Monica, &c.—and splash the golden hours away in surf-bathing, or loll on the sands and take sun-baths. Sun-bathing in a climate like that of southern California is probably the finest tonic work-weary toilers can obtain—provided the baths are taken properly. In the bath-houses at some of these beach towns are enclosures known as sun-parlours. These are simply a part of the beach fenced off by high walls—usually boards—with no roof of any kind to the enclosure. Inside, men—women and children are excluded—squat and loll, naked and unadorned (the baths are useless unless the whole body is exposed at one time). Short exposures are necessary to begin with; to start off with too long treatment is to incur a severe case of sunburn, which the bather will not forget in a hurry. A towel or two to recline on is necessary, as the bare boards are too hot to the touch. After lying in one position for about fifteen minutes the sun-bather changes to another—that is, unless he should fall asleep, which sometimes is unavoidable when being toasted. Every half-hour or so a cold shower is taken, to wash off the sweat and dirt; then the sun-bather resumes his recumbent position on the towels. After a week one can lie out in the sun for about two hours at a stretch with no injurious effect. After about a month of this treatment the skin will be a rich copper-colour and the whole body will radiate health. Sun-bathing invigorates and revitalises the system if carried out properly and not to excess; then it is very enervating.

Sunday is largely devoted to motoring trips. Automobiles in southern California are almost as common as potatoes in Ireland, and the majority of them seem to be in Los Angeles. On the day supposed to be given to rest the roads in all directions from the city, from daylight until well after midnight, are alive with cars of all sorts, sizes, and conditions, crammed full with merry parties of 'joy-riders.'

Southern California is famed for its excellent roads, and leads all states in the Union in this direction, especially in its provision for improvement and extension of its highways. From Los Angeles as a centre, one hundred miles a day may be covered for a month on asphalt boulevards sweeping through orange-groves, past magnificent fields of poppies, missions crumbling with age, through cañons fragrant with wild flowers, and past the mighty ocean. Over eleven thousand miles of paved, oiled, macadamised, and improved roads—of which over three thousand seven hundred miles are of recent construction—are available for the use of motorists.

The Automobile Club of Southern California—with headquarters at Los Angeles—is one of the most active of all such organisations in the world. Mainly through its instrumentality the National Old Trails transcontinental route—open to easy travel all the year round—for two thousand miles into Los Angeles is posted with signs for the guidance of motorists. Incidentally there are thirty thousand miles of roads thus posted, over sixty-eight thousand signs having been used in this connection. The club maintains an insurance department, a legal branch, a map and route service, a theft bureau, and a magazine devoted to the interests of its thousands of members and visiting motorists. In the course of a single year it has distributed over nine hundred thousand touring-maps, and has answered approximately one hundred and sixty-three thousand requests for touring information within a like period.

Much interesting matter might be written on the many peculiar industries and the great number of natural attractions of this sunny land, but space does not permit. It is hoped, however, that the little information now given may prove of interest to all, and especially to any who may contemplate a visit to the 'Golden State.'

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

CLOUD-SPOTS AMONG THE STARS.

By Professor GEORGE FORBES, M.A., F.R.S.

I.

AFTER we have made friends of the stars and the planets they become real companions to us in a night walk. And still we are not satisfied. An irrepressible wondering, as to what there is beyond our vision, seizes each of us. We long to see deeper into the heavens, and to pick out any new things that a telescope can show. Giant telescopes may be beyond us, but the smallest spy-glass or binocular would be welcome at this stage.

With the help of such a plaything we can detect the phases of Venus, the moons of Jupiter, perhaps the ring of Saturn. The features of the moon, under different conditions of illumination during the month, are, by its aid, changed from a flat picture to a solid mountainous globe. The first glance with a small glass at the star-clouds of *Sagittarius*, the Archer, or *Cygnus*, the Swan, converts the plain white surface of the Milky Way into a new and crowded universe of small stars. Between the head of Perseus and Cassiopeia two lovely clusters of stars surprise us with their beauty. Here and there we pick up a double star, of double colour, like a pair of sparkling jewels. The first taste thus acquired of the pleasures of exploring whets the appetite, and from such a beginning the birth of many an astronomer may be reckoned.

And so our exploration may go on. With the help of a telescope we may add to the *number* of our friends: more stars, more planets, more satellites, more comets—and more detail in most of these. But there is only one class of objects revealed by the telescope entirely different from anything we see with the naked eye. These are certain minute, shining, cloud-like spots among the stars, called 'nebulæ.' It is perhaps too much to say that they can be seen only with a telescope. One or two are just visible to the naked eye. They have always been a puzzle to astronomers. And, with the increase of power given by newer and larger telescopes, an immense number of facts have been accumulated as to their numbers and distribution, their shapes, sizes, and constitution, their internal motions, and their paths among the stars. At the same time, with this increase of knowledge, they are, perhaps, more puzzling than ever, and far-reaching speculation has been brought to bear upon their relationship to the rest of the universe.

There are few discoveries revealed by the telescope more surprising than this: that the increased power of vision not only adds to the number of stars, but introduces to us a totally new class of objects not incomparable in number to the stars, exhibiting structural details such as stars cannot show, and forms suggestive of internal commotions like the whirlwind or the volcanic cloud.

When first discovered, these wonderful cloud-spots seemed all to belong to a single class, and to be nothing more than minute shining clouds, from which their name 'nebulæ' was derived. And so few were then known that they were treated as curiosities. In 1771 Messier observed and numbered one hundred and three of the most prominent nebulæ. His catalogue is still used for their identification. Thus Messier 13, or M. 13, is a remarkable cloud-spot in Hercules. Sir William Herschel's large telescope increased the number to over two thousand five hundred, and more powerful telescopes have added to the list. Finally, the prolonged exposure of a photographic plate is found to disclose a multitude of these minute cloud-spots all over the sky; and the latest estimate of their number is nearly a million. In one small piece of the sky, not much larger than the surface of the moon, no fewer than two hundred and forty-nine minute nebulæ have been photographed by the great telescope of the Lick Observatory.

But the increase in size of telescopes has brought to us news about these nebulæ far more exciting than their mere numbers. In 1848 Lord Rosse eclipsed all previous efforts by making, erecting, and using in Ireland his great 72-inch reflecting telescope, at a cost of twelve thousand pounds. He then set to work on the nebulæ. He added to their number, but his greatest contribution to astronomy was in the careful drawings he made of their shapes.

In the case of very many, he was able to resolve the shining cloud into aggregations of minute stars, sometimes into globular clusters, but more often into star-groups or strings of various shapes, many of these demanding a still

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

greater telescopic power for entirely resolving the mass of light into discrete stars. His greatest discovery was that a very large number of these nebulæ show a spiral form in the strings of stars and wisps of glowing unresolved light. Later researches with even more powerful telescopes, assisted by photography, have resolved more and more of the nebulæ into spirals, until to-day that form is generally attributed to the great majority of nebulæ, even when the form cannot be detected in the feeble or minute delineation.

Let us pass now from globular clusters and spiral nebulæ, in all of which there is evidence that, by the use of higher and higher optical powers, their glowing masses will be the more completely resolved into their thousands of constituent stars. The next class of cloud-spots that excite our interest are very different. These are generally round, like the globular clusters, but differ from them in three respects. They cannot be resolved into stars. Their light is not concentrated at the centre, as when we look at a globe full of points of light, and in colour they differ from the clusters, being of a bluish-green, milky tint. These pale glowing discs are called 'planetary nebulæ,' because they resemble a planet more than a star. They can never be resolved into star-clusters. But there is a remarkable feature possessed by nearly all of them. In the centre of each planetary nebula there is a faint star. Moreover, this faint star always has a peculiar spectrum, which is very significant, and to which attention must be paid.

Besides all these nebulæ that have been named, there are irregular patches of brightness; and, again, vast regions of the sky, covering a whole constellation or more, where the stars are found to be bedded in a sea of nebulous gas. There are also dark nebulæ, not hot enough to shine, hiding the stars that lie behind them.

The numbers, the diversity, and the structure of the nebulæ call for the exercise of the keenest eyesight and intellect to discover all about them, and the place they occupy in the architecture of the heavens, and in the slow but sure development of events during billions of years.

II.

After this general survey of what he is to expect, the star-lover is not likely to delay much before going out at night to get a naked-eye glimpse of one or two of these objects, and then resorting, it may be, to a binocular. Any night when our old friend Vega is high in the sky is a good occasion to look for one of the finest globular clusters—Messier 13, in Hercules. This is close to the ring of stars called Corona Borealis [the plough-shaft, or the tail of the Great Bear, nearly points to Corona]. The cluster, M. 13, is about the same distance from the Pole-star as Vega, and close to Corona. It is the finest object of its class that is visible in our latitudes. It is visible as a mere cloud-point without a telescope, and remains structureless even in a 4- or 5-inch telescope with a high power. But when seen through a really large telescope it looks like a swarm of bees, or one of the globular clusters of gnats or midges to be seen of a summer evening on the banks of any Scottish river.

The autumn or early winter evenings are suitable for a good look at the constellation Andromeda. It is easily recognised by the line of three stars (Alpha, Beta, Gamma of Andromeda) that starts from the left top corner of the great square of Pegasus, and runs to the left towards Perseus. Here may be easily seen, without the help of a telescope, a faint object, which is really the largest and brightest of these wonderful nebulæ that assume the spiral form. To find it, look at Gamma, the left star of the three, and Beta, the middle one. Notice the length of the line joining them. At half this distance from Beta, in a direction at right angles to the line of three stars, a careful search will soon find a small, hazy, comet-like spot. This is the great Andromeda nebula, M. 31. A small telescope fails to show the details of structure, but there are not many objects in the heavens more surprising or more suggestive than this spiral nebula when seen through a powerful telescope.

Let us now turn to Orion, who reaches his highest altitude in the sky five or six hours later than Andromeda, or at the same hour two or three months later. Everybody knows this splendid constellation, the most brilliant of all. Orion's sword-scabbard points to the Pole, and, in the middle of the sword, a close scrutiny seems to suggest a luminous haze without form. A very small telescope shows it as a clear, bright patch. This is the great Orion nebula, which is in many ways the greatest and most wonderful of all the nebulæ in the sky. Whether the nebula itself can ever be recognised with the naked eye is very doubtful; though there is something to be seen, rather like the glow we sometimes get from a group of stars too small to be visible. But the astronomer who knows what wonders exist in this nebula is glad in his midnight walks to be able to recognise that slight indication of its presence.

With a small telescope, other nebulæ of the same kind may be seen beside the three stars of Orion's belt. They are all part of one great extended nebula that is known to cover the whole constellation, and beyond.

III.

Having now learned of the most conspicuous nebulæ that are within our reach in the absence of a very large telescope, the next thing for us to do is to examine the wonderful shapes of the nebulæ through a very large telescope. But if every

reader were to make this demand upon the six or eight very large telescopes of the world, the progress of discovery would receive a severe check. Fortunately there is a remedy arising out of the modern method of using these large telescopes.

The largest telescope in the Empire, whose performances equal, if they do not excel, in many particulars, all others, is the great reflector of 73 inches diameter in the splendid climate of Victoria, British Columbia. The only others comparable with it for certain purposes are the 60-inch and 100-inch reflectors at Mount Wilson, in California. The largest *refractors* are at the Lick Observatory in California and the Yerkes Observatory at Chicago.

Now the value of all these huge telescopes has been greatly enhanced by the art of photography. We are able, by prolonged exposure of a photographic plate in the focus of a telescope—not only from hour to hour, but again, with the same plate, from night to night—to record the existence and position of objects invisible to the human eye with the most powerful optical aid.

There is no department in astronomy in which the application of photography appeals to the human mind more than in the marvellous pictures that have thus been produced of the shape and structure of the nebulæ. And this is the principal reason why, in these days, those who are interested in the heavens can follow the discoveries about these marvellous cloud-spots far better than in the days of Herschel or Lord Rosse. It is not every star-lover who can, like those great men, build for himself his own large telescope; but he possesses one advantage. The huge telescope, denied to him, may have cost altogether a hundred thousand pounds before it could do its work. And yet, for a shilling or two, he can become the possessor of a print or a lantern-slide of any of these nebulæ, containing nearly all the details that can be detected by the astronomer himself who controls that priceless observatory. It is impossible by mere words to describe the surprise, wonder, and awe which fill the mind of any one when first brought face to face with these marvellous photographs.

Herschel's telescope showed the finest spiral nebula as a single ring, one half of its contour surrounding a very bright globular nebula at its centre; and beyond the ring another very small round nebula. Lord Rosse's great reflector disclosed a spiral structure in this nebula whose wisps of countless suns and nebulous stuff start from a central nucleus in spiral curves outwards. In the latest photographs details hitherto unseen are portrayed; and we can, in imagination, almost trace the course of events. Two great clusters of innumerable suns would seem to have collided indirectly and not centrally. And so they may have been sent spinning and drawing out their trains of stars into two united spirals. This is the most striking example of all the spiral nebulæ. It is in the Hunting Dogs, below the tail of the Great Bear. Others of a similar shape, and nearly as wonderful, are in the Virgin and the Great Bear. In shape they are like the strings of a mop when twirled round its handle. Or they look like the Catherine-wheels of a firework display.

All of them suggest motion, rotation, a force of attraction, and myriads of years as having combined to develop these marvellous structures. All this is at a distance from us so great that each one of them may be of enormous size, and may well comprise a duplicate of our own complete stellar system and Milky Way.

The nebulæ are not uniformly scattered over the sky. They are localised in many ways. The constellation Virgo contains hosts of these telescopic objects, while the opposite region of the celestial sphere is comparatively bare of them. All spiral nebulæ are not so placed as to be seen by us 'full-face.' The great Andromeda nebula presents a three-quarter face portrait, and many are seen side-face or edge-on. In the photographs of these last we may see a luminous, bun-shaped, central glowing mass, probably made up of stars, and its spiral ring is seen as a long band of light cutting through the central nucleus. Often along the middle of this band there is a black central line, showing up well against the bright nucleus. This suggests that the outer regions of the spiral ring are neither luminous nor transparent, but made of cold, dust-like matter that is opaque.

Then, again, we see queer things happening. The spirals are supposed to be the milky way of each nebula. Now, in the milky way of the Andromeda nebula a great many 'new stars' have been seen to burst forth, to shine for a time, and disappear, just as they do in our own Milky Way. Of course, they are hundreds of thousands of times feebler, owing to their great distance from us.

No one can doubt, after inspecting the photographs of the spiral nebulæ, that these enormous masses, or independent universes, are in rotation, even before any confirmation is forthcoming. So we are not surprised to learn that, in the last few years, actual measurements have been made of rotation in one or two of them.

And, when passing from spirals to the globular clusters, if we reflect that the force of attraction between all particles of matter probably extends over all space, then the globular clusters do also suggest rotation to prevent their collapse by attraction to the centre of the cluster. We may hope some day to have these motions made visible by a comparison of photographs taken at intervals of many years.

IV.

The photographs of nebulæ, whether of the cluster or the spiral form, open out to us new visions of infinity and eternity, developing under

the same all-governing laws of force under which our everyday life is controlled. The photographs of 'planetary' nebulæ now demand our attention. They add still more to our wonderment, for their variety of shape, their constitution, their movements, their position in space, and their evident relationships to certain stars all seem to supply a basis for speculation of far-reaching character, although little can be claimed as being positive knowledge.

Most of them are nearly uniformly illuminated compact patches of light, generally round or oval. Some show a certain amount of structural detail. Some of them are ring-shaped, and the most famous of these is one in the Lyre, not far from Vega, about the apparent size of Jupiter. It is not black inside the ring, but faintly luminous, and, as in nearly every planetary nebula, its centre is occupied by a star. And the colour of the planetary nebulæ, pale greenish-blue, is quite different from that of the white nebulæ, which include clusters and spirals.

The reason for this fundamental difference in colour between planetaries and white nebulæ is the great discovery made by Sir William Huggins on the 29th August 1864. On that date, a few years only after the invention of the spectroscope, he pointed one of these instruments at a planetary nebula near the Pole, in Draco. He was astonished! For the first time in the world's history, he knew that he was looking upon one of the lights of heaven that consisted of a glowing gas.

A prism is a wedge of glass. On our looking at the sun through such a wedge it seems to be shifted to another place, and no longer appears like a round sun, but like a band of colour, the shift being different for each of the many colours of which white light is composed. So it is with a candle whose light comes from glowing carbon, not hot enough to be in the gaseous state. But light coming from a glowing gas is different. A spirit-lamp is hot, but not bright. When you put a pinch of salt into the flame, the sodium, one of the elements of which salt is made, is vaporised, and it shines, a bright, yellow candle-flame. Seen through the glass wedge, or prism, this flame is certainly displaced, but only a single bright, yellow image of the flame is seen.

When Huggins looked through his prism at the planetary nebula in Draco he saw at first only a single image. It certainly was not drawn out into a band of colours; and he knew, for certain, that planetary nebulæ are made of gas, whereas the spiral nebulæ are composed of condensed material, like the sun.

Now, in the last few years, the distances of some of the planetaries have actually been measured. This enables us to learn their diameters. These are enormous. If we take as our unit the distance from the earth to the sun, the diameter of the smallest planetary that has been measured is thirteen hundred and fifty times the length of that unit, and the largest yet measured is ten thousand times the length of our unit. A sphere that would envelop the whole solar system would be only a small fraction of the smallest planetary nebula in size.

Planetaries are not the only nebulæ that are made of gas. The brightest, and in many ways the most wonderful, nebula in the sky is the great Orion nebula, and, like all those classed as irregular, it is made of gas. In form it looks like a sun-lit thunder-cloud, torn by conflicting internal forces.

There are many other gaseous nebulæ easily found in Orion and the neighbouring constellations. And the whole of that region of the sky, when photographed with a wide-angle lens in a camera, is, after many hours' exposure, found to be aglow with nebulous light. The gases or vapours which we find to exist in these nebulæ are, in all cases, the same; they are the lightest gases known upon the earth, hydrogen and helium. But, in addition, the spectrum declares still more emphatically the existence of a new chemical element, unknown upon this globe; and to it has been appropriately given the name 'nebulium.'

Among the stars themselves helium is characteristic only of stars that are in limited groups in certain constellations in the Milky Way. Orion and the Ship are full of them. And it has been found that the gas in the great nebula of Orion, and in the cloud of gas which is spread over that constellation, and the more solid stars containing helium in that constellation, are all travelling together in space, in the same direction, and at the same velocity. They form a detached system.

Irregular nebulæ made of gas are found in other parts of the Milky Way; and wide-spreading clouds of gas, like the one covering the constellation of Orion, have been discovered in the Bull, the Scorpion, and Ophiuchus. But all gaseous nebulæ are strictly localised. They group themselves most decidedly in and close to the star-clouds of the Milky Way. The total number of visible planetary nebulæ that have been discovered does not reach the modest figure of two hundred. But we have plenty of evidence of the existence of large numbers of invisible nebulæ, not hot enough to shine with their own light, and hiding all the stars that may be behind them, so as to look like black patches on the luminous background.

One great generalisation does stand out. The gaseous nebulæ are part of the Milky Way. The 'white nebulæ'—that is, globular clusters and spirals—are not found in that region of the sky. The gaseous nebulæ ought to be looked upon as an important part of our own stellar universe, if we are to regard the spiral nebulæ as being independent isolated universes like our own, separated from us and from each other by immeasurable volumes of blank, empty

space. This is a hypothesis which is supported already by some significant facts; and, so long as we bear in mind that it is only a hypothesis, which can be discarded if necessary, it helps us to collect many astronomical facts into a consistent scheme.

Thus we fit into such a hypothesis the new facts that come to our knowledge. It is something to know, what we are told by the spectroscope, that gaseous nebulæ in the Milky Way often travel with a velocity of forty or fifty miles a second, such as is reached by the stars. But from the same source of information we also learn that the spiral nebulæ attain velocities of nearly one thousand miles a second.

Then, again, as to their size or mass. In some of the planetary nebulæ whose distance is known, the two opposite sides of the ball are found to have opposite velocities, one side coming towards us, the other going from us. If, as seems right, we attribute this to rotation of the body of gas, the theory of gravitation tells us the actual weight, or rather mass, of the nebula compared with the sun. Already, in this way, preliminary estimates have been made of the masses of three planetary nebulæ. One is one hundred and sixty-two times as massive as the sun; another is nineteen times. And the ring nebula in Lyra is nearly four times as massive as the sun.

Regarding the great spiral universes, we have not the same kind of exact measurement. All that may be said is that astronomers have, in the last few years, been much helped towards fruitful speculation and hypothesis by some of the ablest mathematical investigators of dynamical problems. Often these searchers after truth are able to tell what would be true if certain assumptions could be accepted. Now, one of the 'probable truths' which have been reached in this way is that the mass of a spiral nebula is many thousand times that of the sun. In fact, the Andromeda nebula would be of the same order of magnitude as the whole of our stellar universe, including all the occupants of the Milky Way. This, if true, gives strong support to the 'island-universe' theory of spiral nebulæ.

In conclusion, the important truth remains, that the great and wonderful new class of objects revealed to us by the telescope, the white globular clusters and spiral nebulæ, along with the gaseous, planetary, irregular, and diffuse nebulæ, constitute a very important link, possibly even the key to our final understanding and interpretation of the structure of the universe.

MAN'S WORK.

CHAPTER IX.—*continued.*

III.

AS a matter of fact, visitors were not particularly welcome. Shanklin decided, after a few days of attempted exclusion, that to keep people out only attracted attention. The derrick was but a few hundred yards from the highway, and every few hours some stranger stopped his car, strolled over between the orange-trees, and peered inquisitively about. Harrison was too used to it to be affected, and by-and-by Shanklin became equally indifferent. Their venture had received no publicity. It was regarded by competent oil-men as a wild-cat well.

The thing that taxed them both was money—or the lack of it. Ten thousand dollars had not gone far. Applying to sources which he thought promising, Shanklin found that it was impossible for a discharged clerk to borrow. They had their secret, but both felt it was too precious to reveal, and disclosing it would only prejudice their chances of retaining control. There was the ultimate resort of selling Harrison's tiny ranch.

'We go on as we are till the last tick of the clock; then we'll have to let the thing out. You can imagine what will happen. We'll have to play one of the big fellows against another, and take what he's willing to give us.'

'Our option runs to 1st September — three months from to-day. We've got eighteen hundred feet to go,' mused Harrison. 'I've done a bigger footage in less time, and I wasn't working for myself either. That end of it's all right. As to the money, perhaps we've bitten off more than we can chew.'

Shanklin shrugged his shoulders. 'If I were a promoter, I'd say that was a prospective investor.' He pointed to a figure stepping briskly towards them.

Harrison swore softly. 'You're the ladies' man.' Then he disappeared.

The figure drew nearer, and Shanklin recognised it as that of the girl with the gray eyes. There was something mysterious in her appearance so close at hand.

'Good-morning,' she said brightly; then, with another glance, 'Oh—it's you!'

'It unquestionably is.' Something prompted him suddenly to mirth. 'I hope you've made your fortune.'

The gray eyes met his own in utter frankness. 'How did you know?'

Shanklin chuckled. 'Oh, a little bird.' He noted her changing expression. 'I hadn't been introduced—but I hope you're not angry with me.'

'No, not exactly angry; but—I know now.'

He laughed outright. 'I can only compliment you on I know not what.'

'Your photograph,' she said quite seriously.

'Now you 're complimenting me.'

'Please, don't; I found it in *Marcus Aurelius*.'

He pulled down his brows at that. 'Will you please tell me who you are?'

'But you 're not what I was told you were.' She shook her head decisively. 'I 'm sure of that.'

'I don't know whether to be glad or sorry.' Shanklin was utterly at sea.

'My name is Edith Winter.'

'It wouldn't take many of you to make a summer. Mine is John Shanklin.' He lifted his hat. 'Now, will you tell me about my photograph?'

'Only that I saw it in the house of some people, where I was staying, and I remembered, because it was so very like a man I know—very well indeed.'

'Thank you, for both of us.'

It was her turn to laugh. 'Do you know why I 'm out here?'

'No; but I 'm glad you are.'

She surveyed him quite gravely, then seemed visibly to make up her mind. 'I want to see Mr Sitwell about this property.'

Shanklin lit a cigarette with the utmost deliberation. 'Would you mind telling me why you want to see him, because I 'm—well—interested myself?'

'Oh!' The idea obviously pleased her. 'I want Mr Sitwell to let me in on it. He controls it, doesn't he?'

'Well, not yet; in fact, I wasn't aware that he had any interest whatever. Indeed, for your personal information, I may say he hasn't.'

'You 're making fun of me. He must have, because he 's offered it for sale in New York.'

Shanklin forgot about the cigarette. 'Really? To whom?'

'I can't tell you. Perhaps I shouldn't have said anything about it. Don't look at me like that.' She stamped a small foot.

'Quite so; but now that you have said it, you mustn't mind if I 'm interested to hear that Mr Sitwell has offered my property for sale.'

'Then he hasn't anything to do with it?'

'If I may put it that way—not a darn thing.'

The girl sat down suddenly. 'Don't mind me. I 'm only a little dizzy.'

'I begin to feel that way myself.'

'But he must have something to do with it, or he wouldn't have dared. Do you own this property?'

'My partner and I have an option—and——' He broke off with a low whistle. 'Do you mind waiting till I walk down to the ranch-house and back? It will take ten minutes. That 's my partner on the other side of the derrick, pretending not to see you. He doesn't like ladies.'

Shanklin strode off, his brain working like a dynamo. Ten minutes later he came back, his lips pressed tight. 'I 'm very much obliged to you—very much indeed. That explains everything about the carpenter.'

'This isn't Alice in Wonderland. What do you mean?'

'If I were in a jocular mood, I 'd say it was Edith in Blunderland—but I 'm not. The carpenter—well, he doesn't really matter. What does matter is that Mr Sitwell expects to secure this property on 1st September.'

'But your option?'

'Sitwell expects that it will not be exercised.'

'Why?'

'Because he 'll do all he can to prevent it.' He looked at her sharply. 'Since you know so much, perhaps you can tell me if he sent an engineer here yesterday?'

'Yes, he did.'

'Can you tell me who it was?'

'Yes—the man I 'm going to marry.'

Shanklin gulped. 'Thank you—it 's a little sudden—but thank you all the same. I 'm sure you 'll both be very happy.'

'Didn't you like him?' she queried.

'I must confess that I took to him at once—even without knowing what you 've just told me.'

'Mr Shanklin,' she said, with a long, straight look, 'may I tell you something?'

'Yes, if you think I can stand any more. You 've told me a good deal already.'

'Do you know Mr Sitwell well?'

'I 'd hate to tell you how well I know him. But that 's not telling one anything.'

'And do you like him?'

'Do you like snakes?' he parried.

'When they 're in cages I don't mind them,' she said significantly. 'When I came out here I honestly thought he owned this property.'

'Who—the snake?'

She nodded. 'Now I begin to see things. You know, you 're very like your photograph.'

'He was a daisy photographer,' countered Shanklin. 'What do you see? I've been seeing things ever since you arrived.'

'Why Mr Sitwell is forgetting the Enterprise; why I got a letter about it from—well—a friend; why you whispered to me a month ago; why Jim smiled so when he went off yesterday.'

'I saw Jim smile myself, and it was a rip-snorter. Please go on.'

'Mr Shanklin, is there any chance of my investing in this property—now—with you?'

His jaw dropped. 'Invest! Good Lord!' he breathed. 'Could you finish the sentence?'

IV.

Shanklin stared at her, dumb with this incredible thing. Then, noting the sheer delicacy of her features and the brightness of her eyes, he remembered the excited face of her mother when she spoke of putting the girl's

money into oil, instead of letting it languish in Government bonds.

'Just how much money do you mean?'

'Twenty thousand dollars.'

He winced a little. 'That's all you have?'

She nodded. 'Yes; and I have the farm. It's my inheritance from my father.'

'And you want to slam the whole twenty thousand in here?' His voice had a touch of awe.

'I certainly do. To-morrow, if you like.'

He winced again, wondering how much of this sort of thing he could stand. Then, slowly, 'I can't take it.'

Her eyes clouded. 'You mean you won't—won't let me in?'

'If I said to you that I objected to your gambling your inheritance on a well that might strike no oil, would you believe me?'

'I think I'd believe anything you said. But——'

'Thank you; but what?'

'This isn't that kind of a well.'

'I'm mighty glad to hear it. Where did you get the information?'

'From Jim.'

'Oh! And what did Jim say?'

'He didn't say anything; he just smiled. I knew what that meant.'

Something amusing, and in a queer way infinitely tender, plucked at Shanklin's heart.

'You evidently understand each other remarkably well—but—I'm sorry. How would you feel if this turned out a dry well? I don't think it will myself—but it may.'

'If it weren't a big thing, Spencer Martin wouldn't be interested,' she answered quickly. 'Oh, what have I said?' She seemed suddenly overwhelmed; then with an assumption of calmness, 'Do you see what I'm banking on?'

'Jim is my first guess. So he's for Spencer Martin?'

'Yes. Now will you take that money?'

Shanklin felt a little weak. 'I've got a partner. I've told you how I feel; let's see what he says.'

'The one who doesn't like ladies?'

'He may have got over that by now.' Shanklin strode round the derrick. 'Harrison, come here!'

'Can't. I'm busy.'

'He hasn't got over it, but I'll fetch him.' Presently he reappeared, with Harrison at his heels like a sulky pup. 'This is Miss Winter. She has been telling me a few things you'll find interesting.' He glanced at the girl. 'Shall I repeat them?'

She nodded, and he went over the story point by point. Harrison listened, his head a little on one side. When it came to Sitwell, his face turned a dusky purple. The shade remained while he heard about Hunt and Spencer Martin. Then Shanklin outlined the girl's proposal, omitting nothing about the farm and her inheritance.

'It sounds almost as though I had advised her to leave the Enterprise alone, hoping she'd drift along to us later,' he concluded gravely.

Harrison sat for several minutes quite motionless. His partner knew what thoughts were moving within him. This was manna from the skies, and, even less expected, the solution of all their trials. Presently Harrison looked up.

'You'd better keep your money. We'd sooner have it from them that might miss it less. It would come mighty handy; but I reckon you're wiser to stay out.'

'I told you,' said Shanklin softly.

'What did you tell her?' demanded his partner.

'Just what you have.'

The girl sprang to her feet. 'If I needed anything more, I've got it. You splendid men!'

Shanklin stared at her. 'The lady's talking to you, Harrison.'

'I'm talking to both of you,' she flashed. 'You've got to take this money—every cent of it. I can do with the farm—if it is lost. But it won't be. Jim must not know anything about it. It would be too awkward for him. And as to Mr Sitwell, he won't know either. Is it enough to finish the well?'

'It would be, if we took it.' Harrison spoke gravely.

'And I'd be a partner?'

'If you were anything at all.' Shanklin shook his head. 'Don't you see how we both feel about this thing?'

The girl stood very straight. 'If you don't take it,' she said with absolute sincerity, 'I'll give it to Mr Sitwell to invest for me. I know the risk, and I know what it would mean to have partners like you. I won't worry you by hanging about, and I won't ask silly questions. If you think I can help in any other way, you'll let me know. I'm not a fool or a sluggard. Now, is it going to be you, or Mr Sitwell? I told you I don't like snakes, but sometimes even they win out.'

Shanklin drew a long breath and glanced at his partner. There was a moment's silence.

'I'd hate to see Sitwell with the lady's money,' rumbled Harrison gruffly. 'Perhaps we need another partner.'

Shanklin chuckled. 'I thought he was getting over his dislike for your sex. Shake hands, partner.'

'What strong fingers you have!' she said. 'Gracious! I forgot all about that car. I'll be back in a day or two with the money.'

'Going into the city now?' Shanklin asked with a grin. 'Take me with you?'

'Nothing could be more appropriate. Come along.'

(*Continued on page 245.*)

THE SAND-EEL.

By A. MACDONALD.

I.

ONE may study the menu of our best restaurants for long enough and seldom, if ever, find the fish course described as 'Fish of the launce,' otherwise the humble sand-eel; yet this beautiful, silvery little fish is one of the most palatable morsels that can come out of the sea. Unlike its bigger relative, the slimy black eel, this delicate creature makes its home in the crisp, loose sand of the banks of the sea-pools along our shores and fords. Preyed upon relentlessly by other voracious fishes, nature has provided it with only one means of protection—namely, its capacity for burrowing into the soft sand, completely hiding itself from its pursuers. The similarity of its silvery colouring to its environment also gets it out of many a tight corner. On the slightest approach of danger it quickly buries itself snugly in the soft sand. The salmon, epicurean in its tastes, is one of the sand-eel's bitterest enemies, often putting such zest into the chase as to throw itself completely on to the dry bank or into shallows from which it cannot escape—a position which endangers its own existence, unless the rising tide mercifully releases it. Even gasping for life for a period on a dry sand-bank will not teach it a lesson, for after being released, and lying moodily for a while against a rock or a bank, the angler's hook, baited with a sand-eel, will lure it to its death as sure as hooks are hooks. The delicious eel seems to be a resistless temptation. Because of this constant persecution by its rapacious enemies, the sand-eel, however prolific it may be, is not abundant; hence its absence from the markets and the tables of the city.

In the islands of Uist—sometimes described as the 'angler's paradise'—are many fords in which are numerous sea-water pools. Here, when the tide recedes and the water is shallow over the loose sand-banks, the silvery sand-eel is found. Its best season is autumn. When the Uist housewife takes a notion for a plate of sand-eels, she chooses a moonlight night and the low ebb of a neap-tide to catch them. The night is chosen because the phosphorescent glow of the silvery eel betrays its presence should it show itself the least bit in its snug sand-bed, and the low ebb enables the fisher—usually a woman—to reach the farthest out banks. Now, the sand-eel is neither fished nor netted, and the labour of getting it is locally called 'lifting.' The only apparatus used is a 'hook' like a reaping-hook, except that its inner curve is blunt and notched like a saw, so that, when it comes in contact with a fish, the latter is not cut through, but slightly impaled. Armed with this and with a large pouch slung from her waist, the housewife sallies forth when a favourable night comes. She discards boots and stockings, and, with her skirts kirtled well over the knees, she wades softly and quietly along the sand-bank. The hook is brought into use by drawing it vertically through the loose sand towards her from all directions; the moment an impact with a fish occurs she draws it smartly upwards. The quick motion through the sand and water keeps the slippery eel impaled on the notches, but if there is a second's hesitation the fisher will have the disappointment of seeing it wriggle gracefully away in the clear water.

'Sand-eel lifting' has its own peculiar excitement and pleasures. The unexpected bite of an aggressive crab is sometimes an effective encouragement to lose one's balance in the water, and if at the next moment a big flounder rushes madly along and strikes the other foot in its blind rush, the fisher hasn't a leg to stand on. There is only one result to such a situation, and that is to flop into the water. Perhaps the fisher doesn't mind this; what with falling into holes and launching out right and left with her hook after escaping eels, she is soaking wet from top to toe soon after she has started. The pleasure comes, after a change of clothes, from the exhilarating effect of the salt-water bath. Indeed, this effect is greatly enhanced through the exercise, the walk home, and the wet clothing keeping the heat in and the cold air from the body, so that the cheerful, invigorating feeling lasts much longer than it does after an ordinary sea-bath. Such form of sport ought to be specially recommended to anæmic young ladies or run-down young blades who jump at the sound of a motor-hooter behind them.

'Sand-eel lifting' has also an element of danger attached to it, for patches of quicksands are frequent. The unwary, walking into one of these, might easily get swallowed up or held firmly until the rising tide put an end to his struggles. Happily such accidents are few and far between, possibly because the sport is not popular with strangers, and the native, conversant with the risks, only indulges in it because of the necessity of having eels for bait or for breakfast.

The eeriness of miles of wet sand glistening in the moonlight brings upon one a feeling of awe, and more than one timid person, seeing the shadow of a cloud moving slowly across the surface, has run home 'with the wind up,' certain that he had seen the spectre of a funeral wending its way slowly along the sand.

This was a sure premonition of a local disaster at sea, and some of the more superstitious natives still so far believe in such spectres that they do not like to allow their children to visit the pools until the incident is forgotten.

II.

The havoc caused among the sand-eels in these pools during the salmon's migration to the spawning-ground of the streams and lochs of the moors must be enormous. When the tide recedes and leaves dry—except for shallow channels and pools—stretches of sand miles in extent, the salmon, whose natural and instinctive bent for the time being is to ascend, will not recede with it, but will remain in what water it can find until the tide flows again. During this interval shoals of salmon remain almost motionless in the deepest pools, and so thickly do they assemble that a smart boy can spear half-a-dozen of them with a hay-fork or a stable graip in very little time, providing he escapes the vigilance of the water-bailiff. Before the days of salmon protection laws, the writer's father and two brothers drew a large-meshed trawl once along one of these pools, and though the mesh was large enough to allow medium-sized fish to get through, the catch was sufficient to fill a cart. The local doctor, with two or three friends, trawled the same pool the following night with a smaller-meshed net, and the result was two cartloads of fish. This particular pool has, within recent years, 'filled up' with the shifting sand. While the salmon remain in the pool the little sand-eel has little chance of indulging in its wriggling; hence the fisher finds it more abundant in the sand, and learns that the best 'season' is during the salmon's migration to fresh water. After the ascent, the sand-eel, freed from its presence, is more on the swim and less in the sand, and the season for lifting may be said to be over.

In the sea, as elsewhere, it is a case of the survival of the fittest, and the rapacious salmon is frequently caught at its own game of plunder. Occasionally a marauding seal will steal its way quietly up the ford, and its advent in the pool is the signal for a general scramble to get out of the way. The consternation among the salmon and the hastiness of their retreat along the shallow channels cause, it is said, many of them to cast their burden of roe in their rush to safety.

The naturalist who would record the speed at which a seal or a salmon travels at high pressure may do so at one of these fords, provided he is possessed of a full share of that unlimited patience usually attributed to observers of the habits of fishes. This patience is necessary, not because a race between a seal and a salmon is of uncommon occurrence, but because it is not always held under spectacular conditions, for these conditions are only provided in the straight, narrow channels at the mouths of rivers or in fords. Properly speaking, the race takes the nature of a chase—the seal racing for its prey and the salmon for its life—and top speed is assured. A Uist ford known to the writer is peculiarly adapted—a regular Epsom course—for this kind of race. It is a narrow indentation of the land some two miles in length, spreading out at its landward end at either side in the form of a capital T to over five miles in breadth. Its sea end opens into the Atlantic, and the shore on both sides is of the whitest sand. Haskeir rock, some four miles to the north, is a basking and reposing place for hundreds of seals; while the ford, which is deep at high water, is an avenue through which shoals of salmon pass in their migration to fresh water. This close proximity of the habitat of the seal to the highway of the salmon tends to bring seal and salmon into frequent contests of speed, and as the latter's natural direction is towards higher ground, the ford lends itself as venue for the struggle. An interesting and exciting incident of this kind was related to the writer by a friend some time ago. Standing on the north shore of the ford one day, at a point where it narrows down to about ninety yards, he noticed a salmon leap out of the water with a long forward motion. This seemed peculiar, as the playful salmon usually leaps upward, dropping side-on; but at the same moment the snout of a seal appeared with a rush some twenty yards behind. With a flick of its hind-feet it as quickly disappeared, leaving a slight ripple behind it on the placid waters. The salmon was swimming for his life. Both seemed to be travelling near the surface, for a slight commotion on the glass-like water in their trail showed clearly the course they were taking. Once or twice the salmon leaped, trying to baffle his pursuer, but almost simultaneously with the leap the shining head and snout of the seal appeared on the surface. The race was under observation for well over a quarter of a mile, and though the observer did not see the finish, he saw that the seal had gained fast in the distance they had travelled. It may safely be assumed that the seal caught its quarry, which is somewhat to its credit, considering that the salmon is one of the swiftest fishes in the sea; but it is more than likely that the seal's strength and endurance enabled it to do so, rather than its supposed superior speed.

Of recent years the salmon in these fords are decidedly less numerous. This is due, no doubt, to the presence of poaching trawlers near the coast, for the black hull of one of these is occasionally seen slinking away in the gray dawn of the autumn morning. The inhabitants are too indifferent to report the matter, and His Majesty's policeman of these northern seas is too busy to peer into the nooks and corners of the sea that cut in between the sand-dunes of Uist.

THE VISITOR.

PART II.

VI.

IT was a little later in the year—the middle of April—that I came to Friar's Entry again. I had decided to live there and make it my home. I spent a fortnight in London, saw many friends, and did much necessary business and shopping. Nothing could have afforded a greater contrast to the life I was going back to. At times I could scarcely believe that Friar's Entry and its problem were waiting for me. But I was not prepared to give it up without a struggle. I took commonplace measures. I bought bright curtains, chintzes, and some furniture sufficiently comfortable without being obviously modern, with which to fill the drawing-room. With these, with open windows, and the flowers and the sunlight of the coming summer, I was going to see what I could do.

Isabel Vane wrote that she had engaged a woman to cook. Mrs Garfitt had left Lostminster, and in some ways I was glad. Neither of my new servants would have heard any stories. The second was a war-widow from my old home in Norfolk. There was a third addition to our party, a smooth-haired fox-terrier, a present from Isabel Vane.

I arrived in the evening. The hall bore a depressing aspect—packing-cases, letters, and accumulations of every sort.

I dined alone. I had my own reasons for being in an unsettled state of mind at that time, but, apart from that, I could not help noting, the moment I entered, that the shadow on the house had deepened.

The next morning Isabel Vane called in to see me, and found me in the library, deep in my uncle's papers. We walked out together to visit his grave.

'You know that Goodyear is gone too?' she said.

'Yes; you wrote to me that he had died last winter. That's the last channel closed.'

'Let me know if I can be of any use to you,' she replied.

'You can. Keep everybody away from Friar's Entry. I want to be alone absolutely, to devote myself to the investigation without a hand to hold me back to ordinary life. If I am to receive a strange visitor, I must myself go halfway to meet him.'

She did not reply, but I thought I saw that in her opinion I was a little insane. I did not really care. I prepared elaborately to cut myself off from the companionship of the outside world.

I spent a week unpacking, buying, refitting. Electricians and workmen passed through the house like a pageant. I wrote letters, catalogued, and cleared all business from my conscience. As I watched the new hangings and furniture coming in—perilously dear in those days of inflated prices—I realised that I had given myself some trouble to prepare for victory.

I received only one set-back.

I had wanted to fulfil my last duty to Uncle James by completing his book. But nowhere, not even on application to his publishers, could I discover a word about it.

At last peace settled upon the house, and two evenings after the workmen had departed I sat after dinner sewing in the drawing-room. It is poor work sewing alone. The world was very quiet. The loudest sound was my thread drawing through the stuff I was sewing, the next the shifting of the fire. In the chair opposite me the fox-terrier lay asleep. I heard all the bells of the town tell ten o'clock. Downstairs a door slammed and I heard the maids pass up to bed. Then utter silence again.

I finished my seam, folded it on my knee, and sat staring into the drowsy fire. Presently I started and felt a burning wave of heat, followed by stiffening cold, pass over me. I looked up. Nothing but the dog growling softly. He had waked from hunting in dreams, and was staring fixedly at the wall by the writing-table and growling to himself. I rose and let him out into the dark empty passage, took a book at random, and started to read. It was too early to go up to bed yet. It was a treatise on English prosody. I opened at a page of specimen passages and read:

> I am fire and air; my other elements
> I give to baser life.

A little base *earth* still clung to me, and I fixed my attention to the book, and read on:

> And there is nothing left remarkable
> Beneath the visiting moon.

A very cold wind blew in the room and chilled my hands. The windows were shuttered and the door was shut, but I sat over the fire rubbing my chilled hands without effect. From the chair opposite me the dog sighed heavily.

Then I remembered that I had let the dog out of the room.

What followed I do not attempt to extenuate. I rose quite quietly but firmly, flicked out the lights, and walked straight upstairs to bed, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left.

VII.

The next two days were devoid of any event. I sat in the garden, in the library, in my bedroom, and not until I woke to a wet morning on

the third day did I realise that the shadow was drawing near again.

By night I felt sure I should know more. The rooms looked spectral in the waning light of a wet afternoon. As I came into the drawing-room at dusk to ring for lights and tea, I thought the hour of realisation had come. I heard furtive footsteps as I turned the handle of the door, and could have sworn that some one left the room by the opposite door as I came in.

My maid came up with tea, and lit the candles on the mantelpiece. 'There 's two cups on the tray, miss. I put them out, thinking the gentleman might be staying to tea.'

I had told her that I was not at home to anybody except two—Isabel Vane, whom I could not well refuse, and another who might come to Lostminster, but had not.

I sat down to tea, the empty cup opposite me. It looked rather sorrowful in the mixed candle-light and fading daylight.

'Did the gentleman let himself out?'

'He must have, miss. I stood by on the stairs to let him pass, and he passed down quiet like, as if he didn't see me.'

'That 's all right, then. No doubt he let himself out. He knows the house,' I said.

But I was not feeling composed. Among other feelings I recognised a real annoyance. I had taken some trouble that these new servants should hear no tales. Goodyear, I felt sure now, had known what it was he saw. If these women knew, they would go. My bad temper steeled me against all fear that night. The dog came in to offer to sit with me, looked round, dropped his tail, and asked to be let out.

I let him out, and came back into the stunned silence of the room. It was not pleasant sitting there alone. But although I sat reading over the fire until after twelve, I was not disturbed. By twelve-thirty I felt that further waiting was vain. The shadow—the feeling of anxious expectation, of future hours of bitter struggle—hung over the house like a pall. If it had been set in lonely meadows it could not have seemed more remote from time. Old sorrows, old unforgiven sins—that was what haunted it. There was nothing that I could see. I put away my book, and as I reached the door I heard footsteps—too heavy for a dog, but too light for a man—moving away from the door down the dark passage and staircase. It seemed to me as if some one had been standing outside the door waiting and watching, and had gone away in disappointment.

VIII.

May came to Lostminster. The damp, rich country round the river and up beyond the canal began to show flowers, and the chestnut-trees lit their hundreds of white candles. I walked out alone miles into the country, and turned home every night to find the shadow still awaiting me. A couple of invitations from friends in the outside world affected me oddly for a moment or two. In their letters I read a growing curiosity over my long silence. One of them even threatened to descend upon Lostminster to stay with me and see my house. I wrote rather a hostile note in return, and settled back to my silence.

I had begun to wonder how much longer it was to last, when the end came suddenly. I came back from a long walk in the country after tea-time.

'Miss Vane called this afternoon, but I told her you were out, miss,' said the maid when she came upstairs to close the shutters. 'The gentleman who called before was standing just behind her when I opened the door, but he heard what I said, and went away too, without leaving any message or asking for you.'

'I am sorry to have missed them,' I said.

The girl looked at me, hesitating a little, and then said, 'It seems queer, miss, but when I came in just now I didn't speak, for I thought I saw the gentleman in here with you, standing just behind you, too.'

I turned round rather quickly. I was sitting at the writing-desk addressing an envelope, and I must confess that it shook me a little to think that some one had been behind me looking over my shoulder in silence until the girl entered. 'No, I didn't meet him,' I said. 'Let me know if he comes again; and if I 'm out, let him come in and wait for me.'

It was a beautiful night. I fell asleep thinking of the old trees and the sleepy meadows by which I had been walking that evening, and I dreamt that I came home to find John Wonnacott sitting in front of the empty fireplace in the drawing-room. I saw him—a gray figure turned away from me—get up as I entered the room and turn his head slowly until his eyes met mine. There he stood, spare, rather shrunken, and looking very ill, his black eyes profound with knowledge of old sorrows and wrongs. I spoke to him, and he answered the same word over and over again. All mortality seemed to drop from me, and I could almost hear what he was saying. 'Speak louder,' I said. 'What is the word you are saying?' But he shook his head, walked past me suddenly, and I did not see him pass down the staircase or find him on the balcony.

. . . . . .

I woke up, lit a candle, and went downstairs to the drawing-room.

It was almost dawn. I drew the curtains and opened the windows on to the balcony. From the court below there came no sound. I looked into the darkness, but saw no face and no straining eyes.

Then I searched the writing-desk, flinging papers in heaps on the floor until I came to what I was looking for. In the large drawer,

full of stamped note-paper and envelopes, was a parcel the same size as the rest. In it was the manuscript of the book my uncle had completed just before his death—the Wonnacott letters.

I sat reading until the bright sunlight of a May morning stole into the room and lay in pools on the untidy floor.

As I neared the end some words leapt at me out of the page, as one's own name leaps at one out of a column of type.

'Reputation—reputation,' wrote John Wonnacott. That was what he had been saying, then. 'Reputation.' My uncle's labours had given back to John Wonnacott his name untarnished. You may read the details of it for yourself in his book, in the deciphered letters.

I took a morning train up to London and saw my uncle's publishers. I stayed two nights in London, and then returned home again.

Home—it was that now. The hall was full of flowers, and the evening sun burned on the strong colour of the blue curtains.

I gathered up my letters and went up to tea on the balcony.

'Has anybody called?'

'Miss Vane this morning. She said she would call again after tea, miss.'

'No one else?'

'No, miss—not since you went.'

. . . . . .

I do not know what I had expected to find awaiting me that evening, but certainly not what I found in one of the letters I was idly tearing open—one that closed the doors of Friar's Entry suddenly behind me.

I was married five weeks later, and accompanied my husband out to South Africa. It was a question of leave, but I had no relations to consult, and I had never cared for clothes, so I was ready. Friar's Entry we managed to let the week before we sailed.

The new organist of Lostminster has lived there two years now.

I hear no complaints.

THE END.

THE ROMANCE OF THE REDWOODS.

WE are all familiar with the advertisement poster of 'Big Tree' wines, picturing a wagonette full of sight-seers passing out of a square archway cut through the living bole of a mighty tree. How many among those who see this advertisement are able to name this tree, or the country in which it is found?

What they see is a very small part of a *Sequoia gigantea*, one of the largest growths that have ever sprung from virgin soil. The *Sequoia gigantea* is a relation of the *Semper virgens* or the giant redwood of California. This tree is the largest of the conifers, forming one of several surviving links between the firs and the cypresses.

The *Semper virgens* grows to an enormous size. Picture to yourself a graceful, tapering tree as tall as the London Monument; that is the height of an average Californian redwood. The tree that you have imagined would have a diameter at its base so great that you would have to take four strides in order to pass it.

Imagine another tree of the same kind, but half as high again as the first; then you have some idea of the height of a large redwood. Its length would be three hundred feet, and to pass the trunk would require at least six walking-paces.

The bole of the redwood is gracefully fluted, reminding one of the columns supporting the roof of a cathedral. At its base the great roots rear like buttresses, and about them grow the huge ferns without which these trees are rarely found. Under foot is a carpet of cones and needles that was woven in the loom of centuries.

Once the redwood covered nearly half the continental surface of the earth, but now it is to be found in its primitive growth only in California and Oregon, whither it has been driven by the advancing ages.

It is almost impossible to realise the antiquity of such trees without the aid of comparison. Many people have at some time in their lives seen the ruins of Hastings Castle, yet a tree similar to those I have described would have been old when Hastings Castle was built. That castle, now a ruin, dates back to the Norman Conquest, but the tree would be living still. There are acres of such trees in California.

Think of a forest, hundreds of miles in length, composed of tapering giants as high as the London Monument, beneath them the great ferns, growing in the dim, twilit aisles, silent as night in a deserted cathedral. To walk among such trees is to learn a lesson in humility not easily to be forgotten.

Nor have you yet seen the greatest of the redwoods.

If you would look upon the *Sequoia gigantea*, it is to be found in Sierra Nevada, between four and five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Here are at once the largest trees in the world, and the oldest living things in existence.

Picture to yourself a tree as high as St Paul's Cathedral. That is the *Sequoia gigantea*; to pass it would require ten walking-paces.

There is a famous group of these trees in California known as the Mammoth Grove of Galaveras, which contains nearly a hundred of these monsters. One of the prostrate trunks here was found to measure ninety feet in girth

at a point *one hundred yards* from its base. This colossal tree was in all probability over a thousand years old at the beginning of the Christian Era; at the time of its fall it had lived through nearly thirty centuries

There are living trees in Sierra Nevada and Oregon to-day the age of which varies between five hundred and two thousand years, some of them even more. These monsters have outlived empires, and have centuries yet to live.

'PASTE.'

I.

MERRIMAN was strolling down Wardour Street in that amiable frame of mind which on a sunny afternoon in spring-time not infrequently envelops elderly gentlemen who are well fed, well clothed, and live well within a comfortable income. To such individuals Wardour Street is a place of bargains—the hunting for which may profitably occupy any spare hour of the day. It is not an environment of lost hopes and desperate resolves. Its stuffed and glittering windows are not eloquent of tragedy, privation, and vanished dreams. It is only a quiet corner in the roar of London, where the shrewd eye may detect an alluring bit of jade or enamel, a Tanagra figure, or some other trinket of beauty or worth. Wardour Street has nothing to say of the future, but it is eloquent of the past.

Merriman walked slowly, a portly, blue-eyed, red-cheeked man of about sixty, the sort of man whose cheque would be accepted instantly—and anywhere. He did not need anything, but was rather curiously conscious just at this moment that others did. The thought was in his mind when his eye fell on a bloodstone ring in a strangely carved setting. He loved semi-precious stones, and stared at it with sudden interest. Simultaneously he became aware of a young man who walked slowly past, glanced at him quickly, went on a few yards, halted, pivoted on his heel in military fashion and came slowly back. Indecision was written on his lean, tanned face. Merriman looked at him impersonally and went into the shop.

It was small and rather dark. The pawnbroker recognised a probable customer. 'Can I show you anything, sir?' Then, with an appraising scrutiny, 'I've got a nice bit of Sèvres at a very low price.'

Merriman shook his head. 'I'd like to see that bloodstone ring in the window.'

It was dropped into his palm. He was peering at the two tiny gold dragons that formed the mounting, when the doorway was darkened. A moment later sounded a voice. 'What can you let me have on this?' The words came out jerkily, as though forced: a tense, uneven, young voice—distinct even in its stress.

'What is your name and address?'

Merriman stole a look out of the corner of his eye. The young man was close beside him, and held out a brooch—Victorian in its design—with five rather large diamonds in the centre and radiating spikes tipped with small pearls. It suggested memories of embroidered fire-screens and grandfather clocks. The man murmured his name and address—which Merriman did not catch—and waited, moving restlessly, with a tightening of the lips and a rising colour under his tan. The pawnbroker screwed a magnifying-glass under an untrimmed brow.

'H'm,' he said presently—'I don't know that I can do anything.'

A pair of brown eyes opened wider. 'Why?'

'This may be paste. I——'

'But it isn't. It can't be!'

'Anything can be nowadays—and in Wardour Street. If it is, it's good paste—they made great stuff fifty years ago.'

'But it's been in the family for nearly that. In fact'—here the voice grew rather desperate—'I know it's all right. It—it was a present.'

The pawnbroker pushed the trinket across the counter. 'What you know and what I think are two different things. Give it the benefit of the doubt and call it genuine—but I don't want it—at that.' He turned to Merriman. 'Now this ring is all right; no paste about it. You can have it for five pounds—and I'll give you four pounds ten for it any day.'

Came a short exclamation and the doorway darkened. Merriman counted out five pounds and slipped the ring into his pocket. The pawnbroker nodded.

'We get a good deal of that sort of thing,' he said, jerking his chin towards the street. 'Surprising how little some people know about their own stuff. If it were genuine, that brooch would be worth two hundred pounds.'

II.

Merriman went out. Twenty yards away stood the young man, staring aimlessly towards Leicester Square. His shoulders were hunched up, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. Merriman noted that his clothes were much worn but well cut. The head was rather small and held erect, the back was straight, and about the whole figure was something that suggested a racehorse of good strain. This youth was not a spendthrift or a waster—but how did he get that brooch? Presently the young man turned, and saw Merriman. His face was pale; his brown eyes were very bright.

Merriman felt a throb of pity. If he had had a son himself, he would have liked one who was

built after this fashion. He gave way to an unaccustomed impulse and stepped forward. 'I'm afraid you were disappointed?' he ventured.

The young man stared and nodded. Quite obviously he was wondering what business it might be of this stranger, but, equally, the stranger's eyes were so honest, his appearance so satisfying, and his manner so sincere that there was nothing to which he could take exception. 'Yes, I was,' he admitted.

Merriman liked his eyes, brown and clear as forest pools in autumn. But now they were restless with apprehension. 'Then it was very important?'

'For me—yes, certainly.'

Merriman paused, feeling that he was on the edge of an action quite unpremeditated, but nevertheless, under the circumstances, entirely natural. 'Will you come and have tea with me?'

The young man smiled, as only youth can smile, and nodded. Ten minutes later they settled down in a favourite warren of Merriman's off Shaftesbury Avenue. Conscious of the thinness of his guest's cheeks, he ordered lavishly, and presently surveyed him across a mountain of toast, muffins, and cake.

'Tea is my great meal of the day,' he said amiably. 'By the way, here is my card.'

The stranger took it. 'I—I haven't a card with me. My name is Forbes.'

'Any connection of the Sussex family?'

'Distant only. My father is dead—years ago. My mother and I live together—off Old Compton Street.'

Merriman nodded. 'Would you care to tell me anything about—well—this afternoon? I'd like to assure you that I'm really interested, and not merely curious. I might be of use.'

The young man flushed. 'I'm a perfect stranger, sir.'

'Just so. That makes it all the more interesting. As a matter of fact, my friend, I'm beginning at my advanced age to realise that the things of this world are rather unevenly divided. Has that never occurred to you?'

Forbes made a little gesture. 'It did—in France—several times a day. Now that I've got back, I pinch myself, and ask if this is the England I'm supposed to have fought for.'

Merriman leaned forward, a softened light in his blue eyes. 'There are others among you who ask that.'

'Several hundred thousand, and there's no answer yet.'

'I'm afraid that's true. Now will you tell me about this afternoon?'

Forbes gulped at his tea and burned his throat. 'That is, tell me as much or as little as you feel inclined.'

There was a little pause; then the young man began, untinged with resentment or revolt, but burdened with a sort of wonder that such things could really be. 'I got back six months ago, and found my job filled. It had been filled for four years. It was the old story of army life unfitting one for civilian duties—that's the way they always put it. I wore out my boots to no purpose. Always the same thing: very sorry, but—— Then last month I ran into some of my own crowd—London Scottish; they were buying army lorries at two hundred each, and forming a syndicate—a transport syndicate. There's lots of work in sight. I had some of my gratuity left, and needed a hundred pounds more to join. It looked well to me, for, you see, our crowd had been through—that is, we'd all been on the same job in France.' He broke off in sudden gloom. To Merriman it seemed as though he wanted to be back on the old job again, with the old crowd.

'Yes?' said Merriman interrogatively.

'So I talked it over with my mother. I was a bit desperate, and suggested pawning the brooch. It's the only thing of any value we have left. She wanted to help if she could, but the idea of going to a pawnbroker seemed to frighten and horrify her. I didn't say anything more, but put the thing in my pocket this morning. You know the rest; but what she will do if she hears it's paste puts my wind up. She mustn't know. That's all there is to it.'

'And what about you?'

'I'm not thinking of that, sir, at the moment.'

Merriman pushed out his lips. He had really felt so little for the last few years since he retired from business that it was difficult for him at first completely to visualise the situation. It had meant nothing particular to him that other people felt, and felt deeply. He had almost prided himself—at one time—on his immunity from any sentimental reaction, and complacently regarded his forty years of adult life as a period which had been safely traversed without incurring any entangling responsibilities. But now, as he looked thoughtfully at young Forbes, it began to appear that he who steers clear of responsibility also sails past a lot of delightful promontories and bays and harbours, the intimate knowledge of which—even though it be attained at some cost—adds notably to the pride and privilege of life. He wondered mutely what it would be like to have such a son as this—to experience the communicable thrill of his hopes and emotions. He nibbled a cake and spoke thoughtfully: 'You would be quite right to keep your unpleasant discovery from your mother. Tell me more of this business venture.'

Forbes told him how the men were experts in transport; how the lorries had been bought at low prices—all except the one he was to buy; how they could do their own repairs; how contracts already offered; how, with the cars, they had secured a supply of spare parts—till Merriman, listening shrewdly, perceived that it was good business, and, backed by youth and enthusiasm, should win out if wisely managed.

'But I suppose I'm out of it now.' His guest made a grimace. 'Do you happen to know, sir, of any one who wants a good clerk?'

'Yourself?'

'Yes.'

Merriman shook his head. 'I can't quite see you at a desk. Might I—is it possible I could have the pleasure of a chat with your mother?'

Forbes smiled wistfully. 'She's a very proud old lady, and while you're awfully kind, I——'

'I wouldn't think of suggesting anything that would hurt her pride. Can you keep your secret? I mean about the brooch.'

'Of course I can.'

'Then I can keep it too. I may be able to put something in your way more suitable than a clerkship. And, please don't misunderstand me, but I've never liked any kind of acknowledgment. It has recently become quite clear that if one can do a good turn, one is doing as much for one's self as for the other fellow, so why any acknowledgments?'

Forbes put down his cup rather shakily. 'I'm quite answered. Shall we go along now?'

III.

Twenty minutes later Merriman was admitted to a tiny room at the top of two pairs of narrow stairs off Old Compton Street. Forbes had run up ahead to prepare the way. In one corner sat a little old lady with snowy hair. She had a small, delicate face, and her skin had taken on a certain smooth transparency that gave it a tinge of old ivory. Her eyes were of a faded china blue, the curve of her lips still beautiful when she smiled. Merriman, as he was introduced, thought he had never before seen age presented in such charming and self-possessed fragility. The room was furnished in the cheapest manner possible, but the contrast between her and her surroundings held only for an instant. No material thing could flout the grace of her dainty presence. She received him without a trace of surprise and all the dignity of bygone days. Merriman was reminded of powder-rooms, crinolines, and minuets. Forbes presented him and vanished.

'My son tells me that he has had tea with you,' she began in a silvery voice.

Merriman nodded. 'I had that pleasure.'

'One of the great differences between his day and mine is that friendships are now very quickly formed. I trust, however, that he did not speak to you first.'

'Not at all,' Merriman assured her. 'I was much taken with him'—he hesitated a moment—'and asked him on sheer impulse.'

She nodded contentedly. 'Do you happen to be in the business which Rupert contemplates? He told me you discussed it with him.' A suspicion of colour had bloomed in the faded cheek.

'No. I retired from business some years ago, but what he told me sounded quite promising.'

She looked at him gravely, as though deliberating how much or how little to say, then smoothed an imaginary wrinkle from across her knees. The movement of the waxen fingers suggested that in her mind was another wrinkle she was mutely trying to obliterate. She looked up with a quick, bird-like glance. 'Are you married, sir?'

'No,' said Merriman; then, quite without volition, he added 'unfortunately.'

'Rupert's father was killed ten years after my son was born—in Afghanistan. Since then Rupert and I have been everything to each other. Not being married yourself, it would be hard for you to realise just what a responsibility it has all been. There is much that a boy can share with his mother, and much that he cannot share. But what I have known has kept me from worrying about the rest.'

Her visitor nodded. 'He struck me as being a very fine chap.'

Her eyes grew soft. 'You think this business venture should do well?'

'I do.'

The aged face became suddenly agitated. Merriman, waiting quietly, perceived that a storm of feeling was mounting in her withered breast. Presently she sent him a long, questioning look and made a little helpless gesture that moved him profoundly.

'Rupert is intent on joining his friends. It is natural; they know each other. As he puts it, they have paid to know. I never ask him about those four years, because he only said—the first time—that it wasn't pretty, and I couldn't understand. But he came through safely, and I was very thankful.'

Merriman did not speak. Presently she went on: 'When he got back he was full of enthusiasm at seeing England again. Now'—here her thin voice trembled—'I think he hates England, and that's a dreadful thing. Then, at last, came this chance of which you know. We talked it over, and, being desperate—and having less than a hundred pounds when he needed two hundred—he suggested pawning my brooch. It shocked me that he should even have——'

She broke off, a deep appeal in her tired eyes. 'You will tell me, sir, if I am making a mistake in speaking of these things.'

Merriman leaned forward, and, daring greatly, touched the waxen hands. 'I think you are doing the very best thing. I want to know.'

'Well,' she resumed after a tense moment, 'he said nothing more about it; but to-day I missed it—and knew what had happened. Oh—do you know whether he tried to dispose of it?' Her eyes were dark with inward pain.

Merriman did not answer at once, but knew that he could not look into that face and lie. Mrs Forbes was on the edge of her chair, pulling weakly at her handkerchief. It struck him that she was using up her reserve of vitality at an

appalling rate. Then, with a sense of hopelessness, he told her the truth; hopeless, not because he did not know what his part in all this would be, but because of the blow he was inflicting in shattering what he conceived to be a dream of happier days. She stared at him, her lips moving soundlessly. He had not imagined it could be as hard as this.

'Of course, the man may have been mistaken,' he concluded.

'You told me that you had never married, sir,' she said slowly, 'so perhaps it will be difficult for you to understand. It was pride that took my son to France—pride, I think, that kept him safe and straight—pride that helped him through these last six months. You see, that's all I could do for him—encourage his pride. But now——'

Merriman shook his head. 'Pride is not so easily broken if it's the real thing. It's not your fault that the brooch was paste.'

'I knew it was paste,' she whispered.

'Then who sold the original—if there was one?' he asked, astonished.

'I did. To help with Rupert's education. I was alone then.'

Merriman got up as though lifted out of his chair. He stood looking down at her. Two small glittering drops—which were not paste—had appeared on the waxen cheeks, and her eyes met his with a soft appeal, as though beseeching him not to blame her. For a moment he could not speak.

'You dear lady—you dear, brave lady,' he said under his breath.

'You see,' she went on, dabbing at her cheek, 'I couldn't tell Rupert—it would have hurt his pride. It seems to me that that is one of the penalties of love, when we have to do things that hurt us for the sake of those we love, and at the same time screen our dear ones from any knowledge of what is going on—lest it cloud their sky. I suppose that later on they do such things themselves, and then, perhaps, their thoughts travel back—and that must be our reward—a remembrance that is possibly a little more tender. Do you not think, sir, that it must be so?'

Merriman got rather red. This was unfamiliar ground. He could not recollect having done anything for the sake of memories—tender or otherwise. Then, much to his surprise, he heard his own voice. 'If I were your son, madam, and learned all this, it would make me feel that—that I couldn't do enough in return. It would give me more pride than ever.'

She sank back in her chair, her lips parted. 'You think so?'

'I know it,' he said with utter conviction.

They looked at each other silently for a moment, he with the dawning knowledge that her life had been one of what he once would have called altruism, but now recognised as sacrifice and love and a high beneficence; she at this stranger who, treading paths so different from her own, had suddenly lifted a cloud of apprehension beneath whose shadow she had lived for twenty years. They were revealers—each for the other. Merriman smiled. 'You can keep a secret, madam?'

She lifted her head in a movement amazingly like that of her son. 'I have kept one for twenty years.'

Merriman's smile broadened. 'Then I would beg that you display no surprise at anything that may take place within the next twenty-four hours. Your son tells me he has that period within which he may join his friends.'

She searched his face, but found there only an honest goodwill. She was about to speak, then seemed to recognise the futility of thanks. Thanks for what? She was terribly afraid of taking anything for granted. Merriman got up. 'May I come and see you again?'

She pulled herself together in an instant. He got a glimpse of what she must have been fifty years before. Now she was a dainty reminder of that past in which he seemed to see her move—admired, sparkling, a thing of beauty, delicacy, and charm. And he was somehow assured that all these attributes had survived, rarefied by the cold winds of age, ennobled by the unyielding strength of her love.

'I shall be very pleased,' she said with a glance that was almost coquettish. 'It is nice to meet new people—especially a new man.' She extended a small hand.

Merriman bowed over it, and, in sudden impulse, touched it with his lips. The pink spots reappeared in the waxen cheeks.

'It is many years since that happened last,' she murmured.

. . . . . .

At breakfast next morning young Forbes tore open a letter. He scrutinised it dully—taking it to be a final notice that the day of opportunity was about to expire—then stared with quick interest. His mother put down her cup—untasted.

'What is it, Rupert?' She was conscious of a fluttering in her pulse.

'What an extraordinary thing! Listen.'

'"Wardour Street, London.

'"Dear Sir,—With reference to your visit yesterday, I would like to say that shortly after you left a brooch was brought in much like yours. At first I took it to be paste, but, examining it with care, found it to be genuine. It is quite likely that I was mistaken in yours as well, and I write to say that if you will bring it in again, we can probably do business. In this case I would advance, say, two hundred pounds on yours.—Faithfully yours, J. Blanton.

'"Mr R. Forbes."'

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

CHARLES DICKENS ON LAW AND LAWYERS.

By an EDINBURGH LAWYER.

I.

THERE is, I am afraid, abundant evidence throughout Dickens's books that he detested the law and disliked lawyers. Why he did so is not, perhaps, so clear. One may surmise that his broad mind and generous heart rebelled against the precision and inelastic rigidity of law; that he would scorn to accept the maxim 'Hard cases make bad law,' and was only alive to the apparent injustice of those hard cases which must needs occur sometimes in the best-ordered system of legal administration. We know that the methods of the 'Circumlocution Office' and others were not to his mind, and that he rode full tilt against the Bumbledom and squalid cruelty of the Poor Law, as it was worked in his day. Again, there was the law of imprisonment for debt when Dickens wrote; we find graphic pictures of Mr Pickwick in the Fleet, and of the Dorrits in the Marshalsea, to say nothing of the minor tribulations of Mr Micawber. These things cut Charles Dickens to the soul, and he wrote vehemently, and not without effect, in their denunciation.

But it was the English Court of Chancery that he regarded with a particular and undying hatred. His brief preface to *Bleak House* contains a withering indictment against it. There the author deliberately states that 'everything set forth in these pages concerning the Court of Chancery is substantially true, and within the truth. The case of Gridley is in no essential altered from one of actual occurrence, made public by a disinterested person, who was professionally acquainted with the whole of the monstrous wrong from beginning to end. At the present moment' (August 1853) 'there is a suit before the Court which was commenced nearly twenty years ago, in which from thirty to forty counsel have been known to appear at one time; in which costs have been incurred to the amount of seventy thousand pounds; which is *a friendly suit*; and which is (I am assured) no nearer to its termination now than when it was begun. There is another well-known suit in Chancery, not yet decided, which was commenced before the close of the last century, and in which more than double the amount of seventy thousand pounds has been swallowed up in costs. If I wanted other authorities for *Jarndyce and Jarndyce*, I could rain them on these pages. . . .'

What I have quoted is dismal reading. I do not believe that legal proceedings of such disastrous character as those referred to were ever possible in Scotland. I do not suppose they are possible in England to-day. But we have Dickens's word for it that they did occur there, not so very long ago. We may hope that the great writer was misinformed; but it is small wonder that, believing what he did believe about the Court of Chancery, his righteous indignation should have bred in him a detestation of the law in general, and all its works and ways. His own personal experience in Chancery, in connection with attempts to pirate some of his writings, was such that, in a letter to Forster, he says: 'It is much better to suffer a great wrong than to have recourse to the much greater wrong of the law,' and complains that 'in asserting the plainest right on earth, I was really treated as if I were the robber, instead of the robbed!' All these may have been contributory elements. Certain it is that Dickens lost no opportunity—and he created many in his various books—of denouncing the law as a cruel, tricky, tortuous, and dishonest affair.

The individual lawyers, too, whom he portrays—and there are many of them—form, with hardly an exception, an unlovely company. Dickens is hard upon lawyers. Perhaps he had known too few of them, possibly too many; but I think that those whom he met must have been the wrong sort—that there is a right sort among lawyers, as among any other class of men, can hardly be disputed. Yet one would scarcely suppose so, if the lawyers of Dickens were the only available field for contemplation or selection. Let us glance awhile at some of his types of legal character and personality.

II.

At the top of the legal tree sits the Lord Chancellor. In the opening chapter of *Bleak House*, on a raw day of 'implacable November weather' and densest fog—a 'London particular,' as Mr Guppy called it—we find a Lord Chancellor 'hard by Temple Bar in Lincoln's Inn Hall, at the very heart of the fog, sitting in his High Court of Chancery, with a foggy glory

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

round his head, softly fenced in with crimson cloth and curtains, addressed by a large advocate with great whiskers, a little voice, and an interminable brief, and outwardly directing his contemplation to the lantern in the roof, where he can see nothing but fog.' The picture is gloomy and unpromising. It is pleasanter to find that his lordship, on leaving the court, and coming to interview 'the wards in Jarndyce' in his anteroom, appears as an English gentleman, shrewd, courtly, affable, and kind; and that his manner, in talking to young Richard Carstone, seemed 'as if he still knew, though he *was* Lord Chancellor, how to go straight to the candour of a boy.' Yet it is the portrayal of his lordship in the bewildering fog, and not in his disrobed moments of courtesy, that abides, and was meant to abide, with the reader. For, as was pithily observed by the immortal Short (*alias* Trotters), who, in partnership with gloomy Codlin, conducted Mr Punch and his associates through the west of England, 'Would you care a ha'penny for the Lord Chancellor, if you know'd him in private and without his wig? Certainly not.'

This sound observation forbids us to do more than just refer to the faint aura of another, a 'deceased,' Lord Chancellor, whom we are only permitted to know by the hearsay evidence, so to speak, of Mr Solomon Pell, that shady practitioner in the Insolvent Court, in whom the elder Weller and his comrades, including 'the mottle-faced gentlemen,' placed their confidence —subject, however, to the undoubted right and capacity of the 'umpires' to 'be wery soon down upon him if he comes anythin' irreg'lar.' The *dicta* reported by Mr Pell are not without interest. For example: 'I 'm completely sewn up, as my friend the late Lord Chancellor many a time used to say to me, gentlemen, when he came out from hearing appeals in the House of Lords. Poor fellow! he was very susceptible of fatigue; he used to feel these appeals uncommonly. I actually thought more than once that he 'd have succumbed under 'em; I did indeed.' And again, '"Pell," he used to say to me many a time, "how the blazes you can stand the head-work you do, is a mystery to me." "Well," I used to answer, "I hardly know how I do it, upon my life." "Pell," he 'd add, sighing, and looking at me with a little envy—friendly envy, you know, gentlemen, mere friendly envy, I never minded it—"Pell, you 're a wonder, a wonder." Ah! you 'd have liked him very much if you had known him, gentlemen.' But these glimpses into the inner life and sentiments of a departed luminary are, alas! but hearsay—and the totally unveracious hearsay of Mr Solomon Pell at that —and may, therefore, be discarded as a serious contribution to the matter in hand.

There is one judge—not, indeed, a Lord Chancellor—who should not be passed by in silence, before we leave the topic of the Bench for that of the Bar—the 'little judge' whom every one remembers as presiding at the trial of *Bardell* v. *Pickwick*. His sapient injunctions, 'You had better be careful, sir;' 'You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said, sir; it is not evidence;' his somnolence at times; his strictly impartial, if not illuminating, charge to the jury; his two little turned legs, little three-cornered hat, two queer little eyes, one broad pink face, and big and very comical-looking wig—all these things we remember and delight in; but they are not directly relevant, though perhaps they are so indirectly, to the inquiry as to Dickens's views upon law and lawyers.

III.

Let us descend, without further parley, from Bench to Bar. I suppose that most people, if suddenly called upon to name a barrister from Dickens, would almost instinctively say, 'Oh, Serjeant Buzfuz.' Who, indeed, that has ever read that inimitable trial scene in *Bardell* v. *Pickwick*—a caricature be it, but drawn with what a pen!—can forget the serjeant? A big, burly, red-faced brute of a man, but past-master in the sorry art of fudging a common jury. I have always entertained a doubt whether his 'brother' Snubbin was really the equal of Buzfuz for the particular job in hand. True, the enthusiastic Perker declared him to be 'at the very top of his profession. Gets treble the work of any man in Court—engaged in every case. You needn't mention it abroad, but we say—we of the profession—that Serjeant Snubbin leads the Court by the nose.' Oh glorious and enviable Snubbin! Yet his lineaments, according to 'Phiz,' and the description of him, lantern-faced and sallow-complexioned, with thin weak hair, and a 'dull-looking, boiled eye'—I do not like that eye—fail to inspire confidence; and the summary of his address to the jury is not impressive or convincing; although 'he did the best he could for Mr Pickwick; and the best, as everybody knows, on the infallible authority of the old adage, can do no more.' But I dare say that, under the circumstances, poor Snubbin had not much chance for effective display of his talents; and, after all, he did have the astuteness to 'wink' (however fruitlessly) at his unfortunate junior, Mr Phunky (or Monkey, as the little judge preferred it), with hope of stopping his colleague's irregular cross-examination of Mr Winkle, before it culminated so disastrously both for the witness and for the cause of Mr Pickwick.

The *Tale of Two Cities* shows us Mr Stryver, an objectionable bully of the Buzfuz type, only this time at the Old Bailey, as he 'shoulders' himself into prominence and promotion by the sheer force of callous egotism, supplemented by the brains of his jackal, Sydney Carton, whose talents were worthy of a better use. None of

these men—unless Carton, who can scarcely be counted among effective barristers—is of a likeable type.

In *Little Dorrit* there is a masterly sketch—it is little more than a sketch *—of another sort of barrister, but it, too, is drawn in no amiable spirit. The man has no name in the book; he is alluded to simply, or rather generically, as 'Bar'; but his 'little insinuating jury droop,' his 'persuasive double eye-glass,' and his methods of weaving webs for the confounding of jurymen are bright touches in the narrative. One feels that one knows that man, all nameless as he is; but he is not a man whom one would care to know very well. I like better to think of Traddles, dear Tommy Traddles of the upstanding hair; but then, though he is, by way of exception, lovable as a man, it is difficult to believe that he was much use as a barrister; still more, though we have the author's word for it, that there was really talk latterly of his being made a judge. Other barristers pose in, or flit through, the pages of Dickens. Of 'Mr Prosee, the eminent counsel,' we know no more than that, on one occasion, he dined with Mr Perker, at what is said to have been 'an agreeable little dinner-party.' But I do not believe he contributed to its gaiety; his name forbids the supposition; I fancy him a dryasdust, Chancery sort of man. *Paulo minora canamus.* Let us turn from Dickens's barristers—we can leave them without a pang—to his presentations of the other branch of the profession. We shall not fare much better.

IV.

Dickens's solicitors make a fairly numerous crowd, varying in position and qualifications, but many of them are disagreeable, if not repellent, personages. At the top of the list it is but meet to place Mr Tulkinghorn of 'the Fields.' A strange personality his, with a special flavour, and something of a fascination of his own. One hears much, in these days, of supermen; Tulkinghorn is, in his way, a super-solicitor. Not, we may suppose, one in what is called large general practice, for it seems that he has but one clerk, who occupies a sort of 'pew in the hall' of his employer's premises; yet 'he is reputed to have made good thrift out of aristocratic marriage-settlements and aristocratic wills, and to be very rich.' The rusty old man's strong point is the 'mysterious halo of family confidences' which surrounds him; confidences, moreover, of families among the highest in the land, in whose houses he has an intimate footing, as, for example, in Sir Leicester Dedlock's mansion in town, and at Chesney Wold, the 'place in Lincolnshire' of that heaven-born baronet. The great Sir Leicester 'is always happy to see Mr Tulkinghorn. There is an air of prescription about him which is agreeable to Sir Leicester; he receives it as a kind of tribute. He likes Mr Tulkinghorn's dress; there is a kind of tribute in that too. It is eminently respectable, and likewise, in a general way, retainer-like. It expresses, as it were, the steward of the legal mysteries, the butler of the legal cellars, of the Dedlocks.' A man like this is plainly out of the ruck of solicitors; he must have a shelf, or a pinnacle, for himself, and rest there solitary. Trustworthy, respected, feared, but not a man you could ever get to know, still less to like, or love—you might as well try to know the Monument, or the North Pole. No reader of *Bleak House* has ever, I imagine, grieved over the murder of the inscrutable old man—he is not human enough for that; but there is real tragedy in the sudden ending, by one tiny leaden bullet, of this man of knowledge, pride, and mystery.

From Mr Tulkinghorn of 'the Fields' to Perker of Gray's Inn is rather a drop; but in the latter we find at least something more akin to human nature and to the solicitor of real life. The description of him, on our first introduction, in the inn yard of the 'White Hart,' Southwark, might, allowance being made for the altered fashion of dress, be that of some solicitor of to-day. 'He was a little high-dried man, with a dark, squeezed-up face, and small, restless black eyes, that kept winking and twinkling on each side of his little inquisitive nose, as if they were playing bo-peep with that feature. He was dressed all in black, with boots as shiny as his eyes, a low white neckcloth, and a clean shirt with a frill to it. A gold watch-chain and seals depended from his fob. He carried his black kid gloves *in* his hands, not *on* them; and, as he spoke, thrust his wrists beneath his coat-tails, with the air of a man who was in the habit of propounding some regular posers.' Rather an uninteresting little personality though, Mr Perker, when all is said; yet, within his limits, competent and a man of probity, for the laxity of his views in regard, for instance, to electioneering methods belongs to the time rather than to the man; and he had some honest and reputable clients—for who shall say that Pickwick and Wardle were not reputable and honest?—but uninteresting and unattractive, to my thinking, he remains.

If you want some one stimulating, forceful, magnetic, mysterious, you had better call up Mr Jaggers. A great man, Mr Jaggers, in his way and in his sphere; the Napoleon of Little Britain and its neighbourhood. A strong picture he makes; his large head, dark complexion, deep-set eyes, bushy black eyebrows, and strong black dots of beard and whisker; his large watch-chain and shining boots; the smell of scented soap on his great hand, and on that hand the great forefinger which he would

* Apparently drawn from life. See Forster's *Life*, vol. iii. p. 136.

alternately bite and 'throw' at his antagonist of the moment. That forefinger—it figures in his talk and in his whist-playing—reminds one of Mr Bucket's; but, then, Bucket was not a lawyer, but a detective, and belongs to another class and another story. No wonder that Mr Jaggers was regarded by those about him with profound admiration and respect, not untempered with fear. 'Jaggers is for him, Melia, and what more *could* you have?' says one woman to another. Could higher testimonial be written for any man in his position? And do not forget the 'little red-eyed Jew' whom Pip observed 'performing a jig of anxiety under a lamp-post, and accompanying himself, in a kind of frenzy, with the words, "Oh Jaggerth, Jaggerth, Jaggerth! All otherth ith Cag-Maggerth! Give me Jaggerth!"' I do not know exactly what a 'Cag-Magger'* may be; but the episode has always made on my mind, as it did on the observing Pip at the time, 'a deep impression.' Yes, Jaggers is a great fellow, but he is not lovable.

Breathless from Jaggers, and by way of change and contrast, I invoke the pale, unwholesome, simulacrum of Mr Vholes of Symond's Inn, 'a most respectable man.' Of all Dickens's lawyers, I think Vholes is perhaps the most repulsive; and that is saying a good deal. His black gloves, tight black hat, and lanky black-clad figure, his pimples, and his piety, parental and filial—for has he not three young daughters to provide for, and an aged father in the Vale of Taunton?—do their utmost, one and all, to repel one. As he sits, like a ghoul, in the stale, close atmosphere of his tiny office, his 'shoulder always at the wheel,' one comes near hating Mr Vholes; and yet he is 'a most respectable man,' a fact which Dickens takes a fearsome delight in emphasising. It is held, he points out, that the abolition of certain cumbrous, antiquated, vexatious, and expensive forms of procedure would ruin the respectable and pious Vholes and his class, and therefore cannot be contemplated, still less carried out; 'as though Mr Vholes and his relations being minor cannibal chiefs, and it being proposed to abolish cannibalism, indignant champions were to put the case thus: make man-eating unlawful, and you starve the Vholeses!' Through the medium and with the aid of Vholes, Dickens runs riotous tilt against the English law, 'the one great principle of which,' he declaims, 'is to make business for itself. There is no other principle distinctly, certainly, and consistently maintained through all its narrow turnings. Viewed by this light it becomes a coherent scheme, and not the monstrous maze the laity are apt to think it. Let them but once clearly perceive that its grand principle is to make business for itself at their expense, and surely they will cease to grumble.' I do not know how far Dickens's indictment against 'the Vholeses' may have been well founded when he wrote it; to whatever extent it was so, I hope it has been successful. In any case, let us leave the abominable, though 'most respectable,' Vholes.

It is not complete relief, but the atmosphere is less unwholesome, if we pause for a moment in the society of 'Conversation' Kenge—but he, too, has the taint of *Jarndyce* in him—or of Mr Witherden, a notary whom we meet in *The Old Curiosity Shop*; a rather pedantic, colourless person, but apparently an honest man, which is something to say for one of Dickens's lawyers. 'Honesty' is hardly the catchword which should suggest Messrs Dodson & Fogg. But let it serve; and we shall grant an interview—the briefer the better—to those two precious rascals. Unfortunately, there is less of caricature and more of reality about them than about some of the others. I am afraid that the ways and manners of their office in Freeman's Court, Cornhill, are not unknown in London and elsewhere to-day. Smart men these, but shady—very shady—and worthy of all, and more than all, the vituperative terms which Mr Pickwick would have showered upon them but for the timely intervention of his trusty body-servant. It is comfortable to reflect that the Dodsons and the Foggs go, now and again, a step too far in their nefarious ways, and are liable to be pounced upon and ignominiously struck off the rolls, to the benefit of their clients and of the world in general.

But Dickens delights to introduce his readers to types of even lower solicitors—lower, that is, in the social scale, though not much, perhaps, in moral standing—than the firm in Freeman's Court, Cornhill. We have already had a glimpse—and it is sufficient—of Mr Solomon Pell, the Insolvent Court practitioner, who was content to receive his fees subject to their taxation by Sam Weller and his friends, merely protesting that they were 'really too hard upon him'; yet we are assured that this professional job was, by very many degrees, the best he had ever had, and one on which he boarded, lodged, and washed for six months afterwards. Deeper down still in Dickens's pit lurks the egregious Sampson Brass, who, with the efficient aid of his sister Sally, carried on his dirty business in Bevis Marks. One likes to see the wretch tormented by his terrible client, Quilp the dwarf; and his final fate is fitting and satisfactory.

I have chosen, more or less at random, from Dickens's novels a number of samples—ranging from a Lord Chancellor downwards—of his men of the law. The pictures are not drawn by a loving hand. The lawyers are a poor lot. There are clever men among them, mediocre men, downright blackguards, men of doubtful probity, and a few honest men. Not many of them would one care to have as acquaintances—some, one would obviously eschew as such;

*Farmer and Henley's *Dictionary of Slang, &c.*, has 'Cag-mag: 1, a tough old goose; 2, refuse, rubbish, scraps and ends (1769).' Perhaps this may give the idea.

scarce one—unless perhaps Traddles—could one call a friend; not one among them, assuredly, is there to admire with whole heart, to love and wish to imitate. What wonder? For they are lawyers, as Dickens chose to see lawyers; servants and ministers of the law, as he saw, or thought he saw, the law—a system cruel, antiquated, dishonest, tortuous, and self-seeking. What I have written is, I think, sufficient to demonstrate the proposition with which I started—that the great author detested the law and disliked lawyers. We may wish that the fact had been otherwise; but there it is, and there we must leave it.

MAN'S WORK.

CHAPTER X.

I.

SITWELL stretched his thin legs in the Enterprise office and stared at the outline of his own feet. He was well content. It was only twenty-four hours since his return, but already there lay in front of him the draft of a circular letter to Enterprise shareholders. It stated that, while subscriptions were being received steadily, the directors thought it wise to defer active operations till the entire amount they deemed necessary was in sight. This was a matter of a few weeks.

From this he turned to comfortable reflections on Hunt's visit. He had not thought it advisable actually to examine Shanklin's property himself, and had hinted that it would be the policy of prudence if Hunt poked about unaccompanied by another visitor. To this the engineer readily agreed. On the way back Hunt had gone so far as to say that he would recommend Spencer Martin to acquire the property if possible. And this was all that Sitwell wanted. He saw himself now the accredited colleague of one of the biggest men in the industry.

His thoughts turned to Shanklin, and, pondering, it seemed to him that there was no further need for concealment. He had already got Shanklin's girl, and he expected to get Shanklin's property, for there would be no extension of the original option. Shanklin might squirm, but he could do nothing. Presently the sight of his squirming became inviting, and Sitwell got up and paced his office, smiling as he paced. The more he reflected, the more inviting it appeared. If it shook Shanklin's nerve, so much the better. At that he laughed softly, put on his hat, and started for home.

Claudia was sitting by the window. He came behind her and put his hand on her shoulder.

'Not worrying, are you?'

'No—not that. I'm wondering. I've been wondering all day.'

Sitwell had Spencer Martin's cheque for a thousand dollars in his pocket. It was marked for 'necessary expenses,' and had been handed to him by Hunt on the way back from the option. It was Martin's order, if the thing looked well.

He patted her arm. 'You needn't wonder any more; matters were never brighter.'

'You stick to what you said, Bertie?'

'Just what do you mean?'

'That whether this last project goes badly or well, you will get out of the oil business.'

He pushed out his lips. 'I hadn't met Spencer Martin then. Look at this.' He put the cheque on her knee.

She hardly glanced at it. 'What difference does this make to your promise?'

'Great Scott! it's quite certain you don't realise at all. Don't you want me to be Martin's partner?'

'I would sooner be dead,' she said bitterly.

He stared at her. 'Then you——'

'I have your word of honour,' she broke in. 'What is it worth?'

That reached him—but only for a moment. He still heard the wisp-wisp of Spencer Martin's tires on the shining avenue. It was eloquent of so much that it was difficult to express, that he put it against honour and faith and all that made life worth living. Honour had no chance. In the back of his head he knew it, but also he knew that this was the hour for temporising.

'I sha'n't be happy unless you are,' he said slowly, and meant it, happiness not being the object of his present pursuit.

She glanced at him strangely, and he went on. 'There's too much on the programme just now to settle anything. Let it stand a while. In the meantime you needn't worry about money.'

'It wasn't money.'

He felt suddenly angered. 'Is it because you married the wrong man?'

'How did you know?' she asked simply.

For a moment there was silence. The gulf stretched wide and impassable. Then Sitwell thought of Shanklin. There was an answer for all this, and he would give it to her to-morrow.

'Then pretend I'm some one else's husband, and come and have a good dinner,' he countered, unruffled. 'You might find me more interesting.'

She nodded listlessly and took out the frock she had bought in New York. She, too, was thinking of John Shanklin.

II.

Shanklin, it happened, had also asked a girl to dinner that night. It was on the way to the

city in the big car. It seemed the only thing he could do, and he frankly admitted he was horribly lonely.

Edith Winter shook her head. 'It's very nice of you, but I've a heap of things to do before I get that money; and,' she added, 'I've a feeling that there's some other girl you'd like to ask to dinner.'

'There is,' he said frankly; 'but I can't.'

'But do. I'm sure she'd come.'

'She can't, and she wouldn't. You see, she doesn't like me any more. And——'

'What a foolish virgin!' the girl broke in.

'I don't blame her. You see, I had to do something she didn't like, and—well, it's a long story.'

The gray eyes surveyed him with a suddenly sharpened interest. That photograph — that remark of Sitwell's—'disloyal and false.' Now she knew what Sitwell was, and light flooded her mind. 'Oh,' she breathed, 'I understand at last.'

She was silent for the next few miles, and when Shanklin got out of the car she gave his hand a quick, vigorous pressure. 'I'm so glad I'm your partner, and so will Jim be; only he mustn't know of it yet. And you two are so like each other that some day I'll think you are Jim, and forget myself—and it will all come right. So don't worry, will you?'

'I'll try,' he said, feeling that new courage had reached him.

'And as for Mr Sitwell—I'm not—— Oh, don't look at me like that.'

'Sorry; I was thinking of Sitwell. What about him?'

'Nothing—now. I believe I can leave that to you.'

She went off with a wave of the hand, and Shanklin, walking to his room, began to dress, experiencing a definite comfort at the touch of clean linen.

An hour later he was ordering dinner at a well-known restaurant. He lit a cigarette and let his eyes wander. There was no one he knew. Tourists on their way up the coast from San Diego; a few tired business men; a party from the Hollywood Studios exhibiting large eyes, red lips, and that particular type which constitutes the matinée idol; and in one corner of the room four young people, where mirth had become something more than audible. There was an excess of perfectly cooked food, and the restaurant cellar was famous, for these were pre-Prohibition days—and nights.

Shanklin ate slowly, preoccupied with many things. He glanced across the table and longed that the chair opposite were tenanted by the girl of his heart, no less of his heart now than formerly. He had lost any desire to forget, though it hurt abominably to remember. The worst time was when evening came, and visions flickered through his brain. Then the man in him revolted.

He was half-way through dinner when his attention was drawn again to the table at the corner, where were two girls and two men. One of the former had been drinking heavily; the other was pushing away a glass that one of the men held to her lips—a tall girl, fair, with blue eyes and masses of yellow hair. To Shanklin she looked frightened.

The other man joined his companion, and there followed a little struggle. Shanklin heard the girl's voice.

'Let me alone. I know when I've had enough—you don't.'

The two glanced at each other significantly. Shanklin leaned forward and listened.

'You haven't had nearly enough; we're only starting.'

Then the other woman laughed. 'Lap it up, you little fool. This is going to be the night of our lives.'

One of the men reached out, caught the girl on the soft of the arm above the elbow, and Shanklin saw his fingers sink into the tender flesh. He raised the glass again. 'Drink!'

For reply came a swift motion that pitched the wine into his face. The girl jumped up, her eyes full of terror, only to be pulled back into her seat. Then she broke away, one of the men shouting with laughter and dragging at her dress. For a fraction of a second her eyes met those of Shanklin, and he caught a swift petition for help.

It happened very quickly. He was in the mood for hitting some one, and he hit hard, with something of the driving force of Harrison's plunging-bit. The little knot of nervous waiters scattered like flies, and he found himself staring down at a man on the floor, while the girl clung to his left arm.

'Get me out—quickly,' she whispered.

There was silence in the room, then a burst of excited voices. The thing was over so rapidly that but few understood it. To all purposes it was a dramatic ending to a brawl.

Shanklin moved towards the revolving doors. Just before he reached them they turned, and Claudia entered, Sitwell close behind.

'Wait a minute,' said Shanklin to his trembling charge. 'It's all right—don't be frightened.' Then he glanced up and looked straight into Claudia's face.

III.

Shanklin never quite knew how he reached the street. Claudia stood, her eyes wide with astonishment that was mingled with a swift pain. The girl clung to his arm, timorous and dishevelled. From the floor a man lifted a bleeding face. To the casual observer there was only one explanation.

Sitwell stared, with a quick apprehension

that luck was definitely with him. He drew Claudia aside as though to protect her from things like this, and, darting one cynical glance at Shanklin, led her to a side-table. She sank into a chair with a feeling of hopelessness and disillusionment.

'It's a pity you married the wrong man,' said her husband, smiling—'but will you have thick soup or consommé?'

She got through the evening somehow. Sitwell made no further references, being actively engaged in thinking the matter out for himself. He argued contentedly that it should settle Claudia's wandering affection. He recalled the girl's looks, the flaxen hair, and the blue eyes, admitting that at least Shanklin had good taste, and played the rôle of righteous indignation to perfection. The pot was boiling now. He would let it simmer till morning. It was not till after breakfast he broached his proposal.

'Let's run out and see that property. I promised Martin I'd keep an eye on things.'

'But the car?' she hazarded.

'It's coming round now. I've bought it back. Our luck has turned.'

She looked at him almost happily. The car meant much to her, and she drove well.

'When you see this thing for yourself, you'll understand just how big it is.'

Claudia nodded. There was that in her mind she wanted to forget, if she could. The instinct of her love was smarting under a wound that ached, and ached. She welcomed anything that might divert her, that offered even the semblance of interest.

'We'll have lunch on the way out, and get there about two,' suggested her husband.

Threading State Street, she caught sight of Edith, and waved a hand. 'Bertie, there's Miss Winter. Wouldn't it be nice to take her out? It strikes me, somehow, as the right thing to do.'

He edged the car into the curb, mindful that this girl was Hunt's fiancée. 'If you like—yes—perhaps it would.'

Claudia signalled, and Edith came up.

'I was hoping that I'd see you to-day. Come and have lunch with me.'

'And I you. We're going into the country to see'—Claudia hesitated a moment—'to see some property, and want you to come.'

The gray eyes narrowed a little. Sitwell was leaning forward over the wheel. 'Do come,' he put in. 'Get you back here about four—only forty miles out. We'll have a bite on the way.' He spoke with a certain sincerity, suggesting that though the girl had kept her twenty thousand dollars, that was nothing between friends.

She experienced a throb of admiration for his nerve. 'Thank you—it sounds delightful.'

Claudia moved to the back-seat beside her. There was talk of Catalina; then Edith smiled into Claudia's eyes.

'That letter of yours—I never thanked you for it, but I acted on it.'

'I know you did, and I'm glad. Bertie doesn't—well—spend much time on the Enterprise now. He's got hold of something much better. We're going to see it to-day. I've never seen it.'

A faint colour climbed into Miss Winter's smooth cheeks. It was difficult to know just what to say, or whether to say nothing. She decided on the latter, with a feeling that shortly she would participate in something vivid enough for one day. Also, she was conscious of an accepted cheque for twenty thousand dollars, pinned inside the breast of her tan-coloured coat. It was strange that she should be aiding the fortunes of the man who, she was assured, was the real love of the girl beside her.

'I did so enjoy meeting Mr Hunt,' said Claudia. 'You must be very proud of him. We talked a lot on the way out. It was a sudden trip for him, and awfully hard on you, I'm afraid.'

'No, not exactly hard. I'm glad he came.'

'But you didn't see anything of him—only a few minutes.'

'It was a lot better than nothing,' murmured Edith reflectively. 'And he may be out again soon. He said that Mr Martin would probably come next time. Did he meet you?'

'Yes, at dinner.'

'Did you like him?'

'I only saw him once.'

'That means you don't. And I'm not surprised. Jim says he's a clever brute.'

'I know he's a brute,' said Claudia with a burst of candour. 'And I suppose he must be clever.'

Sitwell shifted his control and the car slackened pace. 'Talking about Spencer Martin?' he said over his shoulder. 'He's near the top in the oil business. I'm lucky to get him interested out here.' He glanced at Edith. 'I might be able to work you into something better than the Enterprise, Miss Winter.'

'Really. What is it?'

'What we're going to see to-day. Your fiancé inspected it. He knows.'

'He didn't say anything good or bad about it to me,' countered the girl truthfully.

Sitwell laughed. 'He's not working for you—yet. Here's where we have lunch.'

Edith looked up a little later. 'Anything new about the Enterprise?' She was feeling rather devilish.

'No,' he said calmly. 'Do you know what a fault is?'

'Whose fault?'

'No one's. It's a geological curiosity.' Sitwell cut a finger of bread, sliced a section out of the middle, and threw the section to one side. 'That illustrates it. We're going to see a

faulted part of the big anticline you visited some time ago.'

'Is that why it 's so good?' She became intensely interested.

'Yes; it carries all its original oil—unexhausted. The rest of the anticline has been flowing for years. It 's dropping off.'

'And if oil were struck on this property, what should it amount to?'

'One can't tell. It might run twenty thousand barrels.'

'In one day?' Her eyes were very bright.

'Naturally; worth about twenty-five thousand dollars.'

Claudia said nothing, and played with her fork. She saw that Sitwell's word of honour was in serious jeopardy; but the thought of partnership in anything like that filled her with new imaginings—even a fraction of it. And, curiously enough, this was also the thought that moved in Edith's brain.

(*Continued on page 261*).

CULLODEN IN A NEWER LIGHT.

WITHIN recent years fresh material bearing on the Battle of Culloden has been made available, mainly through the patient research of Dr W. B. Blaikie, who, in his *Origins of the Forty-Five*, has shed much new light upon several obscure points in the events of that fateful day. As one reads the concise *Account of the Battle*, by Andrew Lumisden, private secretary to the Prince, or the garrulous and less reliable *True Account of Mr John Daniel's Progress with Prince Charles*, it becomes increasingly clear that dissensions between Prince and peer, chieftain and clan, contributed more than Cumberland's artillery to the swift and utter rout of the clans on Drumossie Moor.

It had long been a source of controversy among Jacobites as to who was responsible for the selection of the moorland waste, five miles from Inverness, as the site where the last tragic act of the Stuart drama was enacted on the stage of history.

It is well known that, in the bitterness of his soul, the Prince afterwards accused Lord George Murray as being responsible for making a stand on the moor of Culloden, in opposition to the Prince's own desire to avoid combat there. The matter has now been placed beyond dispute by Dr Blaikie's publication for the first time of the official report of the Marquis d'Eguilles, the accredited envoy of Louis XV. of France to the migratory Court of Prince Charles Edward. Extracts from this remarkable document, the original of which is in the National Archives of France, make it clear beyond dispute that upon the Prince alone must rest the responsibility for the final decision to give battle on what is now known as the Moor of Culloden. The modern observer, standing on the battlefield, and lifting his eyes to the rising uplands of the barren Mackintosh country, protected by the natural barrier of the Water of Nairn, can see at a glance why the claims of this territory as a base for the operations of the Highland army were insistently urged by Lord George Murray, and supported by the chiefs of the clans, who were well aware of the strategic suitability of these hilly slopes for the mountain warfare in which their followers excelled.

The French annalist gives a vivid account of his own unsuccessful attempt to deflect the mind of the Prince to a saner policy. 'The Prince, who believed himself invincible because he had not yet been beaten, . . . could not bring himself to decline battle even for a single day. I requested a quarter of an hour's private audience. Then I threw myself in vain at his feet. In vain I represented to him that he was still without half his army, that the greater part of those who had returned had no longer targets, that they were all worn out with fatigue by a long march made on the previous night, that it was necessary to fall back to defend Inverness, that if the worst came to the worst we might betake ourselves to the neighbouring mountains—there it was he would be truly invincible, there we would remain masters of that part of the coast at which supplies of arms and money ought to be arriving, and as soon as these reached us, we should march toward England. In the end, finding him invincible in the resolve he had taken to fight at any cost, I made my desire yield to my duty. I left him for the first time. I retired to Inverness. . . . I saw before the end of the day the most striking spectacle of human weakness—the Prince was vanquished in an instant. Never was a defeat more complete than his.'

How can we reconcile these unprejudiced judgments with the violent accusations of the Prince, as narrated in the narrative of Neil Maceachain? Dr Blaikie's own verdict is, perhaps, too charitable. 'One can only surmise that, in his anger against Lord George Murray, the Prince's recollection of what had actually happened had become confused, and, surrounded by flatterers even in his flight, he had brought himself to lay the responsibility on his lieutenant-general.'

Further, it is now clear that on 15th April, the duke's birthday and the day before the battle, the Highland army was actually drawn up in fighting formation on Culloden Moor, in anticipation of an attack by the Royalist forces

as a likely incident in the programme of that festal day. As the day wore on and no enemy appeared, the idea of a surprise night-attack upon Cumberland's forces, lying near Nairn—a proposal, if not originated by Lord George Murray, at least cordially supported by him—was eagerly accepted by the Prince. The abandonment of this scheme, which a military critic describes as 'an attempt to march an army a distance of twelve miles in seven hours of darkness, and then form up for attack in two different directions,' led to fresh accusations by the Prince against Lord George Murray, whose steadfast loyalty to the Jacobite cause can alone explain his unchanging devotion to his royal master.

But if dissensions in the councils of war led to disastrous decisions of policy, jealousies for precedence among the chiefs and their followers corroded the efficiency of the fighting-line itself. The well-known ousting of the historic Macdonalds from their traditional pride of place, in order to make way for the Atholl Highlanders, was a tactical blunder on the part of Lord George Murray, which even the persuasive charms of the Prince himself failed to compose. It will be remembered how the Duke of Perth tried to soothe the ruffled feelings of the clansmen by exclaiming, 'If the Macdonalds behaved with their usual valour, they would make a right of the left, and he would henceforth call himself a Macdonald.' But even this moving appeal to clanship failed, and, with true Highland stoicism, they quailed not before the murderous fire of the English regiments, and their simmering passion found its only outlet in a desperate beating of the heath with their broadswords.

Of all the clans which fought at Culloden, the most numerous and powerful was the confederacy of the Clan Chattan, whose natural leader was The Mackintosh of that ilk. The chief had embraced the Hanoverian cause, while his gallant lady, the famous 'Lady Anne' of Highland romance, strove to make up for this family delinquency by a passionate attachment to the Prince. In the absence of her lord, she called out the clan and nominated Mackintosh of Castle Leathers to lead the Clan Chattan to battle. The night before the battle, however, young MacGillivray of Dunmaglass went to Moy Hall and informed her ladyship that the MacGillivrays would not fight next day unless he were placed in command of the Clan Chattan. Dunmaglass, in turn, had been driven to this bold step by the urgent persuasion of his lover, Elizabeth Campbell of Clunas, in Nairnshire, an adventurous Jacobite, who told him that unless he led the Mackintosh clan for the Prince he need come to see her no more. The distracted Lady Anne sent for her kinsman of Castle Leathers, and begged him, by all the ties of affection and clan kinship, to renounce his claim in favour of Dunmaglass. His reply is historic in northern tradition: 'My lady, I resign my command at your request, but a Mackintosh chief can never serve under a MacGillivray.' He returned to his home, and took no further part in the campaign. It is now known that Mackintosh acted as he did rather than disgrace himself in the eyes of another Jacobite lady of the north—Miss Anne Dallas of Cantray—who would not brook to see her lover serve other than leader of his clan. A gentle Highland lady, descended from Anne Dallas, who died within living memory, used to declare with profound conviction that the Battle of Culloden was lost mainly through the jealousy of these two young ladies, which placed the leadership of the great Clan Chattan in the hands of the gallant, yet inexperienced, MacGillivray of Dunmaglass. From these and similar fireside jealousies, so characteristic of the Celtic temperament, sprang bitter rivalries which cost the Prince's army dear in its day of trial.

When sunset fell on the stricken field, the Prince was already a fugitive in the wilds of the Mackintosh territory, possessed with the one burning desire of escaping to France. A considerable remnant of his stricken forces, among whom were Lord George Murray and the Duke of Perth, assembled at Ruthven, in Badenoch, and, nothing daunted, were eager to continue the struggle, in the hope of securing more advantageous terms from their conquerors, while, there still remained a faint hope of further aid from France. But the Prince was obdurate. He deliberately chose for himself the prospect of a hunted outlaw, desperate for his own safety, and regardless of the many gallant men of noble blood who had forfeited everything but honour for his cause, and into whose soul was to enter the iron of the oppressor, leaving a legacy of blood and tears which only the healing hand of Time has effaced.

SWEET SPRING-TIME.

THERE is a mist of bluebells in the woods,
Where gentle cushats pipe the livelong day;
In daisy-spangled meadows, lush and green,
The snowy lambkins play.

In mossy dell sweet violets shyly hide,
Wafting their fragrance on the balmy air;
In sheltered coombs the yellow primrose spreads
A carpet bright and fair.

O'er breezy downs the radiant gorse has flung
A mantle rich of gorgeous cloth of gold;
Whilst, far below, a sapphire ocean tells
Its tale so often told.

O, beauteous spring, clothed in the royal robes,
Sent from above to cheer the hearts of men,
We bid thee joyous welcome, lovely queen—
Old earth is born again.

B. DUNBAR DEY.

APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY.

By JOHN S. MARGERISON,
Author of *Action! The Hungry Hundred, Petrol Patrols, &c.*

PART I.

I.

IF Wiggie Bennett, able seaman of H.M.S. *Blusterer*, hadn't been in that state of chronic impecuniosity known as 'broke,' he would never have taken any stock in psychics or the occult, and he would most certainly never have received promotion and honour so quickly as he eventually did.

As a rule, he shunned the shore when his pockets were empty. Indeed, it was only a prolonged dose of 'sea-time' and the hope of meeting an 'old ship,' who might be relied upon for a treat, that had brought him ashore this evening. But though he had tentatively looked in at the doors of several sailor-haunted bars, he had found no friendly philanthropist that he knew. Therefore, merely to pass the time, he found himself sauntering past music-halls and cinema-theatres, scanning the lurid posters with some indirect appreciation of their thrill. He exchanged badinage with several members of the opposite sex; but these, on discovering the seaman's bankrupt state, merely flung insults at him, and went to prowl elsewhere.

Wiggie looked after them dubiously. 'Pals, eh?' he asked himself. 'If I had money they 'd be pals all right. But not to-night, thank you! Alone in a great city,' he added; then he chuckled. 'If I was one of them lucky chaps what owns a watch I'd have a loan right away. Not half I wouldn't. Hello! what 's this? Looks like somethin' for nothin' at last.'

His surmise was apparently right, since it was the legend 'Admission Free,' in three-inch block letters, that had caught his eye. This somewhat surprising notice headed a placarded announcement to the effect that 'The Cliché of Occult Clutchers' were, that same evening, to be addressed by a most learned professor—at least, he must have been learned if the alphabetical distinctions displayed astern of his name were any criterion — on 'Psychology and its Application to Everyday Life.' The venue, added the poster, was the hall whereupon it was displayed; the hour, according to the clock over the door, was right on hand; and the non-occult public were cordially invited to attend the séance, or meeting.

'I dunno much about psychology,' muttered Wiggie to himself, as he reached the foot of the placard, ''ceptin' that I was in the old *Psyche* in the Home Fleet once. But I ain't got nowhere else to go, and p'r'aps they 'll hand round coffee and buns. Here goes, Wiggie Bennett, for a night with the perfesser.'

The Occult Clutchers didn't hand round coffee and buns, but, to balance matters, they didn't take up a collection either. Not that the professor's lecture on applied psychology wasn't worth much—as a matter of fact, he afterwards wrote it, and a most important publication gave him good guineas and half a leading article for it.

The Clutchers enjoyed it; so did Wiggie, in spite of its strangeness. The professor was certainly a spell-binder, and his novel doctrines held the sailorman by their weirdness. According to the professor, a man might learn much about the character, the intentions, and the attributes of another person by the way he scratched his ear, or blew his nose, or even lit his cigarette. Dreams were not merely the idle vapourings of an unfettered brain, but messages from another world, which, with the help of applied psychology and a 'guide'—a kind of spirit specially detailed to take charge of one's person throughout life, yet who only started duties after the 'guidee' had made himself acquainted with his guider—might be properly and profitably interpreted.

Applied psychology, Wiggie learned, would lay bare to its applier the innermost soul, the thoughts, the motives of any one and every one with whom he came into contact; one could, with it, detect not only crime, but the desire to commit crime. By its aid one could avoid unpleasantness and punishment, because it would show you the line of action which would mollify your *vis-à-vis*, and, by pursuing this line, you could gain your own object without letting your opponent know you had done so.

All this, and a great deal more about 'occult guides,' Wiggie drank in eagerly. It struck him with great force that applied psychology would be exceedingly useful in his own life aboard H.M.S. *Blusterer*, that the application of its simple rules would give him an advantage over his fellows that wasn't to be despised. He must learn more about this wonderful stuff; surely there were those who would be willing to impart to him the rudiments of the science, and the method of becoming acquainted with one's occult guide, perhaps (this with a rueful grimace) without any charge for the teaching.

Accordingly, when the meeting was over Wiggie hung around, and eventually wangled himself into a conversation with two of the Occult Clutchers, who detailed with enthusiasm to the earnest inquirer all that they knew—and much more that they merely surmised—regarding the occult and the psychic. He promised to attend a further meeting the next Sunday,

and then departed alone for the dockyard to go aboard *Blusterer*. And it never struck him that, if all the professor had said was true, the Clutchers should quite easily have been able to psychologically diagnose his penurious state and relieve him therefrom. They hadn't even offered to buy him a drink!

II.

Wiggie was full of the subject—indeed, he was mentally groping round to get *en rapport* with his 'guide'—when he entered the dockyard gate. A most material marine, who believed only in spirits that are surrounded by bottles, overhauled him, and spoke. "'Lo, Wiggie!' he said; 'going off early to-night, ain't you?'

'I am,' said Wiggie; 'I'm broke. So are you, I expect, else you'd not be roamin' aboard so early as this.'

The marine gestured loftily. 'Not exactly broke,' he said, with a grin. 'A bit bent, of course, seein' what end of the month it is, but still lively, y'know. Fact is, I've promised the girl I'd come straight aboard; she doesn't like me stoppin' ashore all night—'fraid I'll sleep too long in the mornin', I s'pose, and break me leaf.'

'Didn't know you was doughy on any long-haired chum,' remarked Wiggie, his subconscious mind still groping for contact with that elusive 'guide,' and his eyes watching the marine's face in the intermittent glare of the dockyard arc-lamps. 'Who is she? Do I know her?'

'Don't think so,' was the answer. 'Let's see—her name's—er—Maggie—Maggie Elliott; lady's-maid in Southsea. Reg'lar high-stepper, I can tell you; good-lookin', red-headed, and doesn't want a chap to be always weighin' out money for 'er. In fact, whenever we goes to the pickshers she always pays for herself, and sometimes for me too.'

Wiggie grinned; it seemed that something outside of himself was whispering in his ear, that the 'guide' had at last acknowledged the acquaintanceship, and had got to work without delay. Also, Wiggie was applying his new-found psychology to this heaven-sent subject—and, most wonderful of all, it was working. He stopped dead underneath a glaring arc-lamp and faced the marine.

'Jumper Collins,' he said curtly, 'you're a liar, and a rotten liar, too. You ain't got no girl called Maggie Elliott; you made up the name and the wench when I asked you. I could hear your mind workin' at the time. You ain't goin' aboard to-night 'cause you've been sent, but 'cause you're as busted as I am, and can't fish out the necessary tanner for a bed. And if you ain't a liar, then you're just about the meanest skunk afloat to let a hard-workin' girl pay for you to stretch your great, fat, lazy, ugly carcass in a picture-palace!'

'Here, what the blazes you gettin' at?' demanded the marine hotly. 'You've been spyin' on me, or else readin' me letters. How do you know I ain't got no girl, and no money to stop ashore with, eh? Whose private business have you been pokin' your long nose into, eh?'

'Yours, of course,' retorted Wiggie, still acting under what he considered the promptings of his guide. 'But as for spyin' on you, and readin' your correspondence—well, there ain't no need for me to do either so long as you carries "liar" and "mean hound" written on your face for them as has opened eyes to read. Ain't you never heard of applied psychology?'

'I ain't,' snapped back the marine, purple with rage, and shaking his fist in Wiggie's face as he danced round the seaman. 'But I have heard about blighters like you gettin' their heads punched, and things like black eyes and broken noses written on their faces for blind folks to look at. That's just what's goin' to happen to you this minute if you don't apologise.'

Now, this is where Wiggie should have applied the old professor's dicta regarding the avoidance of unpleasantness; should have psychologised the correct answer and turned away the marine's wrath. But the fist shaken so close to his face effectually drove psychics and occultism out of his mind, and the red blood of a fighting Englishman swept exotic notions aside. A marine—and a *red* marine at that—had threatened to hammer him. His psychics might be doubtful, and need an occult guide for their proper application; his physique was a certainty, and he knew how to direct that himself. Therefore, with a snarled word of profanity, he led direct at the marine's out-thrust jaw—and it was quite a pity that a prowling dockyard policeman happened that way ten minutes afterwards, and prevented the battle from becoming really decisive.

III.

The pair walked the remainder of the way to the ship in brooding silence, while the unpsychic exponent of a most physical law shepherded them till they crossed the gangway. And it was the merest stroke of ill-fortune which brought the lieutenant of the watch on to the quarter-deck at the precise minute that the late combatants turned to leave it. The trio came face to face—the marine nearest the officer—and all halted.

'What's the matter with you men?' demanded the officer. 'A pretty fine state to return from leave in, I must say. What have you been doing?'

The marine cleared his throat. 'It's all the fault of them dark places in the dockyard, sir,' he lied fluently. 'We was crossin' one of 'em, and we tripped over some wires and barged clean into a stack of timber, me down first, and

Wiggie here—Able Seaman Bennett, I mean, sir—on top o' me. We rolled over each other, and got knocked about a bit, sir, and that's all.'

Now, at any previous time Wiggie would stoutly have supported this farrago of falsehood, in which case the lieutenant, having no option but to take their word for it, would have been compelled to let them go without punishment, which a confession of fighting might very well have earned for them. But Wiggie's newly awakened 'guide' was hard at work, calling the seaman's attention to the impatience in the officer's eyes, the stern set of his jaw, the clenching of his hand in self-control till the knuckles showed a little white, and the slight sneer on his face at the marine's lame tale. The 'guide' bade Wiggie use his psychological reason, and act accordingly.

'Now I'll have your version, Bennett.' The officer's voice cut in on the guide's promptings. 'I suppose a baulk of timber got up and bit you, or something of the kind, eh? What was it gave you that wonderfully swollen optic, and that cut lip, to say nothing of the bruises not yet visible to the naked eye?'

'I got 'em in a scrap with a fellow who said he'd punch me head, sir,' he replied suddenly, and the marine gasped in astonished horror. 'He did punch it, too, but he got his own punched as well.'

He looked the lieutenant clean in the eyes, and not in the boots, as Collins had done. His own eyes were quite steady, and he could almost feel his 'guide' patting him on the back.

The lieutenant started, then grinned. 'That's frank enough, anyhow,' he said; and Wiggie thrilled to the note of surprised approval in his voice. 'I suppose you'd refuse to tell me the other fellow's name if I asked, so I'll not ask. But I'll tell you this—if you'd backed Collins's tale, I'd have sent you both to spin the same yarn to the commander in the morning, and you'd have got punished. As it is, I'll let the pair of you off with a caution. Off you go and turn in, and don't finish the scrap to-night, lest you disturb all hands. And, Collins, if I were you I'd take a few lessons in the art of lying convincingly, or else get Bennett here to teach you to tell the truth. You lie so damned badly, you know! Carry on!'

They carried on, and strode forward along the deck.

'Strewth!' ejaculated the marine; 'but ain't you a pie-can, tellin' an officer the truth and lettin' me down! I've a good mind to bash you for it.'

'You can, to-morrow night,' returned Wiggie placidly; 'I'll be on the forecastle with the gloves any time after five o'clock if you're strollin' that way. And look here, Mr Bloomin' Leatherneck, keep your fancy names to yourself. If you were to study applied psychology a bit, and get *en rapport* with your occult guide, you'd know when it was policy to tell the truth and when to lie, like I do. It's proof to me that my guide's workin' and my psychic theory's practical—didn't the officer of the watch tell you the same as I did, that you're a liar, and a darned rotten liar to boot?'

IV.

By dint of careful nursing and the application of raw beef and some wonderful unguents Wiggie's countenance had so far recovered by the following Sunday as to allow him to be presentable enough to attend the psychic service of the Cliché of Occult Clutchers, as per previous promise. He was glad he went, because they told him the name and the shape of his guide, the colour of his personal aura, and lots of other things that you and I might think savoured of charlatanry. They lent him books and tracts, and turned him into a most ardently psychic spiritualist, and sent him aboard even more elated than before.

And he repeated the dose whenever he could, so that when *Blusterer* at last crawled to sea on one of her periodical voyages down the Portuguese coast to Gibraltar he was not only an ardent votary, but also the leader of a private Cliché of Occult Clutchers he had formed aboard. His messmates grew to hate him, and almost to fear him. He had an uncanny knack of trying his psychological theories upon them—in plain English, he poked his nose into their business most unmercifully. His guide worked overtime, too. Marah was the name by which Wiggie knew him, and apparently he was an Egyptian priest of the time of the Pyramid building.

Did a messmate write a letter, Wiggie watched his face and eyes, and guessed pretty correctly—aloud—the relation of the writer to the addressee, and also whether the former was writing lies, or sweet nothings that meant what they were worth. The bosun's mates loathed him, for he uncannily and psychically diagnosed—again aloud—their attacks and defence in the nightly games of chess on the upper deck; he applied the new science so successfully to card-games that his comrades accused him point-blank of cheating. He psychologised work of unusual dirtiness or arduousness well in advance, and managed to evade its performance; his guide prompted him to try a psychic excuse upon the commander when called upon to explain why he had allowed himself to be discovered in the act of psychologising a surreptitious sleep during working-hours, and he wasn't a bit surprised when the commander responded satisfactorily to the psychological test. It was all so wonderful—so thoroughly gratifying. With this new science at his finger-ends he was above his fellows—a super-bluejacket.

Now it so happened that a youth named Cocker, one of the most impressionable of *Blusterer's* company, and a shining light in the séances of the ship's Cliché of Occult Clutchers, fell ill of a brain fever; nor was his recovery helped at all by the fact that he had been severely shell-shocked during one of the minor naval actions of the Great War. It became imperative that if the lad's life and reason were to be saved he should be kept in absolute peace and quietness, and that he be transported to a home hospital without delay. *Blusterer* was detached from her sisters of the Atlantic Fleet and ordered home to England.

The infamous Bay of Biscay was waiting for her; indeed, it gave her a more than boisterous welcome. Tumultuous waters leapt to greet her; a rip-roaring gale swathed her in a mantle of rushing wind; and between them the elements buffeted her till she rolled and pitched and corkscrewed as only a top-heavy warship can, and threatened every minute to tumble over herself and founder. Curses loud and deep and vibrant, against the ship and the weather and the impulse that led them to choose a sea career, rolled from the lips of those whose duties led them on deck, the while they clung with both hands for safety. All men knew that there was more than a little danger of being swept overside; knew also that there would be absolutely no hope of their being saved in that case, for no boat ever built could remain afloat in such a storm.

When *Blusterer* left harbour she had been thoroughly snugged down against heavy weather; but, just because folks hadn't enough trouble to handle already, the port lower boom—a circular piece of steel some fifty feet long and a foot thick, to which were tied *Blusterer's* boats when the battleship was in harbour—took it into its inanimate and malignant head to chafe through its lashings and noisily break loose. It was night when this happened, or, rather, early morning, since midnight was twenty-seven minutes gone, and the first thunderous crash of the three-ton boom against the ship's side not only woke up every soul in the ship, but told them that further repose was absolutely out of the question till it had again been secured.

And down in the sick-bay a white-faced boy suddenly ceased wrestling with the sick-berth steward and delirium, listened a moment, and then buried his face in the steward's coat. 'The guns!' he screamed; 'they're shelling me. For God's sake, tell 'em to cease firing!'

And at every repeated crash of the boom against the ship's side he screamed again, for in a confined space the noise was exactly like that of a huge shell bursting, as the steel plating of the ship echoed like a drum to the thrashing of the hollow steel drumstick of a boom.

Picture it for yourself: the great ship reeling through the dark, head to wind, with the raging sea abeam—had they altered her course she would have rolled and pitched just the same; from her side, between the break of the shelter-deck and the end of the boat-deck, the great boom, held only by the wire-rope that kept it horizontal, thrashing, when the ship rolled to port, deep into the sea, burying one-third of its length in the water—when the ship rolled to starboard, lifting clear, and rushing back like a flail to drive against the steel ship's side; and every second the seas crashing aboard and beating back those who would have tried to secure it.

(*Continued on page 264.*)

CHANGES IN BIRD-LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND.

By R. S. Sutherland, R.A.O.U.

THE birds which inhabit islands are especially subject to the fate of extermination. On an island, no matter how small, each variety has long been brought into harmony with its circumstances, and relations with its fellow-creatures have become so far mutually adjusted that in the long-run the balance between them is preserved, and the stock of each species of bird remains the same year after year. Certainly was this the case with New Zealand, a country so long isolated that the major portion of the larger birds had become flightless, or had lost to a greater or lesser extent the power of flight. But the arrival of man upon the scene immediately upsets the balance of nature. Civilised man, more so than the uncivilised, coming as he does with the intention of remaining, even if he does not straightway cut and burn the forest and undergrowth, always introduces, accidentally or otherwise, various animals which prey easily on the native fauna. Some animals, such as cats and rats, prey directly on the birds by killing the parents and eating the eggs; but others, such as pigs, goats, and rabbits, are harmful in the fact that they eat the food, and so starve out the endemic species.

Some fifty or sixty years ago, an evil influence, passing under the name of acclimatisation, was instrumental in introducing into New Zealand all sorts of birds, which, being of strong species, speedily established themselves, with disastrous effects on the aboriginal birds, and in a very evil day rabbits were imported for sporting purposes. Many zoologists and naturalists, notably amongst whom was Buckland, realised to a small extent the harm that was to come of this step. Every one

knows that the rabbit plague has inflicted considerable loss upon this country, but the remedy applied to reduce the plague was in this case far worse than the disease. Stoats, weasels, and ferrets were imported from England and elsewhere, and it was proved true, as Professor Newton stated some time after, that 'two wrongs do not make a right, even at the Antipodes.' For the weasels, while they prey easily on the native birds, make no impression whatever on the numbers of the rabbits.

The evil results of a short-sighted, unconsidered system of wholesale acclimatisation are far-reaching; but before continuing an account of recent extermination, I must go back to the time when the Maoris first arrived in New Zealand, and the mighty moa and its smaller relatives roamed in large numbers over the country. There can be little doubt that the Maoris finally exterminated the moa in about three hundred years, and that a similar length of time after its rooting out saw the arrival of the first Europeans. A large amount of traditional lore regarding the moas has been told to the numerous inquirers, but some of it was not improbably supplied to meet the demand for such stories. The superstitious and flesh-loving Maori, confronted on his arrival by a gigantic bird twelve feet in height, would require no further inducement to kill. Hunger and superstition both played their part, and the moa and its relatives, numbering about twenty varieties in all, had to go.

When the colony was first explored by white men, moa-bones were found lying on the surface of the ground in many districts in great profusion, being specially abundant near the old cooking-places of the natives. They occur, too, in the most superficial and recent deposits, such as blown sands, as well as in caves and swamps. Skeletons were also found in the South Island, where the climatic conditions were favourable, with the bones still connected by dried muscles and ligaments and covered with skin and feathers, and were, in fact, natural mummies. Portions of egg-shells, and later whole eggs, as well as pebbles swallowed by the birds, and contained in their stomachs at their death, were likewise discovered. Geological evidence seems to carry back the moas to a very remote epoch, and it is highly probable that they were on the down-grade previous to the arrival of the Maoris.

Still more remarkable is a giant penguin, the bones of which have been found in the Oamaru freestone, and have been completely described by Professor Huxley. Although not the largest of fossil penguins, this one stood upwards of five feet in height, with a wing measurement of approximately twenty-six inches. Larger still is the Seymour Island (South Shetlands) penguin, which was unearthed at that island in 1900. This bird stood in life over six feet in height. Imagine a penguin as tall as a large man, and weighing probably somewhere about two hundred pounds.

To come back to more recent times, mention may be made of the takahe (*Notornis mantelli*), an exaggerated form of moor-hen or coot, which has an interesting and perhaps unique history. An imperfect fossil skull was first discovered amongst a quantity of moa-bones from the North Island, and, small though this evidence was, Professor Owen was able, by numerous careful comparisons, to state accurately its relations and affinities, and to form for it a new genus under the name of notornis. Two years after, a live specimen was captured on Resolution Island, west coast of the South Island, strangely enough by the discoverer of the fossil skull, and the bird was named after him. Only four museum specimens of this remarkable bird now remain, and it is probable that it owes its apparent extinction to the Maoris, who have a tradition that the takahe was contemporary with the moas, and was formerly used as food.

In speaking of the west coast Sounds, mention must be made of the kakapo, the kaka, and the kea, three parrots, all of which are found only in New Zealand. The first-named bird was first made known by Dieffenbach, who in 1843 secured some tail-feathers, which, he considered, from the description he obtained, belonged to a form of cuckoo. Some time after a skin was forwarded to the British Museum, and it was then rightly classed among the parrots, and is now usually called the ground or owl parrot, the latter from its facial resemblance to the owl. The bird is partly nocturnal in habit, and the Maori name, kakapo, meaning night-parrot, is very suitable.

The kaka, or brown parrot, is still to be seen in some remote parts, but not a single specimen has been observed at Puysegur for upwards of twelve months, although formerly they were very abundant here, the miners some few years ago shooting as many as fifty in a day for 'sport.'

The kea, or mountain parrot, is common—too much so for sheep-owners in the outlying districts of Canterbury and Otago, where a price has been set upon its head, and large numbers are annually destroyed. The bird was formerly a vegetable feeder, but has recently adopted the habit of attacking living sheep for the purpose of eating the flesh, their favourite portion being the kidney fat. As in the case of all birds which are persecuted, unless the persecution is extended over a long period, and is persistently carried on, it thrives, but in this case its survival is no doubt due to the inaccessible places which it haunts and on which it nests.

Formerly very numerous, but now rarely seen, were the parrakeets, large flocks of which plagued the Mackenzie country, invaded the west coast towns and villages, and spread over the settled districts of Canterbury, playing great havoc with fruit and grain crops. Thousands were

killed during the years 1885 to 1888; now only a few pairs are to be seen.

A species which was confined to a very small area of the North Island was the huia, a remarkable bird, the male and female sexes of which Gould was led to describe as two distinct species. The most striking difference is in the bills, that of the female being long and much curved, and that of the male short and straight. The tail-feathers, which were greenish-black, with a broad band of white at the tip, were much sought after by the Maoris as head ornaments for the chiefs. The birds were, it appears, never very plentiful, and the practice of killing them to secure the tail-feathers was probably the cause of their extinction. The party of Maoris, under the leadership of Taiaroa, who visited Queen Victoria offered, amongst other presents, some huia tail-feathers, which they were compelled to purchase at a pound each. The skin from which these feathers were taken is still existent.

The kiwi, although not extinct, is nearly so, and no doubt would be were it not for the sanctuaries set apart for it by the Government. The kiwi is the queerest and most unbirdlike of all New Zealand's peculiar birds, and appears to be made up of the odd parts of several other species of birds. As Sir R. Owen says, 'it seems to have borrowed its head from the long-billed waders, its legs from the domestic fowls, and its wings from the ostrich or emu.' Being a bush-loving, semi-nocturnal bird, the kiwi was spared somewhat the depredations of the Maoris, who avoided as much as possible the gloomy depths of the dense forest. Although it was very plentiful when the Europeans first arrived, its days are now apparently numbered.

Another doomed bird of great service to the agriculturist, in that it destroys the grubs of odontria (an insect which plays havoc with imported grasses), is the woodhen, or weka. Stoat and weasel, dog and gun and fire, have all been contributing causes of the weka's extirpation, and very few are now to be seen, even in the remote unsettled parts of the country. At Puysegur, probably at present the most sparsely populated part of the South Island, only one or two are occasionally heard calling, and this is a place where they were once more numerous than fowls are at present in Christchurch.

To take Puysegur and Preservation as an example of the changes in bird-life, formerly kiwis, wekas, kakapos, and kakas abounded, but now only an odd weka is heard. Their places have not been filled. Parson-birds (tuis), bell-birds, and fantails were very numerous, but are now few and far between, and sparrows and starlings predominate. The goldfinch, although a very welcome addition to the New Zealand countryside, has supplanted the native tomtit and the robin; and the introduced skylark vies in number with the endemic ground-lark. A thrush or two, a flock of harsh squawking starlings, sparrows and larks, some goldfinches, bullfinches, and greenfinches, and a solitary imported sparrow-hawk, which preys principally on the native larks, form the major portion of the bird-life. Where the wattled crows, mentioned by Captain Cook as flocking in hundreds, and where the morepork-owl and the laughing-owl hawked by night for the native rat, the ubiquitous sparrow now twitters, and the domestic cock crows discordantly. The wood-pigeons are still to be seen, though in very reduced numbers; but since the gold-claims have given out, and the miners have departed, there is hope that they will now multiply.

What other part of New Zealand but has had its changes, the imported bird in every instance taking the place of some peculiar native species?

A book on the commoner birds of Britain applies almost equally to New Zealand, and this in a country that, less than eighty years ago, contained the strangest and most remarkable birds in the world.

CLUES TO OCCUPATION.

By JOHN C. GOODWIN.

'I KNEW he was a sailor, for he wore a sailor's hat.' So runs the old song, but the wits of the modern detective must needs be sharper than that to gauge a suspect's calling from his outward appearance.

A crime has been committed. Circumstances point to the culprit being, say, a cabinetmaker. The detectives have now to find not merely 'cabinetmakers,' but one particular cabinetmaker, whose identity may be quite unknown to them.

Little subtle indications, which would pass unnoticed by the man in the street, are recognised and noted by the trained eyes of detectives, though these, being only human after all, do not always display the genius and acumen of the average 'magazine detective.'

It goes without saying that one's vocation must needs leave some trace upon one's appearance. We speak of a policeman's walk, a soldier's bearing, a sailor's roll, an artist's hands, and the face of a dreamer, while were an ostler and a curate to exchange clothes neither could conceal his real vocation for long.

When the American Professor Webster murdered his victim at Boston, it was the very skill with which the corpse had been dismembered and destroyed that pointed to the

fact that some one with an intimate knowledge of anatomy had done the deed, and, that fact having been established, the net was not long in closing round Webster.

The Sherlock Holmes narratives teem with skilfully conceived sketches of the art of deducing vocations from appearances.

Engineers frequently show a callosity at the junction of the thumb and the forefinger of the left hand, due to the friction of the chisel, while oil collects in the crevices of the skin and harbours iron-filings and similar impurities, and in course of time a hard, discoloured patch makes its appearance.

Stone-masons also develop a peculiar condition of the skin, but in their case the skin feels hard and dry, almost brittle. Riveters are similarly afflicted, and their hands generally bear the marks of scorchings in addition. Most manual workers whose occupation entails the chafing of their hands with the instruments of their toil show a thickening and hardening of the skin at the parts which come into contact with their tools, and among them may be grouped hand-loom weavers, coachmen—in whose case the constant friction of the reins is responsible—gardeners, and joiners. In the case of the last-mentioned an incident is related by Dr Gross, the eminent criminologist. A crime had been committed, and the culprit had left his coat behind on the scene. This garment was accordingly sealed up in a strong bag and beaten with heavy sticks. The bag was then opened, and the dust which had been beaten out of the coat was examined through a microscope. This scrutiny disclosed some very fine sawdust, this fact serving to indicate that the wearer of the coat was either a joiner, or a carpenter, or was employed in a sawmill. There were, however, also found minute particles of gelatine and glue. Carpenters and sawmill employees do not use glue, and the opinion was accordingly formed that the criminal was a joiner, which view was subsequently confirmed at the resulting trial. It is of interest to note that the right shoulder of a joiner is somewhat higher than the left, owing to his constant work with saw and plane. The use of these tools is also responsible for the right hand being larger than the left.

The hands of chemists and photographers are frequently found to be stained with chemicals; while the skin of miners is often pitted with blue specks, through particles of coal-dust being shot into it during blasting processes.

The skin of hatters' hands is generally highly polished and devoid of hair. This is due to the chemicals used in the felting process; while confectioners and pastry-cooks not infrequently lose their finger-nails, owing to the cumulative effect of years of handling the juices of the preserved fruits used in making fancy pastries. Their teeth, too, are poor, due to the action on the gums of particles of flour inhaled during breathing.

The tips of the fingers of a violinist's left hand become hardened and thickened in course of time, in consequence of the perpetual pressure upon the strings of the violin; and the same peculiarity, induced by the nature of their work, is often discernible in the case of typists, who are also liable to contract a form of writer's cramp.

We can all recognise a boxer as such should he boast the traditional 'cauliflower ear'; and in Newcastle, St Helens, and Widnes, the chief centres of the glass industry, old-time glass-blowers may be 'spotted' at a glance by their enormously distended and pouching cheeks, though, since the introduction of compressed-air machinery in that trade, this occupational clue is becoming scarcer.

When a known jewel-thief is suspected of being implicated in a robbery he is closely shadowed, with a view to discovering whether he is being visited by any one employed in the jewellery trade. Diamond-cutters, especially those working in Amsterdam, whither most of the jewels stolen in this country ultimately find their way, hold the jewel upon which they are engaged by embedding it in an alloy of 60 per cent. lead and 40 per cent. tin. In time, the polishing-brush passing rapidly over both the alloy and the fingers of the worker, the latter become discoloured with the lead, while lead poisoning may even ensue, betraying its presence by the usual thin blue line on the gums.

A tailor may generally be recognised by the series of tiny punctures on his left forefinger, caused by his needle slipping as he plies his trade. An interesting case, related by Monsieur Mace, formerly Chief of the Paris Detective Bureau, hinged upon the peculiar type of stitching employed by French tailors. The leg of an adult male was one day discovered in a well in a back-garden on the outskirts of Paris. A single letter was found to have been woven in the sock. The leg was stitched up in sacking, but the stitching struck M. Mace, who had charge of the case, as being that commonly employed by tailors, one of which fraternity he ultimately discovered to be the 'wanted' man.

The habits, or even the gait, of a man will sometimes afford a clue to his occupation. The writer was for a time during the Great War in command of a unit quartered on the west coast. He began to notice that one of his orderlies was in the habit of ascending the stairs of the house in which the orderly-room was installed in a very cautious, almost stealthy, manner, on tiptoe, and always keeping to the wall, as if to minimise the leverage on the stairs which tends to cause creaking and to disturb people. On the man being asked whether he was a night-watchman in civilian life, he replied, 'Yes, sir, in the T—— Maternity Home.'

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

SHORTLY before he left this country for his home in America—even then he was ill, and he died soon afterwards—I sat at a private dinner-table near to Mr Walter H. Page, Ambassador of the United States to the Court of St James's throughout the war period, who might have been described as the most important ambassador in the world at that time. A peculiar tranquillity seemed wrapped about him, a sense of all being past and done with. Those next to him listened to some of his calm reminiscences of the terrific period of August 1914, and other times, delivered slowly in a soft, pleasant tone, which was characteristic of the man, one of the most reasoned and yet passionate friends that ever Britain had. It seemed to indicate a man of intense sensibility and philosophic care of judgment. Mr Page being neutral and yet friendly to us, being one of the best, humanly and intellectually, of that brilliant line of ambassadors that Washington has given to St James's, and being an acute observer and careful deducer, there will surely never be anything sounder or more illuminating than his notes and reflections upon the grand and confusing circumstances of the period of the outbreak. This appears to be the most accurately adjusted and dependable historical perspective yet presented of that epoch. It nearly seems that 1914 is already in a far-back age, and that we ourselves, needing to be reminded of many things that happened then, might almost consider it as dispassionately as we might reflect upon the landing of Julius Cæsar on the coast of Kent. We have all been born and educated and brought up again since then; we have difficulty in imagining the happy, careless—and yet thoughtful and respectable—people that we were in those smooth days, making mountain-ranges, in the way of political affairs, from a pinch of sand, and being so enthusiastic in the discussion of problems in an academic way, because the best of problems often lacked, as it now appears, either reality or vital urgency. There was a sufficiency to eat, the cost was small, there was pleasure for many; and if the poor, the unemployed, and the Socialists demanded attention, there was a half-impression at the time—not a safe idea, perhaps—that there was eternity in which to attend to everything. Meantime men and women lived in tranquillity, and died in peace and honour, to the regret of their friends; successions worked smoothly; pockets contained golden sovereigns, three or four per cent. was fair enough, and Consols up towards their par were as firm in the capital sense as the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square. When tired of London, one might travel by the train to Brighton and back for half-a-crown, which seems impossible—but it was true; and London was always such a pleasant place that it was delightful to return. All this was; we lived in another world. The heightened difficulty we have in visualising it now, in attempting to reconstruct our past pre-war selves, is indicative of the mental remoteness of all that history and the merit of historical perspective that may be applied to it.

* * *

Nothing has suggested this fancy to us so forcibly as the notes and correspondence contained in *The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page*—reproduced in advance in *The World's Work*—which constitute some of the soundest and most vivid history of what Mr Page himself called 'the grand smash' that the world is ever likely to obtain. They are fascinating for their dramatic quality, their revelation, and the assistance they afford to us in the reconstruction of our forgotten selves of halcyon days long gone. On the 2nd August 1914 the American military attaché went to lunch with Mr Page, and what they most and inevitably discussed upon that occasion was whether Britain would enter or refrain. The attaché saw no way for Britain to abstain. 'If she keeps out,' Mr Page reported on the conversation, 'Germany will take Belgium and Holland, France would be betrayed, and England would be accused of forsaking her friends. The United States is the only Great Power wholly out of it. The United States most likely, therefore, will be able to play a helpful and historic part at its end. It will give President Wilson, no doubt, a great opportunity. It will probably help us politically, and it will surely help us economically. The possible consequences stagger the imagination. Germany has staked everything on her ability to win primacy. England and France (to say nothing of Russia) really ought to give her a drubbing.

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

If they do not, this side of the world will henceforth be German. If they do flog Germany, Germany will for a long time be in discredit.' A week later he was writing to President Wilson stating some impressions of the most thrilling week any diplomatic personage could ever experience, with all diplomacy, politics, and human nature laid most fearfully bare. At such moments Mr Page was in a position to see, and to talk, and to comprehend as perhaps no other was. One time he was with King George, who 'declaimed at me for half-an-hour, and threw up his hands, and said, "My God! Mr Page, what else could we do?"' And then he saw the German ambassador, Lichnowsky—who was always an anti-war man—in his pyjamas at three o'clock in the afternoon, and in such a crazy state of mind that Mr Page feared he would literally go mad; and the Austrian ambassador, wringing his hands and weeping and crying out, 'My dear colleague, my dear colleague!' And there was Sir Edward Grey, Foreign Minister then, and now, as Viscount Grey, returned to the full light of the political stage again, where, for his feeling, his sincerity, and his honesty, he is to all parties a welcome figure. There is a remarkable tensity and pathos in the career of Lord Grey; his was the kind of nature one would expect to be shaken and wrung and set trembling and jangling more than that of any other living statesman during those moments, some of the most overwhelming, the most fearful and fateful, the most dramatic ever lived. His peculiar sensibility, his earnest outlook, made the situation the more poignant. The world he had hoped was mending came to pieces in a crash, and then, soon after, he himself became partially—almost completely—blind. How immense was the pile of tragedy! Some years later, just when the nations, in almost frantic despair, forgathered at Washington to see if they could not arrange to save themselves from their own unceasing and seemingly unceasable folly, his sight was restored. Of all the stirring, the sensational, the tragic and overwhelming things that Mr Page, trained, sympathetic, and sorrowful observer as he was, witnessed from his unique point of vantage in those terrific days, it was the appearance and conduct of Sir Edward Grey at the time of sending the ultimatum to Germany that seemed to impress him most. It was a picture—so he told Mr Burton J. Hendrick, his biographer—that would for ever be indelibly fixed in his mind. The Foreign Minister was in tears. It was the afternoon of 4th August when the ambassador called, and Sir Edward Grey, suffering from intense emotion, made a short statement to him, passed a few remarks which indicated the implacability of the sequence of events, and the essential inviolability of the honour of Britain. He referred to the invasion of Belgium. There was a touch of finality in his voice when he said, 'The neutrality of Belgium is assured by treaty. Germany is a signatory Power to that treaty. It is upon such solemn compacts as this that civilisation rests. If we give them up or permit them to be violated, what becomes of civilisation? Ordered society differs from mere force only by such solemn agreements or compacts. But Germany has violated the neutrality of Belgium. That means bad faith. It means, also, the end of Belgium's independence. And it will not end with Belgium. Next will come Holland, and after Holland, Denmark. This very morning the Swedish Minister informed me that Germany had made overtures to Sweden to come in on Germany's side. The whole plan is thus clear. This one great military Power means to annex Belgium, Holland, and the Scandinavian states, and to subjugate France.' Sir Edward rose with a gesture of energetic nervousness; he again stood near the mantelpiece, his figure straightened, and his eyes flashed. 'England would be for ever contemptible,' he said, 'if it should sit by and see this treaty violated. Its position would be gone if Germany were thus permitted to dominate Europe. I have therefore asked you to come, to tell you that this morning we sent an ultimatum to Germany. We have told Germany that if this assault of Belgium's neutrality is not reversed, England will declare war.' Mr Page asked if he expected Germany to accept it. Sir Edward shook his head for the negative; he murmured that, of course, he did not, and that everybody knew there would be war. After a pause he added, 'Yet we must remember that there are two Germanys. There is the Germany of men like ourselves—of men like Lichnowsky and Jagow. Then there is the Germany of men of the war-party. The war-party has got the upper hand.' The emotional climax was reached. The eyes of the Foreign Minister became filled with tears. 'Thus,' he exclaimed, 'the efforts of a lifetime go for nothing. I feel like a man who has wasted his life.' 'Wasted his life.' Reflect upon that remark, made by such a man as this. Mr Page said afterwards that Sir Edward not only realised what the whole thing meant, but he showed that he realised the awful responsibility of it, and he went away with 'a sort of stunned sense of the impending ruin of half the world.' Many readers will feel that, outside what may be considered as the official facts, this interview constitutes one of the most remarkable and impressive points in the thunderous history of those August days. The circumstances and the sayings are confirmed by memoranda made by Sir Edward Grey and Mr Page, and by some comments made by Mr Page to Mr Hendrick, who points out that 'the significant fact in this interview is that the British Foreign Secretary justified the attitude of his country exclusively on the ground of the violation of a treaty; this is something that is not

yet completely understood in the United States. The fact is that had Germany not invaded Belgium, Great Britain would not have declared war—at least at this critical time.'

* * *

It will seem to many who reflect upon such momentous incidents of the other life that they may be largely instrumental in fixing the historical perspective, in influencing the final judgment, and in distilling the lessons that posterity is invited to gather from the trial for which its ancestors paid such an awful price. But what will posterity learn, and how will it point its perspective? Will it do us justice? What lessons have modern peoples learned from the past histories of Britain, France, Germany, and the United States? They seem to care nothing for the morals that are most impressively presented. How much might have been learned from Rome had later peoples been at all disposed to heed the lessons set forth, with all the morals bare, in the books of Gibbon and others? There is the conjoint history of France and Germany from fifty years ago right on, and how much has either party learned therefrom or has ever been disposed to learn? Everywhere it is the same; it seems to be the future, not the past, that alone matters for the living and those who would live keenly, as distinguished from the elderly professors and those for whom the world, for one reason or other—oftenest it is years—has lost its chief attractions. Thus one is led to believe that, whatever the period of consideration, however palpably true were its lessons, enormously important as it might appear for the continuation of life and effort that these should be comprehended, absorbed, and acted upon, nothing will ever be accepted as a lesson from the World War, and learnt accordingly, save certain points in military conduct and strategy, and the use of explosives and machines of destruction. It appears that the men of the world scarcely desire to learn anything from it, and especially wish not to dwell on the one overwhelming lesson, the only one that it can most convincingly teach, which is that War is Bad, and that if man were a creature of absolute, or even moderate, reason, he would never conduct it again; as, indeed, when he was suffering most acutely in the early stages of his last bout, he, in the manner of the sick devil, declared most earnestly, and for the time sincerely, that he never, never would. Yet regard him now, sharpening swords the wide world over; even though penniless and in want, building battleships, reluctantly, it may be; and generally behaving in a manner which surely such as view alone the historical perspective some time later may consider childish, and more than childish—contemptible; and more than contemptible—very wicked and repulsively criminal. Yet see how seriously man takes it all, as though he were concerned with reason and judgments! The serious and business-like manner in which the statesmen of the world confer upon their follies is a pathetic thing. With wars unceasingly since history faintly dawned, and little good from any of them, it does not appear that the long-matured historical perspective is of as much practical benefit as it is supposed to be in making substantial and certificated additions to the stores of reliable and helpful human knowledge. Considering the magnitude of events and of the issue, the multitude of participants and the intense variety and conflict of view upon it all, with the enduring and ever-remembered consequences, it does not appear that any dispassionate historical perspective of the World War may be reached for a very long time; not, indeed, until interest in it has faded, not until its pre-eminence in tragedy and disaster has been superseded by another and even more dreadful war. In any absolute and satisfying sense, the world will never look along such a line towards the past events, which changed the course of life on earth. Had either side been completely and profitably victorious, economically as well as militarily and politically, it might have been different. History always was a shameless toady and a hypocrite; she is a sycophant who, like mortals, has always flattered victors, and, as far as might be, praised their cause for the merits it contained, while their faults were passed lightly by. For human nature is very fallible, and human judgment at its sincerest so unsure, so varying, so susceptible. The historical perspective, therefore, is good only for the peoples for whom it is specially prepared, and even then it is obviously affected by the point of victory or defeat. If Germany had won the war, even though she had won it in that only partially satisfying sense in which we, her enemies, won, she would persistently and permanently—until a succeeding war which might reverse all procedure—have conducted a world propaganda upon causes and effects, and this, despite the outlying disbelief, must have had a permanent world effect upon opinion, and would, beyond doubt, have controlled the far perspective. Indeed, to some minds it was not the least of the dangers, the dreadful possibilities, of the war that if victory had been with Germany, this power of victory and propaganda, and the sycophantic tendencies of history, might have brought all posterity to the belief that Germany through and through was right, in the beginning and in the end, and that the Allies, with all their noble, their unthinkable, sacrifices, were wrong. Had Germany won, and had she been in the position of imposing her own system of civilisation and teaching upon the world, how could this have been avoided? There would have been dissenters from the orthodox teaching in the next generation, and still a few of them in that which followed, when the question and the

problems would have become merely academic; but in the main the world would believe what it was taught, or, at the least, as is its frequent custom, accept the teaching offered it without thinking and without cavil. In regard to what great war in the past does history with its long perspective thoroughly and absolutely condemn the victors? At the worst it will always make excuses for them, and seek out their good points for praise. On balance they are successful still! In the manner of such thought and attitudes history at times makes a show of being impartial, but there is invariably a verdict of some kind for the conquerors. It is hard to believe that conquerors are always right.

* * *

There is, again, the other consideration of the inconstancy of human judgments. Upon matters of art and literature, and upon systems of government, what we thought only a few years ago, and believed to certainty, being sure that all others who had thought differently in the past were wrong, we no longer think to-day. See the action and reaction now between Victorian and post-war systems, to take a close conjunction. For twenty years Victorianism in all its forms and manners was derided; but nothing is clearer than that from the violences and exaggerations of an abused sense of liberty, and the price in happiness and general contentment that must be paid for it, there is a strong reaction towards the care and gentleness of that Victorian system in all its ways—even if they were exaggerated, since that is a human tendency. See, we say to ourselves, how much more splendid was Parliament with Gladstone, Disraeli, and Salisbury than any Parliament we have, or could have, now. So the perfected delights of Tennyson's poetry yield now the sweetest pleasures, when it was a fashion—and fashion is the word—a few years back to think of it as maudlin and sentimental stuff, matching an era of crinolines and prudery. The present reaction now is real and true, for there is a truth of beauty which may be comprehended and felt, a truth that is fixed, as there is not a permanent truth of history. But yet in older monuments than Tennyson see the process of action and reaction. One of the great of the past who had been neglected is taken and made a vogue of, his parts exalted—a centenary is always a good thing in this respect—and new beauties and merits are discovered in him. One time it is John Ruskin, and then in another sphere it is Keats and Shelley; we make new vogues, produce new readings, afford the mind new exercises in judgment and belief. Even immortal Shakespeare has his ups and downs. Reflect even how matters of religion are being investigated and thought upon anew. Therefore, upon any given subject we may to-day establish one seemingly true historical perspective, but in fifty or a hundred years, when such subject is again the vogue, our judgment may be entirely reversed, while farther on we may be justified again. The restless world must have its unceasing change, and in the arrogance of its later information it likes to scrap the judgments of those who went before.

* * *

New lights in strange hues have been cast during recent months upon the vast events through which we passed not long ago. Few seasons have been so rich in the publication of books of biography and recollection, works of authority, of care and of value, as that which is closing now. If our literary production in present times is conspicuously weak in some departments, at least it has been strong in this. Men and women had much to tell in 1914, and before and after then, the telling of which has been delayed until now. The present yield ranges over Victorianism in its full flood, with the lives of such as Lord Salisbury and Lord Ripon, to the notes of men in peculiar positions who know things of importance about the causes and beginnings of the tragedy. Nothing is more attractive, more revealing, and little of its kind more valuable in the historical sense, than the notes produced by Baron von Eckardstein, who was for ten years First Secretary at the German Embassy in London, and was a friend of Britain. He had a way of going about everywhere and meeting all sorts of important people. Here we and those above us are observed by one from outside who indeed saw much, and the tales of Queen Victoria, of King Edward, and of the Kaiser, with his monstrous errors of tact and taste, are exhibited naïvely and conspicuously as seldom before. The baron was not only one of the good Germans, but one of those who saw through things and people, and whose vision was much more accurate than the vision of most of his countrymen. It is a good thing to introduce a spell of attention to some of the greater figures of the Victorian age by one hour of delight, as it will certainly be, with the three little playlets of 'Victorian shade and character' that Mr Laurence Housman has produced, with the title of *Angels and Ministers*. Delightful, indeed; for, though they suggest some weaknesses and foibles of that grand age, they tell also of splendid sincerities. But what they do chiefly, as they were meant to do, is to revive, in senses that still retain some latent traces, an atmosphere that is so different from that in which we live, to waft back to us from the past the rich but simple perfumes of that earnest life. Then pass from this dalliance to a story that the German baron tells us of a day and a night at Cowes, when the Kaiser and the Prince of Wales (King Edward later) were racing their yachts round the Isle of Wight. Baron von Eckardstein was with the Prince on the *Britannia*. The race lasted over long, and as

the Queen, at Osborne, was giving a dinner that night specially in honour of her beloved nephew Wilhelm, the Prince signalled to the *Meteor*—the Kaiser aboard—that they had better abandon the race and get back; to which Wilhelm answered, 'I object. Race must be fought out. It doesn't matter when we reach Cowes.' The Prince was in a natural and commendable state of anxiety; he fidgeted about and consulted with Eckardstein, but nothing could be done. And so they kept the Queen waiting, and the dinner in honour of the Kaiser, too, while they proceeded with their racing. They reached Osborne at ten o'clock, just as Her Majesty was leaving the dining-hall. The Kaiser offered his apologies, and the Queen smiled graciously, though showing by her manner she was displeased. The Prince arrived later, but took cover, as we are told, behind a pillar, to wipe the perspiration from his forehead before he could summon up courage enough to come forward and make his bow. 'The Queen only gave him a stiff nod, and then he at once retreated behind the pillar again.' It is one of the curiosities of the modern appraisement of Victorianism, and all that was therein contained, that, while the value of the Queen, to put it so, almost certainly and surely declines, the value of the people and their ways, so much influenced as they were by the Queen, increases. Baron von Eckardstein presents us with a new and original set of fascinating Victorian sketches, and he shows us how, twenty years ago, an Anglo-German alliance was in the making, though it was never made; and so life and the world turned along another way.

MAN'S WORK.

CHAPTER X.—*continued.*

IV.

NEARING the property, Sitwell contemplated the manner of their arrival. He had something of the dramatic, and this was undoubtedly drama. He would hardly have been so sure of himself were it not for the incident of the night before; but now he counted on Claudia's sense of injury to uproot whatever affection she might have retained for the man he proposed to ruin. As for the meeting, he had written the play, set the stage, and was about to ring up the curtain.

They sped past the Enterprise property. Edith glanced at the big sign with a queer little smile, and stole a look at Claudia. Sitwell apparently had not seen it, or, if he had, experienced not a single qualm. Claudia thought of the stock she held, and remained silent. Presently the cough of an engine grew louder, and they saw a derrick over the orange-trees.

'This is the piece of the anticline that was shoved over,' said Sitwell, and stopped the motor.

'Who found it?' put in Claudia suddenly.

'Come along and see.' He turned through a small gate and strode ahead. 'I expect to control this property on the 1st of September.'

Claudia was close beside him, but Edith dropped a few steps behind. There was a lump in her throat. The cheque pinned to the lining of her coat seemed to burn like fire. A short, thick-set man beside the derrick straightened up and looked round. He saw Sitwell. His face grew suddenly dark. He stared for a moment as though not believing his eyes.

'Jack, come here.'

Another man appeared, and Claudia glanced at him. Then their eyes met, and something caught at her heart.

'You!' she stammered. 'You!'

The thump of the engine continued its beat—the balance-beam rose and fell like the finger of fate—down below the bit gnawed at the hidden shale—and Claudia still stared.

Shanklin, oblivious to all else, still held her with his eyes. The sight of Sitwell standing beside her filled him with cold hatred, but for the moment this was overwhelmed in his real hunger for the woman he loved. The woman herself was robbed of speech. He pulled himself together and lifted his hat.

'Good-morning.' He did not trust himself to look at Sitwell.

Her lips moved, and Sitwell's voice came in, but a little unsteady. 'I wanted my wife to see the property, since I've got the second option on it.'

Harrison heard him and fingered a wrench, wondering how far it would sink into the smooth face. But Shanklin only smiled grimly. He would see this thing through, cost what it might.

'I'll be very glad to show her—though,' he added, 'there isn't much to see.'

Claudia listened to him as though in a dream. A little way behind her stood Edith, who had caught Shanklin's eye, and laid a finger to her lip. The same warning reached Harrison. The girl was thrilling with the fact that now she knew how it stood between Shanklin, Claudia, and Sitwell.

'You don't know Miss Winter,' said Sitwell. 'We—we brought her out for the trip.'

Shanklin advanced and shook hands politely.

'So glad to meet you,' said Miss Winter sweetly. 'Do tell us all about it. Mr Sitwell thinks you have unearthed something wonderful.'

Shanklin choked a little at that, but her spirit

stiffened his resolution. He would do this thing well, if it was the last he ever did.

'Apparently it's neck or nothing between your husband and myself'—he glanced at Claudia's pale face. 'But we're going to win out.'

She could not answer. It was uppermost in her mind that it was really Shanklin who had secretly aided her distress—and this was the return she had made for his generosity. The incident of the night before took on additional poignancy. She saw him again, the girl clinging to his arm, gratitude and admiration in her eyes. What claim had she herself on Shanklin now?

His voice went on steadily. 'It was pure luck our finding this. It will make us or break us—Harrison and me. Don't mind his looking so surly; he doesn't like women. We hope to shoot this well about the 28th of August—that is, barring accidents, which one can't foresee. Yes, I like the work; it's open air, and all that. Mr Sitwell's going to have a run for his money.'

Edith sent him a quick glance of approval, and wondered whether James Hunt could have comported himself so well. Sitwell's face was blank. He put in an impersonal word or two as Shanklin talked. The drama of the thing was somehow missing fire. He scrutinised the rig, deliberating how and when he would begin his special and private duties, but it seemed that these men were particularly able to take care of themselves. Then he examined the face of the drill-runner. Labour troubles, he reflected, were matters of everyday occurrence. They might be expected here. Presently he found himself alone with Miss Winter, his wife and Shanklin a little way off. The last-mentioned was pointing to the anticline, half a mile away.

Claudia glanced hastily over her shoulder. 'Jack—that girl in the restaurant last night?'

'Oh,' he said distantly, 'I never saw her before. There was a row, and I helped her out.'

'Forgive me!'

'For what?' He felt suddenly hopeless and weary.

'For everything. Oh Jack! I didn't know.'

'Is it any use now?' he said under his breath.

'I let you go—and I shouldn't—and I used your money—it *was* your money—for Bertie's trip to New York—the trip that put him in a position to do this. I did not know it was your property.'

'It doesn't matter—now.'

She caught his arm, and he trembled at the touch.

'But it does! What can I do?'

'Nothing—you married him.' The thing was hurting horribly, and he wanted to get it over.

'But what must you think of me?'

'I try not to think,' he said dully.

'Would it help to know that you were right—I mean, when we said good-bye?'

She made a despairing little gesture as Sitwell's voice sounded behind them.

'If you're ready, Claudia, we'd better be moving.'

She sent an imploring look. Shanklin caught it, and came to the limit of his endurance.

'Good-bye, Jack,' she whispered.

'I'm sorry our interests clash, Mr Shanklin,' said Sitwell; 'but in this game it's every man for himself.'

'And the Devil will take the hindmost. Good-morning.'

Sitwell turned, and Shanklin felt something pressed into his hand.

'That's one-fifth interest, as we agreed,' said Edith softly. 'I'll be back soon—and I think you're splendid.'

(*Continued on page 278.*)

A REMINISCENCE.

HARK! the sounds of tumult
From the cliff-girt bay;
See the billows hasting
Onward to the fray;
Sped by the broad ocean's
Mighty swell and tide,
Ever swinging forward,
Crested, tall, they ride.

Earth's rocks firmly posted,
Foremost on the flank,
Meet each rushing onset,
Break through every rank;
Shorn of strength and shattered,
Torn to lashing spray,
Billows rise as spindrift,
Spume they drift away.

Louder down the centre
Booms the battle's beat;
Joined in fierce contention,
Earth and ocean meet.
Rearing, curling, crashing,
Terrible and strong,
Come the great sea breakers,
Come in marshalled throng.

Sorely set, dismounted,
Straight the course they keep;
Surging surf, white sunlit,
Swirling currents sweep;
Rolled in whirling strangle,
Stones and pebbles groan,
Thrown, tossed, dragged, resisting,
Making hollow moan.

Nor in vain their struggle:
Broken, battles done,
On earth's shore the waters,
Quieted, spread on.

C. T. T.

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ADVOCACY.

IV.—THE LAMP OF WIT.

By His Honour Judge PARRY.

The Seven Lamps of Advocacy are *Honesty, Courage, Industry, Wit, Eloquence, Judgment, and Fellowship.*

I.

AT the back of this little word 'wit' lies the idea of knowledge, understanding, sense. In its manifestation we look for a keen perception of some incongruity of the moment. The murky atmosphere of the court is illuminated by a flash of thought, quick, happy, and even amusing. Wit, wisely used, bridges over a difficulty, smooths away annoyance, or perhaps turns aside anger, dissolving embarrassment in a second's laughter.

Nor can '(laughter in court),' a derogatory parenthesis unknown in the official law reports, be wholly condemned among human men. 'How much lies in laughter, the cipher key wherewith we decipher the whole man!' Laughter may be derisive, unkind, even cruel, or it may be rightly used as a just weapon of ridicule wherewith to smite pretension and humbug. It may be gracious and full of kindliness, putting a timid man at his ease, or instinct with good-humour, softening wrath or mitigating tedious irrelevancy. It may be the due recognition of a witty text preaching a useful truth, that could otherwise be expressed only in a treatise; as when Common Law said unto Chancery, 'Truth will leak out even in an affidavit;' or when Erskine replied to Kenyon, who suggested that he should apply to Chancery for relief, 'Would your lordship send a dog you loved there?'

From the earliest times wit has been a light to lighten the darkness of advocacy. Cicero was noted for the jests and repartees which punctuated his forensic speeches, and these were held 'not foreign to the business of the forum.' Yet, like many a man of wit, he stumbled on occasion through the temptation of the gift, and offended some with malevolent sayings, as Bethell and others have done in our own time. It is easy to forget the poet's warning about 'the medium in all things.'

Pedants and bores resent all forms of wit, but a real humorist rejoices in nothing so much as a good story against himself. Rufus Choate was a man of great eloquence and abounding vocabulary, but he had a true sense of wit. No one enjoyed better the remark of Mr Justice Wilde, a dry, precise judge who, out of court, on occasion allowed his wit expression. He was asked by a junior if he had not heard that Mr Worcester had just published a new edition of his dictionary with a great number of additional words. Gripping his young friend's arm, he said in a perturbed whisper, 'No, I had not heard of it. But, for God's sake, don't tell Choate!'

Choate had his own wit, which charmed many juries to his clients' cause. No one could more pleasantly disperse the frowning morality of a common jury by a human simile. What could be more pastoral and poetical than his description of his clients in an Arcadian divorce case? 'They were playful, gentlemen of the jury, not guilty. After the morning toil they sat down upon the hay-mow for refreshment, not crime. There may have been a little youthful fondling, playful, not amorous. They only wished to *soften the asperities of hay-making.*' One can see the jury broadening into sympathy and smiles over the pleasantry of the final phrase.

Often the wit of an advocate will turn a judge from an unwise course where argument or rhetoric would certainly fail. Lord Mansfield paid little attention to religious holidays. He would sit on Ash-Wednesday, to the scandal of some members of the Bar, whose protests made no impression upon him. At the end of Lent he suggested that the court might sit on Good Friday. The members of the Bar were horrified. Serjeant Davy, who was in the case, bowed in acceptance of the proposition. 'If your lordship pleases; but your lordship will be the first judge that has done so since Pontius Pilate.' The court adjourned until Saturday.

But the learned Serjeant 'Bull Davy,' as he was called on circuit, could never pass a jest, even at the expense of his client. He was defending a criminal against whom the prosecution had opened a very strong case.

'Who is concerned for the prisoner?'

'My lord,' replied Davy, rising with grave solemnity, 'I am concerned for him, and very much concerned, after what I have heard.'

Wit is often the fittest instrument with which to destroy the bubble of bombast. When Curran, in an outburst of histrionic anger, placed his hand upon his heart, saying, 'I am the trusty guardian of my own honour,' it was Sir Boyle Roche who spoiled the episode by rising with much friendliness to say, 'I congratulate my honourable friend on the snug little sinecure to which he has appointed himself.'

Wit, skilfully used, is the kindliest and most effective method of exhibiting the futility of judicial interruptions.

'Where do you draw the line, Mr Bramwell?' asked a learned judge in the Court of Common Pleas.

'I don't know, and I don't care, my lord. It is enough for me that my client is on the right side of it.'

Wit and courtesy need never be divorced. They are, indeed, complementary. Wit, deftly used, refreshes the spirit of the weary judge.

Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge, writing from the Northern Circuit, says: 'Gully was excellent. His phrase, when he asked for a stay of execution "in order to consider more at leisure some of your lordship's observations," tickled my fancy very much. Misdirection was never more courteously described.'

II.

Satire or irony is often in danger of being misunderstood by the simple-minded jury. Ridicule, to be effective, must be pointed, even extravagant.

In combating the defence of Act of God set up by an American advocate defending a client on the charge of arson, Governor Wisher, for the prosecution, disposed of the theory of spontaneous combustion, and succeeded in satisfying the jury of its absurdity: 'It is said, gentlemen, that this was Act of God. It may be, gentlemen. I believe in the Almighty's power to do it, but I never knew of His walking twice round a straw stack to find a dry place to fire it, with double-nailed boots on so exactly fitting the ones worn by the defendant.'

Bowen, on the Western Circuit, was less fortunate. Prosecuting a burglar caught red-handed on the roof of a house, he left the case to the jury in the following terms: 'If you consider, gentlemen, that the accused was on the roof of the house for the purpose of enjoying the midnight breeze, and, by pure accident, happened to have about him the necessary tools of a housebreaker, with no dishonest intention of employing them, you will, of course, acquit him.' The simple sons of Wessex nodded complacently at counsel, and, accepting his invitation, acquitted the prisoner.

And as there is danger of satire being misunderstood, there is also a certain danger that an advocate, in an endeavour to shorten a case, may fail to drive home all the points he seeks to make. Modern advocates, however, are more likely to remind the Bench of Quintilian's maxim, 'There is not so much inconvenience in listening to superfluous matter as to be ignorant of such things as are necessary,' than to remember the more pertinent first principle of their own art that 'brevity is the soul of wit.'

It has always been a reproach to our advocacy that it injured its clients by calculated circumlocution, an exuberance of verbosity, and a prolixity of style and method ruinous to the widows and the fatherless and the stranger that strayed within the gates of the temple.

Good advocacy displays the highest form of wit in an instinct for brevity. The healthy appetite of judge and advocate alike is shown in a keenness to 'get through the rind of the orange and reach the pulp as soon as possible.' This wit and wisdom of Bramwell should be painted on the wall in bold letters of silver opposite every judge on the bench, and in larger letters of gold over every bench in the kingdom in the face of the nation's advocates.

Judges are, indeed, a long-suffering race, but there are some advocates difficult to suffer gladly. Mr Justice Wightman showed a Christian forbearance to Mr Ribton, who, after pounding away for several hours, began repeating himself unto the third or fourth iteration.

'Really, Mr Ribton, you know you 've said that before.'

'Have I, my lord? I am very sorry. I quite forgot it.'

'Don't apologise,' said the mild old judge, patiently stifling a sigh. 'I forgive you; for it was a very long time ago.'

How many advocates weary juries into forgetfulness by long-continued repetition of their cross-examination, often giving a clever witness opportunities of rehabilitating himself, forgetting Josh Billings's immortal advice: 'When you strike ile, stop boring; many a man has bored clean thru and let the ile run out of the bottom.'

But whatever sound maxims may be cited, it is to be feared that there will always be a line of advocacy answering to the definition of length without breadth. Nor will the old story, first told, perhaps, of Chief Baron Kelly, ever want a new and even more long-winded hero. A legal comrade of Kelly on circuit dreamed that they appeared before the tribunal on the Great Day of Judgment. Upon Kelly's name being called, and his being put up in the dock, the recording angel arose and shouted out in a loud voice, 'No other case will be taken to-day!'

Lest I should provoke a similar reproof from a devout reader, let me leave the Lamp of Wit upon the altar of justice and retire from the pulpit.

APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY.

PART II.

V.

AMONG those who clawed their way, stanchion by stanchion, to the side to see the flying boom were Able Seaman Wiggie Bennett and the ship's commander. Both cursed, the former quietly, and the latter loudly. Yet neither heard the other; the wind drowned everything but the loudest yell. Wiggie's psychology was clean forgotten; only one thing burned in his mind—as in every other mind—that until that boom was secured there would be neither rest nor peace for any soul in the ship.

The commander turned to a touch on his arm,

and confronted the surgeon-commander, hatless, a wild, anxious look in his eyes. They fought their way to where the watch on deck clustered for shelter under the break of the bridge, and tried to talk.

'Young Cocker's being driven insane by that banging!' yelled the doctor. 'He thinks he's being shelled again, and I can't soothe him the least bit. Can't you get that row stopped, Mainwaring? I won't answer for either his life or his reason if he doesn't get some sleep during the next hour.'

The commander flung out his hands helplessly. 'Tell me how to do it, and it'll be done,' he raved back. 'There isn't a chance in a thousand of securing that boom till the weather moderates. I can't even put a man over the side to try, knowing that it'd be certain death—it's a thing I wouldn't tackle myself, and I'm damned if I'll ask the men to do a thing like that! I'm intensely sorry, but I'm afraid young Cocker will have to take his chance. Here, listen, and you'll hear the men endorse my opinion.'

He turned to the seamen of the watch on deck, who, crouched in the background, had heard the whole of the shouted conversation. 'What about that boom, lads?' he called. 'Does anybody care to try to secure it? I tell you straight I wouldn't care to tackle the job myself. Well, anybody volunteering?'

He gazed intently at the men as he spoke, but it seemed to Wiggie Bennett that the commander directly addressed him. He noted the set mouth, the steely eyes, and the fierce determination of the jaw. Then he shifted his gaze and passed in review the appeal, the worried anxiety, depicted on the doctor's countenance. Something within his brain seemed to speak, and he stepped forward, the nucleus of a plan already forming in his mind. 'I am, sir,' he said simply. 'I think I can manage to secure it.'

'You know the risk you're running?' demanded the commander, for he desired to have a clear conscience in this matter.

'Quite, sir,' replied Wiggie simply. 'But young Cocker's a pal o' mine—a messmate—and I don't want him to go off his rocker—I mean, potty.'

'Right; carry on, then,' said the commander. 'Take charge of everything yourself, and give what orders you think necessary. I'll see they're carried out—and God go with you!'

'Amen,' echoed the surgeon softly, and slipped away to tell his half-crazed patient that the noise would soon be over.

VI.

The thunder of the boom crashed for the fiftieth time as Wiggie clambered to the end of the bridge and surveyed the scene, the commander at his elbow.

'It'd help if I could have some light on the subject, sir,' he remarked, and the commander snapped an order. The big searchlight on the bridge-end spluttered and blazed, its beam depressed to illuminate the tumbling water around the plunging boom.

Wiggie, descending to the deck again, seized the end of a rope and turned to two of his messmates—stout fellows and good seamen both. 'I want you to tend me lifeline,' he said. 'I leave it entirely in your hands, only don't let me be washed away entirely, and don't hold me so tight that I sha'n't be able to move. —Here,' he added, turning to the remainder of the watch, 'hand me that grass-line, and reeve the end through a block on the foremost cutter's davit there. Bend a spring-hook on the end, and one of you climb up there and lash yourself to a davit. Watch me close, and as soon as you see that I've hooked the grass-line to the end of the boom, haul as if you were pullin' Davy Jones out of his locker. Pass the hook here—that's right. Now keep your eyes skinned, lookout-man, or I'm goin' to get a wet shirt for nothin'.'

He slipped off his big sea-boots and tore off his jumper so that his movements might be unhampered. He hooked the steel hook to the rope of the lifeline knotted about his waist under his arms, and he waited till the ship commenced to roll over to starboard before dropping lightly down to grasp an eyebolt forged into the ship's plates. Steadying himself here, he found a second bolt for foothold a little lower down just as the boom crashed again, making the steel plating shudder with its violence. A huge wave reached up and grasped him, and tore him from his hold, and had it not been for the lifeline and its tenders he must have been whirled into the night like a piece of wet canvas. He swung back against the ship's side and groped for his eyebolts—and the next sea didn't dislodge him.

He took a chance, and grasping the hook in one hand—the one he kept to cling with—gathered his lifeline in the other. Then the boom crashed just below his feet, rebounding quite a foot with the force of its collision with the ship's side. Wiggie took advantage of the moment when the ship commenced to roll the other way and dropped astride the boom, his hands working frantically as he tried to snap the hook over the ring in the end of the boom itself. He had nearly succeeded, when a malicious wave grabbed him and swung him clear into the sea, hanging by the waist to his lifeline. The boom brushed him out of its path as it swung outboard again, and he swiftly realised that he must be hauled out of the way before the ship rolled back, or be crushed between the boom and the hull. But he had chosen his lifeline men well, and he was hauled well up the ship's side in plenty of time.

His eye was caught by the wire-rope which held the boom horizontal, and he leapt for it like a cat. He risked a severe crash, but his fingers gripped it safely enough, though they

couldn't hold. They were wet and the wire was greasy, and the combination sent him slipping towards the downward canted boom-head as it once more played submarine. The skin ripped from his hands, but he clung on until the rush of the boom under water threatened to drown him and dragged him away from his hold.

'Damn!' The word was the signal that he had lost his temper; that henceforth it was a struggle between him and the boom, with his life at stake. He had forgotten all about Cocker, or the reasons why he had attempted the perilous task; he was now only burning with an urgent desire to show that mass of inanimate steel that there were still men in the world who could master it. His crash against the ship's side as he was again hauled clear of the water made his head sing and his brain wonder if he had any unbroken bones remaining in his body, but it didn't damp his determination in the slightest.

The next roll he caught the boom within a foot of its head as it commenced the outward journey with the roll to port, clasping the quivering steel, circular in section and slippery with water, with his legs. With both arms he tried to snap the spring of the hook over the boom-head ring, and was within an ace of success when the sea beat him again, and he once more found himself tumbling helplessly among the waves.

And now he went *berserk*. He raved and shouted and cursed; he said things that would have shocked his shipmates with their sheer blasphemy, that would have surprised the most fluent harridans of the streets and slums. He cursed the waves, and the wind, and the boom, and the salt that bit into his lacerated fingers. Then he cursed his lifeline men, and made signs for them to haul him up.

'Chucked it, Wiggie?' asked one when he clung to the bridge-end stanchion, soaked, chilled to the bone, bruised, bleeding, and breathless.

'Chucked it be damned!' he snarled back. 'I chuck nothin'. Here, make this lifeline fast so that it gives me six feet of loose end to play with, and shove me over again a bit farther aft. Let me have plenty of rope, and don't, for God's sake, haul me in till I fall in the ditch clear of the boom. It 's neck or nothin' this time.'

VII.

They put him over, and he commenced to take chances—enormous chances. He caught the very tip of the boom as it crashed—three tons of steel driven by the whole force of the ship's rolling momentum and all the winds that blow—within a foot of his body. He caught it on the rebound, and flung himself lengthwise on top of it. Clinging with his legs, he passed the loose end of the lifeline around the boom and his body, gripping the hook with his teeth the while. The rope held him secure, and, transferring the hook to his hands, he grappled with the senseless ring at the boom end and the bill of the hook, trying to make them meet.

Down, down, down plunged the boom as the ship rolled to port, and outwards swept the steel flail with an irresistible rush. The water welcomed it, and the body of the man who clung to it, but the wild waves couldn't tear him free because of the lashing. It seemed to Wiggie that he went miles below the surface, till the lifeline around his waist compressed his flesh fiercely; till something in the nature of an iron clamp tried to crush in his forehead; till his lungs threatened to burst; till something at his finger-ends seemed to give way with a snap, and he knew the hook was well and truly secured at long and bitter last.

His work was done; he tore at the lashing round his waist as the pressure on his head and lungs began to ease—the boom was again rising—but he couldn't find the end. He felt himself lifted clear of the sea, and then . . . .

The petty officer watching from the boat-deck and the commander looking from the bridge shouted together. 'Race away with the grass-line for your lives!' they yelled, both using the same words. The watch on deck, from whom the whole scene had been hidden, were tense for the order, and they obeyed it with a will. They checked for the merest instant as the weight of the boom made itself felt; then they hove heavily and went aft at the run, the rope in their hands.

'Oh Gawd!' wailed one of the lifeline men; 'jerk him off it, or he 'll be squashed.'

They jerked—Wiggie wore the mark round him like a belt for weeks—but they didn't dislodge the body now flying through space as the boom made another rush towards the ship. He was still fast to the boom when it crashed home—but the watch on the grass-line had hauled the head up a clear five feet above the ship's bulwarks, and thus saved him from mangling.

Like a stone from a catapult, as the steel crashed home for the last time, the helpless body of Wiggie Bennett flew through the air and—well, they congratulated the breathless and adipose carpenter whose body had chanced to interpose itself between Bennett and the hard deck planking. Then, while part of the watch made sure that Wiggie's work should not be in vain by securing and treble lashing that boom with wire-ropes and chains, a round dozen men hurled themselves upon the raging Bennett, who swore strange oaths about a 'blarsted boom beatin' him—he 'd show it, the asterisked thing.'

They bore him to the sick-bay, and held him, foaming at the mouth, while the surgeon made a hasty but thorough search for damaged bones. Then, finding none, he clapped Wiggie incontinently into a strait-jacket lest he do himself injury, and finally did things with a hypodermic

syringe, so that presently Wiggie forgot all about such things as booms and winds and waves for a space. And in the next bed a white-faced boy smiled wanly at the chief sick-berth steward when the latter told him Wiggie had effectually silenced those guns which had so terrified him.

VIII.

Ten days later, as the newly promoted Petty Officer Wiggie Bennett was sitting on deck, convalescent from his bruises, sewing on the sleeves of his jumpers the badges of his brand-new rank, there approached him one Jumper Collins, a full private of the Royal Marine Light Infantry.

'Hullo, Wiggie!' he remarked; 'glad to see you about again, old son. But,' he added with a grin, 'I ain't never properly understood why you didn't apply that psych—psychology of yours to the boom, and send your occult guide out to secure it for you.'

Wiggie looked at him pityingly. 'You *wouldn't* understand,' he snapped shortly. 'You've got a mind that understands nothing above a meal. But, since you're so curious, I don't mind tellin' you that I did apply psychology to the problem, and formed a theory —a practical one, as this here new ratin' of mine shows. You see, I watched the commander's face, and saw as he was a bit scared of askin' us chaps to do somethin' he'd not care about doin' himself, and that, if anybody did secure that boom, they'd get a reward commensurate. See? My occult guide, havin' no terrestrial body, couldn't do the trick without me, and I couldn't do it without him. He told me what to do, and I did it; he told me, also, that there was a first-class petty officer's rate hangin' on to success, and he was right—as right as the time when he told me you were a liar, and the officer of the watch confirmed the statement. That's right, you blighter, grin a bit more, and I'll ask him to send me down a message to guide the toe of a psychological boot against your unbelievin' carcass, you—you clutcher of mud, you!'

But, to put psychology, applied or unapplied, aside, it was really the fact that young Cocker grew to his right mind, and that the parson chose the text 'Greater love hath no man' for his Sunday's sermon. That gratified Wiggie. The first-class rate was only a side-line. But you can't let a marine—and a *red* marine at that—have the best of an argument, can you?

THE END.

THE NATIVE MATCHLOCK.

By Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. WRAY.

I.

ONE desperately hot day, in one of the hottest stations of India, with the thermometer standing at anything between 115 degrees and 117 degrees in the shade, and life a burden, we in the Mess were trying to forget our midday miseries by playing 'Fly Loo' after lunch. Fly Loo is about the only game that can be played in that temperature, as it requires no exercise of intellect or fatiguing effort of any kind. All the players have to do is to sit round the table, each with a piece of sugar in front of him, and he on whose lump of sugar a fly first seats itself wins the game, and becomes the possessor of the stakes, which, of course, are quite nominal. The excitement is intense, and the simultaneous shouts of claimants dispel all forebodings of heat apoplexy and the consciousness of discomfort from the stifling atmosphere.

During one of these entertainments a Mess waiter whispered to me that a villager was outside, and wanted me urgently.

I slipped away from the excited players, unobserved and unquestioned, as it was far too hot and the game far too absorbing for any of them to interest themselves in other people's affairs; and I was glad of this, for I knew that the summons meant news, which I had been expecting for some days, of a large tiger, and, selfish as it may seem, I was anxious to go after him alone, as the jungle, which he had been monopolising for some time past, was not big enough for more than one gun.

On reaching the veranda I found a breathless and streaming villager, who had come in with a message from my 'shikari,' or tracker, to say that the tiger had killed a cow, where I had expected, on a small wooded hill, fifteen miles away. He had eaten a portion of the carcass, and was lying in a small wooded ravine at the bottom of the hill, and the shikari had placed men in the vicinity to see that he was not disturbed.

It was then 2.30 P.M., and there was no time to be lost, for at sunset he might be moving again. I hurried to my bungalow, taking the villager with me, gave him my rifle, and told him to go on ahead with it, and that I should overtake him, for I did not wish to be seen passing the Mess carrying the rifle myself, for the reasons above stated. I then changed into my khaki clothes, left a note for the adjutant in case I had to sleep out of barracks, mounted my pony, and started.

After going about a mile I wondered what had become of the man with my rifle, and thinking he must have picked up a camel and gone ahead, I continued to gallop on, fearing to lose time by going back or hanging about to look for him. At last I concluded that he must

have taken a different track, and that I must have passed him (which turned out to be the case), and I made up my mind that the only thing to do was to go to the village and trust to finding some sort of gun there, and take my chance with it and the tiger.

At four o'clock I reached the village, and found my shikari, who was a hot-tempered person, very much exercised in his mind as to the lateness of my arrival. He told me that the tiger was still lying up, and it was a certainty that I should get a shot if we hurried on, and he was so busy saying 'Come along, sahib,' that he did not notice that I had no rifle with me. I had to break it to him, however, and he was much concerned, and showed it by cursing all the ancestors of the man who had failed me, and had thus deprived me, as he said, of the biggest tiger that had ever been known, and so on. I told him that it would be all right if we could raise a couple of matchlocks in the village; but he demurred, saying there was no tree to sit in, and, as that meant standing on the ground, it would be too dangerous to attempt the tiger so inadequately armed as I should be. I explained that this could not be helped, and that I meant to take my chance if only I could get hold of a gun of some sort. He shrugged his shoulders and said, '*Nasib ka bhat*' ('It is a matter of fate'), and in a few minutes he had procured a couple of old village muskets, some coarse gunpowder, and a few bullets.

These guns have a very small bore and an immense length of barrel. On the hammer is a pinching contrivance holding a piece of cotton which, when the trigger is pulled, descends on to a small round pan, at the bottom of which is a hole communicating with the powder in the barrel. Immediately before use the round pan is filled with loose gunpowder and the cotton is ignited and smoulders. When the trigger is pulled, the lighted cotton-wick, descending on to the loose powder in the pan, ignites it, and after about half-a-second's fizzing, the powder in the barrel is reached and the gun goes off. I have described this rather particularly, because that half-second's interval between pulling the trigger and the shot nearly cost me my life.

II.

We lost no time in loading the two antiquated muskets, and, shouldering one each, we started, the shikari giving one more anxious look round for the man with my missing rifle, and muttering more curses on him for not appearing. A few minutes' walk brought us to the 'kill'—the carcass of the cow—and we were satisfied that enough had been eaten by the tiger to make him lazy and inclined to lie up close by, and also that he had left enough to keep him there looking forward to another meal that night.

The nullah, or small ravine or hollow, ran along the bottom of the hill, and continued round it to the lower ground beyond, and towards the big jungles which we knew the tiger would make for when roused.

The ascent of the little hill commenced, as it were, immediately out of the ravine, and though it was a short cut to the big jungles, we imagined that the tiger would feel too slack to climb over the steep hill, when he could make his point by sneaking quietly round it through the bushes of the nullah. I therefore placed the beaters (there were only a dozen or so required) above the 'kill,' and told them to walk quietly down the hollow on each side of it, clapping their hands gently, but not shouting. It is only when the area is large, and the exact whereabouts of the tiger is unknown, that it is necessary for beaters to make a great noise. It is much better, in beating a small place for a tiger that is actually located, to rouse him gently and let him walk quietly in the direction that he wishes to take, rather than to frighten him into breaking away unseen.

The shikari and I were so confident that this tiger would choose the easier and more secluded way down the hollow that we did not waste time in placing 'stops' to guide him along it. So, telling the beaters to wait till we were in position, we crossed the nullah, ascended the opposite slope of the hill for about twenty-five yards, and took up our position.

It was October, and the grass was very high. There was no tree worth getting into, or from which I could get a satisfactory shot, so I selected a large stone in the long grass, from which I had a capital view of the path which I thought the tiger was bound to take, from left to right, and I fixed upon the spot which he should reach before I fired at him, where there was a little opening in the bushes past me, as it were, to my right front.

The shikari I insisted upon placing in a small tree a little higher up the hill; and giving him one of the matchlocks, I took the other, lighted a piece of cotton and filled the pan with gunpowder, and took up my position on the stone. I then signalled to the man who was to communicate with the beaters, and the beat commenced, and not a bit too soon, for it was now nearly five o'clock.

III.

In a few minutes I saw the tiger's tail above the bushes, and then I saw him clearly wending his way through them, coming slowly down the hollow. In a moment he was opposite. I brought the gun up to my shoulder, and was on the point of firing, when, to my astonishment, instead of keeping along the nullah and passing the open space I had selected for the shot, he swung round and turned sharp up the hill towards me. In another minute he would be passing me within a few feet. I slipped down quickly and silently from my stone and lay on

my face in the long grass, with the musket up to my shoulder, and waited.

In a few seconds the grass was waving close to me, really not much farther than the length of the musket, and the tiger was stalking slowly past me. I waited till his head and half his body were past, and then I fired, thinking my little bullet was bound to go straight through his heart, and that he would bound forward and drop dead. But I had forgotten about the fraction of a second which had to elapse between the pulling of the trigger and the shot, and my bullet, instead of striking behind the shoulder, penetrated the tiger's body too far back, missing the vital parts. He gave a bound in the air, roaring terribly, and began, so far as I could judge, to go round and round in a circle, biting, I supposed, at his wound, as I have seen tigers do. There was nothing further to be done, as I was unarmed and there was no possibility of running away; so I lay perfectly still, hardly daring to breathe, and awaiting events. I confess I made up my mind during those few moments that if the tiger would go away I would give up tiger-shooting for the rest of my life, for I can say without exaggeration that he was sometimes within a foot of me; and though he did not actually touch me, yet the long grass that he disturbed seemed positively to wave over my head and back, and his angry growls, as he rolled and twisted about all round me, were deafening. It was a marvel that he did not discover me, but he made such a noise that he could not have heard me breathing, and he was far too angry with his wound to think of anything else for the moment.

Of course, the suspense seemed longer than it really was, but it was soon over. The grass round me grew gradually still again, and I knew the tiger had gone. I waited, as I was, for the shikari's signal, for I was sure that he would communicate with me as soon as he thought it safe to do so. In a minute or two I heard the low whistle, and I got up and went to his tree. He pointed up the hill, and gave me his matchlock. I lit the cotton, filled the pan, and started in the tiger's track, which was easily discernible through the long grass. I knew from the shikari's signs that he had gone over the brow of the hill; I therefore felt safe in hurrying as far as that, hoping to get a view of him from the top. Just before I reached the brow, however, I saw him emerge from a little dip in the ground and go slowly on to a large slab of rock and look over the edge of it. Finding it too steep to descend in his wounded condition, he halted and turned broadside to me, his length outlined against the sky. While he hesitated, looking round him, I fired. He reared up on his hind-legs, twisted half round, gave a great plunge forward, and disappeared over the edge of the rock. I knew that this time he was shot through the heart, and had fallen over where he had found it impossible to descend. I waited a few minutes, and then went up to the slab of rock and looked over; but all was still in the dense forest, below and beyond. I whistled to the shikari, who came up, and we waited for a little. Finally, determining that it would be folly to look for the tiger in the rapidly increasing darkness of the evening, we started back for the village, where, as I had no duties in barracks next morning, I resolved to stay the night.

I invariably carried in my saddle-bags enough for a small meal in case of necessity. The villagers produced some clean rice-straw, which they spread in the veranda of one of their little houses, and I had a fairly comfortable night. In the meantime my rifle had arrived, and I looked forward to finding the tiger next morning where he had fallen.

At dawn we started again, the shikari and I, and going round the hill to the far side, we made straight for the spot where the tiger had plunged over, and there we found him dead.

The first bullet, as I imagined, had hit him too far back to be immediately fatal, and though he would probably have bled to death later on, it might have been a matter of days. I was glad, therefore, I had had the other matchlock to follow him up with, for the second shot must have killed him instantaneously.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SECURE LOCKS FOR HOTEL BEDROOMS.

OUR February issue contained a description of a new type of door-latch with a very small key. Since then our attention has been called to an ingenious bedroom-door lock for hotels, clubs, and public institutions. For this service the conditions differ from those for the ordinary door-latch in that provision has to be made for chambermaids' keys and the hotel manager's masterkey, as well as for those of the guests, the last-named keys, of course, being all different. This is effected in most hotel bedroom-door locks by making the levers and the notches for them alike in each key, and forming, at the sides of the projecting part, differing notches which fit wards in the lock. With this system a visitor having designs upon the property of his fellow-guests has only to file out the notches at the sides to make his key fit any door, and this has actually been done by hotel thieves. In the new lock each set of levers and its key are different

from all others, so that no guest's key will unlock any door except that of his own room. Yet the chambermaids on each floor can get in with their masterkeys, while the manager, with his grand masterkey, can enter any room on any floor. In addition, he can with his key check-lock any door, so that no other key will open it, and the lock cannot be turned even by means of the knob inside the room. The system is really very simple when one understands it. Two sets of levers are worked through one keyhole, and either set will open the lock. The guest's key operates one set, the chambermaids' and manager's keys the other. By a backward turn of the manager's key the latch is check-locked, and then even the chambermaid's key is powerless to open the door. The lock is made with a knob inside the door and a keyhole outside, and merely closing the door locks it. Further, the latch and the receiving plate are so formed that only a very light pressure on the door is enough to lock it. In hotels the chambermaids' keys are usually different for each floor, but with this design of lock there is no limit to the variations that can be made in this direction. Finally, these locks are all made by hand, the makers contending that equal results cannot be obtained by machine-work. Moreover, with this system the numbers of identical parts are necessarily very limited.

A FOLDING STOOL FOR SHOPS, BARS, FACTORIES, &c.

In many shops, more especially those frequented by women, chairs are provided for the customers; indeed, the 'sex' would refuse to patronise many kinds of establishments where seating accommodation was absent. That chairs are very much in the way in such places is freely admitted, and to overcome the difficulty an ingenious form of stool has been invented by an Australian. When in use, the top of the stool, which consists of a round wooden seat, is horizontal and at the correct height for sitting upon. In this position the front of the seat is supported on two steel legs, which are hinged under it in such a manner that it can be turned up so as to be vertical. The lower ends of the legs are hinged to a cast-iron base firmly fixed to the floor close up to the customers' side of the counter. To make sure that when the seat is in use it shall stand at a convenient distance away from the counter, the legs are made to slant outwards. Between the two legs already mentioned is a third, which is hinged below the back part of the seat. This leg passes between the front pair, and is hinged to the base a few inches nearer the counter than they are. Looked at from one side, the legs almost resemble a gigantic pair of scissors, and as the middle leg crosses from the back of the seat to the front of the base, it is much more sloping than the others, and is, therefore, considerably longer. Now, if the seat is pushed towards the counter, it moves upon its hinges in such a way that it is tipped up and comes to rest in a vertical position against the side of the counter, where it is stowed out of the way, ready to be pulled out when required. By reason of a bar between the two front legs acting as a stop upon the middle leg, the seat cannot be pulled out beyond a certain fixed distance. These stools are, of course, serviceable wherever the ordinary form of stool is used, and are also capable of taking the place of chairs with advantage in many cases. If desired, the stool can be supplied with a small leather back.

TRAILER BODIES FOR MOTOR-LORRIES.

After a period of reckless extravagance, in which the demand for every commodity exceeded the supply, we seem to have entered upon a series of lean years, when every possible economy must be effected in most industries, if they are to carry on at all. This condition applies especially to motor transport, which is 'up against' keen competition from the railways; hence considerable interest attaches to a device recently brought out which increases the carrying capacity of motor vans and lorries. It takes the form of a larger body, supported at the rear end by a pair of trailing-wheels, the front end being carried on a swivelling attachment over the driving-wheels. The body proper is of the lorry type, with hinged sides and tail-board, while a well similar to that to be seen below pantechnicons is arranged under the floor. A detachable van-top, made of three-ply wood, fits over the body. The swivelling attachment supporting the forward end consists of a hollow pin which holds the body down on the chassis, but the forces tending to slide the one on the other are taken by cone blocks. Provision is made for movements in other directions by a sprung trunnion frame. The back-wheels are fitted with ball-bearings and pneumatic tires and brakes, the last-named being worked by wire cables passing through the hollow pin at the swivel-joint, to which reference has been made. The trailing-wheels having larger brake-drums than those on the driving-wheels, together with longer levers to the brakes, the body has a slight tendency to draw apart from the chassis when both sets of brakes are applied, as those on the trailer are the more powerful. Hinged legs with lifting-jacks are provided under the forward end of the body, and these are brought into use should it be desired to detach the chassis for other purposes during the process of loading or unloading the body. With this trailer almost any commercial chassis can carry a greatly increased weight, while the cubic capacity is proportionately augmented. A one-ton Ford chassis, for instance, is converted into a 30-cwt. vehicle, and the capacity of the body is increased to 320 cubic feet. The trailer does not prevent the vehicle from running on reverse,

although, no doubt, a driver would require some practice before he could steer backwards on any desired course.

A SIMPLE TOOL FOR TRUING-UP MOTOR CRANKPINS.

Although primarily intended for garages and repair workshops, a tool that has lately been brought out for truing-up crankshafts should be found useful by those who own several cars, and who keep a chauffeur-mechanic. The driving pressure of the piston, together with that due to compression, comes on one half only of each crankpin of a motor crankshaft, the pressure during the exhaust-stroke being comparatively light, while on the suction-stroke there is an upward pull. Owing to these conditions, crankpins are very apt to wear down on one side much more quickly than upon the other, and in time they have to be trued-up. If done by hand this operation is a lengthy one, and requires a considerable amount of skill. The alternative is to send the crankshaft to the makers for the pins to be ground up by special machines, involving delay and an appreciable expenditure. The tool referred to consists of a cast-iron frame, more or less in the form of a disc, with a big hole in the middle. It is provided with four radial slots, in which slide three guides and one cutter, the distance of each from the centre of the hole being adjusted by a radial screw. The frame is split and bolted together, so that it can be opened and put together again round the crankpin to be operated on. This having been done, the guides and the cutter are screwed down on to the pin. The guides are pieces of hardened steel with T-heads, the heads presenting a narrow, flat surface parallel with the crankpin. Except for its cutting edge, the cutter is almost identical with the guides. The edge is perfectly straight, and is exactly parallel with the central line of the crankpin. A bar at one side of the frame gives the operator enough leverage to rotate the frame, causing the cutter to turn off the lump or lumps on the pin, so that it is made perfectly round again. Crankpins of from 1 inch to 2⅜ inches in diameter can be trued-up with this tool in from five to fifteen minutes, according to their size and condition. Pins of different lengths are dealt with by moving the tool endways while turning it. Means are provided for holding the guides and the cutter exactly true when operating.

THE PRODUCTION OF POWER ALCOHOL.

The idea of extending the use of alcohol instead of petrol for propelling motor-cars and aircraft is an attractive one for several reasons. First and foremost is the possibility of breaking down the ring which is maintaining at an artificially high figure the price of petrol in this country. Secondly, alcohol, which is ordinarily produced by the fermentation of sugar derived from vegetable matter, would be manufactured within the Empire, whereby the British Isles and our colonies would be rendered independent of imported petrol. Thirdly, the supply of raw material is practically inexhaustible, instead of there being only limited quantities to draw upon, as is the case with petroleum and coal. Alcohol is not used by itself for motor-cars, as it will not vaporise when cold. But when mixed with petrol, benzol, or ether, it functions quite satisfactorily. One well-known alcohol-fuel is mixed with ether, which is made from alcohol. The Fuel Research Board has been investigating the problem of Empire-produced power alcohol for the last few years, and an interim memorandum on fuel for motor transport was issued in July 1920. A second memorandum has been published recently, which is not very encouraging reading for those who believe in Empire-produced alcohol as an alternative to high-priced petrol. The Board does not consider it possible to grow in this country enough raw material at a sufficiently low price to produce alcohol therefrom. The position in our colonies is more hopeful, but even in them there seems little likelihood that the production of alcohol will meet the home demands for motor spirit, which are rapidly increasing. Tropical vegetation and waste vegetable matter offer the most hopeful sources of raw materials, but so far no commercially sound process for producing alcohol from them has reached a stage where its industrial application can be practically considered. In the meantime the Board is continuing its researches, with the object of discovering a method, suitable for application on a large scale, of obtaining alcohol from the cellulose of plants by converting it into fermentable matter by chemical or bacterial processes. It may also be noted that the Board does not consider the synthetic production of alcohol on a commercial scale to be at all likely in this country, but where electric-power can be produced very cheaply, as in Canada and Australia, it suggests that it might be possible.

A PETROL TREE-FELLING AND LOG-SAWING PLANT.

The petrol or paraffin motor has lightened or almost eliminated hand-labour in many directions. One of these is the felling of trees and the subsequent sawing up of the logs into convenient lengths. If performed by hand these operations are very slow and laborious, a huge saw being worked backwards and forwards by two or more men. The Christmas Number of this Journal for 1920 contained a paragraph describing a log-saw which was worked by a petrol-engine. Since then a similar appliance has been brought out which not only cuts up trees already felled, but does the necessary felling as well. So far as the former operation is concerned, the outfit closely resembles that

previously described. It consists of a 2¼-horse-power petrol motor mounted upon a wooden frame, at one end of which is an axle-tree for two wheels. The motor drives a cross-shaft by a chain, this being fitted at one end with a pinion, which gears with a toothed wheel on a short, stout spindle. A crank-arm on the spindle works the saw rapidly backwards and forwards through a connecting-rod as the spindle rotates. The saw is fixed to a cross-head which slides between two parallel guide-rods, and this part of the apparatus turns on the spindle as a fulcrum as the saw cuts downwards. Extension-pieces to the motor-frame pass across the top of the log and are spiked firmly to the timber. The other end of the outfit is supported by the two wheels, each of which is swivelled round on its end of the axle-tree, so as to lie at right angles to the motor-frame. Locked in this position by big pins, the wheels are in line with each other, and correctly placed for moving the saw along the log for the next cut. With the wheels in their normal position, the outfit can be picked up at one end by one man and wheeled about. For felling trees the saw, with its driving-gear, is detached from the motor-frame and laid on its side against the trunk of the tree, the spindle being driven from the cross-shaft by a rod having a universal joint at each end, so that exact placing of the motor is not necessary. This rod drives the saw through an extra pinion specially attached for tree-felling, while screw feeding-gear is provided for pushing the saw inwards as the wood is cut away. The spindle end of the saw-frame is supported on a steel bar bent in the form of a broad inverted U, the legs of which are driven into the ground. Conversion of the log-saw into a tree-felling saw, or *vice versâ*, takes only a few minutes. The motor is of the horizontal type, with its cylinder in a big square water-jacket which forms the cooling-tank; the ignition is by a magneto. It is, therefore, quite self-contained.

LOCKS FOR UMBRELLAS, COATS, AND HATS.

Almost every one is reluctant to leave a good umbrella in a public stand at a restaurant or even a club, in case somebody else should walk off with it, either accidentally or by design. On a wet day umbrellas make pools of water, and become a nuisance; if they could be safely left in a stand or a rack, it would make for the convenience and comfort of every one concerned. A very ingenious lock for umbrella-racks which provides the necessary security has been in use in the United States for some years, but is little known in this country. The device consists of a rectangular box measuring 3¼ by 2⅝ inches, and about 1 inch deep. In the front of it is a recess for the handle of the umbrella, which is nearly filled by a sliding piece. When the umbrella-handle is pushed into the recess the sliding piece is forced back and a bar shoots across in front of the handle, thus securely holding it. Fitting into a slot at the back of the box is a key, in the form of a metal plate (numbered, and stamped with the name of the restaurant, club, or other institution), about the thickness of a penny-piece and measuring 1¼ by 1¾ inches, so that it is easily carried in the pocket. This key is provided with grooves, which are different in each key. To obtain possession of the umbrella again, the key must be replaced in the lock and pressed down, when the umbrella is at once released. One peculiarity of the invention is that the key is held fast when the recess is open, and can be taken out only after the device has been locked. It would be useless, therefore, for some evilly disposed person to take away a key in the hope of finding an umbrella in the lock on his return. Rows of these locks take the place of the usual wall racks, and a customer at a restaurant, for instance, may push his umbrella into one of them and take out the key, knowing that it is impossible for any one to run off with his property while he is having a meal. A minor feature is that when the key is inserted in its slot and pushed down, the umbrella is shot out into the other hand, a deep pot into which the point of the umbrella fits preventing it from falling down. These umbrella-locks are made in oxidised steel or with the outside nickel-plated. Masterkeys are provided with every three dozen locks, and the keys and the locks have corresponding numbers. Locks and keys of the same type are also made in the form of coat and hat hooks. In the device intended for a coat only, the collar is placed over a hook having a wide end, which does not pull it out of shape. Then a clip, of which the stalk slides through the lock, is pushed down, and grips the coat at the back of the collar. The key having been removed, the coat is securely held until the owner's return. Both coat and hat can be secured by a similar lock with a slightly different form of clip.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (*a*) a reply post-card, or (*b*) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

SIR MALCOLM'S HEIR.

By ROSALINE MASSON.

PART I

I.

RONALD MACKENZIE found his uncle's country home dull in the day-time. At night he enjoyed the luxury and quiet and 'flavour' of the fine old library, which he had pretty much to himself, as the old gentleman retired early; but the day-time in the country was to him wasted when the season provided no sport.

'I shall see nothing of you after the Twelfth,' his uncle had written, 'when the others arrive, and you will have to do host. I hope you will enjoy yourself then. I hear the prospects are exceptionally good this year. But will you come, my lad, a week sooner, and give a little enjoyment to an old man? It is months now since I have seen you; and I am reaching the age when every month makes an appreciable difference in what I can count on.'

'"Reaching the age,"' Ronald had thought, as he folded the letter. 'Why, the dear old chap must be nearer eighty than seventy! What a spirit he has! And what a beast I am to have neglected him so long!' But his conscience was quieted by the subconscious knowledge that he had always felt diffident about offering himself too much to old Sir Malcolm, whose favourite he so obviously was, lest it should seem done with the purpose of ingratiating himself. For there were others, who cared not a jot for the cynical, scholarly, lonely old man; spoke of him harshly, and even rudely, behind his back; and who yet—bah! His uncle would understand; it was they who kept him off. He did care; but one couldn't always be saying it. He was always there when wanted. And so he wired, 'Expect me next Tuesday, if convenient,' and arrived sunny and cheerful, sympathetic and deferential, as was his nature; undemonstrative, as was his nationality; and brought unwonted sunshine into the old man's days.

'It will all be yours, Ronald,' Sir Malcolm had said to him only the night before; 'the title—such as it is, and not to be despised at that. James VI.'s creation—and given for State service, not for money—and the line has been a good one, before and since. Well, the title goes to you, and is no gift of mine. But all I have to give I give to you, my dear lad.'

'You're awfully good to me, sir; but the others——' began Ronald.

'That's my affair,' his uncle answered, raising his hand and letting it fall again on the polished table—his old hand, the veins standing out, blue and knotted, the finger-joints white as ivory, the long fingers, the filbert nails polished, the signet-ring on the little finger. 'That's my affair,' he repeated, and his blue eyes looked gray as steel.

'Certainly, sir—of course. But I can't help it—I don't want——'

'I quite understand, my boy. But no wrong is done. They are all well off, and they spend their money as they like—not as I approve. They even buy me presents on my birthday, Ronald.' He smiled inscrutably. 'You forgot my birthday——'

'Sorry, sir!' Ronald looked up contritely.

'I wasn't. I liked your forgetting it. They count my birthdays. Well, well—never mind! Poor Edward—he's a weak sort—speaking within the family; but his wife is an intolerable woman, Ronald. Intolerable! Her "Deah Uncle!" is enough for me. If your claims rested on that alone, they would be on a sure foundation.'

'Oh, she——' began Ronald.

'Yes, you're young. When I was young I excused all women.'

Sir Malcolm's thoughts wandered a little; he remained silent. Ronald helped himself to some grapes, and respected his silence. The old man poured himself out a glass of port, sipped it appreciatively, and began again where he had left off.

'But, as I was saying, there is no wrong done. They have plenty, and you have very little—oh yes, I know, you are doing very well at the Bar—I hear more than you tell me; but still, the old place takes a lot to keep up. I should like it kept up, and you are the right sort. You are the sort I once thought I might—well, I should like the line to go on. Why don't you marry, boy? I haven't very long, and I should like to know her—to see you here—Ronald. Is there no one yet?'

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

The young man laughed and flushed. 'Not —not exactly, sir. Nothing definite.'

Sir Malcolm's keen old eyes rested on him searchingly, and their steely grayness melted into blue. The fine old scholarly mouth relaxed into a smile.

'A little girl somewhere, eh?' he hazarded.

'Little girls everywhere, sir!' the boy answered joyously.

'I'd like to see one settled here. Can't you choose?'

'*They* choose, nowadays, sir.'

'Always did. At least, the right sort. And take the advice of an old man—if one of the right sort chooses you, be chosen! Marry her! Marry her before she repents!'

And now, in the warm freshness of a Scottish morning in August, Ronald was walking alone on the heathery hills, wondering what experience of his uncle's had given rise to the not altogether complimentary advice. Had his aunt, whom he did not remember, been the one who had chosen? And, if so, had she repented? Or had she been the one his uncle chose instead of the other, who was 'the right sort,' and whom Sir Malcolm had not married? Ronald's experience of life was not great, but even with the knowledge he possessed, he inclined to the second surmise. It is more often the negation that retains the pedestal. There is no article of domestic furniture that suffers more by 'wear and tear' than does that pedestal.

II.

Two days till the Twelfth, and the incursion of a house-party. He would not be sorry—the days on the moors were misspent till one had a gun. To-day he had to himself, for Sir Malcolm had his agent over for the day, and Ronald, pleading need of exercise, had said he would not return till eight o'clock dinner.

The moors sloped down to a broad river, which was the march. Ronald tramped along the side of it, up-stream, to face the wind. Presently he became entangled in a fir-wood, and then again he came to another stream, and crossed it. He knew the country pretty well, and, had he given the matter a thought, would have realised he was no longer on his uncle's land. But his thoughts were elsewhere. They were, as a matter of fact, hovering over those 'little girls' with whom he danced and supped, played golf and tennis, rode and flirted; and he was putting each of them in turn—apologetically and chivalrously—to the severe test of imagining her sitting opposite to him in that library of the house he had left, which he had learnt was to be his. Far back in the big chair opposite him he placed them, one by one. He was conscious of each picture in turn—the pretty bobbed heads and little powdered noses against the dignified red leather and carved oak; the long, slim, silken legs crossed and dangling below the scanty skirts; the young eyes that held so much knowledge forbidden to their grandmothers, wandering dully over the walls of books that held so much more knowledge, disregarded by a generation given over to utility; the little hand, with the interminable cigarette between the nicotine-stained fingers; and yet, so pretty—amusing, too, some of them.

Reluctantly, and yet irresistibly, Ronald introduced a third on to the scene—his uncle—and watched the keen, cynical eyes, with the little hint of wistful pathos in them that Ronald had seen last night, rest on the modern maid, appraising the choice of his heir, the mother of the 'line' that was to be—the 'line' that had begun with State service, not money.

And then, in his mental vision, Ronald saw the old man's eyes turn to him, and he met them.

The boy, battling with the fresh wind off the hill, a wind laden with the honey scent of the sun-warmed heather, with the acrid whiffs of distant peat-smoke, felt hot and ashamed. He measured a distant hill with his eye, and made for it.

Two hours later he was descending the other side of the hill; leaping from one side of a burn-chasm to the other, as foothold offered; holding on to a boulder and swinging himself round it; sliding down little quarries of loose stones; and, having breakfasted early and missed lunch, feeling uncommonly hungry and thirsty, and conscious that not only was he somewhat vague as to his whereabouts, but that he must be at least fifteen miles from home. 'Home'—he thought of it as that, now.

He had taken his bearings from the hill-top, and now, reaching the foot, set off at a brisk pace along a lonely track through a valley. It seemed little frequented, for the heather grew in patches over the path. And then the valley widened out, and in the distance he saw farms and bits of the hillsides under cultivation; and then, again, he was in the cool, aromatic shade of a pine-wood. Gradually the road, soft with inches deep of pine-needles, grew less and less wild; the rough undergrowth on either side gave way to ferns, and larches and rowans and young oaks mingled with the pines. A gate across the road made him pause.

'Looks like private property,' he thought to himself. But hunger was insistent; he could not retrace his steps, knowing that no prospect of food lay behind him. This way, at any rate, might lead to civilisation and an inn. His heart leapt out to meet an inn, or even a farm or a cottage where he could beg.

The road showed traces of wheels—the edges had been trimmed—rhododendrons were massed. In the distance rose the frenzied barking of dogs—the clamour of the kennels before the Twelfth.

'Awkward, this,' he said. 'It looks as if I

were getting near a house. Perhaps I can skirt round it. It must be behind those trees.'

It was. A sudden turn brought him right on to it—a soft green lawn, sloping to his feet from the edge of a veranda that half-encircled a long, low house, white-harled and home-like. Deck-chairs and tables stood about on the veranda, and overflowed on to the upper part of the lawn; and in the centre of the lawn, facing him, stood a lady. It was too late to escape—he must explain and apologise. The lady, somewhat to his surprise, came quickly towards him. He doffed his cap, and quickened his pace to meet her, words of apology on his lips. They were never spoken. The lady, almost running as they met each other, threw her arms round him, drew his head down, and kissed him on the forehead.

'My boy,' she cried, 'you have come! Thank God!'

III.

Ronald was absolutely speechless. He liked it awfully—but was she mad? She released him, and, putting a hand on each shoulder, gazed earnestly up into his eyes. No, she wasn't mad. She had a weak, pretty, appealing face; her uncovered hair, just turning gray, was elaborate in its curls and coils, and pendent ear-rings flashed from the lobes of her little ears. To Ronald's youthful judgment she was no longer young; but she might have been anywhere between thirty and forty. She seemed emotional—at least, it wasn't customary.

'I knew you would come!' she said in a voice tense with feeling. 'I knew you would not fail me—and now all will be well, and our fondest hopes realised! You are very like your father,' she added.

He felt he must explain, and yet it would be awkward for her, after the welcome she had given him. Still, it had to be done. How to begin? He plunged. 'I'm afraid I—this intrusion is entirely my fault.'

'"Intrusion,"' she murmured reproachfully.

Great Scott, she was going to do it again! He backed. 'I—please forgive me—as I say, this—this——'

'Your father's voice, too!' she told him in enraptured accents.

'As I say, it is entirely my fault that——'

'I know, dear. You have been long, but I forgive you. You kept away—it was cruel, and yet quite natural. You did not want to see me.'

'I assure you nothing was farther from my intention——'

'No, indeed! How could you guess a woman's feelings? How could you know that your love was the one thing needful to complete my happiness, and that I prayed nightly that your heart would soften to me?'

'How, indeed?' muttered Ronald, mopping his forehead. His frenzied eyes, rolling round for an inspiration how to escape, spied a man-servant in the distance, carrying a tea-tray. Here, at any rate, was another man—and tea. Ronald became suddenly aware that, woman or no woman, he was ravenous. The man put the tray down on a table on the veranda, and began setting out the tea-cups.

'It is so wonderful to see you!' the lady continued. 'And now that you have come, I forgive you—indeed, I forgive you all your cruel neglect of poor little me! But, ah!—you naughty boy—it isn't *me* you have come to see; poor little me, so ready to love you!'

'Deuced ready!' muttered Ronald inwardly. He hated the type of woman who said 'poor little me.' Besides, she was out of fashion. He recognised this type—she was the 'appealingly feminine,' who, last century or thereabouts, wanted little here below, and got it by soft, feline methods. At the present moment she was mad, poor gentlewoman! Mad as a hatter. Most awkward for him. Perhaps this place was a private asylum. Could he get near the veranda, and manage to say a word to the man? He looked round, only to see the man step through the window and vanish into the darkness of the room beyond. But the tea remained.

'You must not be shy with me,' the lady said, smiling. 'I am your friend, remember.'

'You are very good,' said Ronald. He felt dizzy, partly from hunger, partly from mortal fear.

The lady took his unresisting arm. 'Now let us come to tea,' she said, suddenly assuming the air of an everyday hostess. 'I am sure you must be famished after your walk.'

He was. He felt he ought to humour her. He believed it was dangerous to cross such people. And there would be scones and substantial home-made cakes—there always were in the country.

They stepped out of the sunshine into the cool shade of the veranda. Yes, there were plates piled with scones, sandwiches, all sorts of big, bulgy, home-made cakes, hot and spicy. She might love him as much as she liked, if only she would do the love-making and let him feed. He sat down contentedly. She poured out his tea and handed it to him, and the big, shallow silver cream-jug, full of frothy cream. She was certainly a charming woman. He hardly listened to her as he cut open a scone and helped himself to butter and jam. But he was not destined to eat it—not immediately.

'Ah!' His hostess, her cup half-way to her smiling lips, paused and gazed at something over his head. He looked round to see what it was, and sprang to his feet.

Framed within the open window stood a girl, tall, slender, dressed in white, her hands full of

roses. She was looking at Ronald, her cheeks a little flushed, her lips a little parted, her great eyes wide with wonder. She was the loveliest vision he had ever imagined.

IV.

'Here is Hilda!' the lady breathed softly, a note of triumph in her voice. 'She expects you.—Hilda, he has come—at last!'

Was she a vision? Was it all a dream? She came down slowly from the step of the open window, and walked towards him, her eyes on his face. Would she also—oh, if only in a dream? The blood coursed through his veins. But she did not. Instead, she halted irresolutely, and the roses fell from her hands and lay at their feet.

Ronald went down on one knee and gathered them up, and gave them to her. She took them from him without speaking, but as he rose their eyes met, and the expression in them brought Ronald quickly to himself. Whoever it might be that the emotional lady took him for, this exquisite girl did not share the madness: she knew him as an impostor.

'I—I was trying to explain—I came——' he began.

She made no reply, but her eyes left his, and rested momentarily on the buttered scone on his plate. Then she looked at him again. It was a distinctly awkward moment. It was broken by the lady, whom they had both forgotten. She gave a soft, indulgent laugh.

'Can't you speak to one another, you two young things?' she said. 'He is very like his father, isn't he, darling?'

'No; I see no likeness,' answered the girl.

'I would give a good deal to know who I am,' Ronald told himself.

'Your tea is growing cold,' Hilda added, looking at him gravely.

Well, she evidently did not mean to betray him. Why not? Ronald felt a sudden sense of wrong. He became exasperated. He told himself he was being put in a false position—perhaps he had put himself into it; but, anyway, it wasn't he who had kissed the elder lady; and after that he couldn't very well—— And the girl evidently knew that the woman—her mother or whoever she was—was under a delusion; and if she knew, why didn't she say something? And she was lovely! He looked at her with reproach in his honest young eyes, and, striding to the other side of the table, held back a chair for her. She might see he could say nothing—that he was tongue-tied; and really she might credit him with——

Suddenly her gravity vanished. She smiled at him radiantly, slipped round behind her mother and the tea-cups, and sank into the chair he was holding.

(*Continued on page 297.*)

A WALK THROUGH KABUL.

By Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah, F.R.G.S., M.R.A.S.

I.

IT has been said by some observant philosopher, and quite truly, that in order to know a city or a country it is not only necessary to see the palaces, 'Durbars,' Government offices, and 'show-places'; one must also consider the streets, by-roads, and lanes, the many centres of popular recreation, where the daily life of the people is chiefly seen. Afghanistan, unlike some other Eastern lands, is not reserved or proud about its mode of life, its silent forces of the soul; its inhabitants are a free people, with a practical bent of mind, and can be observed admirably in the course of an evening stroll through the highways and byways of the capital. To a pure Westerner Afghanistan appeals not only by reason of its geographical conditions—the mentality of its people can very easily be compared with Western ways of thought.

Certain superficial differences from more familiar scenes would at once be noticed by a visitor from the West. In the bazaars of India, for instance, costumes vary considerably, and one wayfarer may not resemble another in the least; but in Afghanistan similarity of dress is a very marked feature. Showy colours, bright tints, are, as a rule, absent, although between the dresses of persons of different social standing a definite distinction is perceptible. Here those who know the country can draw a comparison between the ancient and the modern ways; the old Afghanistan and the new have many points of variance. In older times one was struck by the plainness of the clothes and the outstanding brutal aspect of the people; to-day these crudities have vanished, and in the modern Afghan we find a man of the world who understands the significance of progress and is wide awake to the developments of our age. We notice that modern methods of doing business are adopted; telegraphic communication and other useful applications of science are frequently met with; and, in general, the desire to enter the arena of competitive nations in the race for greatness is characteristic of up-to-date Afghan ideas.

II.

Kabul, the chief city of Afghanistan, is an interesting and busy centre, where the continual *va-et-vient* of the people gives many excellent opportunities for philosophic observation, especi-

ally at evening, when the city shows the stranger its best aspect. Its roads are so direct that no guide is needed, and at that time of the day they are crowded; offices are closing, business is over, the town-folk are moving homeward, and the country-people are beginning to return to their villages. Others, with more leisure, are simply promenading, 'taking the air,' seeing what is to be seen. Let us mingle with the restless throng, and saunter first past the Ark Palace. This was built during the reign of Amir Abdar Rahman, and is fashioned after the style of the Palace of the Moguls of India. Near by stands the palace Dilkusha, in a Western mode of architecture, with French windows and glass doors. Adjoining this is the wireless-station—which we may mention without comment, so all-embracing is the spread of science!—and opposite this building is the Clock Tower.

Continuing in the same direction, in a few minutes we reach a straight road leading to Deh Afghani, the older part of the town; another principal road on the left would bring the wanderer to the Foreign Office, past the army stores and the police-station. At Deh Afghani modernity is left behind; progress is forgotten. It is Old Kabul, a different atmosphere, an entirely different scene—one which visitors from the West never tire of watching, particularly in the evening, when there is an indescribable fascination in the light and shade, the motley, moving throngs, the murmurous sound of a thousand voices. Through the narrow lanes passes a constantly changing stream of traffic; but it is not the traffic of the West. Ponies, horses, mules, donkeys, dogs, and men push and press and jostle one another in the constricted byways, and the spirit of the East broods over it all.

The shops, though small, have plentiful displays of various kinds of goods. One does not notice the Bokhara carpets, or the furs; but dried fruits, vegetables, and tea are to be found in abundance. Toys are a special feature of this busy quarter, for in Kabul the children are well looked after, and their demands are excellently catered for; and as children some of us would have rejoiced in the delightful, highly coloured miniature camels, horses, and elephants which form a large proportion of the toy-merchant's amusing stock. Among the people strolling hither and thither may be seen many veiled ladies, making occasional purchases.

III.

When we turn down the road which leads to the Foreign Office quite other interests present themselves; we step back into modern manners immediately. The scene is still busy, in a totally different way. The Habibish College—which is now a military college—has just closed, and its students crowd the road, strolling and chatting. They are smart-looking, handsome youngsters, uniformed in khaki, and range from nine to eighteen years of age. Among the boys the nine-year-old son of the Amir may be seen, riding a small pony, and in no way distinguishable from the others. Under the democratic new régime the son of the ruler has to rough it just like other boys, and has to salute his officers.

This military college is an important centre of Afghan education. Old and young alike take an intense interest in it, and here is an admirable spot to pause and observe contrasts. Along comes an Afghan of the old school, galloping his camel, his hair falling over his shoulders, his red-and-blue uniform glowing in the evening light; not far from him walks a modern Afghan soldier, trim and clean-shaven, in smart green uniform and wearing an astrakhan cap. Near him, again, comes a would-be-soldier cousin riding a bicycle; he has a brownish suit, and is smoking a cigarette. If these men of the modern mode did not wear a distinctive cap or costume, it would be difficult to tell them from Englishmen or Frenchmen. Other boys in addition to the military students are prominent, wearing red caps on which gold lace is tacked. They are the orphans of those killed in the war of 1919, and the Amir has issued an order to the effect that henceforth the Afghan Government will be responsible for their support and education. And so the lively hour goes on; while, threading the crowd, some country-folk with long beards, very respectably dressed, are hastening homeward on their slim mules.

At the Foreign Office we may note a red flag flying, the sign of an official visit from the Amir. This is the only Government office at Kabul in which work is done behind closed doors. By a glimpse of the interior, obtained through chinks in the main gate, it can be seen that the various offices and departments are built round a garden, in the centre of which stands the mausoleum of the late Amir Abdar Rahman Khan; a small mosque also rises in one corner of it.

Resuming our walk, a few more minutes will find us on the bank of the Kabul River. This is sure to be a busy spot. Rustics, still lingering, loath to leave the charms of the town, are occupied in buying articles to take back with them, and are also consuming tea by the gallon. They are very fond of tea, though the beverage is not precisely that which we favour in Europe. The liquid is boiled in big copper *samovars*, and in the tea-shop business is flourishing; customers enter by the dozen, and cup after cup is sold and drunk at once. The 'hubble-bubbles' are making pleasant, friendly noises, and talk flows merrily. It is a social, attractive scene, well worthy of an artist's palette.

IV.

On the left bank rise the silhouettes of innumerable mosques, and it is the hour of

evening prayer. Here stands the mausoleum of the famous Tamerlane, and farther on—a contrast indeed!—the Post-Office, a building in the modern style; then comes the Kabul bridge, always picturesque with passing crowds.

Crossing the river to reach the new Kabul, the visitor will note that along the farther bank runs the wall of a spacious orchard, within which stands a double-storeyed building floating the flag of the Bolshevists; this is the Russian Embassy.

About a hundred yards more, and we shall arrive at a building which seems more congruous with the Midlands of England than with the heart of Afghanistan—a huge factory about three-quarters of a mile in length, the great workshop of Kabul, and one of the most notable in the country. It is erected in the European fashion, and the motive-power for all machinery is electricity, current being transmitted from the power-station at Hablul Sarah, about ten miles off. Its range of products is remarkable: guns, rifles, howitzers, gunpowder, machine-guns, acid, and the less war-like commodities of soap and cloth are manufactured here. The quality of the cloth produced is possibly superior to that of any other factory in Asia and Afghanistan, for the natural resources of the district are very great, and it is fortunately situated.

It grows late, and we must return, crossing the river again to the main road. On one side of us lies old-fashioned Kabul, with its narrow thoroughfares and its peeps into an ancient civilisation; on the other side is the new Kabul. The modern note is everywhere; even cycle and motor-cycle shops are there, not only for the sale of goods, but for repair as well.

In the covered bazaar, across the river, dark and strange, you may see camels and loaded donkeys passing through, and Hindu shopkeepers engaged in petty matters of business. The present Amir has cancelled the order which compelled the non-Moslem section of the population to wear yellow turbans. Hindus, as a rule, wear red turbans, and are very keen on the observance of their religion and traditions. A significant fact in present-day life in the city of Kabul is that complete freedom is permitted to all creeds, all branches of religious observance.

Not far from here are situated the poorer quarters; smiths and ironmongers appear to predominate, but we shall see some men dressed in a black uniform—these are sweeps and labourers. By now we are practically at the end of the town, where the roads go to Jelalabad and Peshawar. It is worth while stopping to notice the Chaman Hazuri, or Audience Garden, which contains a triumph of Afghan gardening art. Poplar-trees and French flowers are artistically arranged, and the road leading to it is well illuminated by electric lamps carried on posts.

Here stands Kabul's wireless-station, keeping her abreast of the world moment by moment. Passing this, we come to the War Office, where a red motor-car at the entrance signifies that the Governor is about to pay a visit. The road leading to it, lighted on both sides by electricity, has in the centre a memorial to those who fell during the Anglo-Afghan War of 1919. At the gate of the arch is a sentry of the Royal Horse Guards, tall and stately in his gray-and-red uniform. Another hundred yards or so, and we reach the police-station; we have made the circuit of Kabul, and our tour is ended.

MAN'S WORK.

By Alan Sullivan,
Author of *The Passing of Oulibut*, *Blantyre-Alien*, *The Inner Door*, &c.

CHAPTER XI.

I.

THE grind of work closed in, and Shanklin mustered all his powers to face the days yet to come. It was difficult to tell whether the knowledge that Claudia still loved him was a help or not. His own worship remained unshaken, but there was introduced a dull sense of bewilderment that his own ultimate success would spell disaster to Claudia's fortunes. She would never suffer; he would see to that. It might be on the knees of the gods that sometime she would come to him. He could only work—and wait.

And if Shanklin was enveloped in a cloud of depression, no less was Claudia, from whose eyes the mist of error had been so swiftly cleared. All that was in her of loyalty and honour rose in protest. Sitwell had staged his drama, but the dénouement was not what he anticipated. He did not perceive that machinations, however astute, cannot warp those emotions which are both sincere and profound. He was attempting to remodel things to his own desire, ignorant of depths he aspired to probe, and forces which he only stimulated. He had credited neither Claudia nor the man she loved with the composure they displayed. It amused but yet aggravated, and in a queer way puzzled him.

Had he any doubt as to what moved in his wife's mind, he was disillusioned that very evening. They left Edith Winter at her hotel, where the girl sent him an inscrutable glance, and, reaching home, he flung himself in a chair

with a grunt of relief. Then Claudia turned on him.

'I want to tell you something, Bertie.'

'This seems a good opportunity for confidences,' he said coolly.

'What I am going to say will make a difference to you all your life.'

'I'm consumed with curiosity. Please go on.'

'It's just that I despise you more than I thought it possible to despise any one. You're not a man—you're a snake. You have no honour, no pride.'

'That's a pretty stiff sentence. Anything more?'

She regarded him with hostile eyes. 'Yes—more than I'm able to put into words. You've killed whatever I might have felt for you, except contempt.'

'That's enough,' he said warningly. 'Shanklin asked for it, and he's got it—but not all. He started it with your father and myself.'

Claudia caught her breath, and the truth that had stirred so restlessly in her heart burst forth at last. 'He was right, and you know it.'

'So your father was——'

'Listen,' she said hotly. 'My father never blamed Mr Shanklin as you did. That's done with. But now you'll have three people to fight—Jack Shanklin and his partner and myself. From what you have told me I can guess what you haven't. That's what you will remember—always. If I can defeat you, I will. While you plot, I'll be doing the same thing; and don't forget that I know you better than any one else.' She broke off, struggling with emotion.

'And Shanklin and his lady-love?' he put in, as though he had not heard a word.

Her lip curled with scorn. 'Is that your only defence? If so, it's no use.'

Sitwell became aware that she was looking at him as though he were a long way off. He got up and came towards her. 'Don't be a fool, Claudia, and lose your temper. Shanklin happened to hold that first option. It would have been the same if any other man had held it; business is business. If he falls down, I take it up—and become Martin's partner. Wouldn't you like that, for both our sakes?'

'Never,' she said bitterly.

So it was that Sitwell ranged against himself all the factors of probity and courage. Spencer Martin had cast over him a spell, the glamour of which had blinded many a man. To be rich, to be powerful, to wield authority over affairs, and to be thus recognised—he had put this in the balance against the regard of woman and the respect of man. The root of it was that what he wanted he wanted for himself, and his soul had no depths in which to harbour other emotions.

And behind all this there was one thing that gnawed in Sitwell's brain like an unsleeping worm. He had committed himself to Spencer Martin in such a manner that, make or break, his future lay in the big man's hands. At the time the terms had seemed arduous, but he reckoned them none too arduous for the prize at stake. But now, confronted with Claudia's enmity as well as by the contempt of Shanklin and his partner, Sitwell began to question the efficacy of the methods he had so coolly determined to adopt. This doubt began to assail him in New York; it harassed him on the journey west; it grew more formidable when he told Shanklin that business was business, and hated him the more because he was honest. It was this very honesty that made Sitwell suspicious of his own weapons. It was a stand-up fight with something he didn't understand. Therein lay the growing canker of his soul. He had begun to dream dreams and see visions that terrified him. What if Shanklin won out?

II.

Before long things began to happen on Shanklin's option. Men came for a day or two to work, and dropped out with pointless excuses, or none at all. The daily footage dwindled. There was no obvious reason for any of the countless minor troubles, but Harrison and his partner were under no misapprehension. Finally Denison, the drill-runner, came into the tiny office one night with a letter he had just received from Texas. He put it down in front of the contractor. It was from the Empire Oil Company of Fort Worth, and offered Denison a job at a rate nearly double what Harrison paid. Expenses would be found. Harrison read the letter, whistled softly, pushed it across to Shanklin, and turned to his foreman.

'Know these people?'

Denison shook his head. 'But they seem to know me.'

The contractor glanced at his partner. 'Tell him, Jack.'

For a quarter of an hour there was silence, save for Shanklin's voice putting the story dispassionately. Denison's dark eyes flashed once or twice, but he did not interrupt. He heard of Edith Winter's investment, and how it came about. He surveyed Harrison's grim face, and reflected that this was the father of the girl he still wanted to marry. He came of fighting stock, and his blood warmed. Here seemed the makings of a fight good enough for any man. The Texas offer, though it emanated from Spencer Martin, began to grow less attractive. Then Shanklin looked straight in his eyes.

'How about it, Bill? It's your say.'

Denison spoke briefly, but with a picturesque freedom. The gist of it was that he would be damned if he left them! Whether it was a dry well or a gusher, he would stick. He had no money to put in, but he would work the skin

off his hands to beat a pair of crooks who—and then his descriptive powers failed altogether, and he stepped outside to ease the burden of his soul. Presently he put his head in. 'I can fix that fellow so he won't give any one any trouble.'

On the hasty assurance that this was not the kind of help needed, he retired. Shanklin glanced at the other man. 'What about the rest of 'em?'

'I've been thinking. Burbeck, the other runner, I'm not sure about. Only one thing to do. You and I take alternate shifts—no more holidays—but hang on to the job. We'll have our hands full.'

On the 10th of July the whole hole was down a thousand feet, still in shale. On the night of the 11th Burbeck reported to Harrison, who was on duty, that he had lost the bit. Harrison cursed and ran to the derrick.

To those who follow the oil game no explanation is necessary; but let those who know it not consider a ring of gigantic steel teeth at the bottom of a thousand-foot hole, ten inches in diameter, blind, black, and unapproachable. The losing of a bit has dissipated courage, wrecked fortunes, broken hearts. It has snatched success from waiting hands and robbed the world of riches. It is as though the metallic finger of science were chopped off at the joint, leaving a helpless stump.

Harrison and the rest of them sweated for a week. The danger—and he knew it well—was that in rescuing the bit they might lose the hole. Steel casing will stand so much handling, and no more. Time and again Denison's tongs grappled with the thing, and lifted, only to have it break away and plunge downwards with a shattering force. On the seventh day the tongs took hold, kept hold, and the thing was drawn up gingerly, foot by foot, till its gray length swung clear. The hole, at least, was saved. Came then the necessity of punching through a piece of the old bit, where it lay embedded, with the new one. For this Harrison used special cutters, costly things of great hardness and high temper. It took three precious days. Drilling recommenced on the 21st of July. There were forty-one days to go, and still a thousand feet to sink.

It was no surprise to them that Burbeck had disappeared an hour after reporting trouble. They only wondered how much he had been paid. But the problem was to get a substitute for Burbeck. Harrison solved it.

'You take it, Jack,' he commanded. 'You know enough already, and you can call me any time. I'm wanted for too many things. Keep plugging till you hear something that sounds wrong; then quit, and shout for me or Denison. That's all there is to drilling.'

Shanklin took it, and liked it. There was a definite romance in feeling that great blind mechanism throbbing far beneath as it bored steadily through the recesses of the earth. He achieved something of the philosophy of the true mechanic who interprets his machinery in terms of life and feels it respond to his slightest touch. He did not spare himself, for the time was getting appallingly short.

In the middle of the month a letter had come from Edith Winter:

'You'll be wondering, perhaps—or I hope you will—what has happened to me. Nothing; but I've made up my mind not to bother you by being in the way. I think the best thing for me to do is to stay here in Catalina, and wish you—and all of us—luck. Of course, if there is the least thing I can do, you will let me know. I hope everything is going all right. Tell me if I can help—but I feel that a woman hanging about is apt to be a nuisance. Best wishes to Mr Harrison.—Yours, E. W.

'*P.S.*—My love to Mr Sitwell.'

Harrison grinned when he read it. 'Good stuff—only there's something we've got to tell her.'

'What?'

'Her twenty thousand isn't going to be enough to see us through. It might, but for Burbeck. He cost us about four thousand. I've just been figuring. If nothing else happens—and it will—we'll need another four thousand. Can you get it?'

Shanklin wiped his greasy fingers on a piece of waste, and put the waste in his pocket.

Harrison nodded approvingly. 'You wouldn't have done that three months ago. How about it?'

'I'll go into the city to-morrow, if you'll take over.'

(*Continued on page 298.*)

ROSES OF SURISTAN.

VAIN, vain love's creeper wide outspread,
The calamata, blows,
And flushed celestial rosy red
'Gainst the white marble glows.
And vain the jasmine stars the gloom
O'er the low archway's span;
More sweet, more sweet thy rich perfume—
Roses of Suristan.

Hark how the bulbul's liquid strain
In melody divine
Floats charged with subtle sweet and pain
And longing love—like mine.
Sad in the mystic glimmering night,
Exiled by fatal ban,
He plains as I his lost delight—
Roses of Suristan.

Fair, fair thy blossoms interweave,
Thy velvet petals fold
In crimsoned glow each dewy eve
As in fond days of old;
And still though far wide waters part
And sped the magian,
Thy perfumed sweet blooms in my heart—
Roses of Suristan.

MARY M. CURCHOD.
ALGIERS.

OUR RIVER.

By SHIKARI.

I.

OUR river can only be mentioned in the day of small things. It is a stream flowing from the hill moorlands through a fair valley of little farms, to join a larger river on its journey to the sea.

It is an 'open' stream, so that all may fish in it. They all do, and their methods are not always orthodox or even legal. Therefore our trout, especially in a dry season and low water, are much exposed to the crafts and assaults of the wicked.

Not for them the sheltered ease of those fine fellows one sees suspended motionless in the crystal waters of an English chalk-stream. Those long, green corridors with walls of waving weed, paved ten feet below with silver sand, are their hunting-grounds, in that broad reach just opposite the keeper's cottage. There they wait till the nymphæ come swarming down into their waiting jaws. Sometimes they will even slowly rise to the fluttering dun on the surface. Sometimes not. Their keeper knows them by name. He and the underkeepers prevent even the shadow of the unrighteous from falling on them.

To this sort of stream you return the mere pounder as a thing of nought. In our stream the pounder is an event. His capture marks a date like Waterloo, or the Ballysloughguttery Fair Day.

Our keepers are two slinking rascals appointed by the Local Fishery Board to watch the water. They are—not unjustly—credited with being the chief poachers in the district, and the only time I ever saw them at work was one summer evening when fishing a pool; one of them crept up like an unclean shadow, greeted me with an evil grin, while he hurled a night line with a dead minnow on it into the depths with the statement, 'They are gran' things entirely for catching eels!'

In other words in fact, our river is in Ireland. But we have not only to compete with our poachers and poisoners, our limers and netters, and, worse, with our keepers; we have also to suffer from three principal foes that we have (more or less) always with us. These are (1) flax water; (2) the potwalloper; (3) the duck.

II.

The flax water is, of course, that universal, horrible, and quite preventable evil under which we of Ulster have been, up to date, content to sit and suffer. We grow flax. We rot it in a hole in the ground filled with water, called a dam. Some of us take the small degree of trouble necessary to pass this foul and poisonous flax water through a slight filtration system of drains and ditches, to allow it to emerge harmless into the river. Others do not, and we will leave it at that. Should the river be low when this poisonous brew is poured in, many trout may be poisoned. Sometimes they are. Should the river be high no great harm is done—not, of course, the fault of the poisoners. Still, Providence does temper the wind a bit to the shorn lamb, for with us it is almost always raining.

After the flax water, perhaps our greatest trial is the potwalloper. This is the local angler whose object is the 'pot.' All is fish that comes to his net. The smallest parr can hope for no mercy from him. It counts for the pot, and therefore goes into the bag. Armed with a large rod, severe tackle, and three or four staring objects sold as 'flies' by the local hardware merchant, our old friend the potwalloper moves down-stream like a sort of pestilence. His countenance is full of seriousness; he sloshes the water heavily, with slow regularity, without haste and without rest, but with that dour, solid perseverance which has made us the great people we are. He takes his pleasure sadly. You hear the heavy swish of the flail, and he moves on you like fate, round the bend where, on a spring morning, you have just started to lay siege to one or two useful trout rising in the stream at the newly hatched dark olive duns.

This nightmare bears down on you, and over you, as likely as not, casting right over your head. Gone are your rising trout like chickens from a swooping hawk. He moves on like a thunder-cloud, or a steam-lorry, or any other misfortune. Presently, however, he is gone, and if you are a man of patience, and one seasoned with adversity, and will sit still for a short space after this calamity, your trout will have once more lined out to stations, and got to work. Now is the time to get busy with the floating dark olive, and send it properly cocked and floating over the nose of that last one who has just risen. There he goes again, but this time it is your dark olive, and from the flash of a broad, golden side in the amber water, and the weighty pull, you feel a 'good one' securely hooked before the potwalloper is even out of sight. After all, the poor old potwalloper is not such a bad sort, even if politeness is not his long suit; he has just as much right to enjoy a spring day by the water-side away from his factory or his work as the best of us. Besides, he has got one excellent quality—as a rule he doesn't reduce the stock much.

Our last and most exasperating enemy is un-

questionably the duck. This brute, I regret to say, swarms most unnecessarily on our river. He gabbles and quacks and bustles about over our best pools and streams just when the rise is on. He is strongly suspected of feeding on trout ova and trout fry. Otherwise, where does he get that fishy flavour?

However remote you think the pool, where you have just got within casting distance of some sizable trout, steadily on the rise, and are about to drop your sedge fly over him, you may take it from me that at the critical moment a couple of these brutes will come puffing and bustling round the corner, stop in midstream to stand up and flap their wings and give a few loud quacks calling the rest to follow. Your fish, of course, has got to ground fifty yards up-stream with the speed of an aeroplane. You may see him to-morrow, or you may not.

No! I don't mind meeting the duck at the right time and place—say the dinner-table, in company with sage and onions, green peas, or what not; but in the river he can only be described as 'the limit.' Once only did I see him get his deserts. Many years ago a small schoolboy was doing all he knew to drop his flies lightly over one or two decent fish rising in the stream. Without warning he was suddenly aware of a horde of these brutes pushing and bustling up-stream into his scene of action, led by a horrible, hysterical, quacking, squattering white drake. The boy could stand a certain amount—in fact, quite a lot—but on such a fishing morning he judged that this exceeded the speed-limit. Providence indicated to him a flat pebble lying at his feet. Some higher power guided the flight of the projectile, which took the white drake neatly on the top of the skull, and converted him from a squalling, quacking lunatic into a 'dem'd, damp, unpleasant body' in one single instant of time. Dirty work! Of course! Very! At least so said an old farmer about half a mile down-stream to the schoolboy who was fishing there. The schoolboy had judged it advisable to make a slight strategic detour down-stream from the scene of the outrage, and was, therefore, about opposite the old gentleman when the accusing corpse of a white drake floated down between them. 'Them d—d children has been cloddin' the ducks again! I'll learn them to clod ducks when I get back; d'ye mind me now? I'll learn them!' The schoolboy agreed that this was the right spirit, and the children should undoubtedly be taught a lesson.

III.

The standing wonder about our river is that, considering all these and other enemies, any trout remain. Yet, undoubtedly, they do remain—quite a lot of them. Horrible things happen in long droughts. Our best pools are left tenantless, or nearly so.

But April comes round again, and on the first good day, if you have the luck to be out by the side of the river, even if there has been an early hoar-frost and a mist melting off the grass in the morning sunlight, you will see a few midges dancing under the willows over the amber-brown water; then a tiny creature—which is not a midge—fluttering and drifting across the long pool under the planting, towards the sun. As likely as not he is picked up by a waiting chaffinch. But he has done it! He is the first dark olive. Already a rise or two at the head of the pool, a boil in the stream, and the flashing of a golden side through the amber water show that the rise has begun. The olives come down in twos and threes and single spies, but, however many, there is a trout ready for each, and the pool, which seemed tenantless, and which you suspected was dynamited or poisoned with flax last season, is fairly boiling with rising fish; not all very large, perhaps. In fact, most are pretty small; but there are always one or two useful ones if you look for them. Where did they all come from? Well, that is what we all want to know. Do they breed in the mountain burns and continually replenish us? Or do they come up from the larger waters of the big rivers and the lough below? Or do they do both? We don't know. Good trout are certainly seen coming up over the weirs with the few salmon that come up in autumn. But now is the time to get busy with the floating dark olive while the rise lasts. We haven't time to think about these things, but only to be thankful that somehow or other they do happen. Over on the far bank you see a green plant half in the water among the rushes. Some of us call its gold cup May-flower. Some say it is the kingcup or marsh mallow. Who am I to decide? Anyhow, there it is, overhanging the clear, brown water under the red clay-bank.

Mark you, my scholar, the trout taking olives under that will be a right lusty one!

Yes! there he shows his nose, sucking down a fluttering olive. Can you do it? Well, one can only try. By a lucky fluke the olive dun drops like a snowflake, and comes floating over him, cocked—to deceive the very elect. He has it—scarcely breaking the surface; but his plunge for his holt bends the little split cane like a whip, and you pray for the next few minutes that nothing may come undone before he is safe in the net. But this is our lucky day. This is the kind of day with spring in the air and hawthorn-buds on the tree, and the yellow kingcups reflected in the brimming brown water; the trout in an oncoming mood, and well disposed to take your floating dun on trust. This is the kind of day that compensates the wayfaring man for all he has suffered from flax water, poisoners, poachers, and ducks. Or those summer evenings, long after sunset, when the potwallopers have 'quet,' and the clear

primrose sky of sunset is mirrored in the still, dark waters of the weir, broken only by the rings of the trout after the dancing sedge flies.

Those are the times one remembered in an Indian hot weather in some stony frontier station, like the mouth of the pit, or on the war-path across the Afghan frontier, or even in the winter slush of the Flanders trenches. One felt like Kim's Lama, and wondered should one ever see one's river again. I feel certain; Bill thinks so too. Bill was first introduced to his river as a small, fat boy. But Bill was born to it, and soon defeated his instructors. The 'dry fly' was no mystery to him. When he and I discovered a monstrous trout rising at midges up the far bank of a tributary stream under an oak-tree, almost out of distance, we each had a go. Each managed to land a minute black gnat in front of him. Each got a rise out of him. Alas! he touched mine, but not quite enough to adhere, and with a monstrous roll he was gone, leaving me lamenting. Not so the fat and sturdy Bill. 'Never mind, dad,' he said. 'He can say that he has defeated the two most craftiest fishermen on the river!'

But Bill is not a fat little boy now. He commands a field company of sappers somewhere on the Euphrates. He has put in a bit of fighting with our old friends the Mahsuds, has Bill, and even with that has found time to gather some notable heads from the nullahs of Kashmir. He has also caught mighty Euphrates salmon, but does not think much of them. But I know Bill. What he really wants is a day on his river. And what I really want is to be there to see him having it.

BEHIND THE LINES.

By Albert Kinross.

PART I.

WE had been talking about the war, and had found it rather a mild and soothing topic after the unrests and the discontents of peace. For, what with strikes and lock-outs and the threat of both, and Ireland, Russia, and India, and France and Germany and Turkey, all simmering or in active eruption, we seemed to be ever so much more unsettled than we had been, and there looked to be no end to it. And so we had turned back for a moment to dwell out there again, amid those four strained years that are so difficult of obliteration.

It was my friend Vignolles who began it.

'Do you know,' he asked, 'there are people who almost go down on their knees and beg you to tell them something hair-raising? It's the civilians, of course, who haven't been out. They want to hear stories that'll make their flesh creep. They almost implore you to lie to them, and I've no doubt a good many fellows oblige. But modern war, what is it? Mechanics! A man ten miles away, who's never seen you and doesn't know you, lets off a gun, and it blows you into small pieces. That's all the fun he gets out of it, and most times he doesn't know whether he's hit anybody. Or you squirm on your belly in the mud, and a chap up in the air drops bombs on you; and you're stiff with funk, and he's not specially enjoying it. He dumps down his load and goes home again. Or, once in a blue moon, you may be able to empty your revolver into a man or two who're trying to bayonet you. Nobody's very sane in those moments, and I grant it's exciting. But you finish with it, and it evaporates. It's a kind of a debauch. You were drunken and glorious, and now you're sober.'

'What about the generals?' I put in here. 'They get a good deal of sustained excitement. Foch must have had months of it, and so must Ludendorff.'

'One man in a million; that's not much to go round. But if you want drama—true drama,' he went on placidly—'sustained and covering months and weeks, it's among the men behind the lines that you must look for it; among the staff people, the supply people, the Intelligence people. They've got the time and the opportunity. They carry on more or less like people do at home. They go to their office in the morning, and leave again at sunset. They've the time for drama, for all the excitements that the fighting soldier has to do without.'

I remember the contentment of that afternoon. Vignolles was leaving England in a day or two. He was going back to the hot and steamy place, down in the Malays, where, before the war, he had grown rubber, and thought to stay for many a long year. So, more or less, it was a day of parting, and we two had decided to spend it outdoors, amid the country-side that Vignolles loved so well, but had never made his own.

We had caught an early train that took us to Oxted Junction, and then we had tramped from Surrey over the Kentish border, eating our sandwiches in the open, and anchoring at last on a high spot, green and lonely and pied with flowers—it may have been in somebody's park or just outside. We lay stretched in the sun till the rabbits grew used to us, till the cock-pheasants strutted by and a cuckoo struck his notes on a branch above our heads. Far away in the valley ran a thin ribbon of water, and

beyond it the blue dimness of the hills. It was a perfect hour, a perfect landscape; the freshness and surprise of spring were not yet over. Nor was I astonished when Vignolles, starting up and looking round, exclaimed, 'All said and done, England's about the best place in the world!'

'Then why don't you stop here?' I asked.

'No room for me here. There never was.' And then, explaining himself, 'It's all right if you've money or get in with the people who'll push you if you do as you're told; or you may be an unscrupulous rascal till you're forty, and spend the rest of your life covering it up. But people like me have to get out of it—too much of a crowd. Still, it's a fine country—the very best. Ridiculous having that war and cutting down half the trees. Look at them—naked, numbered, and ready to be dragged away.'

Over the near fence were a good many trunks that had lately been cut down and trimmed for the saw-mills. Still, there were plenty left that hadn't been touched.

'I've always thought the German a damned fool,' my friend resumed. 'If he'd had any sense he'd have squared France; given her back Alsace-Lorraine, shaken hands with her, and won her confidence. Then he could have walked into Russia with nobody to disturb him; helped himself to chunks of it—as much as he wanted. All the Baltic part was half German already, and it had actually been German. He could have begun on that. Worth six Alsace-Lorraines. And then I don't know but that, if he'd wanted colonies in the tropics, there would have been anything very serious to stop him collaring a slice of South America. There'd have been the Monroe Doctrine, and little else, if he'd played his cards well. He'd friends everywhere. He'd friends with us of a sort—chaps who were out to help him, though I don't suppose that was the way they looked at it. Those fellows behind the lines; I ran into a nest of them. You remember—or didn't I tell you?—I got sent to hospital early in 1915. I was in France then, with a mounted regiment. We were exercising the horses, and something must have happened. I was exercising the horses, and next I remember waking up in hospital and wondering how the deuce I'd got there.

'"You've taken a toss," said the sister, "and now you must keep quiet."

'I knew I hadn't been thrown, and I wondered how it had come about. My head hurt, and the doctors looked into the pupils of my eyes, and felt my skull to see whether there was any fracture. There was a dead blank between going out with the horses and waking up in hospital. Concussion's like that, and I had more than was pleasant. It feels like neuralgia down both sides of your brain, and aches like blazes. Crowe, one of our officers, came in next day and told me what had happened. A long-range gun had dropped a shell among us, and I'd been blown off or thrown. The poor old horse had been more damaged than I. It took me three months to get over it, and then I was only fit for light duty.

'"We're sending you down to the Army Service Corps," said the depot chief where I'd reported, "till you're right again. You'll be in a base, and they won't overwork you." And that's how I got right among the people who live behind the lines.

'The Army Service Corps had always been a bit of a mystery to me before that. I discovered how it dealt primarily with supply and transport; so that you might be a gay young fellow riding along with a string of wagons, or you might be stuck in a grocery-stall for the duration of the war; or you might be out with a division or a brigade, and have to answer for their meals and forage; or you might be in charge of a row of three-ton lorries, and have a car, so as to run round with them; or you might be given the wheeled part of a field-ambulance; or you might be dishing out frozen meat from a cold-storage depot. Very versatile, isn't it? And that's not the half of its versatility, either.

'Down at the base, of course, we weren't particularly heroic, and most of our work was unloading supplies off steamers and stacking 'em and sending 'em up the line by rail. I wasn't wanted for that job. I wasn't wanted much for anything, it seemed; and every morning I went down to the supply depot, reported to the adjutant, and he smiled and said, "You just play about." So off I'd go to the sea-front and have a bathe, and talk to French families on the beach, and try to keep out of mischief till bed-time. It was a fair-sized town, with a good harbour and business going on, and summer visitors who'd come for the sea-bathing, though most of these were refugees and people who'd been driven out from the places overrun by the Germans. I lived at a hotel, full of staff officers, and was in clover, and the tariff was fixed by the army, so it came cheap.

'One morning the adjutant said, "You've got a French name, haven't you? Can you speak French?"

'About as well as English.'

'"I thought so," said he. "Just come along to the colonel."

'He led me into another office, and there I was introduced to the head of the supply depot, a tired man, obviously overworked, perhaps a bit too old for his job, or perhaps gone soft from many years of peace soldiering.

'He asked me a few questions about myself, and seemed satisfied.

'"Major Colgate, who does the local purchase," he said, "has got to undergo an operation. He'll show you the work, and then you can

carry on till he comes back." And with that he returned to his papers, and we two saluted and went out again.

'"You'll see an office marked Local Purchase on one of the quays," said the adjutant; "you'll find Colgate there. It's rather a nice job."

'Major Colgate was expecting me. He was a large, florid man, with a breezy manner, and not much troubled, apparently, by his impending operation or by its cause.

'"All you've got to do," he said, "is to let the office run itself, and sign papers. Corporal Cliffe knows all about things; you leave it to him, and you can't go wrong. And if you're asked for something fresh, there's the interpreter. Audibert'll always find a good man for you, and do the bargaining. I'll take you round to the bank and introduce you. There won't be many cheques to sign, and I'll be out and about again before you can turn round. There's nothing in it really if you're used to big business. And there's a car. You'll have a car."

'We took the car and drove to the bank, and I gave them my signature, and found I had a credit balance of a good many thousand francs. "When this is gone, you put in to the base cashier for more," said Colgate, "and let him have the receipts. But Cliffe'll do all that. You've only got to sign for it."

'Next we went to the fish-market and ordered fish, and to a fruiterer's and ordered fruit, and to a butcher's and ordered veal, and to a wine-merchant's and ordered wine. "It's for the hospitals," he explained; "what I call the retail trade. They send us a list, and we do that first thing every morning. Those oysters we ordered, they're for a general. Mind you give him what he wants. It pays to look after 'em."

'He kept on explaining as we went; and when we got back to the office, "This base feeds and maintains its share of the Expeditionary Force," he ended. "All the things that can't be supplied from home, or that are best dealt with locally, come to us. It's our business to find the stuff. That's why we're called Local Purchase. Simple as ABC. Corporal Cliffe knows all about it. Don't you, Cliffe? Now, I'd best be off. We'll drive to the hospital."

'I went along with him, and on the road he told me what an important fellow he was at home. "A big employer of labour," he said, "but, of course, I joined up. Can't ask other men to join if you funk it yourself, can you?" He laughed at his major's pay. Before the war he was making as many pounds as he was making shillings—or was it pence?—to-day; and he asked me about my own modest affairs, and intimated that if I came to him later on, when things were peaceful, he might be able to find a place for me. I was only a second-lieutenant, and he looked at me condescendingly. I suppose his own rank went with the job, and hadn't much to do with the individual. "So this is the kind of thing that grows in a base," thought I, and I gave him an extra good salute when he departed. I was glad I hadn't got to work with him. I couldn't have stood it for very long.

'I went back to the hotel for lunch after that, and told the car to fetch me at two-thirty.

'There was nothing much to do in the office of an afternoon, and I yawned and signed a few papers. Corporal Cliffe seemed busy with a long letter home; there was a private who entered figures in a book and kept accounts; and Monsieur Audibert, the interpreter, looked in and asked for money. It was he who went round and paid the small bills we owed. "You see, I get a commission," he said; "it is the custom of the country."

'I knew that to be the case, and could offer no objection.

'"The corporal and I divide it," he added genially, when Cliffe produced a cigar-box full of notes and handed some over.

'The private looked on and said nothing.

'No more did I. I knew it was contrary to King's Regulations for anybody below commissioned rank to handle money, and quite rightly—it protects the man and makes the officer responsible. But if the major liked to chance it, that was his look-out. I left about tea-time, and went into the town. Cliffe said I shouldn't be wanted, and if anything special required signing, he'd send it down to my hotel. But it was highly unlikely. I walked back feeling rather pleased at being some use in the world again; and next morning I turned up early, prepared to deal with what the major had called the "retail trade."

'This didn't amount to much, though it gave us a lot of trouble. Sick men have strange fancies, and when their rank is high enough, the hospital does its best for them.

'The really serious business of that office, however, lay in getting fresh vegetables for the troops, bran for the horses, and yeast for the bakeries. We used up quantities of these, and France, just then, had enough and to spare for everybody. They're a nation of market-gardeners, and there were lots of millers with bran, and the yeast came from the distilleries. Every base had its own area, and we were not allowed to poach on each other's preserves. Still, we were given a large slice of country, and having a car, one could get about quite comfortably. And in the office I found that everything was pretty well cut-and-dried, and it would be simple to carry on with the contractors and people Major Colgate had left to us. So that when I'd done with the hospitals and the unexpected things that cropped up now and again, I could take life fairly easy. I enjoyed running round the coast or exploring the country in the car, and it wasn't difficult to find excuses.

After a battle—there was the one at Loos, for instance—the hospitals cried for thousands of oranges. I crossed my whole territory looking for them, paid in cash, and loaded them up where I found them. The dealers rather held me up over that, and made us pay through the nose. But no one questioned me. Our tradition was to trust people, and the main thing was that the stuff should be on hand when it was wanted.

'So there I was, carrying on under the guidance of my little staff, the corporal full of precedent, the interpreter not much occupied, the private keeping the books and looking after the accounts. In that huge supply depot we formed a tiny island, a very peaceful spot. Sometimes I wandered round and marvelled at its industry; saw the ships unloading at the quays; saw the mountains of bully-beef and jam and biscuit that were stacked in the hangars, the cases of tea and bacon, the bags of flour and sugar and salt, the sacks of oats and barley and the bales of hay, and my own bran that arrived here. I'd wander among the fuel and the petrol and the lubricating oils, or into the carefully guarded "cage," where they kept "medical comforts"—stout and ale, champagne and arrowroot, port and brandy, and tinned chicken. Or through the Indian section, with its rice and strange odours. The men who worked among these things led a rather monotonous life, dishing out the same stuff day by day, or loading up trains with it and despatching them, and standing about on those weather-swept quays by the hour. It wasn't heroic, but it was dashed hard work. I can't say that I envied them. But they rather envied me, with my freedom and my car and little office. I still had my comfortable quarters at the hotel, my headaches were gone, and I was fit and hearty. It was pleasant to be of some use again, and everything seemed to be going swimmingly and without much effort.'

(*Continued on page 300.*)

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ADVOCACY.

V.—THE LAMP OF ELOQUENCE.

By His Honour Judge PARRY.

The Seven Lamps of Advocacy are *Honesty, Courage, Industry, Wit, Eloquence, Judgment, and Fellowship.*

I.

THE eloquence of advocates of the past must largely be taken on trust. There is no evidence of it that is not hearsay. For, though we have the accounts of ear-witnesses of the eloquence of Erskine, Scarlett, Choate, or Lincoln, and can ourselves read their speeches, the effect of their eloquence does not remain. We are told about it by those who experienced it, and can believe or not as we choose. It is the same with actors. It requires genius to describe acting, so that the reader captures some of the experience of the witness. Fielding did it for Garrick when he took Partridge to see *Hamlet*; Charles Lamb can feature the old actors for us on the screen of the written page; but how few real records remain of the eloquence of the advocates of old!

Perhaps the best way to realise their powers is to read their speeches aloud; but even then they seem diffuse and out of proportion to the present interest in the litigation. The most eloquent advocacy that is reported in print is to be found not in law reports, but in fiction—in the speeches of Portia and Serjeant Buzfuz, for instance, where for all time the world continues hanging on the lips of the advocate in excited sympathy with the client.

There are some who think that rhetoric at the Bar has fallen in esteem. The modern world has certainly lost its taste for sweet and honeyed sentences, and sets a truer value on fine phrases and the fopperies of the tongue; but there will always be a high place in the profession for the man who speaks good English with smooth elocution, and whose speeches fall within Pope's description:

> Fit words attended in his weighty sense,
> And mild persuasion flow'd in eloquence.

The test of eloquence in advocacy is necessarily its effect upon those to whom it is addressed. The aim of eloquence is persuasion. The one absolute essential is sincerity, or, perhaps one should say, the appearance of sincerity. As Garrick reminded a clerical friend: 'We actors portray fiction as if it were truth, and you clergymen preach truth as if it were fiction.' It is no use preaching to a jury, but the eloquence of persuasion will work miracles; and there is a well-authenticated story on every circuit of the criminal who, listening with rapt attention to his counsel's pathetic details of his wrongs, burst into sobs after his peroration, crying out, 'I never knew I was such an ill-used man until now—s'help me, I never did!'

II.

It would appear from the history of advocacy that the flame of the lamp of eloquence may vary from time to time in heat and colour. One cannot say that the style of one advocate is correct and another incorret, since the style is the attribute of the man and the generation he is trying to persuade. Yet, however different

the style may be, the essential power of persuasion must be present. He must, as Hamlet says, be able to play upon his jury, knowing the stops, and sounding them from the lowest note to the top of the compass.

Brougham's tribute to Erskine's eloquence is perhaps the best pen-picture of an English advocate we possess, and it is noticeable how he emphasises this power of persuasion and endeavours to solve the psychology of it. He places in the foreground the physical appearance of the man, a great factor in each style of advocacy.

'Nor let it be deemed trivial,' he says, 'or beneath the historian's province, to mark that noble figure, every look of whose countenance is expressive, every motion of whose form graceful, an eye that sparkles and pierces, and almost assures victory, while it "speaks audience ere the tongue." Juries have declared that they felt it impossible to remove their looks from him when he had riveted and, as it were, fascinated them by his first glance; and it used to be a common remark among men who observed his motions that they resembled those of a blood-horse, as light, as limber, as much betokening strength and speed, as free from all gross superfluity or encumbrance. Then hear his voice of surpassing sweetness, clear, flexible, strong, exquisitely fitted to strains of serious earnestness, deficient in compass indeed, and much less fitted to express indignation, or even scorn, than pathos, but wholly free from harshness or monotony. All these, however, and even his chaste, dignified, and appropriate action, were very small parts of this wonderful advocate's excellence. He had a thorough knowledge of men, of their passions, and their feelings—he knew every avenue to the heart, and could at will make all its chords vibrate to his touch. His fancy, though never playful in public, where he had his whole faculties under the most severe control, was lively and brilliant; when he gave it vent and scope it was eminently sportive, but while representing his client it was wholly subservient to that in which his whole soul was wrapped up, and to which each faculty of body and of mind was subdued —the success of the cause.'

And if one reads the speeches of our greatest advocates and the records of those that heard them, one finds that each had some peculiar condiment of eloquence, so that if one could beg a flavour from each one might produce an olio of super-eloquence.

Bethell, for instance, was a master of deliberation, remembering Bacon's maxim that 'a slow speech confirmeth the memory, addeth a conceit of wisdom to the hearers.' Shorthand-writers listened eagerly to his speeches, fearing to miss a sentence that would ruin their report. Repetitions and unnecessary phrases were banned, and useless words he looked upon as matter in the wrong place. His voice was clear and musical, and he had a telling wit. Students from the first thronged the court to learn his magic, and judges listened to him with respect. When he was a junior it is said that Sir John Leach, the Master of the Rolls, succumbing to his arguments, said, 'Mr Beethell, you understand the matter as you understand everything else.' And that was the real secret of Mr Bethell's eloquence.

Serjeant Copley, better known as Lord Lyndhurst, was not a brilliant or showy advocate, but, as a friend said, 'had no rubbish in his head.' He won many of his triumphs by dexterous and successful sophistry and his extreme plausibility of manner. Mr James Grant tells us that 'a perpetual smile played on his countenance while he gazed at the faces of the court and the jury; and there was something so winning in the tones of his voice that he must have been a man possessing a remarkably lively perception of the real facts of a case, of a vigorous intellect, and of great energy of character who was not carried away by Mr Copley's address.' The mere wording of the description might suggest to an unsympathetic reader that Serjeant Copley was the Fascination Fledgeby of the Bar, but the intention of the writer was probably to portray something of that charm of manner which is often a form of eloquence leading to the highest success in advocacy. Gully, in our own day, possessed it in a high degree. It is easy to fall under the spell of it in court, but it would require the pen of a genius to recall it to life on the printed page.

III.

Eloquence of manner is real eloquence, and is a gift not to be despised. There is a physical as well as a psychological side to advocacy, documentary evidence of which may be found in the old prints and portraits of those who have been called to high office from among us. They are, on the whole, a stout, well-favoured race.

Charm of voice and manner has always received due reward. Thomas Denman had a fine, musical voice, an easy manner, and the sincerity and fervour of his address made him a popular advocate. Scarlett was 'the very incarnation of contentedness and good nature.' A spectator notes his 'perpetual cheerfulness,' his 'laughing and seductive eyes,' his 'How-do-you-do style' as he used to stand before the jury, 'fold up the sides of his gown on his hands, and then, placing his arms on his breast, smile in their faces from the beginning to the end of his address, talking all the while to them as if he were engaged on a mere matter of friendly conversation.'

Many an advocate has attempted a similar method with but small success, and there must

have been, as Mr Atlay says, 'an exquisite dexterity' in his method of address that does not reach us through contemporary descriptions. The effect of it was undoubted. A North-Country juryman was once asked, after a long assize at Lancaster, 'What do you think of the counsellors on the Northern Circuit?'

'Why,' he replied, 'there's not a man in England can touch that Mr Brougham.'

'But you gave all the verdicts to Mr Scarlett?'

'Why, of course; he gets all the easy cases.'

It is eloquence that persuades the jury that your case is the easy case. As Cobbett said—and Cobbett had a common jury mind—'He is an orator that can make me think as he thinks, and feel as he feels.'

Mr Montagu Williams has pointed out that the best English eloquence of his time was founded on what he calls a solid style of advocacy. 'As leading examples,' he writes, 'of what I may call the solid style, I should name Serjeant Shee, Serjeant Parry, and Lord Justice Holker. When I say "solid," I do not refer to heaviness of manner, but to solidity of appearance, robustness of speech, and a general air of good English honesty. This style is very taking with the juries of this country. It was the heavy, nay, almost languid, way in which Lord Justice Holker opened his cases, taken in conjunction with his sudden awakenings and bursts of eloquence when important points were reached, that rendered his style of advocacy so telling.'

Nearly every great advocate has found it necessary to make use of the eloquence of persuasion. Charles Russell is the one exception. He did not seek to persuade, he directed the court and jury. Whether or not he was, as Lord Coleridge said, 'the biggest advocate of the century,' he was undoubtedly a very great advocate. Clearness, force, and earnestness were the basic qualities of his eloquence. It was said of him that 'ordinarily the judge dominates the jury, the counsel the public—he is the central figure of the piece. But when Russell is there the judge isn't in it. Russell dominates every one.'

But no man can dominate a jury in a doubtful case, and though Russell was supreme in a good case, he had not that power possessed in a high degree by another great advocate—still, happily, among us—Sir Edward Clarke, who could not only insinuate doubts into the hearts of the jury, but could leave his arguments so clearly in men's minds that he became, as it were, the thirteenth man on the jury when they retired to consider their verdict. This requires real eloquence.

IV.

The moral of the lives of the advocates seems to be that in the house of eloquence there are many mansions, and any style natural to the man who uses it is his right style, and may succeed. One besetting sin of many would-be eloquent speakers is fatal, and that is bombast. The young advocate who opened a libel case, 'My client, gentlemen, is a cheesemonger; and the reputation of a cheesemonger is like the bloom upon a peach. Touch it, and it is gone for ever,' must have been immune from eloquence. Yet there are solicitors and clients who still like that kind of thing, and advocates who supply it.

Nearer to eloquence was the advocate who, in defence of a woman for child murder, said in passionate tones: 'Gentlemen, it is impossible that the prisoner can have committed this crime. A mother guilty of such conduct to her own child! Why, it is repugnant to our better feelings! Gentlemen, the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, suckle their young——'

The simile might perhaps have passed with the jury had not a dry, unsympathetic voice from the bench interrupted with: 'Mr X, if you establish the latter part of your proposition, your client will be acquitted to a certainty.'

And though eloquence at its highest is a gift, the art of speaking can be learned and personal difficulties overcome. Demosthenes, with his pebbles in his mouth or running up a hill spouting an oration, has been an example to us from the schoolroom. Cicero took lessons from Roscius and Æsop. Lord Guildford, Lord Campbell, Lord Brougham, and others have impressed on students the importance of attending and practising at moots and debating societies. The mechanics of eloquence can be as certainly learned by the student as the mechanics of etching or engraving, but how far these will make an artist of him and help to bring real eloquence to the learner lies in himself.

There is no golden rule of method, but there is this golden principle to remember, that the message of eloquence is addressed to the heart rather than the brain. This is well put by Lord Chesterfield, who was more human than many will allow, when he wrote to his son: 'Gain the heart, or you gain nothing; the eyes and the ears are the only road to the heart. Merit and knowledge will not gain hearts, though they will secure them when gained. Pray have that truth ever in your mind. Engage the eyes by your address, air, and motions; soothe the ears by the elegancy and harmony of your diction; the heart will certainly follow; and the whole man and woman will as certainly follow the heart.'

Thus is the grammar of the matter set down by a skilled grammarian, yet it is but a bundle of dry sticks and kindles no flame. The high privilege of lighting the torch at the lamp of eloquence is a gift of the gods, and orators are born, and not made.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

OUR ESCAPE FROM MOSCOW.

By F. FLATAU.

PART I.

I.

EVERYBODY who has been in Moscow before the war knows what a beautiful city it is, and how delightful life used to be there. Though we are Poles, we had lived a good deal in Russia, where we had estates, and where we spent the summer, and so it happened that when Warsaw was taken by the Germans in 1915 we were among the Polish refugees who sought safety in Moscow during the occupation. But after the Revolution broke out many things changed there, and, especially after the Bolshevik insurrection in October 1917, life grew worse and worse, until it became almost impossible to bear it. I am not going to describe all its horrors—enough to say that all kinds of epidemic illnesses (chiefly typhus), famine, and cold soon followed. Quite fabulous prices were paid for food and fuel; people died by the thousand from disease and insufficient nourishment.

The political terror that reigned in Russia has often been described. People were deprived of all their belongings, and on the least suspicion were arrested, and either shot or kept for months in prison, which meant almost certain death from typhus. Many persons of my acquaintance, not being able to leave Moscow, committed suicide, as the only way of escaping from such terrible conditions of life.

When I myself turned very ill, the doctor said that to save my life it was necessary for me to be taken away from the 'Socialistic Paradise.' Our one idea was how to get away from Moscow. To the reader this may seem a simple enough matter, but in Russia people had long ago forgotten what it was to buy a ticket and to travel in the ordinary way. Even to go from one town to another of the ex-empire one needed a special permit from the Soviets, who usually granted it only to their own members or to workmen organisations. As to going abroad, to Poland, while it was at war with Russia—even to plan such a thing was sheer madness.

We tried all the legal ways to get passports to Riga, Roumania, or any other country, but even the doctor's certificate was of no avail. 'Let her die here. She cannot get away,' was all the answer we obtained from the most powerful authority in Russia, the 'Tcheresvytchaika' (Committee of Public Safety). As all our attempts proved useless, we decided to risk it, and to go illegally. We were quite aware of the fact that if we were caught on the way our fate was certain, as had been that of so many friends of ours who had tried the same experiment. Confiscation of all our belongings and imprisonment awaited us—imprisonment for an indefinite period. What might have made things still worse for us in case of discovery was that we were taking with us important documents and ancient jewellery that we were loath to part with. Jewellery, as well as documents of the kind we had, we ought long ago to have delivered to the Bolshevik authorities, according to decrees. As to hiding things from the Bolsheviks when they search your luggage, the very idea is absurd. Sherlock Holmes, with all his astuteness, is a mere apprentice compared with those detectives of a new epoch.

Luckily we had among our friends an engineer who had a railway-car at his disposal, and could travel from Moscow down to the very front whenever he thought fit. He agreed to take us in his car, and soon after Easter we started on our expedition, needless to say without telling any one where we were going. The departure itself was arranged in almost a conspirative manner. We stood at the side-entrance of the station, waiting for our friend Mr V. My heart was wildly beating as time passed and he did not appear. At last, after nearly an hour of dreadful suspense, we caught sight of him, and with immense relief followed him on to the platform and into his car. The sentries, seeing such an important person leading us, never dreamt of asking us for any permit.

The car in which we spent the following three nights and days proved a very comfortable one, and Mr V.'s company most agreeable. Those were the last days for a long time to come that we were to enjoy comparative comfort and intercourse with intelligent human beings. What was, perhaps, even more important, in this car we were safe from prying eyes and from inquisitive

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

questions. At dawn, on a Sunday, we arrived at Sl——, and saying good-bye to our kind friend and to our dear car, we plunged into uncertainty, unknown adventures and dangers that were to last for the next five weeks.

II.

Sl—— is a small railway station on the line Moscow–Warsaw (to be more exact, it lies between Smolensk and Minsk), and, going straight on by train, we should have arrived in the course of two or three hours at Boryssow, the first Polish town as the front was at that time. But this was obviously out of the question; so we consulted a trustworthy Jew, into whose hands Mr V. had passed us over, as to the direction in which to continue our journey. This man called in a friend of his, Mr K., a rich Jew who owned horses and carts; and the result of our conference was that Mr K. would provide us with a horse and cart, and that early next morning we should drive off to B., a small town on the river Beresina. There, we were assured, we could quite easily cross over to the Polish side, as, that section of the front being quite unimportant, there were hardly any soldiers near B.

We spent the night at the first Jew's hovel (on hard benches, amidst hens, goats, and seven or eight dirty brats), and early next morning started on our journey to B. The sight of us in our travelling-attire must have been rather funny. Imagine a peasant's cart, our luggage at the bottom, completely covered with straw, on top of which we sat, dressed in most 'proletarian' clothes. In patched old costumes, worn-out boots, no hats, but handkerchiefs tied round our heads, we made the impression of anything but rich people. I have not yet mentioned that our family consisted of five members: my mother, an elderly lady, accustomed all her life to travel with the utmost comfort; my husband, myself, and our two children, a boy of ten and a little girl of five. We could not look at each other without laughing; the sight was too funny for words.

The drive was very pleasant. We were passing through pretty fields and woods, and the weather was lovely—not too hot, but very fine, a blue, cloudless sky over our heads. The Jew's son was driving us himself, a nice lad of eighteen, who seemed well acquainted with the road and all its details, and knew how to drive so as to avoid meeting any Bolsheviks. In the middle of the day we had a meal in the wood—a picnic, in fact, and a rest from our very shaky cart. The whole day our children were singing happily, and we were in the highest of spirits; everything was succeeding better than we had expected; we were quite sure of a quick and lucky end of our journey, and of being next morning in our dear Poland.

Towards evening, at the entrance of the village D., we were stopped by a sentinel, who wanted to see our permit. We had taken the Jew's advice and obtained (for money, of course) a certificate from the local Soviet in Sl—— that we were refugees from a village near B. that had lately been burned down by the Poles. On seeing this paper, the soldier let us pass without a word. We looked exactly like poor refugees.

After sunset we came to a farm, some ten miles from B. and from the frontier. According to our plan, we were going to spend the night at this farm, and to continue our journey next morning. We jumped off the cart and stretched our tired limbs. The sky was covered with stars, the air was pure and lovely, and the silence around us complete. This farm lay solitary on the top of a hill.

At the noise of our cart-wheels, a peasant ran out of the house to greet us. He was a pleasant-looking man, with fair hair and beard, and he was dressed, like all the Bialorus peasants (White Russians, as the inhabitants of that province are called), in snowy-white shirt and trousers made of coarse home-spun linen. He greeted us heartily and invited us into his house—rather cottage, or *hata*—a quite new, clean wooden building, consisting of one large room. A broad wooden bedstead stood in one corner, while in the other, or 'clean' corner, as they call it, under the Saint's picture (*ikona*), stood a wooden table; broad wooden benches were ranged along the walls. This was all the furniture. Almost a third of the room was taken up by the big Russian stove. Four small windows let in the silvery moonlight.

Artem (the peasant) at once made a fire, boiled some potatoes, brought us eggs and milk, and we greatly enjoyed this rustic supper. 'And where are you going to, my friends?' asked our host. The young Jew, our coachman, informed him of our plans and wishes. On hearing these Artem exclaimed, 'What a pity you didn't come four or five days ago! *Then* you could just have driven down to the river, given a sign to the Polish sentinel, and they would soon have helped you across. But now it is quite impossible. A few days ago the Bolsheviks sent soldiers to the river-shore, into the trenches, and one cannot pass there any longer.'

The reader can well imagine what our feelings were on hearing this! And so our expedition, that had begun so well, was now at an end; either we should have to return to Moscow—appalling thought!—or else make for some smaller town in Russia, there to await the end of the war. Our disappointment was the more bitter because of the thought that, had we come only a few days sooner, our plan would have succeeded brilliantly.

Artem, seeing our disappointed faces, said, 'But wait. To-morrow at dawn, while you are still asleep, I shall run across the marshes to the

nearest village, Sh——, to my nephew Michael's, and see what he can do for you. He has a small boat on the river, and he often goes across and back for salt.' (Evidently he was a smuggler.) 'Perhaps he will take you through the wood, where there are no soldiers, and then in his boat across the river' (Beresina, then the frontier between Russia and Poland). This promise gave us some hope, and so we settled down for our night's rest, my mother, my little girl, and I on the wooden bed, on straw; the men (my husband and son, our host and the coachman) on the benches along the walls.

III.

We were so tired after the shaky drive of the day before that next morning, instead of rising at five or six, as we ought to have done, we slept till eight or nine. That was a great mistake. Our host told us that we were to start at once, as his nephew Michael at Sh—— was willing to take us across the Beresina in his boat. We were to part now with the Jewish lad, our coachman, and to drive with Artem's father, a silly-looking old peasant. But before leaving we wanted to get rid of part of our luggage, remembering how uncomfortable we had been the previous day, sitting on certain hard boxes. Very soon, on hearing that we were selling things, a crowd of Artem's relations, big and small, men, women, and children, gathered around us, examining the goods, and greedily snatching things away from each other, like a crowd of savages! All this business lasted till past eleven o'clock, and it was already noon before we left the farm. That was our second mistake.

We drove now to Sh——. Wishing to pass unnoticed by Bolshevik soldiers who might be wandering about, we did not go by any road, but through marshes in a thick forest, and even three times crossed a small river without any bridge, the cart-wheels deep in the water. This four miles' drive was anything but pleasant. The sky was gray, heavy clouds hung low, and our spirits were far from being what they had been only twenty-four hours before. Nobody was singing to-day, and, full of misgivings, we spoke in hushed whispers. At last we arrived at Sh——, and were driven straight into the courtyard of Michael's house, just as a fine, drizzling rain began to fall. We waited in the courtyard while, inside the cottage, a great conference was going on between Michael, Artem, and the silly-looking old Peter. At last Artem came out, saying, 'We must immediately return. Michael refuses to go on. He is afraid. The wood is full of Bolsheviks.'

We used all our powers of persuasion to make him change his decision, but it was of no avail. We offered him more money, but Michael only replied, 'If they catch us, they will take my house from me, my cattle, all I have. No, I am not going. And leave my place at once.'

We begged to be allowed at least to spend the night in his house. The rain was falling fast now; the sky was dark and threatening; we had not eaten anything since early in the morning. But he did not even take pity on the children, and bade us go at once, as he did not wish to get into trouble with the Bolsheviks, whom just at that moment we heard firing in the neighbouring wood. So, having no choice, we moved on; and, as it proved afterwards, not a moment too soon did we go. We were hardly out of the village when members of the local Soviet came to Michael's house and inquired who the strangers were who had just been there.

Now we were going back to the farm, this time not through marshes and rivers, but by the road. The rain was pouring in torrents; it was getting quite dark, and, what was even worse, soon an awful thunder-storm broke out. We drove like this for more than three hours, the water running down our heads, faces, and clothes; we were wet through, shivering with cold, hungry, and miserable. The poor children were silent, bravely bearing their lot. No shelter was to be seen anywhere, and, what was still more trying to our tempers, the silly-looking old Peter, over fond of his horse, and pitying him far more than us, would for nothing in the world be induced to hurry his precious old animal, but just let him go on at his usual quiet, imperturbable pace.

At last we arrived at Artem's farm, wet through, cold and hungry, the very picture of misery and baffled hope.

After a sleepless and miserable night, we held a consultation as to what to do next. For the present there was no hope of getting across the Beresina, so we had the choice either to return to Sl——, or even to Moscow, or else stay at the farm and wait for some lucky chance. This latter course, we were quite aware, was very risky. We might be found out and shot as Polish spies, or, at least, arrested, and have all our things taken away from us. Even if we were lucky enough not to get caught, who knew how long we might have to stay there? Perhaps during the whole summer nothing would change in the position of both armies; gradually autumn and winter would come, and what then? However, we decided that, having come so far (or, rather, so near the front), there we would stay and wait for our chance.

And so it came that we spent three weeks at the farm. Artem allowed us to stay there, but told us to look for our food where we liked, as he could not give us anything. For three weeks we ladies slept on straw, without once being able to undress ourselves for the night, as in the same room, on the benches, slept my husband and son, and also Artem with his

wife and child. They were kind, honest people, but perfect savages. When we washed ourselves or cleaned our teeth, they and their neighbours would come and stand in front of us, watching and wondering what we were doing. All the things we did seemed strange to them, and they considered us like beings quite apart. But do not let the reader imagine for one moment that they thought us superior beings—far from it. Very soon I discovered that they looked upon us with a kind of pitying disdain. In their eyes we were poor, helpless creatures, who did not know much of what is most important in life; slaves of our habits. Those very habits (like washing, &c.), the outcome of a culture many centuries old, seemed to them not only useless, but even harmful!

We soon came not to take any notice of them and their visitors, who would drop in at any time between dawn and midnight (the door of the *hata* never being locked) and watch our doings. Whether we were dressing, eating or resting, reading or sewing, we always had an audience, mostly consisting of women and girls in dresses hanging down to the floor (even girls of six wear long dresses!), with handkerchiefs tied round their heads. Men would come in in the evening, and often, while smoking their horrid tobacco, talk about politics or discuss the Great War, as most of the younger ones had taken part in it; and, indeed, many had only lately returned from Germany, where they had been prisoners. Of course, at night we had neither lamps nor candles, only the light from the glowing stove.

IV.

From first to last, during our stay at the farm, we were confronted by the two main questions: how to get our food, and how to hide from the Bolsheviks. The first of these questions was solved in the most unexpected and original manner. At first we thought that we should have either to starve or to go away, as the peasants would not sell us anything to eat. They all had heaps and heaps of money, and didn't want any more of it, as it could not buy for them any necessaries, owing to the fact that in recent years Russia had not produced anything. If we had things to give them in exchange for milk, bread, butter, and eggs, good and well; if not, they preferred to eat those good things themselves. We were in a sad position, having very few things with us that we could give them in exchange for food. We also could not go to more distant farms in search of provisions for fear of meeting Red Army soldiers.

At last it happened that a woman to whom I had given some medicine (for toothache, I believe) told her neighbours that we knew how to cure diseases; and from that day I had, early and late, the *hata* full of patients, mostly women with sick children. I had a small store of medicine for our own use, which, as you see, proved very useful. I could tell you many stories, pathetic as well as comic ones, about my experiences with those patients, but that would lead me too far afield; enough to say that many people I really cured (owing to some practice I previously had had in the country in Russia, where doctors usually are few and far between). Others, with chronic diseases, I honestly warned that they could not get cured so quickly and in such a way, but they usually insisted on my giving them at least some drops. I am certain, however, that those drops did not do them any harm, even if they could not effect a cure, because I gave only quite harmless stuff. In exchange, my patients, or their parents, brought us quantities of eggs, also milk and flour or bread, once or twice even fish; and so we did not starve, and my practice flourished.

Other articles of exchange were a number of ribbons I chanced to find among my few belongings. The village belles from far and near would bring me eggs for pink, blue, and green ribbons—the brighter the better. But the greatest success was a small bottle of eau de Cologne my husband discovered in his bag. Several drops of it sprinkled on Artem's sister (a shepherdess), going to a village dance, produced the most unexpected result. Next day a young peasant came with a parcel. He had heard, he said, that we had 'scented water,' and for a small bottle of it offered us some two pounds of bacon that he unwrapped out of his parcel. I suspect he had stolen it from his parents' cellar.

My practice made us well known in the neighbourhood, and this notoriety, though saving us from starvation, exposed us to the danger of being discovered by the Bolsheviks. There were few in the nearest villages, but quite sufficient for us. Besides, they had a telephone connection with some staff or other of theirs, so could immediately let the authorities know about 'suspicious bourgeois' living at the farm. We even met several times Red Army soldiers going about in search of food; but as we never manifested either fear or surprise, they somehow did not take any special notice of us, probably thinking we had a right to be there. The neighbouring farmers all knew, or suspected, what our real intentions were in staying so long at Artem's; but we were not much afraid of their denouncing us, as most of them had excellent reasons for not wishing to attract the authorities' attention to themselves, or, rather, to their sons, who all ought to have been in the ranks of the Red Army instead of working on their farms. Thus we lived on in comparative safety, never forgetting, however, that, if discovered, at least my husband would be shot as a Polish spy.

(*Continued on page 318.*)

MAN'S WORK.

CHAPTER XI.—*continued.*

III.

ON the morrow Shanklin went first to the firm from whom he had bought two thousand dollars' worth of casings, for which he had paid cash. He dared not say too much, and was afraid to say too little. The manager listened attentively, though he had heard such tales before. 'I'm sorry, I can't. The firm wouldn't stand for it. If you had a good lease on good ground we'd furnish you with supplies on slow payment, but we can't do that with wild-catters.'

So that was it. As a matter of fact, the partners had been content to be called wild-catters. It minimised publicity and diverted eyes both curious and intelligent. But Shanklin wondered whether the hand of Sitwell were not visible here.

By mid-afternoon he wondered no more. There was not, apparently, four thousand dollars available in Los Angeles. Everywhere it was the same—a patient hearing, regrets, and a careless 'Good luck to you!' He thought of Burley; but what Burley had offered was legal advice, not money. Presently he sickened of the city, and, striking west, came to Pasadena, where he stood for a while gazing at a certain red-roofed bungalow now occupied by two young strangers, who seemed inordinately happy. At that he retreated, and got a lift southward. Nearing his own well, it was pointed out to him as the latest wild-cat. He thanked the man and got out.

At Harrison's interrogative nod he shook his head, then noticed that drilling had stopped.

'Engine trouble—started as soon as you left. Tinkered over it for a while, then sent in for a duplicate. Five hundred dollars.'

It was discovered a little later that the piston-rings, cylinders, and valves had been heavily cut and scored. They puzzled over this till Harrison swore viciously. 'I've got it—emery-sand in the oil. Try that drum.'

A minute later he rubbed the gritty stuff into his hard palm. The muscles of his face were standing out in ridges. 'Sitwell again!'

Shanklin nodded. 'You'll never prove it. Filter the oil.'

Another week dragged out. The ground was a little softer, and this helped to make up lost time. Came the 5th of August. Money was low, and five hundred feet remained to be driven.

During this period both partners seemed to acquire the ability to live without sleep, save an hour or two snatched when opportunity served. They were bleary-eyed and dirty, but tireless, being driven by the sting of acute necessity. The irony of it was that every foot driven brought them nearer the point when funds would disappear altogether. Harrison began to talk about his farm. 'I'll sell it; then, if I'm broke—I'm broke.'

But Shanklin would have none of it, being definitely opposed to gambling other people's property without their approval. He ransacked his own brain to no purpose.

They had posed as wild-cat speculators, and were accepted as such. The clank of machinery began to reverberate in his very soul—its reiterant note suggesting that he was forging his own destruction. He stared at the peaks of the Sierra Madre as he used to stare months before; but now they seemed colder, more distant and forbidding.

IV.

At the end of the first week in August a big touring-car pulled up by the roadside, and Shanklin saw a laughing group loiter under the orange-trees and move slowly towards him. It was Sunday, and since morning the highway had been populous, but now he rarely looked in that direction. In the middle of the group was a girl, tall and very fair. He puzzled over this for a moment, then remembered. It was the girl of the restaurant.

It was not till he had been plied with questions about the work that she glanced at him with dawning recognition. He was dirty, unshaven, and his eyes had the glassy suggestion of sleepless nights. There was little about him to recall the immaculately dressed man who, having hit once, and hit hard, had tucked her arm protectingly into his own, put her in a taxicab, and walked off without a word. She had wondered who was the girl who stared at them so strangely in the doorway, and concluded regretfully that it spelt trouble for some one. That was all weeks ago, and nearly forgotten. Now the matter became vivid again.

Shanklin touched the brim of a disreputable hat. 'Good-morning.'

The girl coloured a little. 'I didn't know it was you at first.'

'I'm not surprised. Interested in oil?'

'No; but my father is.'

Shanklin mustered a grin. It was good to forget, if only for a moment. 'I congratulate your father on the result of his work.'

She laughed a little. The others, having glanced at the derrick and wandered aimlessly about, had already turned towards the grove. There was nothing exciting about this well.

Their laughing voices grew fainter. The girl looked at Shanklin earnestly.

'You never let me thank you for that night; you never even asked my name.'

'There was nothing to say "Thank you" for.'

She shook her head with decision. 'You wouldn't say that if you knew what happened afterwards. I only heard it two days later. I've finished with that crowd.'

He nodded, and she went on earnestly: 'It woke me up.' Then, after a straight glance, 'I needed waking up. Have you been here ever since?'

'Ever since.'

'And when do you finish? This isn't your real work, is it?'

'The well finishes—or we all do—by 1st September. Yes—this is my real work.'

'You don't look it. Why do you say that?'

'Because it happens to be the case. I don't tell stories.'

A shout reached her from the roadside, and she waved her hand. 'Well, I'm awfully glad to have seen you, and to be able to say "Thank you" at last. And good luck by the 1st of September—all kinds of luck. I know you deserve it.'

She extended a long, white hand. Shanklin touched it with stained fingers. Then she turned, and ran straight into Denison, who had emerged, rubbing his eyes, to take over the shift. 'Bill!' she stammered. 'Where did you come from?'

Denison pulled himself together with amazing swiftness for a man stupefied with sleep. 'Hullo!' he answered unsteadily. 'I can say the same for you.'

'I—I haven't seen you for a year.

'That's not my fault. I—I didn't reckon you wanted to see me.'

She glanced at him uncertainly. 'Don't go back over it, Bill. Have you seen father lately?'

His mouth opened a little. He looked at the camp and crooked his finger. 'Come here.'

She followed, and he pointed through an open window. Peering in, she saw Harrison stretched in his bunk, regardless of the sunlight that streamed over his face. He was dirty and exhausted. One hand hung limp, and she discerned the hard, smooth palm, the knotted fingers, the wrist with its tiny, dark, ingrained lines. His shirt was wide at the neck, revealing massive muscles and the strong column of his throat. He lay, breathing in long draughts of air, his head thrown back; a weary man snatching an hour's oblivion, seeming very much alone and remote from the sweet and joyous things of life. Tears started into the girl's eyes as she looked. 'What's the matter, Bill? Have things gone wrong? Every one looks—well—desperate.'

'If we get oil by the 1st of September, it's all right. If we don't, we're broke. Matter of fact, we're broke now.'

'I don't understand.'

Denison told her as much as he knew—told her jerkily, with pauses and breaks that made the story utterly convincing—a plain, unvarnished thing that carried pathos and pride in every word. She listened, her eyes wide, her breath coming faster. Once or twice she started up to run to Harrison, but her one-time lover put out a retaining hand.

'Don't wake him just to tell him—well—that you're fond of him. He needs sleep, more than anything else—except money. He won't sell that ranch he's holding for you; he won't mortgage it; he won't touch it. Says you may need it some day—though you don't seem to realise that. I'm not saying anything about myself, Gertie, for I've only put in some work. The others have put in all they've got.'

'Money?' she said quickly. 'How much?'

'Shanklin reckons three thousand dollars would do it. We've had bad luck—but it wasn't that either. We're fighting the men who want this lease, and there's nothing they haven't tried to knock us out. That's why we look desperate.'

She sprang to her feet. 'Bill, forget everything I ever said to you before, and stay where you are till I come back.'

She raced to the impatient group by the big car, which shortly moved off with a wondering cargo. Then she sped back to the camp. On the threshold of the bunk-room she paused for an instant, and tiptoed in.

V.

Harrison stirred in his slumbers. His brain had set a watch for the quick steps that came so often, for they meant trouble. But this time while he struggled with lethargy there was no deep voice with its depressing message, but a touch of something against his palm, and a whisper, soft and caressing, that reached him like balm and sent him back to dreams of long ago.

'Dad—dad—speak to me.'

He sighed, and lifting himself on one elbow, opened his heavy eyes. Gertie was leaning over him—a flower in all her dainty beauty, a strange visitor in this atmosphere of sweat and work. He stared at her, unbelieving at first, then with a sudden light in his eyes.

'Girlie—girlie—what brings you here? Be careful; you'll dirty your dress.'

That was too much, and she pressed his head to her shoulder, her lips quivering, her cheeks wet. Dirty her dress! All her life it seemed she had feared it, while he, steadfast and uncomplaining, made no protest. She thrilled with a swift revulsion of feeling.

'Dad, why didn't you write to me?'

He patted her hand. 'What about?'

'This—and all your anxiety.'

He looked slowly round the disordered cabin. It called him back to actualities.

'Oh—this—why worry you with it? I've worked hard all my life.'

Every word seemed to condemn her the more, and her heart filled with a pure natural emotion that sprang from suddenly stirred depths. She recalled the years during which he had asked for nothing—and given himself utterly.

'Dad, you should have let me know.'

He glanced at her with dumb affection. What had she to do with grime and stress and effort?

'It's man's work, girlie, not yours.'

She shook her head. 'I've seen Bill, and I know all about it. Now what can I do to help?'

He smiled a little at that. She was so dainty and delicate; but she went on persistently, with a deepening conviction that destiny had asserted itself in bringing her here. There must be something she could do to compensate for the things she had left undone.

'Just how much did Bill tell you?'

'Enough to make me feel I'm the poorest excuse for a daughter in California.'

He chuckled at that, stroking her arm almost timorously, as though he might hurt it. But the caress seemed to reach her very spirit.

'There's nothing needed—but money. You can't help, daughter.'

'How much?' she asked quickly.

'Three or four thousand.' He spoke dully, as though he might as well tell her, however futile it was.

The white brow wrinkled a little, and he watched her hungrily, realising each successive moment how desperately he had missed her, and how strange she looked in this drab setting. The yellow hair seemed to absorb the sunlight and radiate it again like a golden lamp.

'How is it with you, daughter? Things going well?'

'Don't!' she expostulated. 'Nothing counts but you now. Yes, I'm all right. Isn't it queer that I know all three of you?'

'Do you?'

'That other man—his name is Shanklin, Bill told me. I owe him something, too.' She told him the story, sparing herself not at all.

'I was a fool,' she concluded, 'but I'm out of that for good, thanks to him. Now let me think.' Presently she jumped up. 'I'm going into the city now, and will be out again first thing in the morning. Till then don't worry, dad, more than you can help. I want to pay back a little—just a little—and there isn't a minute to spare, is there?'

'Not many,' he admitted; 'but——'

'There are no buts! Can I get a lift in from here?'

'A motor-bus passes every hour—about due now.'

'Can Bill walk down with me?'

Harrison grinned. 'Ask him.'

She went off a minute later, a dark stain on her white blouse, but eagerness in her spirit. Her arm was linked with Denison's. Shanklin looked after them, and, smiling, saw Harrison at his elbow.

'You never told me about that little affair at the restaurant. Queer it was Gertie—isn't it?'

But Shanklin somehow did not think it was queer. He was beginning to be aware of influences, faint and elusive, that shaped the affairs of men with invisible touches. Harrison's reunion with his daughter would do more to fortify him than anything else. There was something in the thought that brought with it a shadow of dejection. What would he himself not give for reunion with the girl he loved? And how remote it was!

Gertie reappeared at noon next day, racing up from the highway, dressed in plain, workman-like clothes, her cheeks pink, a small bag in her hand. Harrison went to meet her, feeling unaccountably younger.

She flung her arms impetuously round his neck.

'I've had a tremendous rush, dad, and got rid of a lot of silly things I didn't need for two thousand dollars. Here it is—and I'm sure we'll find the other two. And, oh, I've come to stay—so you can fire the cook.'

(*Continued on page 310.*)

TOURAINE AND SCOTLAND.

By T. B. Simpson.

I.

TOURAINE has long been celebrated by scholar and poet alike as the true France. The home of Rabelais and Balzac, it is 'the land of easy life, of revellings, and many delights.' And, perhaps on that account, it is full of historical memories, for throughout the Middle Ages it was here that the great captains made their battle-ground, and the gay Court of France its playground, until the degenerate taste of the more modern French kings turned for new building-sites to the neighbourhood of Paris. The early history of England is so necessarily interwoven with that of France that it does not require the learning of Macaulay's schoolboy to remember that King Stephen came from Blois, or that the great Henry II. died in the Castle of Chinon, muttering, 'Shame, shame on a conquered king!' But leaving on one side the mass

of historical facts connecting England with France, more especially in those early days when the kings of England spent the greater part of their restless lives on the Continent, the loyal Scot, with a patriotism perhaps narrower, but no less ardent, can find not a few points of contact between his own gray fatherland and 'the plains where nature is puissant and gay.'

The interest will be found to centre chiefly round two topics: the life of Queen Mary and the history of the Scottish Archers in France. A considerable part of Mary's life in France was passed in the châteaux of Touraine, to which she looked back with longing from her prison.

> I was the queen o' bonnie France,
> Where happy I hae been.
> Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
> As blithe lay down at e'en.

The poor queen's adieu to France might have been still more regretful had she known what was in store from the chill mists of Holyrood, and the still chiller blasts of John Knox's Trumpet.

Chenonceaux, most perfect of all the châteaux of Touraine, enjoys romantic associations with Marie Stuart, for here she came more than once, shortly after her marriage in 1558, to seek sport and pleasure with her husband, the boy dauphin, afterwards Francis II. This girl, who excelled at Latin orations, who was 'well versed in politics at ten, and mistress of the French Court at fifteen,' 'sly as a soubrette, wise as a professor, proud as a Stuart, and passionately in love,' must have been something of a puzzle to her fifteen-year-old husband. In Chenonceaux it requires little imagination to picture the youthful pair dancing in the lovely gallery across the Cher, or angling from its projecting piers for the sluggish fish that swim beneath the arches. Nor can romance be altogether destroyed even by the fact that the castle is now the property of M. Menier, of chocolate fame. Indeed, any man who can afford to line his billiard-room with Titians and Correggios may well be thanked for still admitting the vulgar tourist at all within his walls. Before we leave Chenonceaux, it is interesting to note that it owes much of its preservation to one Madame Pelouse, *née* Wilson, of Glasgow, who became its châtelaine early last century, and did much to restore it and keep it in order.

A neighbouring castle has grimmer recollections—that of Amboise. Francis and Mary were here received in state in November 1559; a few months later one of the most frightful massacres which disgraced even that intolerant age took place in and around the château. Fifteen hundred Huguenots were slain by the authority of the Guises, Mary's uncles, who were responsible for bringing her to France, and to whom she was deeply attached. Largely at the instigation of the queen-mother, the inhuman Catherine de Médicis, the whole Court, men, women, and children, were brought out on to the balcony of the castle to see the culminating scene of the butchery. When gallows and scaffold had taken their full toll, many victims were hanged from the balcony itself, which is still known as the Balcon des Conjurés. It is little wonder that Francis sickened at the sight, and that the case-hardened Catherine found it necessary to carry off the youthful pair to drown their recollections of such scenes in new revellings at Chenonceaux.

Mary's connection with this part of France was not severed even when she ceased to be queen, for when, late in the same year, she was left a widow, she was given the Duchy of Touraine as an appanage. It is especially unfortunate that there now remains no authentic portrait of the period in any of the castles of Touraine. In the older books dealing with the neighbourhood mention is made of a picture at Azay-le-Rideau, showing both Mary and Francis; but inquiry revealed the fact that this portrait was sold at public auction fifteen years ago, and that the name of its present owner is unknown.

In Tours itself died another Scottish royal lady, Margaret, wife of the dauphin Louis, later to be known to fame and dishonour as Louis XI. She was only twenty-two at the time, and it is supposed that her husband was not unconnected with the event. 'Done to death by slanderous tongues' is Scott's appropriate quotation. There is still preserved at Amboise a sword presented by James I. of Scotland, Margaret's father, to Louis XI. on the occasion of the marriage.

II.

The pages of *Quentin Durward* have made every reader familiar with the Scottish Archers, who formed the King's Bodyguard in France. This corps was instituted in 1418 by Charles VI., when assistance was urgently needed against Henry V. of England. It was not finally disbanded till 1830. The archers attained their greatest importance under the calculating Louis XI., who secured his position by tampering with their loyalty before he came to the throne. In this and the succeeding reigns they enjoyed an influence quite disproportionate to the strength of their corps as a military unit, and, by constituting in the king's hand a strong, mobile body of mercenaries, contributed in no small degree to the decline of the feudal chivalry. Treated with great favour, they were gorgeously equipped and generously rewarded. Members of the guard, it will be found, have left their mark, in more senses than one, on the castles of Touraine. It is with Plessis-lez-Tours that the student of Scott will naturally associate them, but unluckily little remains of the great stronghold where Lord Crawford and Le Balafré did their duty. The castle is now represented only by an insignificant structure, to which it is difficult to secure admission. To do so is hardly worth the trouble, for in truth the real

Plessis has disappeared. Two kilometres distant, however, in the heart of Tours itself, and connected with the castle by an underground passage, stands the house of Tristan l'Hermite, Louis's notorious hangman, and on the roof of the unique brick staircase in this building there is the stone figure of a Scottish archer. He wears a bonnet and body-armour, much as described in *Quentin Durward*, and is armed with a bow fully as big as himself. How long he will remain there is another matter, as visitors from both America and Scotland have attempted to buy him.

The rugged fortress of Loches brings home most vividly to the inquiring tourist the existence of those early Royal Scots, for here he is shown what purport to be their beds. These are vast and most uncomfortable-looking structures of solid wood, in each compartment of which two archers are said to have reposed. They stand in the outer guard-room of the Donjon, in which De Comines the historian was imprisoned, and Sforza of Milan died of joy on being told that he was free. In the same room is a heavy iron collar in which such prisoners as were doomed for immediate death were forced to stand on tiptoe until strangled. Our ancestors must have needed good nerves to enable them to sleep placidly in such surroundings. The guide, who informs the visitor with pride that his first reading was 'Cawtan Dürvar et Le Balafré,' stated that in the time of Louis XI. the colonel of the Scots at Loches was one M. Kelburn.

An even more enduring trace of these gallant soldiers of fortune is to be found in the château of Chenonceaux. Here in the chapel of Catherine de Médicis are inscriptions cut in the stone, in a fine sixteenth-century hand, by one whose nationality is revealed, among other indications, by his spelling of the word 'deid.' 'Be not overcum by Evil,' he writes, in plain reference to the behaviour of his odious mistress; in another place he makes a further reflection upon her life and doctrine in the words, 'The Ir of Man virks not the justice of God.' It is curious to see these solemn admonitions in the clean white stone, looking as fresh to-day as when they were cut, nearly four hundred years ago.

The Archers played their part in helping to extirpate the unfortunate Huguenots at Amboise in 1560. We find them at Blois in December 1588, when the Duc de Guise in his turn came to a violent end. As he ascended the staircase, to be met by the daggers of his assassins, we are told that he was stopped by a man-at-arms, the Sieur de Larchant, who entreated him for some favour for the Scottish guard from the king himself. The only favour which the Duc at least received was, as he lay dying, to have his face spurned by the heel of the wretched creature, Henri III. In this same château James V. of Scotland was betrothed to his first wife, Madeleine de France.

With later monarchs the Court of France made its permanent headquarters in the palaces of Paris, and Touraine knew the Scottish Archers no more. It is hardly fanciful, however, for the Scottish visitor to Touraine to suppose that some recollections of the Auld Alliance still linger in the minds of our neighbours over the water, so kind is the welcome which everywhere he receives.

SIR MALCOLM'S HEIR.

PART II.

V.

RONALD went to his place opposite. The girl had exonerated his offence. He fell to on the scone.

'We hardly expected you so early,' the girl told him. There was a dimpling hint of mischief in the corners of her adorable mouth.

'No,' said the lady. 'But I expect your father will be home to dinner. How delighted he will be to find you here!'

Ronald's jaw fell. 'I wish I, too, could be sure of that,' he replied, answering the mischief that had now leapt into the girl's eyes.

'Oh, Ambrose!'

'Damn it! is *that* my name?' Ronald thought to himself. '*What* a name! To handicap a fellow with a name like that makes me feel an idiot before her.'

The footman reappeared. 'Mr Ambrose's luggage has arrived, ma'am, but he wasn't on the train.'

'He has arrived, Hudson.'

Good Lord! Perhaps this was an old family servant—one who knew this Ambrose. Ronald looked coldly at the man, daring him to speak; but the servant's eyes expressed nothing. He looked from his mistress to her guest, and then approached Ronald.

'Your keys, sir,' he said deferentially.

Ronald mechanically felt in his pocket. He drew out his cigarette-case, and looked at it. 'Thanks. It'll do later,' he told the man.

'Very good, sir.' The man withdrew.

'Yes, how *did* you arrive before the train, dear?'

Yes, how *did* he? And by what merciful dispensation of Providence had the real Ambrose *not* arrived by the train? He looked across at his accomplice.

Duplicity is ingrained in women. They have always needed it.

'Yes, how did you come? You have not explained to us,' she said brightly. 'I remember you told me once that you had friends in this neighbourhood—a good many miles off, that is,' she added hastily. 'I thought perhaps——' She paused.

'That's it—the exact thing!' he replied with satisfaction. 'I walked over—I wanted exercise.' Then he suddenly saw a chance of giving her his references. 'As a matter of fact,' he said, looking at the girl as he spoke, 'I'm staying with Sir Malcolm Mackenzie at Gorm.' He had just time to see a flash of recognition of the name before he remembered his manners and turned to the elder of his hostesses. 'Perhaps you know him?' he asked her.

She shook her head with a deprecating smile. 'Oh no; I am a new-comer, you see. Hilda is the more likely—aren't you, Hilda darling?'

Now that was odd. But the lady left Hilda no time to reply. She laid a little hand on Ronald's arm and looked up in his face with wistful blue eyes. '*Staying*, did you say, Ambrose? Others before your own? Oh, Ambrose!'

'Sorry!' Ronald assured her; 'but—well, my host is lonely. He is an old man, and he wanted me before the shooting brings a crowd.' He was truthful by nature; and it was satisfactory when the truth was convenient. 'And I must get back to dinner, I'm afraid,' he added.

'But, *Ambrose*!—your *father*! What shall I say to him?'

'You won't be half so puzzled what to say to him as I should be!' he laughed.

'And your luggage has come. You must have meant to stay, dear. I may call you "dear"?'

'I prefer it to being called Ambrose! As to the luggage, that is why I told your man not to unpack it. It may be needed, or not. I can't tell.'

He looked across at Hilda. He felt he was doing uncommonly well. How absolutely lovely she was, with her little Greek nose and her Cupid-bow mouth, and her eyes so far apart, and the sun bringing out the gold hidden in her dark-brown hair! It was a joyous adventure. She could never go back on him now; they were accomplices.

The elder lady burst into tears. 'You won't come here—to stay. I see wha—what you mean—to your own fa-father's house, till—till you are sure of your—welcome! Oh, cruel——!'

Hilda had risen, and was standing behind the emotional little lady, with a restraining hand on one of the bowed and shaking shoulders. Ronald had risen too, feeling awkward.

'My welcome was—was more than I expected, or deserved!' he cried. Again he spoke the truth.

'*Mine*, yes!' The lady dabbed her eyes carefully. 'But did you come for *that*?—Oh Hilda, you cruel, hard-hearted girl!' Her tears choked her.

'Mamma,' said the girl—and her voice was very gentle, but rather authoritative—'you really must not do this. You know you promised me. If you behave like this, it will end everything.'

'I can't help it, Hilda! I'm not cold and sensible like you—but, at least, I can *love*! It is you, not I, that are coming between my beloved husband and our son—such a gallant, dear boy! You see him. How can you resist him?'

Ronald's blood rushed up into his head, turning his honest face the unbecoming colour of beetroot. He took a few hasty strides away. He looked helplessly round, and then at the distant hills. Now was his chance of escape; but did he want to escape? He looked back furtively. The lady was waving her arms in the air with a gesture as if shaking off all responsibility and repudiating Hilda; and then, dropping her handkerchief as she went, she tripped stumblingly up the steps, and fled through the window into the house.

VI.

Ronald returned slowly to the girl, and stood silent in front of her.

Hilda stooped and picked up the handkerchief the lady had dropped in her flight, and smoothed the lace border, without looking up.

'When does this Ambrose arrive?' Ronald asked, as they walked slowly across the veranda to a terrace that skirted a lawn at the side of the house.

'Not till to-morrow morning. He missed the train at the junction, and telegraphed. I opened it. I was bringing it to mamma when—I saw you.'

'Do you want him to arrive?'

'Oh, *no*!'

'Can I help?'

'I wonder!'

'I thought perhaps that was why you——'

'It is rather complicated,' murmured the girl.

'Very,' he agreed.

'Perhaps I might explain.'

'You might begin with Ambrose—that's me. What and who *is* he? If I am he, I ought to know.'

'Who *are* you?' she said.

'My name is Ronald Mackenzie. I'm a nephew of Sir Malcolm Mackenzie's. Do you know him?'

'My father did, I think.'

'Your father?'

'Yes. He is dead.'

'Then *my* father—I mean, Ambrose's father—who is coming home to dinner—isn't *your* father?'

'Certainly not!'

'I'm glad of that. And who is the lady who ki—I mean, who poured out the tea?'

'My stepmother.'

'And *my*—I mean, Ambrose's—mother? Surely not!'

'Oh *dear*, no!'

'Then are Ambrose and you—I mean, are you and I—we aren't brother and sister, are we?'

'Of course not.'

'*That's* good. What relations are we?'

'None.'

'*None?*' His voice sounded disappointed. 'But she called me her son.'

'You are *not*, I told you.'

'Then why on earth did she ki——?' Ronald paused. He never gave a woman away.

'She called you son, poor mamma, because you are her husband's son—I mean, Ambrose is—and she is so glad you have come. Oh, it is all very difficult to explain, and it is funny to you, but to *me*——'

'Don't tell me, if you'd rather not. And perhaps I'd better go.'

'Oh, you *mustn't*!'

'Then what am I to do to help you?'

'I have no right to ask you, a stranger.'

'I asked myself—to tea. Seriously, Miss—oh, please, may I ask you?—I haven't even the pleasure of knowing your name.'

'Hilda Middleton.'

'Do let me be of use, Miss Middleton.'

She regarded him thoughtfully.

'I'll do anything—short of opening Ambrose's portmanteau,' he told her encouragingly.

'You must make mamma give you a letter she has, addressed to Ambrose, and burn it.'

'But—oh, I say!' Ronald's face was abject in its misery.

They had left the terrace up and down which they had been pacing, had passed through a little gate at the end of it, and, skirting a field, had entered a narrow path running along the top of a bank of trees and flowering shrubs, at the bottom of which flowed a river. They reached a rustic wooden bench beneath a great beech-tree. Hilda sat down on the seat, her attitude one of despairing weariness, and Ronald stood in front of her, looking down at her.

'*You* could not do wrong,' he said presently, with conviction.

'Oh, it would not be wrong,' she answered, raising her eyes to his. She pulled her white skirt aside to make room for him beside her, and when he had taken his place, she began her story. Below them the river, half hidden by the trees, murmured an accompaniment to her soft voice.

(*Continued on page 314.*)

THE WATCHER OF THE SHIP.

By Bart Kennedy.

YOU look out for the land. But there is nothing save the line of the horizon: that sharp, clear circle in which you are enclosed as in a vast prison. A mighty, mysterious, immense prison; circled by a moveless, dread line; a line that is as the sign of the Infinite.

You are going over a world; a world of dread, mysterious darkness; a world wherein live beings of strangely ordered lives. You are going and going over their domain, that goes down and down and down into darkness—a domain bounded by a circle that breaks not, that always goes into itself, even as infinity.

The sun is up yonder. But it is not as the sun of the land. It seems as if robbed of its splendour. Ocean, circle, sun—it is as if the sun were the least of these three. It gives out a sense of being shorn of some of its light. Ocean, circle, sun. To you the circle is as the vastest; this mysterious symbol of the line going into the line; this symbol that is the sign-manual of God.

You are here alone. Alone on the look-out. You are the watcher of the ship that goes on its way over this dark world; this world that brings to you a fear as you look down into it. Surely is it that this ship is here but because of the tolerance of this dark, stupendous world. You feel that the waters of this world might arise at any time and engulf this ship.

On the look-out. Watching for the land that is out behind the circle that stretches round and round you. On the look-out. Waiting for the land to uprear itself—the land lying outside the circle.

Strange thoughts come to you as you watch—and fear. Fear comes to you as you look down into the waters. Is it to be that the ship shall arrive at its destination? Is it to be that the vast dark world shall decree that it be engulfed in its depths? Is it to be that the powers that sleep in this world—black and stupendous—shall arise? Is it to be that they shall grasp this ship, whereon you are watching, and drag it down and down into the depths? These questions come to you as you watch.

It is a long time now since you left the land; a long, long time. It is as if it were an eternity, a measureless space of time. At times it is to you as if you had never been on land, as if you had but seen it in some faint dream. Your memory of it is dim. The pictures of it have all but dissolved. Its great towns, its plains, its vast mountains—it is to you almost as if they had never been. It is to you as if you had always been going over this dark ocean world; always going towards the great, sharp, all-encircling line.

The bell of the ship sounds out, but you

heed it not. It is even as some faint ghost sound, some sound that belongs to a thing that is gone, that belongs to a thing that exists not.

At times you hear the voices of the ship; but they are as ghost voices. They are as the bell. You hear the sound of the ship as it cleaves its way through the waters; but it is as a sound that belongs to the deep darkness.

These sounds but bring out more clearly the surrounding silence—this tremendous silence of the darkness beneath and the line that encircles the vastness.

Lost. Lost in the unknowable. Will the time ever come when the land will rise over the horizon? Will the time ever come when the mighty prisoning circle will be broken? Will the time ever come when you will leave this world of darkness and awesome mystery, this world where live strange monsters that wait for the sinking of ships—monsters with dread peering eyes, beings of darkness and mystery that wait and wait far, far down in the gloom, beings of a world you know not?

The line! The line! Is it to be that it will ever break? Is it to be that the spell of it will ever dissolve? It holds all; it contains all. North, south, east, west. All are held within it. This line! This infinite prison. This surrounding, stupendous, circling fate. Is it to be that it will ever break?

You—the watcher of the ship—will it ever come that you will break forth from out this immeasurable prison? Will it ever come that you will reach the world from whence you came; the world of mountains and valleys and freshness and greenness; the world of the sounds and the voices of men?

How slowly goes the ship! It is almost as if it moved not. It is almost as if it were staying in one place. Surely it is not going. It is but a thing of stillness lying here on the waters. No, it moves. But it is as if it moved, and still, at the same time, kept in one place. It moves, but its movement is as a mockery. For the line is always there. The circling, moveless line.

Sun, waters, line.

You think of them as you watch from the eye of the ship. Sun, waters, line—to you it is as if you had never known aught but these three. All that you may have known before is but as the shadows of dreams. You knew them perhaps in some other life. You knew them perhaps in some vague life of shadows.

You, the watcher of the ship.

Something comes to you. There arises within you a surge of joy. Out yonder is the line. It is still as clear and as sharp as it was for the eternity of time through which it is to you as if you had been watching. Just as clear and sharp. But the joy within you grows and grows.

Now—the line has flickered. You look. You look steadily. And—yes, the line is softening. And your voice rings exultantly over the ship:

'Land ho! Land ho! Land ho!'

BEHIND THE LINES.

PART II.

'AT the end of each week,' continued Vignolles, 'we got sheets from the other bases, giving the prices they were paying in their area; and the private, who never said much, got out one of our own and placed it on my desk for signature. The first week these sheets came separately. But the second week the private waited. I suppose he waited; for, when the corporal had gone out, he placed them on my desk together. It was almost an invitation to make comparisons, and I began idly, till after a while it struck me that we were paying more dearly than anybody else.

'When the corporal came back I mentioned it, and he threw a look at the private.

'"I wouldn't trouble about these, sir," he said; "it's quite all right;" and when I asked for reasons, "This is a dear district," he answered. "They've got us here. Major Colgate always says so. Not enough competition. And, of course, it's the quantities that make the price. They don't tell us the quantities."

'It might easily be true, and one knew what these contractors and people were—all out to rob and make the most of their opportunity; but, still, I didn't quite see why vegetables should cost from fifteen to twenty per cent. more here than a few miles away.

'I ran into the adjutant in the depot that day, and mentioned it to him casually.

'"I shouldn't be surprised," he answered; and then he gave me his views about Major Colgate. They weren't exactly complimentary—and adjutants are pretty careful as a rule. But this one let himself go. "Says he's got no end of money—a big employer of labour—bought and sold things all his life, and no one's ever heard of him. The colonel believes him; I don't. He's what I call an opportunist. Strikes me he was out of a job and living on his wits when the war came."

'No doubt Colgate was the type that might impose upon a certain kind of regular soldier. In the civilian world they are often pretty helpless; and I dare say the colonel had listened to this man and had accepted his pretensions,

believing him to be a wealthy fellow whom one could trust, used to commerce, and quite capable of holding his own with a handful of French contractors.

'Now, I hadn't meant to take that job very seriously; I was only a stop-gap, and my heart was up the line. But once I started to doubt, I became a regular Sherlock Holmes. I couldn't get away from the meaning of those figures, and there was Cliffe handling the petty cash as though he owned it, and obstructing me in his obliging, and probably artful, way; and Monsieur Audibert, the interpreter, taking his commission on the small things, and possibly on the large as well; and the private, who said nothing and looked nothing, but who, I fancied, was now watching me, as much as to say, "Are you going to be in it as well, or are you going to keep out of it?" He, himself, was keeping out of it, I imagined.

'When once you begin to suspect things, you see certain other things in a new light. At one of the cafés in the place I had struck up an acquaintance with a couple of local gentlemen, business men I supposed they were, and in a fairly big way. To these I had mentioned that I was attached to the *Intendance*, as they call it, and was buying supplies locally for the British Army. They had not said anything, but they had exchanged glances. I remembered those glances now. And that evening I again visited the café where I had found them, and one of them was in his place.

'"I want you to be frank with me," I said, after an opening round of conversation.

'"In what respect?"

'"The *Intendance* of the British Army—what sort of a reputation has it in this town?"

'"You really want to know?"

'"Yes; I very much want to know."

'"Well, I will tell you. When Major Baker was here it stood very high, and was very competent; but the last six months with Major Colgate, we do not understand it. Or one can only suspect. It is difficult for honest people to deal with them. It is often so in our own army. I am not interested myself, but I have friends."

'"Thank you," I answered. It was enough. '"And may I exchange cards with you?" I added.

'"Certainly," said he.

'I'm afraid my card was nothing better than an addressed envelope.

'"'Vignolles'—you are French?" he asked, reading my name.

'"On my father's side, and distantly."

'That had aroused his interest.

'"If I want the names of the best firms here for certain articles, could you give them to me?" I asked.

'"I think so," said he. "I know several who did business with Major Baker."

'"Well, perhaps in a day or two I will pay you a visit;" and with that I changed the subject.

'Next day I went out in the car and called on our existing people. I had never met these except at the office when they came in for their money, and me they were rather apt to ignore, asking for Cliffe or the French interpreter.

'I began with our bran contractor, who also delivered some of our vegetables. I found her —she was a tall and rather good-looking widow— in a back-street, where she had a small shop with a sign that announced her as a dealer in thread, wools, and sewing-cottons. This puzzled me a little; but what puzzled me more was when I discovered that the bearded man who sold us yeast was by profession a piano tuner and repairer. The vegetable men, though they grew nothing themselves, really seemed to deal in vegetables. To each of these I suggested that they were making us pay too heavily. I mentioned the prices charged in other districts, and said that, unless they met us, we should have to make a change.

'"The major has never complained; but I will see what can be done," said the piano-tuner sulkily. The widow was more loquacious, offered me a green liqueur, and told me what trouble she had taken to get the enormous quantities we required, and the capital that was necessary. She had called on every miller in the district; the major and the interpreter had come with her in the car. She was an eloquent woman. The vegetable men said that with poorer qualities they could make lower prices. From these I went to the man who supplied us with live sheep on the hoof, for the Indian troops, who do their own killing. I couldn't find him, and had to give him up. I wrote to him from the office.

'The next day I sought out my French acquaintance of the café, and got him to give me a list of good addresses. It was he who told me that the piano-tuner was married to our interpreter's sister. The driver of the car had now become interested, and I found him chatting with Corporal Cliffe, who had been conferring with the standing contractors I had visited the day before. The interpreter, too, had seen them; and I now learned that prices had recently come down, and that they were all willing to make reductions.

'"Till Colgate comes back," I thought to myself; but aloud I said, "Well, that is good."

'The next day I called on some of the people whose names had been given me by my French acquaintance.

'I started with a real yeast merchant who was not a piano-tuner, a young fellow who had lost an arm early in the war, and who was very bitter.

'"When Major Baker was here, he dealt with me; but now this Major Colgate has changed

it," he cried. "He goes to a dirty civilian, an *embusqué*. It is for this that one loses an arm!"

'His price had been satisfactory. We were paying twenty per cent. more than he had charged, and he was still ready to supply us on the old terms. "When Major Baker was here," he repeated—"that was a man! What must one think of the English when they treat in this fashion a soldier who has done his duty?" He was an excitable chap, and he had cause to be.

'At the largest vegetable-grower's of the district, a Monsieur Popinot, by an odd coincidence I found Major Baker himself.

'"Excuse me," he said, "if I'm poaching on your territory; but you seem to have no use for Popinot, and as I'm buying for the next district, I thought it a pity to waste him. I don't quite understand it. Popinot showed me a letter written by your Major Colgate, giving him notice. He said he could buy better and cheaper elsewhere. He can't. I'll guarantee that."

'I wondered whether Popinot still had the letter, and whether he would lend it me, or let me take a copy. He was willing enough. He didn't care. He was a rough man in a blouse, one of those French peasants who are worth thousands, and whose heart is in their gardens and the work they do outdoors.

'We found the original letter, and he made me a present of it; and then I asked Baker, who seemed one of the best, whether he had really dealt with the yeast merchant who had lost an arm? He had. "A very brave fellow, and straight and reliable," he said. "You don't mean to say you've chucked him?"

'I did mean to say it.

'"And what are you paying?"

'I told him, and how the piano-tuner, who was also a yeast merchant and Monsieur Audibert's brother-in-law, had come to terms.

'"Looks a bit queer. But it's none of my business. Audibert's a curiosity; seems to think the war's on for his special benefit. He'd be in the infantry if we had no use for him. I used to threaten him. It kept him quiet;" and Baker rose and made for his car, that stood with mine outside. "I'll go on poaching," he cried as he drove off.

'I went back to the one-armed yeast merchant after that, and asked him if he, too, had received a letter from Major Colgate saying that the British Army could buy more cheaply elsewhere. He had, and he had preserved it. I made a copy, and thanked him.

'It was the same with the bran; it was the same with the live-sheep dealer. Colgate had written himself down a liar, if nothing worse. He was probably at the back of the widow, at the back of the piano-tuner, and was no doubt standing-in with everybody else. We were paying fifteen to twenty per cent. above the market rates for practically everything we touched. Our yearly turnover was close upon two hundred thousand pounds. Joffre, French, and the Kaiser together weren't doing as well out of the war as Major Colgate, though they had a trifle more responsibility. I was rather in a rage when I got back to the office and found the corporal and the interpreter in consultation; and the corporal hadn't improved matters by forging my name to a voucher which said that we had received so much clover from somebody. He had often done the same for Major Colgate, he prevaricated. It saved trouble.

'With the exception of the private, they were disturbed and rattled. They had lost their nerve somewhat, and one of them went out to interview the driver of the car as soon as we returned. They wanted to know where I had been, and what I was up to. They felt that they couldn't last much longer if the major didn't come back and chase me away. It was exactly like living in a wild detective story, where every one is a liar, and trying to throw you off the scent. And when I had done with the corporal and Audibert, I turned to the private, and we looked up the prices we were paying for yeast, bran, and vegetables at the time the major's letters had been written, when he had stood the old contractors off and taken the new ones on. We found the date and the prices. The old contractors were ever so much cheaper than the new, and the yeast was exactly the same yeast, with the same trade-mark; and Popinot could hardly be beaten for potatoes, carrots, leeks, and other vegetables. The private said nothing, but I have a notion that he had concluded I was honest.

'Though my natural inclination is to sit in a trance and admire the wonders of the universe, when I do get going and steam up, I'm about as wide awake as most people. On the Sunday afternoon, with everybody away, I went down to the office and set to work on my report. The colonel should have it that very evening. I had all the evidence that was needed, and I couldn't well look into anybody's bank-account. I was hot and angry and determined, and I knew I must get the report in early, before the major could queer it. If he were there, I could not communicate with the colonel without my communication first passing through his hands. I must get this out before he came back; and now, warned and alarmed, as he had doubtless been by his confederates, he might turn up at any moment. The operation he had undergone was not a very serious one.

'I was rather in a rage. For here were these men, safe and snug at a base, sleeping in beds and getting their four regular meals, and it was now quite certain that, from the major downwards, leaving out that silent private, they were doing their best to make us lose the war.

'That was the way I looked at it. It didn't so much matter that they were rogues and

thieves and humbugs, but that fact did matter. They were on the enemy's side—that's what it amounted to—working against us from within.

'I was as brief as possible. I put the proper figures and the figures we were paying in two parallel columns. I mentioned that Major Baker's contractors, all genuine people, had been dismissed, and that we were now dealing with men of straw. I said that they had climbed down in a body when I faced them, but that they would go up again on Major Colgate's return. I enclosed copies of the letters he had written, and traversed these with the true facts of the case. I said that I had no confidence in anybody in the office, with the one exception of the private. I reckoned the difference between what we were paying and what we ought to pay at thirty thousand pounds a year. When I was done I made three copies on a duplicating-machine, and I was addressing the original to the colonel, when who should come in but Colgate himself, red, flustered, and uneasy! I did not rise as he entered.

'"Alone?" he began. "You're a worker. What have you been up to now?"

'"Are you out of hospital," I asked, "or are you going back?" I had no respect for him. His rank was nothing to me. I treated him like the dog he was throughout that interview.

'"I'm out," he said, "and you're getting out to-morrow."

'"Then I was just in time," I answered. And I picked up a pencil, fixed a sheet of carbon-paper, and wrote a covering note addressed to him and asking him to pass my report on to the colonel. By the regulations he had to do it; but he would have first say. Or he might not do it, especially with me leaving.

'When I was done, I handed him his letter and my report. He looked them through, and his face grew more red.

'"You know what this means?" he asked. "You must be mad!" And then, "It's simply ridiculous—a man in my position—money—as though I wanted money! We may have been a bit careless," he conceded; "but in my position—a big employer—it's perfectly ridiculous!" And he tossed the papers on to the desk. "What shall I do with these?" he asked. "Burn them?"

'"I've three more copies," I said.

'"Look here, Vignolles," he answered; "I'm a major, and you're only a one-pip subaltern. This isn't going to go through."

'"Oh yes, it is," I corrected him; "you've got to. It'll have to go through you, but you've got to pass it on."

'He seemed rather relieved at that.

'"How did you get hold of those letters?" he asked. "They're merely business letters, and don't mean anything."

'"No?" said I, for I knew that he was lying.

'My quiet frightened him. If I had got up and talked, he would have talked back; but icy, contemptuous, not to be turned, I only looked at him. It was disgusting to sit there, me a second-loot, and, metaphorically, spit upon his rank and uniform.

'"I say," he resumed at last, "is there anything I could do—a week's leave in England? I could work it for you."

'"If I want leave, I'll get it from my own unit, and not from this institution," I said coldly.

'He tried one more bluff before he was done with me.

'"Every man has his price," he said; "what's yours?"

'"I'm rather keen on winning the war," I answered. "If there's anything you can do to help that along—but you and your friends are getting in the way. That's why you're going to be kicked out. And you've rather rolled our name in the mud in this place, haven't you?" I added, rising. "But you're not likely to worry about that."

'"All right," he answered savagely; "all right. There's nothing more for you to do here. You'll report to the adjutant to-morrow morning."

'"Yes, I suppose I'm finished. You'll pass that on to the colonel; or, if you like, I'll buzz in one of my own copies. You're not here officially yet, are you? There's nothing about you in orders."

'He winced at that.

'"I'll pass it on," he said. But as I didn't believe him, I passed on a copy myself that very evening to make sure.

'Next morning early I had a written order to report back to the adjutant. It found me in my room at the hotel. I walked down to the depot. My car days were over. The adjutant received me with a question.

'"You've rather upset the old man," he said. "He was in his office last evening; and you're to pack up and be off to where you came from—the sooner the better, he says. What have you been up to?"

'"Ask Colgate."

'"He's back all right."

'I looked on the wall, and Colgate hadn't wasted time, it seemed; for there hung this morning's orders, and I saw "Returned to Duty," and the first name on the list was "Major E. P. Colgate." Below this was a brief notice—I read it aloud—which told us that, for stealing a tin of condensed milk in the depot, a certain private had been sentenced to one year's hard labour. It was pretty ironic.

'"What's Colgate getting?" I asked, for now I was fairly roused, and didn't care who knew it.

'"He'll be caught in time," said the adjutant.

'"He's caught now." And then I let fly utterly. "He's a thief and a liar—been robbing

the army these six months. I can prove it. I've reported it. Here's a copy for you;" and I gave him one of the couple I still had over.

'The adjutant whistled. He was rather alarmed. "This is confidential," he said hurriedly. "I don't want to be mixed up in it." And then, more coolly, "They haven't treated you very well," he added. "Look in and report before you go. This afternoon, eh? The old man wants me to telephone—rather glad to see you out of the way."

'"All right," I answered, more sick and more savage than ever. For I felt I'd done my duty, had even earned a word or two of praise; and to be treated like this, as though *I* were the criminal—it hurt.

'I'd left a few things at the office, including a pipe or two I valued. I went in for the last time, and there my enemies sat in a serried row—the corporal, the interpreter, and the major. They looked at me as though they had won a victory, as though they had downed me—every one of them.

'I found the things I'd come for. The private made them up into a parcel for me; and as I turned to go, "Oh, Vignolles, I saw the colonel," drawled Colgate. "I explained matters to him. You took a bad knock up the line, didn't you? Concussion? Makes a man a bit queer in his head at times, eh? I explained all that to him, and he understands it. He's overlooking that unfortunate report."

'The blighter had me every way, if the colonel played up to him, so there was no answer; and in that moment I felt that there wasn't much to choose between him and his precious chief. The colonel was getting rid of me to demolish the evidence. I was one of those inconvenient people who know too much.

'It was no good arguing, and I went my way. And there it ended, or it looked like ending. I was pretty bitter about it for several weeks, till one day, not so very much later, as I was looking through a *Gazette*, I found that a Major E. P. Colgate of the Army Service Corps had "relinquished his commission"; which meant that he'd been asked to leave and there was no refusing. I felt then that, whatever my subsequent history, I should have earned every penny I drew in pay, and a bit over.

'I'd more or less gone past it all, till, only a few months back, I ran into that never-to-be-forgotten adjutant. It was at a rest-camp in France. He was a major now, and I a captain, and he remembered me. Naturally I spoke about the supply depot, about Colgate and the colonel. "I was rather sore," I ended. "You people hardly played the game."

'"The colonel's a Regular," he said; "what was he to do? He'd let the fellow carry on for six months, and he'd be held responsible. He was overworked and worried, and it was his bread-and-butter and his wife's and four youngsters'. He'd trusted Colgate, who had let him down. So you were best out of the way; he didn't want any fuss. But it went off quietly. He looked into it, and Mr Colgate had to go—quietly. They all had to go. He shoved a new man in with orders to clean up. You'd really made a pretty thorough job of it, it seemed."

'"Colgate got off fairly easy, then?"

'"Not quite. He was kicked out, wasn't he? That didn't do him any good. And he was young enough to be collared after he'd been kicked out. Went in one door a major, and came out of another a private, so to speak. I don't think he'd enjoy that—'a big employer of labour—must set an example.'" The adjutant imitated him to the life. "He'd set more of an example than he'd bargained for. And there was that little interpreter, too. He got sent back to the French Army with a pretty rotten report. Hope he's alive to-day. He probably isn't. The corporal lost his stripes, and went up the line with a couple of mules."

'So that was how it had ended? I was hot about it, confoundedly hot about it for a season, hotter than I'd ever been before. These things aren't written up. Yet they hold most of the drama, the real drama, that goes on in a war—more exciting and more sustained than the fighting. But you've got to go behind the lines to look for it.' He stopped here and gave a little shudder. 'By Jove, it's turning cold again!' he added.

The sun had gone down in the west, in a flush of pink and rose, and we, from our perch on the edge of a park, were looking out upon a valley fast losing itself in shadow. The rabbits nibbled around us, unafraid; the cock-pheasants were calling; an owl was circling overhead. And looking out upon it all, upon this wide landscape, so full and so secure, Vignolles, who was about to go from us, stretched and shook himself, and sprang to his feet and gazed upon it, darkling. And then, 'England's a good country—the very best,' he said; 'but there are far too many Colgates running wild in it. I can't compete with them. I never could.'

We climbed the stile and found the lane, and so downhill till we came to the railway station. And that was the last day out I had with my friend Vignolles, till he turned up again, resolved to stay, the following year.

THE END.

A LOVER OF MEN.

No more I'll tread the desert path,
Where men ne'er congregate;
Nor haunt the lonely shore that hath
For me no kindred mate.
But I shall seek the broad highway,
And share my humble store
With those who dedicate each day
To love for man, the more.

J. T. MELDRUM.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE HOME CALL.

By BERNARD W. HENDERSON, D.Litt.

PART I.

I.

THE Boy Scout patrol climbed up resolutely out of the steaming-hot Welsh valley towards the mountain-ridge. Their packs were heavy, their knees scratched by the briery undergrowth through which they forced their way. They had started from the friendly little inn at Tal-y-Llyn too late after breakfast, and the midday August sun found them still struggling with the lower slopes. They were thirsty, tired, dishevelled. But it was their summer holiday, now ending, and they were out to climb the giant mountain as a last achievement. The six boys pressed upwards doggedly.

Presently the woods and undergrowth opened out on to a gentler, open rise of tussocky coarse grass. A mountain-stream came rushing down a quarter of a mile away on their right. The semicircle of the ridge in front looked at last certainly nearer. In another half-mile the boys topped the low ridge in front, which had hitherto hindered a complete view of their mountain.

There, in front of them, the ground sloped gently down to a hollow, in which the waters of a circular tarn lay spread out invitingly before them, sparkling in the sunshine. Out of its farther shores, girdling these round with a huge, black precipitous wall of crags, towering eight hundred feet or more above its level, rose the semicircle of the mountain-ridge, in places, it seemed, all but overhanging the water.

The boys shouted for joy. Never in all that last wonderful week had a more welcome sight met their gaze. Down the slope they raced, their packs jumping wildly on their backs, till they reached the low bank, at the margin of the tarn, which sank down steeply into the clear green water—water so clear that every rock, every pebble, could be seen a score of yards out from the shore. Away went packs and hats, boots, stockings, clothes, and the whole six leapt into the water.

They emerged in a moment, shouting, laughing, gasping, and made for the bank again. That delicious-looking water on that hottest of days was—well, ice wasn't in it for cold. Only two dared a second plunge. Then all scrambled for their packs, tore them open, and a vigorous towelling followed.

That was the best part of the day, surely. The sun shone bravely. The grassy bank was as warm as blankets. The tarn was 'just ripping' to look at. Towels were spread out to dry. Lunch-packets were opened. Any one tramping along the edge of the ridge far above the tarn would have seen the white figures of the naked boys spread picturesquely about the grass in various attitudes, like small white dots on a green field. An hour passed away in sheer idle delight.

At their leader's word the boys reluctantly donned clothes and packs again. Skirting the edge of the tarn, they made for a break in the ridge, where a rock-strewn slope of the steepest kind gave them their one chance of ascent. Up it they clambered in a bee-line, hauling on rocks and heathery tufts, and emerged victoriously on the crest where came up on the left the beaten track which wound deviously down to the inn and the lake in the valley. The rest was easy. In a quarter of an hour the boys stood on the cairn which crowned the top of Cader.

Before them lay stretched out ridge after ridge, and peak upon peak of a wonderful new country rose. Far away to their left glittered the sea. Over the whole there floated soft, slow, white fleecy clouds in the blue, some of them from time to time catching on the higher mountain-tops, and streaming out from them like white pennants.

Had the boys been more weather-wise they would have hastened their descent into the deep valley to the north, whither they were bound. But they lingered on the top, glorying in their climb, studying map and compass, revelling in the view. And the clouds sailed inland from the sea, ever more thickly and more fleecily. A mist began to writhe upwards towards them from their valley of that morning. The sun appeared less bright as it sank towards the west, and a veil as of transparent gauze seemed to be drawn, interposing beneath it and the earth. On the more distant heights the white clouds had now settled closely, and were spreading downwards, almost, as it were, greedily devouring them from sight.

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

The leader at last gave the order. In Indian file the patrol clambered down the steep, stony track. Hardly had they left the top when the mist silently seized it. They had left it just in time, but not the menace of the mountain.

Soon one of the six fell behind the rest. The never-ending descent tried him far more sorely than had all the upward climb. His foot was very sore. He must, he thought, have cut it on a rock in his bathe in the tarn. Of course, you didn't feel that kind of thing at first. But he had a roller bandage in his pack. He sat down on a rock and proceeded to take his boot off. The others rounded a projecting corner, not noticing, and disappeared from view. No matter! He would overtake them in a jiffy. His special chum, Lance, would, he knew, be sure to wait for him. There was his boot-lace in a knot, of course. He could swear he hadn't tied it up like that. Never do to cut it, though.

The boy wrestled with his lace, till after some minutes it yielded. Off came boot and stocking. Yes, there was a nasty rub, and his foot would need a bandage. Where was his pack? And the first-aid tin? At the bottom of the pack, of course. His whole attention was engrossed. The minutes sped. At last stocking and boot were on again, things back in the pack, pack fastened. He stood up. Where was he? And what had happened?

Thick folds of mist rolling down from the mountain-top behind him were wrapping him round. He could see barely a yard or two. Every minute the mist grew thicker. Where were the others? He would whistle to Lance.

On his whistle he blew with all his might a peculiar call. No answer. Then again. The same call sounded from below. Then up through the mist came another boy at top-speed.

'Come *on*, Jim,' cried the new-comer. 'Lucky I heard your call—our "Home Call." I thought I couldn't miss that. Just look at the old fog, though. The rest are a mile on by now. We must do a bit of a sprint.'

II.

The two boys started fast down the path again, Jim limping slightly. The mist circled in eddies round them. The path lost itself in a swamp. They splashed through it.

'Don't remember that coming up to Jim,' muttered the other boy.

Beyond the marsh there was no trace of the path.

'Never mind, Jim,' he said; 'we shall pick it up again lower down. It winds a bit just here. No good going back to look for it.'

The mist was turning to cold rain. The boys' bare knees shone wet and glistening red. Jerseys, shirts, shorts, were soon soaked through. The descent was rocky and alarmingly steep. They had to go dead-slow now.

Suddenly the ground dropped away well-nigh sheer in front of the boys. They were forced to skirt upwards to the left a bit. A dash of water spirted in their faces, and a mountain-stream leapt at them out of the mist like a small wild beast, and then plunged out of sight into the misty hollow on their right.

For the best part of an hour the two boys pushed blindly on along the mountain-side, slipping, stumbling, jumping, falling. Ever and again a torrent came dashing down on their left, and had to be crossed on the slope, where the slippery stones gave way under their tired feet. Now a great downfall of screes, which spread out fanwise to the depths below, checked their course. A step or two on it sent a small avalanche of boulders rolling down out of sight with a hideous clatter, and, their hearts in their mouths, the boys struck slantingly upwards over the screes till they reached the dripping sods again beyond the fall of rocks. Their boots squelched out water at every step. Water poured from their limp hat-brims, ran in streams down their necks, dripped from their elbows, flowed down them within their shirts ceaselessly. Their sodden shorts chafed at every step the inside of their knees. There was no dry inch either within their packs or on their bodies.

At last Jim, the younger of the two, sat down on a jutting rock. 'It's no good, Lance,' he said, half-sobbing; 'I'm just about done. My foot is frightfully sore, too.'

The elder boy, some fifteen years of age, looked at his chum perplexedly, then peered down blankly into the mist. 'Can't see a yard,' he muttered. 'Try a shout, Jim,' he said.

The two shouted together out into the mist. It came in yet a thicker wave round them, as if in mockery. They shouted again.

'Can you get on my back, Jim?' suggested his chum doubtfully.

'Top of the pack?' the other answered, trying to laugh. 'I *don't* think.'

'But we can't stay here all night,' objected the older boy in despair. 'We'd be frozen stiff by morning.'

'You push on, Lance,' said Jim, 'and let me rest here a bit.'

'Likely, isn't it?' was the reply. 'One more shout! I believe I heard something just now.'

To the third shout, which rang echoing along the mountain-side, there came an answering bark. A shape, which seemed huge in the mist, came leaping towards the boys, barking furiously. A collie circled round them, then darted off into the mist in answer to a whistle. A large figure approached—a man, tall, strong, with grizzled beard and broad, grave brow, a shepherd's plaid on his shoulders.

'Lucky Don heard you, my lads,' said he. 'It is not weather for a bivouac, and the day hasn't far to go. One of you damaged, is he?'

Jim struggled to his feet. 'It's quite all

right now you 've come, sir,' he said, and limped forward a pace or two.

The man smiled grimly, picked the wet boy up in his arms, wrapped him in his plaid, and strode off, carrying him as if he had been a child. Lance followed, the dog racing on in front silently till his bushy tail disappeared in the mist.

III.

In a short while a rough wall sprang into view out of the mist, then the outline of a cottage. The man strode into the house, and deposited Jim on a chair. Then he kicked the smouldering peats on the hearth together and piled others on. A blaze sprang up at once.

'Off with every stitch of clothing you have on, boys,' he said. 'It will take all night to dry. And you won't be going farther *this* evening, I warrant.'

The boys stripped, and soon, each wrapped in a blanket, snuggled down close over the peat-fire, which was crackling merrily, a steaming cup of cocoa and a chunk of bread by each. The shepherd lay back in a large wooden chair, gravely smoking and regarding them.

'You 'll be the younger by a year, I reckon,' he said to Jim. For a moment his glance wandered to a photograph on the rough mantelpiece. 'But you have both come through it all right,' he went on. 'Ay, but it 's an ill mountain this for mist and crags. You may thank Heaven in your prayers this night that Don heard you shouting.'

'Will the mist last all night, sir?' asked Lance.

'No,' he answered; 'this rising wind will chase it away by moonrise.'

For the first time the boys noticed the moaning of the wind round the cottage. They drew in still closer to the fire, as if to escape the eerie sound, and the shepherd piled more peats on.

'Ay,' he continued, 'this summer mist is unchancy. Things happen in it.'

Jim was nodding drowsily with the heat. But Lance was wide awake in a moment.

'What things, sir?' he asked.

'You are scholars, boys, aren't you?' said the shepherd. 'Do you mind your Vergil, when the poor queen goes distraught with love for the craven skunk who deserts her? Ay, that 's my bible here,' he added, noting how the surprised boy's look had wandered to a book on the table, labelled—yes, Lance *had* read the title right—*Vergilii Carmina.*

'Were you at a public school, sir?' stammered the boy confusedly. 'Vergil is jolly stiff, don't you think? What is your name, sir, if you don't mind me asking? Mine is Lancelot Hedden, and I 'm at Marlborough. So is Jim here—Jim Ranold.—Wake up, Jim!'

'Let Jim sleep,' said the man. 'As for me, suppose you call me Mr Dass—Mr Purun Dass,' he said, his eyes twinkling; but the boy failed to catch his meaning. 'Yes, Sedbergh and Trinity, Oxford, once on a while—but that 's neither here nor there.

'How do I come to be here then, you wonder?' he continued, answering the boy's unspoken question. 'Are you mountain-born, Hedden, or was your father before you? No? Then you won't hear the call of the hills at the end of life. But, man alive! *if* once you heard it——'

He relapsed into silence. Jim was quite sound asleep. The man picked him up as gently as a woman, and placed him in his blanket on a plain couch which ran along the side of the room near the fire, wrapping his dried plaid round the boy's bare legs. Then he took his own seat again. Evening was deepening into night, and the shadows on the walls, cast by the red spurts of flame darting at times out of the glowing peat, glanced queerly. Lance returned to the attack.

'What things in the mist, sir?' he ventured.

'You won't be scared?' asked the other. 'Well, remember, you are safe enough here.'

He paused a moment. The boy sat up, with an eager thrill of half-pleasurable, half-alarmed excitement.

'Living for years all alone here,' began the man, 'I believe I see rather more than most folk. I 'm half-Scottish, you know. Perhaps that 's the reason. Not that my name is a Scottish one,' he added hastily.

'Well, just a year since there was a bad crime down in the village yonder. I knew nothing of it up here. Blowing hard it was that night, and the mist driving all the while by the window. On a sudden I heard steps outside, and went to the door and opened it. I just saw the figure of a man rushing past up the mountain. Half-mad he seemed with terror, the rain streaming off him, and the gale blowing his long hair right back out beyond his shoulders. Before I could hail him he was away in the mist up yonder.

'I was for going after him, for the crags over the tarn aren't so far away, when my feet were stayed on the very door-sill. Through the mist, but without a sound this time, there came following after him two shapes—great long skinny arms and hands stretched out in front of them, gripping at the air. There was a cruel, red glint gleaming in the eye of them. Do you mind your Vergil, lad?

Armatam facibus matrem et serpentibus atris.

'Wraiths of the mist? Perhaps so. By my door they went, soundless; but the shine of the nails and the fire of the red eyes——

'That 's enough of *that* story,' he broke off, 'and I ought not to have gone so far. But I 've had not a soul I wanted to tell it to before now,' he added, half-apologetically.

'But the man, sir?' queried the eager boy.

'I picked him up with his neck broken at

the foot of the crags at the tarn's edge next morning,' said the shepherd reluctantly. 'They were hunting for him in the village all that night. Yet, I misdoubt me, worse than man's vengeance overtook him.'

A blast of wind shook the door. The man rose and fastened the long bar firmly in its place; then he closed the shutter over the window.

'Ay, an unchancy thing is the summer mist,' he repeated, half to himself. 'And who knows what happens in the heart of the hills? But you are safe enough here, the pair of you,' he continued. 'Say your prayers at even and give thanks, and nought will touch you. Now take your chum to bed up the stairs yonder, and I'll wake you in the morn. Nay, many a time ere now I've slept for choice on the couch here,' he added, seeing the boy's doubtful looks.

'Thanks very much, sir,' answered Lance. 'Now, Jim, up you get!—Good-night, sir.'

The two boys, blanket-girt, vanished up the stairs.

In the room below the man quietly opened the shutter and gazed out on the night, now clear and moonlit. 'A fine pair of lads,' he murmured. 'Ah, Janet, you never come by here, you and the boys.'

He closed the shutter and lay down on the couch. The peats smouldered dully. The wind went gently wailing round the cottage.

The sleeper tossed uneasily. 'Twice more,' he muttered; 'on water once, and once on land. So comes the Call, and Heaven's mercy on the lads thereafter.'

Upstairs the boys slept soundly, the elder's bare arm flung protectingly over his chum.

(*Continued on page 333.*)

NEVIS, THE ISLAND OF THE SNOWS.

By Rev. MONTAGUE L. FOYLE.

THE title is an absolute misnomer. It would seem fairly safe to venture the opinion that in latitude 17° north and longitude 63° west, with no part of the island exceeding an altitude of 3600 feet above the level of the Caribbean Sea, snow never has fallen, and never will. But it is supposed that when, in 1493, Columbus approached the island for the first time the single surmounting volcanic cone was in activity, and that the white smoke surrounding the summit suggested to him the idea of snow. Even at the present day travellers approaching Nevis are frequently charmed with the beautiful fleecy clouds around the top of the mountain, which give to it much the same appearance as it presented to Columbus over four hundred years ago. So the explorer named his discovery Nievies, from its likeness to a snow-capped peak near Barcelona; the name was subsequently abbreviated to Mevis, and then to its present form. It is interesting to recall that the name of the adjacent island of Montserrat was likewise derived from a mountain-peak near the same Spanish port.

For over one hundred years after the date of discovery Nevis appears to have remained in a state of primitive wilderness. The only reference we seem to have during that period is that of a certain Captain John Smith, who wrote in 1629: 'In this little Ile of Mevis more than twenty years agoe, I have remained a good time together to wood and water and refresh my men.' The island is, however, separated from the sister-island of St Kitts only by a narrow channel, three miles wide, so that with the opening up of the latter island by Sir Thomas Warner in 1623 the occupation of Nevis became almost inevitable. A great fillip was, moreover, given to West Indian development by the action of Charles I., who, under the Great Seal of England, granted by letters-patent (dated June 2, 1627) the right over all the Caribbean Islands, including Barbados, to James Hay, Earl of Carlisle. This grant was opposed by the Earl of Marlborough on the ground of priority of right, but the dispute between these noble lords was compromised by the former undertaking to pay the latter and his heirs £300 a year. The sum is an interesting side-light upon the value set in those days upon things West Indian. It does not seem likely, however, that the Earl of Carlisle played any important part in the opening up of Nevis; the credit must be accorded to Warner and his pioneers. In 1628, it is reported, 'At last they came to Mevis, a little Ile by St Christopher's, where they seated themselves and were well furnished with all necessaries.' The first impressions of these intrepid adventurers must have been favourable.

Despite trouble the following year from the Spanish Fleet, consisting of thirty-five large galleons and fourteen armed merchantmen, and commanded by Don Frederigo de Toledo, the infant colony, from the fragmentary records that have come down to us, seems to have been uniformly successful. This was due in part to the wonderful fertility of the soil and the wise management of Sir Thomas Warner. Especial praise must, however, be given to the fostering care of his successor, Governor Lake. This gentleman is stated to have fixed his house in the vicinity of the capital, and to have exercised a beneficial influence on all with whom he came in contact. He is described as 'a wise man who feared the Lord.' Under his administration, writes another, 'Nevis rose to opulence

and importance; it flourished beyond expectation. Within the short space of twelve years from the date of settlement the productions of the island had become an object of national importance, and it was regarded in England as a fruitful and valuable little colony.' The population in 1640 is stated to have been 4000 whites and 12,000 blacks, 'so powerfully' (the writer adds) 'are mankind invited by the advantage of a mild and equitable system of government.' One wishes that more were known about a certain John Hilton, who held the offices of storekeeper and chief gunner of Nevis, and seems to have been a trusty friend of both Warner and Lake. But in common with so many of the West Indian Islands, Nevis was soon overtaken by disaster. In 1689 a dreadful epidemic swept away half of the inhabitants; whilst in 1706, the year of Marlborough's great victory at Ramillies, the French with five sail of the line and twenty smaller vessels descended from Martinique. The Nevitians were unable to offer any effective resistance, and three thousand slaves were carried away as booty. The present estate of Morning Star is supposed to have derived its name from a battle fought at dawn upon that spot between the local militia and an invading French force. The next year saw a devastating hurricane, accompanied by earthquake. The sea is stated to have overflown the land by half a mile, and three hundred lives were lost. But a grant of £103,000 from the Home Government helped to put the island once again on its feet. In the middle of the eighteenth century it had the name of being better cultivated than most of the West Indian colonies, and the planters were described as being exemplary in the treatment of their slaves. In 1782, during the siege of Brimstone Hill, St Kitts, by the French, Nevis was once more attacked by the foe. The story of the downfall of De Grasse, first by being beaten in Basseterre roadstead by Admiral Hood, and then by encountering the combined fleets of Rodney and Hood in the Battle of the Saints between Guadeloupe and Dominica, belongs to our best naval traditions. Lord Sandwich, who was in charge of the Admiralty at the time, sent Rodney forth with the words, 'The fate of the Empire is in your hands, and I have no wish that it should be in any other.' The Peace of Versailles in 1783 saw the British in a position to dictate terms to a beaten foe. Nevis was claimed for King George III., and British it has remained ever since.

A considerable part of the prosperity of the island must be ascribed to the famous mineral spring, which is evidently of volcanic origin, and whose waters are said to resemble those of Wildbad in Württemberg. As one stands before the present Bath House Hotel, situated about half a mile from Charlestown, the capital of Nevis, or wanders along beside the hot stream that still winds its way from the mountain to the sea, there comes a sense of a direct link with the past. Two hundred and fifty years ago the traveller Blome reported that the spring, the temperature of which he found to be 100° F., was 'much frequented for the curing of the several distempers of the body of man.' Stories are current of a negro boy who, after bathing in the warm water, was cured of leprosy; whilst another sufferer is stated to have become 'as nimble as a mountebank or tumbler after he had dipped himself therein.' 'Indeed, all distempered people, both Whites and Blacks, find great relief by it'—thus writes another in praise of the waters which had benefited him so greatly. It is not very difficult to imagine how the fame of the spring would spread far and wide, and how, during the eighteenth century, schooner after schooner would bring its quota of rank and fashion, till Nevis became a kind of tropical Tunbridge Wells or Bath; and one can also quite easily carry the imagination a little farther and picture as happening there, by the banks of the famous spring, scenes such as are depicted by Thackeray in the *Virginians*. So much did the inhabitants appreciate the waters as the source of their prosperity that they engraved on the first issue of their postage-stamps, in 1861, a picture of a goblet of the health-giving fluid being handed to one prostrated by sickness. The engraving still appears on certain present-day values of the stamps of the combined presidency of St Kitts-Nevis, a new issue of which recently appeared. During the past few years visitors to the waters have not been many; the steamerless condition of Nevis during practically all the war had the effect of keeping away such as might have come. Invalids, as a rule, were not willing to risk the journey by barge from the town of Basseterre, St Kitts. So the island awaits the day of the revival of its erstwhile glorious bath-house.

Probably 1787 is the most outstanding date in the island's history, for it was in that year, on March 11th, that Captain (afterwards Lord) Nelson was married in Montpelier House, Fig Tree Parish, in which church the register entry can still be seen. Even after over one hundred and thirty-five years the record is easily decipherable. 'March 11, 1787, Horatio Nelson, Captain of His Majesty's ship the *Boreas*, to Frances Herbert Nisbet, Widow.' At that time the captain was on the Leeward Islands station, with headquarters at English Harbour, Antigua, only twenty miles' sail from the island where his fiancée dwelt. His naval life at the time was probably not of the happiest. 'English Harbour I hate the sight of; it is a vile hole'—thus the subsequently famous victor of the Nile and Trafalgar is reported to have written. His dislike was doubtless due to the bad feeling engendered by his determination to enforce the

Navigation Act, which forbade direct intercourse with the newly independent United States. In those days, as in these, the question of commerce between the West Indies and America was one of vital importance, and Nelson was hard put to it to enforce what may have been a very necessary, yet nevertheless was in the West Indies a much-resented, law. But in Nevis he found consolation and solace, and there our great naval hero passed what were probably some of the most happy and peaceful years of his troubled life. The bride was only twenty-three, and had been for eighteen months widowed. She had one little son at the time of her second marriage—few of us have ever regarded Nelson in the light of a stepfather. The best man at the wedding was the Duke of Clarence, who afterwards ascended the throne as William IV., and who at the time was on terms of closest intimacy with the bridegroom. The house belonged to the uncle of the lady, and of the original building only the ruined walls and gateway remain. Quite recently it was the privilege of the writer to read the very durable and suitable inscription that has been placed thereon: 'On this site stood Montpelier House, wherein, on the 11th of March 1787, Horatio Nelson of immortal memory, then captain of the *Boreas*, was married to Frances Herbert Nisbet.' The ruin stands in a most delightfully beautiful situation, and one can imagine the great hero enjoying the charming view to be obtained of St Kitts, with the then important and troublesome Dutch islands of St Eustatius and Saba in the background. Nevis also has the distinction of being the birthplace of Alexander Hamilton, who became second in command to Washington during the War of Independence, and who, after taking part in the various conventions which led to the framing of the Constitution of the United States, became the first Secretary of her Treasury. The present Hamilton House on the sea-front at Charlestown is supposed to have been erected on the site of the building in which he was born, and as such has been the scene of innumerable visits from American tourists.

Nevis to-day is an island bearing evidence of declension; there are, indeed, few of the West Indian islands that have not felt the transference of colonial interest and enterprise from the West to the East, whilst the constant drain of emigration, especially to America, tells very heavily upon a small population. Once the Caribbean Sea was the focus of all colonial hopes and development; now its place has been taken by the Indian and Pacific Oceans. Yet the island is anything but unprosperous or worked out. Its population of twelve thousand took full advantage of the high war-price of cotton, and its fifty square miles were extensively planted with the beautiful green plant, laden in season with the white pods. Money was made and spent, and the small planter especially enjoyed wonderful prosperity. There are stated to be rich beds of sulphur awaiting exploitation, whilst with the restoration of normal conditions the islanders may expect the tourist once again. The easiest method of approach, when the writer was there, was by the official mail-barge, which left Basseterre, St Kitts, every afternoon—a sail of twelve miles to Charlestown. One road, twenty miles long, runs all round the island, nowhere at any great distance from the sea. The motor-car facilitates the journey, and the excellence of the surface of the highway is indicative of an old and well-planned colony. No fewer than seven other islands can be seen during the circular trip—Barbuda, Antigua, Montserrat, Redonda, Saba, St Eustatius, and St Kitts; whilst throughout the whole journey the passenger has behind him the mountain-cone covered with a forest of evergreens growing like a ruff or collar round the neck of the highlands where cultivation ceases. Especially charming is what is known as the lowland view. There the traveller looks out upon a contracted streak of water only three miles wide at the narrowest point, with an islet in the middle of the deep blue stream, and bounded on the far side by the serpentine shores of St Kitts. For the purposes of administration Nevis was in 1882 united to St Kitts, and has since then been somewhat dwarfed by her more important and imposing partner.

MAN'S WORK.

CHAPTER XII.

I.

ON the 9th of August Sitwell, in the Enterprise office, received a wire from New York: 'Arriving 28th. Your later reports unsatisfactory. Hunt leaves early.'

The message was unsigned, it being considered by the sender that signatures were in such cases unnecessary, and might lead to complications.

As he laid the telegram down it quivered with a little vibration that Sitwell had detected for weeks in his own body, as of a violin-string tuned to a given pitch. He attributed it to lack of exercise and too much tobacco; but, nevertheless, it kept time to a small reiterant throb in his brain that now hardly ever ceased. He stared at the street, admitting silently that from Martin's point of view his reports had been disappointing. It was not for lack of money, but it seemed of late that it was increasingly

difficult to get things done. Men took his money, did nothing, and he was in no position to expostulate. Burbeck was under pay till the 1st of September, and the dealer who mixed emery-sand with his oil was looking for more business—but that game was played out. Casting round for alternatives, it appeared to Sitwell that underhand work was high in price—and often failed of delivery.

Behind all this were his own reports, forwarded weekly to New York—incriminating documents that staggered him even as he sent them in. He thought of them now, neatly filed, a record of dishonour. And it came to him that on the strength of a gruff promise he had transferred his very soul to the keeping of Spencer Martin.

Then there was Claudia. Though of a disposition which smiles at the protest of the deluded, he found himself strangely humiliated by a woman's contempt. He had not known before what it was to feel just like this. She recognised his existence, and suffered his company, up to a point. She hardly spoke to him, but her eyes were eloquent.

He jerked himself together. The overwhelming fact was that Shanklin had four hundred feet to drill, and twenty-one days to do it in—good average work in fair ground. Therefore, argued Sitwell, whatever remained for him to do must be done forthwith. He ran over possibilities, feeling unusually dull and impotent. Burbeck, it seemed, was the only man available for what moved in his mind.

II.

At midnight on the 13th, Harrison, pottering over the pump, saw it begin to race and the pressure simultaneously decrease. He was running along the suction-pipe looking for the break, when a hoarse shout from Denison brought him hurrying back to camp. The night was very dark. He caught a yellow flicker at the corner of one of the wooden buildings.

The moments that followed were seared into his brain. In a quarter of an hour the camp, excepting only the derrick and gear, was a shallow heap of smoking ash. They fought fire with clothing, towels, sand, and even their bare hands. Once the flame licked round a derrick-leg, and Shanklin beat it out with a shovel. Gertie threw food and dishes out of the kitchen window, working desperately, till Denison dragged her away by force. At the bottom of the well the sludge thickened for lack of water, till the plunging bit seized and stalled the labouring engine. Then, because there was no light to see, and no material left to work with, they lay down beside the ruins of the camp till morning.

At nine o'clock Sitwell slid past on the highway, but they did not see him. He noted the desolation, and smiled at the thought that Spencer Martin would not consider this unsatisfactory progress. Turning the car a mile away, he drove back to the city. A derrick was up on the Enterprise ground, but he only glanced at it and sped on. There was that in his mind he desired to say to Claudia.

But Claudia was not in, being called to lunch with Edith Winter, who had arrived the day before from Catalina. A little terrified by Shanklin's letter, Edith had telephoned to Claudia, moved by sincere friendship and a distant hope of useful news. There was no question in her mind of how matters stood between Sitwell and his wife. It was while waiting for her guest that she glanced at a noon paper and saw a paragraph describing the fire. She was still staring at it when Claudia arrived. She got up hastily. 'I 'm so glad you were able to come, for I 'm quite alone. Mother loves Catalina so much that she refuses to leave it.'

Claudia smiled. 'It 's good of you to have me.' They talked for a while. 'Have you heard anything of Mr Hunt?' Claudia asked presently.

'He 'll be here soon. I expect a wire any day. But he can't stay long. That 's the worst of an engineer's life. Did—did you see this?' The girl laid a finger on the paragraph. 'I don't know what to make of it.'

Claudia read—and her heart contracted. 'How dreadful!' she said unsteadily.

'It isn't so much the loss of the camp, but what it may mean by the 1st of next month. Does Mr Sitwell know about it?' There was a lift in the voice.

'He—he can't; he hasn't mentioned it.'

Edith glanced at her and pondered. 'I 'm going to tell you something,' she said gravely, 'that will be a surprise.'

The other girl pulled herself together. 'Yes?'

'I 'm a partner in that well. I put all my money into it. I 'm fighting your husband and Spencer Martin—just like the others. Jim doesn't know anything about it—and he mustn't—till the thing is finished, one way or the other. This fire means that I may lose everything, except the farm. I can stand that, but it will break my heart if my partners don't win out. When I asked you to lunch I didn't know anything about this—but I 've got to tell you—because'—she hesitated a little—'because I believe in you—no matter what happens, or has happened.'

Claudia fingered her bread and probed for an answer, but the only thing she could see was the vision of Shanklin's face as it must have looked when he surveyed the ruin of his hopes. She wondered how it came that Edith was his partner, but something deterred her from asking. 'Then Spencer Martin will get the property?' she ventured.

'I suppose so. They wrote to tell me that another four thousand was necessary—and they

were afraid I'd lose what I'd put in. They said at the start that that might happen, and only took the money when I made them. Now I can't find any more, and I don't know any one who would be ready to lend it, considering all the circumstances. So I suppose I'm broke; but I've met two of the finest men in the world, and that's something, even if I am engaged,' she concluded doggedly.

'And they need some thousands of dollars?' said Claudia slowly.

'They did'—the other girl sent her a curious glance—'but that was before the fire. Now, I suppose, it's more. All I can do is to go out there and say, "Don't mind about me!" But they will—more than about themselves. That sort of man always does.'

Claudia's breath came a little faster. 'When are you going out?'

'On the first motor-bus for Capistrano. I'd have hired a car last week—I don't now.'

'If our car is in the garage, may I take you out?'

'I'd like it awfully. I hate going alone—but'—with a wondering little glance—'are you sure you want to go? I thought——' She broke off in confusion.

'Don't think—let me take you. I'll send for it now.'

Claudia went off to telephone, with a queer thankfulness that Spencer Martin's work had made the car essential—and had saved it. Such are the anomalies that colour life. She found it hard to give her message, so full was her mind of a great half-formed resolution. In twenty minutes the machine was at the hotel. She wondered, as they got in, where her husband was. A moment later she stopped in front of a large jewellery-shop. 'I won't be a minute, but there's just one thing I've got to do.'

Edith Winter's face acquired a cynical little smile. It seemed queer that any woman of heart could, if she really felt as the girl was assured she felt, buy jewellery at such an hour. But, she reflected, Claudia's husband would do well out of this, and one man's meat was often another man's poison. She waited for ten minutes, then fifteen, with increasing vexation. At last Claudia appeared, putting on her glove. Her eyes and cheeks were bright.

'Get what you wanted?' said Edith Winter indifferently.

'Yes; but it took longer than I thought. I'm so sorry to have kept you.'

The miles slid steadily by, and Claudia glanced constantly at the small face beside her, with a great longing to pour out her troubled spirit. But it seemed that Edith Winter's comradeship and sympathy were for those who had sailed straighter than she had. Edith was thinking chiefly of the men who were losing everything except their honour—and of how many years' work it would take Shanklin to catch up.

As they passed the Enterprise ground she looked up with a queer little laugh. 'Suppose it turned out all right, after all?'

III.

Five minutes later they got out. Half-way through the orange-grove, a tall girl with fair, disordered hair and a torn dress planted herself in front of them. 'If you don't mind, visitors aren't wanted to-day.'

Edith nodded. I quite understand. I'm Miss Winter.'

The girl stared at her, the colour flaming in her cheeks. She looked tired, dirty, and dishevelled. The hard light in her blue eyes softened at once. 'Oh Lord! I've never seen you before. I didn't know. Have you heard?'

'Yes; that's one reason I came.'

'Well, there's not much left to come to. I'm Gertie Harrison—cook. Been here for a week—then this happened.' Her glance wandered to Claudia, at whom she looked with slow recognition. 'I've seen you before, though—one night in the city. Remember the row?'

Claudia nodded. She could never forget it.

'Well, I wondered after that if Mr Shanklin needed putting right with any one. Never saw him again till I happened along here and took hold to help out.' She turned to Edith. 'I'm sort of putting in time to help them along up at the rig. They're trying to get the bit free now, and if any one talked there'd be trouble. Sort of dismal anyway. It won't come to anything, but dad swears he'll drill while the money lasts, and then wreck the well. It won't be long.'

'When did the fire happen?'

'Happen? It didn't happen; it was laid by a sort of human snake that's been trying to bust the thing for months. It beats me,' went on the girl wrathfully, 'why such men live. Of course, they don't live long. Some one kills them, or they go mad, or something like that.'

Claudia looked away, and Edith's voice came in quickly. 'I think we'll go up now.'

'Then I'll wait here,' said Claudia. 'Will—will you ask Mr Shanklin if he can spare a minute, when it's quite convenient?'

An engine began to cough at a little distance.

'That means that the bit is free and they're going to start drilling,' said the girl grimly. 'But what's the use? They'd little enough time as it was.' She led the way, breathing resentment against life in general, and one human snake in particular.

Their voices died away. Claudia sat quite motionless. The engine throbbed irregularly and stopped. The procession of cars slid by on the highway swift and shining. The sky held an intense blue whose curve seemed almost solid as it stooped over the far peaks of the Sierra Madre. There were butterflies beneath the orange-trees,

and a drone of bees overhead. Presently she heard a step, and looked up.

Shanklin was close beside her, his sleeves rolled up, a stained and weary man. His eyes had the hard lustre of intense fatigue, and in them glinted an indomitable resolution. His face was that of one who fights for the sake of the fight, knowing well that the issue will be against him. He stared down at her without speaking, then made a sudden gesture as though to ask what part she had in these tense hours. 'Well, Claudia, the game is nearly over. Martin has had excellent assistance. I'm sorry—especially for Miss Winter. She tells me you know about that.'

She nodded, and he went on: 'Last night put the finishing touch, though I doubt if we could have hung on, anyway.'

'Money?'

'Yes—and not much at that. A hole has been punched in our credit. We should have been down and out now but for Mr Harrison's daughter. She's the second woman to the rescue.'

'And now?'

'If we got running, we might pull through with help. Of course, there's no camp left. Tents would serve, but we can't buy them. The grub is about finished, so,' he smiled gravely, 'we can't offer you anything in the way of dinner.'

Her lips began to quiver. 'Do you remember what I told you when—when I saw you last—that it was your money I used—not knowing?'

'You must not worry about that.'

'But, don't you see, Jack?—it isn't only that—it's everything. It's the things that count. I haven't had them since I married.'

'Steady, Claudia,' he whispered. 'You have to see it through, too. That's a bigger job than mine.'

She pressed a folded slip into his hand. 'Jack, it's all I can do. Let me be the third woman to the rescue. I took something from you—not thinking what it might cost you—but this is something that will help me to feel I've undone a little of the harm. And I'm terrified lest I'm too late.'

He glanced at it wonderingly, and saw a cheque for eighteen hundred dollars.

'Is it any use?' she pleaded. 'Tell me—quickly.'

He drew a long breath. A new light flickered in the tired eyes, and his shoulders straightened. 'Use? Yes, every use. Whose money is it?'

'Yours now—it was mine—every cent of it. Quickly, what do you want to do first?'

He stared at the cheque again, then at her, a slow smile on his lips. 'Do! I'd like to shout. Do you know this means that we may win through?' He broke off. 'I'll tell the others. Will you come up? And how can I thank you?'

'Don't try.' There was a responsive glow in her face, and she felt inexpressibly happy. 'You must never thank me.'

'Wait!' he commanded, and raced off. He reappeared in a few moments with hat and coat. 'My job is to get into the city as soon as I can. Miss Winter will stay, and sleep at the nearest ranch.' He glanced at the car. 'Do you think you could?'

She was at the wheel in an instant. 'Oh, Jack, Jack! Why do you think I'm here?'

(*Continued on page 329.*)

THE SWEET POTATO.

THIS plant, like the ordinary potato, is a native of South America, and, like the ordinary potato, is widely known and grown, although chiefly in tropical and sub-tropical countries, being more susceptible to climate and rainfall than the English or the Irish potato.

The red variety of this tuber thrives better, and yields better returns, than the white; hence it is the one mostly cultivated in the warm temperature of the tropics, where it forms a cheap and nutritive article of diet. In Barbados, one of the islands in the British West Indies, it is widely grown, and forms the chief staple of food amongst the blacks, who are as healthy and virile as is possible, with a muscular development which a Life-Guardsman might envy, thereby proving by ocular demonstration its nutritive value as a food. Analysis shows that the sweet potato has about 20 per cent. of sugar and 16 per cent. of starch, and with the advent of power or industrial alcohol it should form one of the recognised sources from which this class of spirit is obtained. With ordinary fermentation on the above sugar content, it should take about seventy-five pounds of the tuber to yield one gallon of 98 per cent. alcohol by volume at 15° C., but this yield can be considerably increased in cases where yeast-culture and bactericides are used.

The plant grows best and gives largest yields under irrigation, but it does well also in countries with a rainfall, if grown on light soil, well drained and kept dry. In Barbados, for example, where there is a rainfall, but where percolation is rapid, astonishing yields have been obtained. In Peru, where irrigation is the only source of watering, it is quite common and ordinary to see 'camotees' (the Mexican name for sweet potatoes) slightly larger than a man's head. And it must be borne in mind that the plant is not *cultivated* in the sense in which the word is used now; it is simply grown with no

attention other than that of a third-rate weeding or two to keep down the weeds. Under conditions of growing such as described, a yield of twelve thousand to fifteen thousand pounds of sweet potatoes per acre has been obtained. Therefore to the man with small capital the cultivation and utilisation of this product should appeal as being a paying investment.

Planting is done by cuttings taken from mature parts of the stem, each cutting being long enough to have three eyes or nodes, two of which are buried underground at no greater depth than two inches, while the other is left open above ground. The planting can be done on flat beds, but if systematically prepared ridges, about one and a half feet apart, are formed and the cuttings embedded, one foot apart, on each side of the ridge, midway between the top and the furrow, the vine luxuriates, and reaping is more easily carried out; besides which, rats and ants do not cause so much trouble and damage to the ripe tubers as they do on flat beds.

The soil most suitable is a light friable or sandy loam, but it is essential that it be thoroughly loosened up by deep and careful ploughing. On clay soils, however, the plant can give a good return if, in addition to thorough tillage beforehand, a process of tilthing is practised; but this method would involve increased expenditure on one side, and a reduction of profit on the other.

Weeding should be done once a week or once a fortnight, as circumstances demand, until the vines cover the ground, and so keep down the rank growth of weeds; and it is advisable at these periods to take steps to prevent the plant from rooting at the eyes or nodes, which causes small suckers of no value to form. These suckers draw on the plant, resulting in a reduction in the size and weight of the tuber grown at the crop root.

It is possible to grow and reap two crops a year, sufficient time being allowed for preparatory deep tillage after each harvesting, when the vines (being reaped before the tubers are dug out) are ploughed into the soil in the form of green manure, which is, in ordinary cases, all the fertiliser necessary.

It has been worked out by calculation that the value of a crop of sweet potatoes per acre is more than double the cost of cultivating, so that the margin of safety against loss should be wide, and (unlike the coco-nut and other such plants, which take five to seven years) it commences to bring in a revenue from the first year.

SIR MALCOLM'S HEIR.

PART III.

VII.

'MY father and I were always together,' she began. 'There was only myself, you see; my mother died when I was three—a mere baby. We lived abroad, father and I, the last few years, for the English climate did not suit him. It was abroad we met Mrs Grey, as she was then. My father married Mrs Grey scarcely a year before he died. Of course, he was much older than she, and when he died he left her in my charge.'

'Left her in your charge?' Ronald repeated, with unconscious emphasis on the pronouns. It somehow seemed a reversal of the usual course.

'Yes. You see, for one thing, this'—she waved her little hand comprehensively—'will all belong to me—it was my mother's—I shall be of age next month. And, besides, my stepmother, she—she—father felt she needed—she is really quite young; indeed, she is younger than I am in many ways—and she is very impulsive.'

'Yes, I know,' Ronald agreed. He remembered their meeting. 'It was very good of you,' he added gravely. Inwardly he was saying, 'Selfish old beast, that father! Married after his daughter had devoted herself to him. Put a silly young stepmother over her head—a regular old man's darling—picked up abroad, too; and then died, and left her a burden on the girl's hands.'

'Not good at all. I had grown very fond of my stepmother. She is very charming; so helpless and affectionate—clings to one.'

'Yes,' muttered Ronald.

'And I was trying to do it for father's sake—what he would have done. But I have done it so badly!' She looked at him with vast trouble in her beautiful eyes. 'I have failed!' she told him, with the tragic intensity of youth.

'Failed? How? Surely not. She looks very fit,' the boy said consolingly.

'She married again, scarcely ten months after father's death. No, no, don't think I blame her. The blame was mine. My father was so devoted to her, gave her such a happy life, obeyed her slightest whim, forestalled every wish. And then—alone with me, and I mourning him! She is like a child, and loves gaiety; it must have been dull for her. It was my fault that she fell a prey—oh, perhaps I ought not to say that—and yet, if you are to help, you must know all. Mr Stott married her for her money, poor little stepmother, and she hasn't got any. It is all mine—or will be next month. Father had very little. It comes to me from my mother.'

'Whew! I see. But didn't she—didn't your stepmother know?'

Hilda looked down at her hands in her lap, and he saw the colour creep up the fair little throat.

'She—she cared for him. It seems incredible, but she does still. He has a curious ascendancy over her. She knew why he wanted to marry her, but she could not let him go. She confessed it to me after. Yes, she let him think it was all hers.'

'Humph!' said Ronald Mackenzie.

'It wouldn't have mattered, but there is worse to come.'

'Let's have it,' he said cheerfully.

'He—Mr Stott—was very angry—oh, shockingly angry—when he found out. He said he had been "tricked," and that he would expose her; and he threatened to leave her—desert her, you know—unless——'

'Unless?' he repeated, as she paused.

'Unless I married his son.'

'Enter Ambrose!' cried Ronald. 'And that is why——'

'Yes, that is why.'

A light of comprehension came into the young man's face. 'Your stepmother has never seen the son?' he asked.

'No; he wouldn't come. It was he who found out, somehow, that the estate wasn't hers, and warned his father. But the letter came too late. That was one of the things they said—that she had intercepted it. But I have met him, and now he pretends——'

'The unmitigated cad!'

'Yes, I think you would call him that,' the girl answered wearily. 'But, of course, it isn't his real reason; it is the money. He is deep in debt, and his father has power over him somehow. Oh! I wish I hadn't any money or estate. No, I don't! I love this place! It was my mother's, and her mother's before that. And it was my home as a child, though it has been let all these years. And I feel I ought not to give up hold of my money now, for that is the only means by which I can carry out my father's trust, and protect poor Esmée. That is why I would not sign a deed of gift.'

'Did they ask you to do that?'

'Yes, my stepmother, Esmée. She cried and begged me to save her. It was terrible, but I stood firm. Then there came this marriage scheme. It seems a minor can contract a legal marriage. I suppose they want me to do it before I am of age. Oh, I don't understand, but I am beginning to be *afraid*! I am at the end of my strength!' she said.

Ronald looked at her. Such a mere slip of a girl, in her white frock. And she was alone in a nest of rogues and fools. 'I suppose it is awful cheek of me—I'm not an experienced lawyer, or an old friend, or anything. But—please, trust me.'

'Of course I trust you,' she said simply, and his heart began to beat.

'This is what has happened,' resumed Hilda. 'Ambrose Stott wrote to me, proposing marriage. He said that my stepmother had been guilty of fraud in telling his father she was rich, and promising to pay both his and his son's debts; that his father was going to divorce her; that he, Ambrose, had tried to dissuade him, but without success; that the only honourable way out of it that he could see was for me to consent; and that his father would undertake, if I did——'

'Oh, the damned curs!'

'You must not blame my stepmother, for, indeed, the man seems to have some power over her—mesmeric, I sometimes think. And she loves him, as she never loved father. And I remember how father put her happiness into my charge, and he is dead, and it is all my fault, and I have nothing else to live for.'

'Your father would not have wished you to sacrifice yourself!' he cried hotly.

'Perhaps not,' she answered doubtfully.

'Think of the years before she came, all the years when you were alone with your father,' he began.

'I think of nothing else,' she told him. 'We were everything to each other—till *she* came.' Hilda's voice broke, and she bit her lip, and turned her head away for a moment, till she could begin her story again.

'My stepmother must have known about the letter. She wrote a reply, as if from me, copying the handwriting, and signing my name.'

The young man gazed at her speechlessly.

'I think Mr Stott must somehow have made her—mesmerised her. And the letter got into his hands.'

'That's better than if it had got into Ambrose's.'

'Not altogether; because, though he says he recognises it as a forgery, he swears that he will bring it into the courts if I refuse to assent. You see, it promises marriage; and the son will, he says, sue me for breach of pro——'

Ronald burst into a hearty laugh. 'The case would go against them!' he cried. 'They are only trying to frighten you. Believe me, it is pure bluff!'

'They are quite capable,' she assured him. 'And how can I accuse my father's widow of forgery? Don't you see? They have me in their power!'

He turned to her suddenly. 'And this paper—the paper I am to stea—to get for you—is the letter?'

'Yes. You see, as she imagines you to be Ambrose, she will give it to you.'

'I see.'

'Will you?'

'Yes, I will.'

'Thank you,' she said simply, and she rose.

VIII.

They walked a little way in silence. Then he stopped short. 'What are you going to do to-night?' he asked. 'When he—this man returns, he will detect—he will know it wasn't his son who came.'

'I am not sure that he will,' she answered calmly, 'because, you see, Ambrose's luggage is here—and I have the telegram he sent.'

'But *I* sha'n't be here—I mean, *he* won't—that is—and he will come to-morrow—oh, it's all too risky! The fact is, you must not remain.'

'I did not mean to—I could not meet Ambrose. I have my suit-case ready packed, hidden in my own little car. I am going to London, to my lawyers.'

'The best thing you can do!'

'But I can't go to-night—there's no train. I must risk that. I can drive myself down early, and leave the car at the station. The express stops here at 6.23. I shall be miles away before they discover—and now, thanks to you, I shall go with an easy mind, for I shall have destroyed that letter. I need not even tell the lawyers anything about poor little Esmée. I am going to arrange with them that I pay her an allowance so long as he treats her properly. I think that will safeguard her——'

'Here she is, coming to meet us,' he interrupted, as they turned into the terrace walk.

The little lady approached them anxiously, scanning their faces. Ronald looked at her with cordial dislike. She was certainly outwardly attractive, he allowed. But that she should have supplanted, even with a father——

'Oh, you two dear young things, have you been quarrelling?' she cried, looking from one serious face to the other. She spoke lightly, but a haggard look came into her eyes, and she turned them accusingly to Hilda.

Ronald instantly remembered he had a part to play. 'I have been trying to persuade Hilda'—he said the name softly, almost reverently, and paused; and he heard the girl at his side draw in her breath quickly—'to trust me. You have a letter for me, she tells me?'

'A letter?' the woman stammered.

'Yes,' said Hilda gravely; 'I have told him I wish him to have it.'

'My child!' cried the little lady, and, with arms outstretched, made a short run to Hilda; but Hilda stepped quickly aside to avoid the coming embrace.

'My son!' cried Mrs Stott, unrepulsed, turning towards Ronald; but Ronald ungallantly stepped farther away on his side, and the little lady was left with outstretched arms between them. 'My children!' she murmured, and her arms remained open, but empty. She seemed rather distraught. Ronald, with great presence of mind, took one of the waving arms, placed it within his, and led the way towards the house.

'Let us fetch the letter,' he suggested. 'I am growing impatient'—which was true.

She laughed her little indulgent laugh, and they went indoors together, Hilda lingering behind.

In a few moments Ronald joined her. 'Felony, or something,' he said lightly; 'cheap at the price,' and gave her the letter.

She almost snatched it, and tore open the envelope. Ronald turned away, and gave undivided attention to the lovely Highland view. It was as well that he did.

'There's some one coming towards the house across that field,' he said. She rose, thrusting letter and envelope into her dress as she did so, and looked in the direction of the approaching figure.

'It—surely—it—yes! It is my stepfather! Quick! You mustn't be seen—through this window before he sees us.'

Ronald vaulted in at an open window, and found himself in a passage. He put out his hand and helped Hilda up, and she jumped lightly down beside him. For a moment they stood facing one another.

'Let me go and meet the fellow. I should love to,' he urged.

'No, no; what use would that be? Let me think. We must *both* escape—but there isn't a minute to lose. Leave it to me.'

She took him by the hand and almost ran down the passage. It led into another, stone-flagged. Here she walked discreetly, for the clatter of dishes and sounds of song betokened proximity to the kitchens; but they met no one.

They reached a door, where she paused, and he unbolted and opened it, and followed her across an outer yard, evidently little used, with grass growing between the stones. She hurried across, and through an archway into the stable yard. A boy was carrying some harness, with his back to them, and they stood silently till he went into a doorway. Then she signed to Ronald to follow her, and slipped into a coach-house close by them. In the dark interior stood a little car. She went quickly forward.

'I have driven a——'

'*I* drive it—it's my own—it goes like a bird!' she whispered back. The engine began to throb.

'Have you a wrap?'

'There's one in the car—and my suit-case. I had it ready for the early start.'

'What luck! But——'

'Get in. Quick!'

(Continued on page 323.)

THE PEARL-FISHERS OF THE TORRES STRAITS ISLANDS.

By THOMAS J. McMAHON, F.R.G.S.

FEW parts of the world have had a more interesting development than have the islands of the Torres Straits, to the north of Queensland. These islands, probably volcanic fragments of the continent that is supposed to have connected Asia with Australia at one time, vary in size from a mere patch of sand or coral to a few some fifty square miles in area. Only the larger ones are inhabited, the islets being used either as fishing-stations or, if the soil is fertile, for native gardens. Under the humane conditions of an Act of the Queensland Parliament, known as the 'Aboriginals Protection Act,' a truly interesting regeneration of these natives has been going on for some years.

When, some thirty years ago, the fortune-hunters of the world realised the worth of the Torres Straits pearls, estimated by experts to be the clearest in the trade, a rush set in to rake the bottom of the northern shallow sea. This brought many unscrupulous adventurers, who began an exploitation of the Torres Straits islanders, finally bringing them to slavery and almost to the point of race extinction. The men were seized as divers for the precious pearls, and kept so constantly at work that many came up dead or paralysed. The women were scattered over the islands, and separation from husband, children, and home ensued. Thus, with broken hearts, a once high-spirited people succumbed to sickness, famine, and disease. Just in time, prompt measures were introduced by the Queensland Government to check any further ill-treatment of the natives. Protectors, as Government inspectors were called, began to encourage and enforce humanitarian ideals for the uplifting of the oppressed people. The London Missionary Society, then conducting the spiritual welfare of the islanders, ably assisted the Protectors.

Several years went by without any apparent satisfactory results. Epidemics of various kinds kept frustrating all good intentions and efforts, until it seemed a hopeless task, and looked as if in a decade the native race would be no more. But the splendid work of the Protectors and the Mission was not unavailing, and presently the corner of difficulty and disappointment was turned, and once again the islands became bright with the quaint songs and dances of old times. Population increased; schools were opened; mission work and teaching were more fruitful; and eventually a system of self-government was instituted. As a result of these reforms the natives are to-day a highly industrious, intelligent, and thriving people, possessing capabilities far above those of many native races of the South Seas. Both men and women are veritable giants in stature, handsome, with regular, well-formed features.

To further their moral as well as physical well-being they have been zealously guarded in their absorption of civilisation, and as a result drink and immorality are practically unknown, and they have the best reputation for truthfulness and honesty. This new vigour is reflected in the fact that the islands are all self-supporting; that is, by their own labours the natives not only support their families, their sick and aged, but also maintain their own institutions, such as municipal boats, churches, and schools, without the aid of the Government. The source of revenue is found in the main industries of the islands—pearling, bêche-de-mer and trochus-shell collecting; the Government merely paying the teachers and white administrators of the islands.

From the very nature of their industries the islanders are born seamen, with a wonderful instinctive knowledge of the coral-reefs and the movements of the uncertain winds for which the Straits are noted. No white man can take a lugger through the tidal rips, and many other dangerous places around the islands, with the ease and nonchalance of the native. The skill with which an islander can handle a swiftly speeding lugger, turning her within her own length in order to avoid some reef visible only to his keen eyes, is remarkable. The seas of the Straits are full of wrecks occasioned by foolhardy attempts of other navigators to sail the treacherous waters. The danger lies in a network of hidden coral-reefs which influence the tides and currents in an unaccountable manner. During the early days of the late war, when the German ships of war prowled through the sea north of Australia, seeking to destroy the cables between England and Australia, the Torres Straits natives were used as scouts, and the Germans came to know this. They made one attempt to steal through and cut the telegraph-wire between Thursday Island and north Queensland, but the vigilant islanders were too smart and wide awake; the German ships nearly found themselves in a trap, and departed without even firing one shot. Every island of this group has its own particular feature, either in its history, its people, or its scenic beauty.

Mulgrave, or Badu Island, is famous for the prosperity of its people; Mabuiag for the retention of many delightful native songs, dances, and customs, and for an annual festival to which natives flock from every other island. Yorke Island is historical, and the old schoolmaster there tells that Guy Boothby, the novelist, at one time sojourned with him as his guest. It was off the palm-bordered shores of this island that

old Spanish ships passed three hundred years ago—some to go to the bottom, to give up in these days all kinds of strange swords, heavy guns, and coins.

Darnley Island is noteworthy because of the great fish-traps which entirely surround the island. These traps are made in all sorts of shapes and sizes, of boulders (many tons in weight) that, it would seem, could not possibly have been placed in position without the aid of machinery. The natives have a legend that black giants built the traps, picking up the huge boulders as an ordinary man would pick up pebbles.

Murray Island—'the Garden of Islands,' as it is termed from its tropic luxuriance—is the most prominent of the Torres Straits group. Scientists from all parts of the world come to this island to study the coral insect, for it is in the midst of the great coral-insect breeding-ground of the Pacific. The various colours of the coral give the sea the appearance of a brilliant and beautifully marked opal, and adorn one of the most magnificent scenic spots of the world. Thursday Island is an outpost of the British Empire. This island stands at the entrance of the Straits, and its forts dominate the scene. It now has a garrison of Australian soldiers.

The native villages of the Torres Straits are partly European in design, laid out on a definite plan with streets. The houses are healthful, with many doors and windows admitting plenty of fresh air. They must be fairly large, for in these days of prosperity families of twelve or fourteen are common. In the old savage days three children in a family were considered sufficient; more constituted an unpardonable offence.

As in all communities, the temperaments of people vary, and while one man and his family occupy a grass hut, indicative of poverty, or perhaps laziness, another in a galvanised-iron mansion, with its veranda and wind-screen, will display wealth and energy.

Under their system of self-government there is on each island a Teacher or a White Administrator appointed by the Queensland Government; the people, having the suffrage, nominate and elect native councillors, two or three, according to the size of the population. Police, municipal inspectors, and clerks are appointed by this board. Within the terms of the Government the people are expected to be peaceful, to refrain from gossip, not to steal, lie, or thieve. Their villages, houses, food, and clothing must be kept clean and in a healthy state. Fishing-boats must be kept painted and in good working order. The native gardens must be tilled, and planted to their full capacity. Children must be kept regularly at school. Sickness, no matter how tr ing, must be reported to the authorities within one hour; it is by this excellent regulation that epidemics, once very prevalent, are now almost impossible. If the municipal inspector of a village is suspicious of a housewife—that her cooking is not up to the mark, that there is neglect in tidying her house—he promptly raids the home, and woe betide the lady if her saucepans are not in spick-and-span order, and her rooms and kitchen spotless! The careless wife is summoned before the Court, reprimanded or fined according to the seriousness of the case.

At weddings the bridegroom is the highly favoured person, inasmuch as custom insists on his wearing 'musical boots'—that is, boots that have a very decided squeak. The idea of this is that, as the bridegroom walks up the aisle, his approach will resound throughout the church so that all heads must turn to look at him. The bride may have the regulation bridal gown of white satin, wreath, and veil, but no shoes; her approach is not to be noticed. Another peculiar custom is the throwing of flour instead of confetti or rice over bride and groom, and as this is dispersed in a liberal manner all round, the most ludicrous effects result in the black faces and hands so besprinkled.

The Torres Straits Islands offer one of the finest examples of what can be accomplished among black people through the paternal interest of a white Government. Some ten years ago the London Missionary Society handed their mission work over to the Anglicans, or Australian Board of Missions, and this energetic body has done wonders in the education and upliftment of the islanders.

OUR ESCAPE FROM MOSCOW.

PART II.

V.

As time passed, Artem, our host, grew less and less friendly in his behaviour to us. He would not help us any more to carry water, chop wood, and heat the stove, as he willingly had done at first, and he gradually became even rude and disagreeable to us. At last he told us to look for other quarters, as he had quarrelled with his parents (at whose house he and his family had their meals), and needed now his *hata* for himself. But when pressed as to the true reason of his refusal to lodge us any longer, he confessed that he was afraid of the Bolsheviks. People talked about us, he said, and their gossip might reach the dreaded ones' ears. Then he, Artem, would be made responsible for giving shelter to bourgeois and spies.

This was an unexpected blow for us. In the whole neighbourhood there was no decent cottage even like that in which we had been staying. Most farmers had big families, often seven or eight children, sometimes married sons or daughters with *their* children living in their house, and they could not take strangers in, besides being likewise afraid of the Bolsheviks. We had also heard lately that great Red Army forces were approaching—in fact, were already some thirty to forty miles from our farm; and that preparations on a large scale for an attack against the Poles were going on. Both these circumstances made it impossible for us to stay there any longer, so we decided to move on.

A few days before, a Jew, who happened to pass our way, had told us that there was, some twenty-five miles from the farm, and on the very bank of the Beresina, a small town, Cz——, that had shortly before been completely burned down by the Poles. The Bolsheviks came there during the day, but went away for the night, having nowhere to sleep. If we could arrive there safely at nightfall without meeting any soldiers, we might, at dawn, cross the river on to the Polish side. We resolved to risk it, hired a cart, and, saying good-bye to our host, who seemed at the end quite sorry to let us go, we drove off in the afternoon at four.

Again we were on a cart, our luggage hidden under masses of straw, we sitting on top of it. This time, to make our expedition look even more innocent, I had put most conspicuously on top of the cart a big bundle of potatoes tied in a dirty sheet! Who had ever heard of spies or suspicious refugees travelling with bags of potatoes? In fact, we met many soldiers, but they hardly took any notice of us.

In Pr——, however, near a most picturesquely situated mill, a Bolshevik officer, accompanied by three soldiers, stopped us, and asked who we were and where we were going. My husband told him that we were returning to Cz——, where our house had been burned down during our absence, and where we still had relatives. As we had no papers to prove what he was saying, I don't know what might have been our fate had not the officer's attention during this dialogue been attracted by my behaviour. My heart was wildly beating with excitement. I somehow felt that these were the last Bolsheviks we should meet; that if they let us go we were safe, and should succeed in our undertaking. Wishing to hide my excitement and anxiety, I began to joke with the three soldiers, who stood nearer to me. They wanted to smoke—had tobacco, but no paper to make cigarettes with. I gave them some paper I had, and we became quite good friends. I was sitting on the cart, my feet, with the most dreadful common boots on, hanging on the outside. I looked so harmless, gay, and happy that the officer, who had been watching us (he might have had suspicions), gave the order to let us pass. I gaily said good-bye to my new friends, and we drove off. Our relief was great, as this had been a most dramatic moment. But my instinct had told me right: those were the last Bolsheviks we were to see on our journey.

After this we had only one more small adventure. It was already getting quite late, and we were some six or eight miles from Cz——. We had not met a living soul for the last hour, when our coachman saw a belated farmer going home. This man proved to be an acquaintance of his. On hearing that we were going to Cz——, the man said, 'Why, you are on the wrong track! You ought to go into that wood on your left. You are now driving in the opposite direction, and straight into V——!' V—— was the place where the chief Bolshevik forces of that whole district were concentrated. And so, but for this chance meeting, we should have driven straight into the enemy's camp, owing to our coachman Ivan's mistake.

We now drove through a beautiful thick and dark wood; now and then we saw the glowing red sunset, when passing through a clearing. It was altogether a most lovely drive, and soon after sunset we arrived at Cz——.

VI.

The little town of Cz——, which must have had some five thousand inhabitants before the fire, presented now the queerest aspect. But for three or four houses, it was completely burned down, and in the beautiful silvery moonlight its ruins looked very much like the ruins of Pompeii.

Soon a crowd of young people gathered around us. I have never before seen such a lot of pretty girls in a crowd. Our coachman, Ivan, hurriedly threw our bags off the cart into the middle of the road, and immediately departed on his way back, not listening to our invitation to stop and have a rest. He was too frightened, he said, both of the Bolsheviks and of the Poles; either the one lot or the other would surely take him prisoner, together with his horse, if he stayed much longer in such a dangerous place!

We asked the young people how matters stood in Cz——. They assured us that now we were safe, as the Bolsheviks who had been there last had said they would return to Cz—— only next morning at eleven, and we could cross the Beresina at dawn, long before they came. But the next difficulty was that at first no one would give us shelter for the night. There were very few houses left in the whole place, and the owners were too afraid of the Bolsheviks hearing later on that they had taken in people who escaped to Poland. However, the night being very cold, as nights in Russia often are in May (even frosty), two girls took pity on our children, and let us sleep in their house, in a dingy room, on two hard sofas. For this kindness they charged us, next morning, a price we

had never paid, even in the most expensive palace hotel, for the most elegant apartment!

Almost the whole night I sat up, sleepless, looking at the starry sky, hope and fear mingled in my heart. Was this our last night in this awful Russia, or again would something happen to hinder us? At dawn, just as I was beginning to doze a little, I was suddenly awakened by a loud knocking at the window, just above my head. Looking up, I saw an old man, who asked admittance into the house. He said he knew there were refugees who were going to cross over to Poland that morning, and whom he wanted to join. I roused my husband and our two hostesses. We all were considerably frightened, thinking the old man might be a Bolshevik spy who meant to arrest us (such things had really happened before). So, notwithstanding all his knocking, we did not let him in, and pretended to be asleep, in the hope that he would go away. However, we were mistaken, as we discovered later. He proved to be a very decent old Pole, who also wanted to cross the Beresina.

VII.

At six o'clock that morning we got up, and, without even taking any breakfast—we were too impatient for that—took leave of our hostesses, and went down to the river-shore, some five minutes' walk from the house. The weather was glorious, and the view on the Beresina simply magnificent. The winding river was of the most vivid blue, the same colour as the sky in the blazing sunshine. Along the Russian hilly shore grew dark, almost black, pine-woods, that stretched for miles in both directions. Between the wood and the river was a narrow strip of bright, clean, yellow sand. The opposite bank was low, and emerald-green meadows stretched as far as our eyes could see. There lay the long-dreamt-of small village, now occupied by the Poles, that seemed to us the gates of Paradise! It had once been connected with Cz—— by a wooden bridge, which was now partly destroyed. The remnants of that bridge and of the burned houses of Cz—— looked quite melancholy in the morning light.

We tied a white towel to a long pole, and stood by turns waving it as a signal to the Polish sentinels to come for us with a boat, while the rest of us sat down in the trenches to wait for our rescuers, and in the meanwhile to eat bread and eggs. As time passed and no boat appeared, our anxiety grew worse and worse, especially my mother's and mine. What if the boat never came at all, and if, instead of it, the Bolsheviks made their promised appearance from behind those mysterious dark woods? Then, indeed, would we be caught like mice in a trap.

Our suspense was made still harder to bear by a sharp wind that made us shiver. We tried to get a boat from some one in Cz——, but there was none to be found. It was already nine o'clock, our patience had been sorely tried for three long hours, and I was almost despairing, when at last we saw a boat on the river, and soon were able to distinguish a sergeant and five soldiers landing a little farther down from where we were standing. We ran to meet them.

And now a curious surgical operation took place. My little daughter has a big white plush dog, a very old friend from England. We took out a pair of scissors, and, while talking to the sergeant, cut up the dog's inside, and produced from it our Polish passports, which had been hidden there during all our journey. And a safe hiding-place it proved for such important papers.

And so, on that lovely morning, we crossed the Beresina, and were safe at last in our own country again.

Though my story is finished, I shall say a few words more. It took us eleven more days to get to Warsaw. We still had to drive on carts, to sleep on straw on the floor of dirty *hatas* with peasants and soldiers. At Boryssow we were at first kept in a kind of prison (until our papers had been thoroughly examined by the Polish authorities). There we slept on the floor, together with forty or fifty other refugees of the lowest classes. Everywhere the places we slept in were filthy and full of horrid insects. Then at Boryssow, before starting for Minsk, we were kept for two days and nights in a railway-wagon for cattle, while the train it was making part of was morning and night bombarded from Bolshevik aeroplanes. We also saw several battles in the air just above our heads. After all these exciting adventures, we were happy to arrive at last at Warsaw, and to have a good rest and a proper wash! In Warsaw we read in the papers that *next day* after our crossing the Beresina, at that very place in Cz——, the Bolsheviks began their great attack. So, by a series of lucky chances—I would call them almost a miracle—we had managed to escape safe and sound, and just in time.

For six weeks we had slept on straw without once getting undressed; for six weeks we had not eaten a proper meal, but lived mostly on bread, potatoes, and milk, and very often only on dry bread. We also managed to live all that time without using knives, forks, plates, or glasses. For six weeks we had heard almost continually the noise of shooting or bombardment. For six weeks the children, who before had been accustomed to talk Polish, never once, even by mistake, said a Polish word or sang a Polish tune. Nor did they betray by word or look where our treasures were hidden, although they knew the places perfectly well. In fact, they both were 'little bricks,' and never gave the least trouble during the whole of that hard and dangerous journey. What is still more wonderful, they never once got ill!

The plush dog we now keep as a valued relic.

THE END.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

ABOUT MELBA.

By Sir LANDON RONALD.

MY friendship with this great singer dates back many, many years, and I can scarcely think of one milestone in my career without the name of Melba being in some way identified with it. As a matter of fact, my first meeting with her was actually on Covent Garden stage, when I was a boy of nineteen, doing all the dirty (musical) work there was to do. Why she ever took the slightest notice of me or troubled to ask my name of Arthur Collins will ever remain a mystery to me. She has so often told the tale herself in her own inimitable manner that I repeat it here with the greatest hesitation.

Arthur Collins, I may explain, favoured me very much in allowing me to stand—vocal score in hand—in what is called the 'prompt corner' of the stage, so that I might see and hear everything. One memorable night I was in my usual place, during a performance of *Faust*, when in walked Madame (as she was then) Melba, about five or ten minutes before Mephistopheles shows Faust the apparition of Marguerite. She sat on a wooden bench, looked about her, saw me, glanced quickly at me, turned her head, then looked me up and down, and asked in a very direct fashion, 'And who on earth are you?' I went hot and cold, red and white, tried to stammer out that I was a sort of maid-of-all-work, but a humble worshipper of hers, when Arthur Collins bounced in, gave some directions to the limelight man above, and turning to Melba, said in his quiet way, 'This is the young fellow I spoke to you about, madame. I want you to give him a chance.' In telling the story she always declares that from that moment her every movement on the stage was followed by my 'two great brown eyes.' I think it most likely, because her singing was so far removed from everything I had ever heard in my life that she completely hypnotised me.

A night or two afterwards Collins asked me if I knew Massenet's opera *Manon*. I told him I never had heard a note of it. He seemed much perturbed and disappointed. I asked him the reason. 'Oh, it's just bad luck,' he said. 'Melba wants to be coached in it, and I have told her I would send you to the Savoy to-morrow morning at eleven instead of old X. As it is, I suppose I must send him in place of you.' I had no intention of allowing such an opportunity to slip, so I begged him to get me a copy of the opera, and promised him that I should be note-perfect in the morning. He slapped me on the back, saying, 'That's the right spirit, young fellow. You'll do!' At eleven-thirty that night off I walked, with a copy of *Manon* under my arm, to the bed-sitting-room I occupied in Cambridge Circus, determined to sit up all night rather than fail to justify whatever Collins had told Melba regarding my powers. I think I finished my studies about five-thirty in the morning—and then I was so excited that I couldn't sleep. I just dozed, and kept on waking up with a start, convinced that I had overslept.

I was very nervous when I was eventually ushered into Melba's sitting-room and found her waiting for me. She was quite amiable and nice, but lost no time in superfluous conversation. She seemed to take it for granted that I knew the opera I had come to play, and explained that she was singing it the following week, and wished to refresh her memory by going over her particular part. And go over it she did with a vengeance! She would repeat one passage or recitative a dozen times until it satisfied her. I have heard people talk about what a marvellous thing it must be to be born with a gift such as Melba has, but how little they know the work that is necessary before that gift reaches the state of perfection which makes it unique! There is no new Patti or Melba to-day; and I fear the reason is not so much that there are no great voices, as because the young people do not have the patience to practise roulades, scales, trills, month in and month out, as their great predecessors did. They want to get to arias and songs before they are in any sense prepared—to run before they can walk.

At the end of the practice Melba asked me a few questions about myself, and paid me some charming compliments about my touch on the piano and the patience I had shown. I told her that my ambition was to become a great conductor and accompanist, and she took me seriously and encouraged me. Suddenly it occurred to her to ask me to play one or two of her famous arias for her. I knew them all, and,

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

being at my ease by that time, played them really well. She became enthusiastic, and went into minute details as to what she wanted here and what she wished there, seating herself at the pianoforte and actually showing me. She told her maid to bring her a big pile of songs, and made me play Tosti, Bemberg, Hahn, Gounod, Lalo, and many of the songs of that period, with the result that as I left her she uttered a single sentence, which probably meant little enough to her, but everything in the world to me: 'Remember that, for the future, you are Melba's sole accompanist.'

And for something like fourteen consecutive years she kept to her word, and had no one else to play for her. It was only when my work became so heavy that it was impossible for me to travel with her that she reluctantly got some one in my place. But during those fourteen years what fun we had, whether it was in America, or on tour in England, or in London itself! One tour in particular stands out in my memory, and that was under the ægis of the late Percy Harrison, of Birmingham, the best-known concert-impresario of his time. Huge crowds, thunderous applause, lots of polite officials, policemen, and hotel servants, hundreds of autograph-hunters, heaps of motoring, plenty of fun, very little time or inclination to work—these are a few impressions left after a Melba concert tour.

To those who are not in the habit of travelling with royalty, a short tour with a famous prima-donna is strongly recommended as the next best thing. Perhaps I should qualify this by saying a famous prima-donna with Melba's temperament. From the moment she rises till bed-time comes, always full of fun, laughing incessantly, telling one joke after another, recounting all sorts of experiences with much humour, and for ever brimming over with mirth and merriment. It is contagious; we laugh with and at her. A hard-worked man like myself must perforce forget all the worries and troubles of life and make merry too, or feel out of it.

But here's the motor just arrived to take Dame Nellie to the concert-hall. Of course, she leaves half-an-hour before she need; she always does that for trains and concerts, with the result that she has never been known to be late in her life. There is a crowd waiting in the hotel hall downstairs, and a much larger one outside, with three or four policemen keeping order. 'Oh, ain't she beautiful?' is heard on one side. 'Look at her real *diaminds*!' shouts an excited voice from the top of a lamp-post. At the stage door another large crowd to pass through, and on reaching the artists' room, piles of autograph-books and letters. One little girl hasn't bought sweets for a month, so as to be present to-night; a little boy confides that he has a great longing to kiss a great singer like Melba. (A wag promptly remarks that he knows plenty of 'little boys' suffering from the same trouble.)

About this time Melba suddenly discovers she has no voice. This may disconcert the uninitiated until the first solo is over, but those who are 'in the know' are prepared for the statement, and sympathise with a twinkle in their eye. Then the interval comes, and the artists' room is bombarded by people hoping to get in by some means or other. All their efforts are in vain. A London policeman couldn't be more polite and at the same time more resolute than Mr Percy Harrison in his refusal to allow any one to pass that sacred portal.

'But I am a friend of Madame Melba, and——'

'And so am I,' is the rejoinder, 'and that's why I cannot let you pass.'

The concert is over; crowds rush round to see the diva leave, amusing themselves until she comes by making remarks about her Rolls-Royce and her chauffeur, who never takes the slightest notice. Here she is! Shouts of 'Bravo!' and 'Hurrah!' burst forth; a mounted policeman keeps the road clear, and off we go back to the hotel to enjoy a quiet little supper—perhaps the hour that all artists enjoy the most in their lives.

Next morning it is decided to motor over to Liverpool. It is only forty miles, and we should do it easily in a couple of hours. We leave in the most brilliant weather, and everything goes well until the chauffeur discovers that something has gone wrong. I do not notice it, but he does—which I, in my blissful ignorance, consider very wonderful. The 'something wrong' being duly righted, off we go again, spinning merrily along at a very legal rate, when, without the slightest warning, a most awful explosion occurs, and the motor is brought to a standstill. I feel myself all over to see if any bits of me are missing, and finding myself whole, I learn that nothing worse than the bursting of a tyre has occurred. The optimistic French chauffeur assures us that he can put a new tyre on in a *petit quart d'heure*, so Melba suggests that we should stroll on, and let him overtake us. We accordingly begin to stroll, and it seems that we are strolling through lonely country lanes for the longest quarter of an hour on record. Eventually we find that we have 'strolled' about four miles, and that it has taken us nearly an hour and a half. I admired a sweet old eighteenth-century house, and got barked at by a vicious dog for doing it. Most horrible, burglar-looking tramps were liberally tipped, partly out of sympathy, but mostly out of fear. But here comes the car, and, without further adventure, I find myself landed at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool.

At night another concert, with similar scenes of enthusiasm, similar crowds, similar—but wait! One little episode varies the order of things somewhat. Many of my readers may

remember a phenomenal little violinist who made his début as a boy of ten, called Franz von Vecsey. This was just previous to the advent of Mischa Elman, who practically killed Franz von Vecsey's success. There is no denying the fact, however, that Von Vecsey had genius, and Melba got to know the little boy well, and was most enthusiastic in her admiration for him. The little chap on this occasion was among the audience, and in the interval rushed round to kiss his '*liebe tante* Melba.' More jokes, more fun, heaps of chaff. 'Franz cannot play a violin; all he can do is to eat chocolates.' With mock humility and a low bow, Melba handed a violin (belonging to a violinist of the party) to young Franz, and suggested that he at once disprove such a statement. The challenge is accepted, and without a moment's hesitation the little fellow leans against the pianoforte, and, facing his small audience, plays an unaccompanied Prelude of Bach. Immediately there fell over us all a feeling of awe and wonderment, and we listened spell-bound to the remarkable phrasing, the beautiful tone, and the astounding execution of this little wizard. A few moments elapsed before we all regained our usual spirits. Melba was affected as much as, if not more than, any of us. Franz got kissed by everybody, and I couldn't help thinking of the different effect I produced when I used to play the violin. Certain it is I never got kissed afterwards. Franz obviously liked it, and would have played another piece on the same terms, but the interval was over, and we had to get back to work. With an affectionate leave-taking and a parting kiss for 'Tante Melba,' the little chap was taken back to his seat in the hall.

On to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Newcastle, Sheffield, Bradford, and then back to dear old London, which we all love so well. One concert differed but slightly from another, the enthusiasm being identical in almost every town. Touring under such conditions is great fun, excepting for the inconvenience of having to live in one's trunk!

I have been on many tours, orchestral and otherwise, with all kinds of artists, but I have never found a more delightful travelling companion or a kinder, merrier chum. Yes, that is what Melba is on tour—just a dear good chum.

(*Continued on page 345.*)

SIR MALCOLM'S HEIR.

PART IV.

IX.

'AND now, where are we going to?' Ronald asked, as they turned out of a side-drive on to the main avenue. 'They may see us at any moment, and follow.'

'Yes. Pull your cap over your face and keep your arm up—bend down a little. The great thing is for them to think you are Ambrose.'

'Good Lord! I——'

'Never mind. They'll think I'm taking him for a drive before dinner. Perhaps they won't see——'

'That stable-boy did; he came out when he heard the car, and had a good look at us.'

'Well, he won't think anything about it.'

'Till they discover, and ask questions.'

'And then it will be too late. My car is much the fastest.'

'When we don't return, they will think that we—that is, that you and Ambrose—have eloped,' suggested Ronald, leaning back luxuriously in the car.

She laughed gaily. 'Nothing matters! I have the letter!' she cried.

'Oh, of course it is of no consequence, as you say—but as a mere matter of curiosity, where are we going?'

She thought he was angry. And so he was, but it was because he was suddenly, and most unreasonably, jealous of Ambrose—or, rather, of the position that Ambrose was supposed to be occupying.

'Won't you smoke?' she suggested.

'Oh—thanks!' Ronald's hand went gladly to his pocket.

'And as to where we are going, that is for you to decide. What would you suggest?'

The sudden reversion of command, combined with the cigarette-case in his hand, soothed Ronald. He offered her the case, but she shook her head. Selecting a cigarette for himself, he gazed at it for a moment for inspiration, feeling his manhood restored, and aware that she had turned to him, and was awaiting his judgment. Who shall gauge a woman's instinctive tact?

'We will go to my uncle's,' he said.

She had had it in her mind all the time, as the only possible plan.

'Sir Malcolm Mackenzie's? But I don't know him.'

'He knew your father—and, anyway, he would be more than glad to be of service.'

'But won't he think it very strange?'

'He is nearly eighty, the dear old man, and he must have seen a good many things that are strange. Think, he was in the Diplomatic Service in his younger days, and—oh, nothing ever surprises him—he'll be all right. By a fortunate chance there are no other guests in the house; they all come to-morrow. And, by an equally

fortunate chance, we shall arrive just in time for dinner. Do you know the road?' he asked, as a turn in the avenue brought them in sight of the lodge.

'Yes, very well.'

A woman with a baby in her arms came out of the lodge and opened the gates. Hilda slowed the car, and the woman curtsied and glanced with undisguised curiosity at Ronald. But all she saw was the outline of his shoulders, for he bent down and fastened his boot-lace. As the gates shut behind them he straightened himself and met Hilda's eyes, and they laughed together like children.

'This is no end of an adventure!' he cried.

'Ah, what is the end to be?' she responded, becoming suddenly grave and sad.

'What, indeed?' he answered; but his expression was by no means depressed, as he gazed ahead at the blue hills that lay between her home and the home that was to be his.

The car spun merrily along the Highland road.

X.

'Middleton's daughter?' Sir Malcolm said, holding the girl's hand and looking down at her sweet, troubled face.

'Yes; you knew him well, sir, did you not?' Ronald put in, anxious to give him a lead. 'Miss Middleton——'

'Not well; no—oh no,' the old man said dreamily.

'Oh yes, sir, *very* well—intimately—you forget! Miss Middleton did not quite like to come, but I——'

Sir Malcolm did not seem to heed him. He was still looking dreamily down at the girl. Hilda's troubled face broke into a little smile as she realised Ronald's frenzied efforts, and she put up her hand to silence him, without taking her soft, pleading eyes from the old man's face.

'I must apologise, Sir Malcolm, and explain——'

'Dinner is served, Sir Malcolm.'

'Another place at table, Lawson; and tell Mrs Lawson that Miss Middleton has arrived earlier than we expected, and ask her to come and take her to her room.'

'Very good, Sir Malcolm.'

'Do let me explain,' the girl began again, as the servant closed the door.

'Not before dinner, my dear young lady. When you have reached my age, or near to it, you will have learned that nothing should ever be explained before dinner, and very little needs explanation after. It is all right,' he added gently, as he took her hand and patted it. 'It is an honour to me if I can do anything to be of assistance to you, and it is a great pleasure to have so charming a guest arrive at the end of a long and lonely day.'

'Oh, sir, I——' Ronald broke in; but again he had the sensation that his uncle did not hear or heed him. The old man was looking at the girl with a peculiarly sad, intent expression.

'A long and lonely day,' repeated Sir Malcolm. 'Ay, many years—many years. And you have come at the close of the day—so like her! Turn to the light, my child.'

'Like whom?' she asked, wonderingly, as she turned obediently to the lamp, and the pink-shaded glow fell on her fair face.

'Your grandmother; whom else?'

'My *grandmother*?' the girl repeated. 'Father's mother?'

'Your grandmother, Hilda Crichton.'

'Oh, my mother's mother! Did you know her?'

'Yes, I knew her—many years ago.'

'Ah, of course, she lived here. And my mother, she lived here too. Did you know her?'

The old man smiled. 'Can one know a baby?' he asked. 'I saw her once, asleep in her nurse's arms. That was after her mother had died. I am fond of babies, and I asked the nurse if I might take her in my arms for a minute, but she would not let me. She said it might wake her. I suppose, my dear, you are too grown-up for me to repeat the request with the next generation; but perhaps, as I may claim to have—well, met your mother, and to have known your grandmother when she was twenty—and very like you—oh! wonderfully like—I may ask you to accept an old man's hospitality and homage.'

'You are very good; indeed, I am most grateful. Twenty—that is just my age!'

'Ah!' Sir Malcolm looked at her, radiant in her youth. 'It is long ago,' he said dreamily.

The housekeeper appeared, staid and decorous, as if the advent of a girl in a motor coat and veil, over a white linen frock, were an ordinary occurrence after the dinner-hour.

'I shall not keep you long, for I have brought hardly any luggage,' Hilda said, with a little nervous smile, as she passed him.

'That was neglectful of Ronald,' he answered gravely. 'He should have brought all your boxes, somehow. Never mind; we will send for them in good time to-morrow.'

XI.

When the men were alone, a little silence reigned. Ronald left Sir Malcolm to break it, and glanced at him a trifle resentfully. He was feeling neglected, distinctly left out in the cold, and very curious. But Sir Malcolm still appeared to have forgotten his existence. He stood in the middle of the room, with his hand resting on the carved back of a chair, and his eyes on the carpet. Ronald expected questions; but when the old man spoke, it was not to ask any.

'It is fifty years since last I walked back over the hills from where you have been to-day,' he

said. 'It was a glorious autumn day, like to-day. And I thought that life and all it held was over and done with. How old are you, Ronald lad?'

'Twenty-five, sir.'

'Strange! I was twenty-five when I first met her, and she was twenty. We were engaged for a year, Ronald, and then—I was a headstrong youth when I walked across the hills that day. She married an Irishman—Desmond. That was before I went to India. I was in India when she died. She died when the daughter, your Hilda's mother, was born.'

He stood silent a moment, and Ronald, his resentment completely gone, stood by him, realising all that this long life had held, of power and adventure and achievement, and of romance and sorrow. He felt a mere unfledged stripling beside Sir Malcolm, at the beginning of the real things of life, and his heart went out to the old man he loved, as he thought of that walk over the hills on the glorious autumn day fifty years ago, of the headstrong youth and that other Hilda—what had come between them?

The old man was speaking again, dreamily, without looking at him. 'She has been dead for forty-eight years,' he said. 'Dead . . . a little slender girl in white, so like this you have brought here—so like—the same eyes when she looks at you—dead, forty-eight years—and to-day I have seen her again in those eyes—she is living still in those eyes!—I remember every little trick of her face!—and her hair—my God, boy!'

The old man's face suddenly quivered. His eyes seemed to see visions. His hands clenched themselves and fell at his sides.

'Sir! sir!—uncle!—I never knew——'

Sir Malcolm straightened himself, jerked back his head, and faced him suddenly, dignified and masterful. 'You did right to bring her to me, Ronald. And she is in trouble, poor little child! We will put that all right. Ah, here she comes.'

Hilda entered with a pretty air of shy diffidence, as Sir Malcolm went forward to meet her. The suit-case had evidently contained a change of dress, for she was in soft filmy black, with the pearls she had worn in the day-time showing round her throat. Ronald, following his uncle and Hilda across the hall, past the suits of armour and the equally immobile men-servants, felt again a little left out in the cold, till the girl, as she took the chair given her on the old host's right hand, raised her eyes and flashed a radiant smile at him across the table, full of comprehension and shy complicity. Sir Malcolm intercepted the glance, and looked quickly, with a glint of his keen eyes, at his nephew, just in time to see the young man flush and his eyes light up. A sharp look of pain crossed the older man's face, and then it was filled with a great tenderness.

The two young people talked little during dinner, and it fell to Sir Malcolm to entertain them. The old diplomat was fully capable of the task. He talked brilliantly and gracefully, adroitly choosing subjects likely to interest the girl, subjects that would allow her to show to full advantage, and listening with grave deference to all she said. He spoke of countries in which she had travelled with her father—he himself seemed to know every capital in the round world, and many of its untrodden tracts as well. He spoke of her father, whom he had known slightly. But there was a tacit avoidance of any allusion whatever to the happenings of the day.

When the fruit-dishes were on the table, the lights lowered, and the servants gone, he cut her some grapes.

'We will have our coffee in the library,' he said. 'It is Ronald's and my favourite room—eh, Ronald?—and if you do not mind coming with us, we can talk things over comfortably.'

'I will join you later, sir,' Ronald said, and Sir Malcolm nodded.

Ronald Mackenzie watched them disappear, at the far end of the hall, into the library. Then he went out on to the terrace, into the soft darkness and fragrance of the night, lit a cigarette, and let the disjointed thoughts of youth in love lead him where they would. He was just preparing to light his second cigarette, and had reached the stage of feeling bitterly jealous of his uncle, when he was sent for.

He opened the library door, and in a moment, by one of those strange tricks of memory, smelt the honey scent of heather warmed with sunshine. For there, before him, he saw the vision of the morning. A girl, sitting far back in the big arm-chair, her golden head against the dignified red leather and carved oak, her slim black ankles crossed on the square oaken footstool. Instinctively he glanced at his uncle—the uncle who, in his vision on the hillside that morning, had appraised the girl with keen, cynical, bitterly disappointed eyes, before which he, Ronald, had winced with shamed realisation. Ah, what a change had come over the fine old face! His uncle was leaning back, facing the girl, his glance resting on her with playful kindness, great tenderness, interest—and—yes, that was it—he was looking *happy*!—positively happy. He had never seen him look happy before. Dear old chap!

XII.

'And so that is what I proposed doing, and she agreed. I hope you approve.' It was long past midnight, and Hilda Middleton had gone upstairs an hour before. 'As to this man Stott—what a name, poor devil!—it won't be difficult to deal with *him* effectively. Miss Middleton has given me the name of her lawyers—I know

them, as it happens—and I think she can leave the matter in my hands. The stepmother must be protected—as far as a woman can be, married to such a man. However, it is easier to protect women—or men either, for that matter—from other people than from themselves.'

'And Miss Middleton, sir?'

'Had better remain here in the meantime. Cicely comes to-morrow, and she'll mother her. We'll send over to-morrow and let the stepmother know. A night's anxiety in the interval will be very salutary for that lady. Yes, Miss Middleton had better remain here in the meantime, as I told her.' He looked keenly at his nephew. 'Do you happen to remember what I said to you last night, Ronald?'

'Perfectly, sir.'

'Well, I should like to see her—to see you both—before I die, boy—if it is fated to happen—to see her here, in this very place where I once thought—to call her "Hilda."'

'I will do my best, uncle,' Ronald Mackenzie answered gravely.

THE END.

SOME BRITISH BIRDS.

III.—PARTIAL MIGRANTS.

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN, F.Z.S., Author of *Habits and Characters of British Wild Animals*, *Tracks and Tracking*, &c.

I.

THE lapwing is a general favourite—particularly among the people of the hills, to whom its first arrival is the earliest sign of coming spring. I remember how, when a boy, we used to herald with glee the arrival of the lapwing flocks, and how, early in March, their cheery 'Kee-witt' along the river-margin, the sight of their black-and-white forms tumbling merrily in the air, meant to us that the long and not over cheerful winter was nearing its end. It was the first outward and visible sign of spring. Blizzards might follow, and for weeks yet the river might roar angrily with the snow-water from the heights, but nevertheless 'the ice was broken'—the lapwings had come! From that day on the valley was brimming with migrants; almost every day brought new arrivals from the coast, all following the ancient highway of the river.

The curlews were already here. Generally they appear in the hills about 11th February, the lapwings about 23rd February, though everything, of course, depends on the distance from the sea. It is a curious fact that, though the curlews are the first to arrive inland, the lapwings are the first to nest. The redshanks are among the early arrivals, flying, alighting, calling, calling; and at night-time one hears the soft, romantic piping of these feathered voyagers as they fly through the darkness, coming, passing, fading into the distance, till their notes become a part of one's slumbers. Now and then a honeymoon brace of oyster-catchers, the most handsome of our partial migrants, are seen drifting by with the daylight throng, gorgeous with their orange bills and striking plumage, their sharp, piping note recognisable from afar. They are already mated, and while the curlew packs wheel and manœuvre up and down the valley flats during the daylight hours, while the golden plover bands bank at prodigious speed hither and thither, and the lapwings dot the stubble-fields, the oyster-catchers alone seem to be swayed by a sense of settled motive—they are either going straight there or coming straight back, heedless of the whimsicalities of the remaining rabble.

Yet not all the oyster-catchers are finally mated when they arrive at their spring-time haunts, as I have repeatedly watched them fighting valiantly for the hands of their fair ladies. There were three participants in one of these struggles, and after a lengthy fray the victor strutted confidently up to his prize, while the other two hung about in the offing, piping dolefully. The hen, who had watched the contest with interest and approval, now turned upon the hero of it, jumped on him and struck him with her bill, then finally she flew away with one of the ignominious vanquished! This incident seemed, indeed, to argue true monogamy.

II.

The date at which the first lapwing eggs are collected is dependent entirely upon the immediate weather conditions. Whether the preceding winter has been mild or severe does not enter into the lapwing's reckonings. These are my notes on the subject, made at New Galloway in 1919:

'*February 23rd.*—Saw first flock of lapwings.

'*March 15th.*—Found numerous lapwing scrapings in fallow fields by Loch Ken. They will be nesting in full swing ten days hence.

'*March 24th.*—Strong northerly winds, with snow and rain day after day. All signs of lapwing nesting activities have vanished. They, and most other birds, are in packs again. But for these unusual weather conditions there would doubtless be many lapwing eggs by now.

'*April 6th.*—Weather improved. Fresh lapwing scrapings. Indications of nesting season exactly where they were on March 15th.

'*April 8th.*—Collected nine lapwing eggs—the first of the season.

'*April 12th.*—Lapwings nesting in full swing.'

Any one who writes up his bird observations will probably have similar entries to record.

The sensitive soul of the lover of bird-life shrinks from the thought of egg-collecting of any kind; but, taking a common-sense view of the collecting of plover eggs, which many appreciate as one of the greatest delicacies of the year, my studies of the habits and character of the bird involved lead me to conclude that so long as the dates of the close season* be observed, the species does not suffer by the activities of the collector. When a lapwing has been robbed, she lays again immediately. If her second clutch be taken, she again wastes no time, but at once produces a third. This process is repeated till, as in certain deplorable cases I have heard of, the hen-bird becomes so weak that she can hardly rise from the ground. Such persecution is obviously brutal, but with the proviso above laid down it is impossible for this stage, or anything approaching it, to be reached. In fact, in a normal season, the first nest of a bird having been spoiled, her second treasures were under the protection of the law by the time she had produced them. She lost her first clutch, which merely set back her nesting for a few days, and before there was any close season I have known individual lapwings to be nesting till well on into the summer, owing to the repeated loss of their early eggs.

Now let us consider what the taking of the first clutch means. As has already been shown, it does not entail a direct loss to the species, for the bird at once lays again. The result is that the young birds, when they appear, have the advantage of being several days later than they would have been, and consequently are less likely to be killed by storms. The loss of young birds is a direct loss to the species; it means a month wasted, and the bird which would have reared two broods, now rears only one.

But there is a more important point than this. Hundreds—nay, thousands—of the first eggs laid are destroyed by snow and frost. The old bird does not know that they are addled, and continues to incubate them till well on into the season. By the time she realises that there is 'nothing doing,' the season is so far advanced that it is even doubtful whether she lays again. Thus the bird which would, had she been robbed of her first frost-addled eggs, have produced two broods of chicks, now produces none at all, or, at the best, only one brood.

III.

The lapwing has many foes, among which inland gulls take a foremost place. I have repeatedly seen gulls alight in a field immediately after a flock of lapwings has alighted there. Thereafter there is no peace for the lapwings. The gulls sit idly watching while the weaker birds search industriously for food, and immediately one of the lapwings discovers a dainty morsel two or more gulls are upon him to take it from him. The gulls tease and disturb the lapwings to such an extent that in some parts the poor birds are really hard put to it to obtain sufficient nourishment. Also, the gulls steal their eggs and swallow their newly hatched chicks, and since so many gulls during recent years have taken to breeding inland, the lapwings in some parts have appreciably decreased in numbers.

I have seen a tawny owl systematically hunting the breeding-haunts of lapwings during the season that the newly hatched birds are about, and, of course, the carrion and hooded crows make terrible inroads into their numbers.

Another great foe of the lapwing, of which mention might be made, is neither man, bird, nor beast. In my diary for August 23rd, 1913, I find the following entry: 'Rabbit-shooting at Kilnsey' [in Wharfedale], 'I saw a lapwing running along under the wall. Gave chase and caught it immediately. It was in a starved and wretched condition, owing to its feet having become enmeshed in a wisp of sheep's wool. Two of the toes were missing from one foot, and one from the other. The stumps were quite healed, so its feet must have been entangled for several weeks.'

Some years previously I had caught a lapwing in an exactly similar plight, and on both occasions, when rounding up the unlucky bird, I noticed a curious antic in its behaviour. Every few paces the bird would stop and strike its beak into the ground with repeated rapid strokes—sometimes with such force as to have difficulty in withdrawing it. Why is this? It looked exactly as though the bird were feeding.

Examining dead lapwings displayed for sale, I have noticed that quite a large percentage of them are minus a certain number of toes, sometimes the whole foot being crippled. In this respect—the absence of minor members—the species is almost as remarkable as the sourdough toughs of the upper Yukon River!

IV.

So the coming of the lapwings is to the people of the hills what the coming of the swallows is to the people of the flat country. With the curlews and the redshanks and the golden plovers they are our first migrants, and thereafter the long silence of winter is dispelled by many piping voices. For, strange to relate, spring comes to the bleak heights, so far as bird-life is concerned, long before it dawns in the more sheltered regions. The birds of our hills—the grouse, the ravens, the plovers, the curlews—are the first to breed, and by the time the birds of the valleys are just beginning their family affairs those of the heathered slopes are well advanced.

* Observed in England prior to the recent Act, which totally prohibits the taking of eggs.

Visit the moors very early in the morning in the month of March, while the silence of winter still reigns supreme in the flat countries, and you will find that here on the hills the mating season of the bird-life is in full swing. The challenges of the red grouse ring across the slopes, faintly answered by the strange, vibrating notes of the hen-birds. High over the rushes a snipe is wheeling in mid-heaven, uttering his 'Chipp-churr' love-note as he flies, and now and then the elusive, musical sound of his drumming is wafted down as he pitches giddily towards earth. A redshank hangs on quivering wings above the moorland pool; his restless, tentative flight, as well as the low, persistent notes he utters—utters for hours on end, till the melancholy of it nearly drives one mad—are peculiar to this season, the Love Moon. The curlews are flying, alighting, calling, calling, vastly conspicuous as they fly, but vanishing like vapour as they alight, so closely does Nature guard her children by their colouring; and the curlews, too, utter many strange notes peculiar to this season. As the days pass by, these birds become more and more restless, till it is indeed a sight to watch their powers of flight. They are the most anxious and restless of all our hill birds, and their solicitude seems to embrace all the other wild kindred of the range. Longer in the leg than the rest, their eyes set high in the head, they are the first to see danger and to give the warning, and should it be unheeded by any other bird or beast they seem to go half-mad with anxiety, dashing hither and thither around the heedless one with cries of the utmost desperation.

The manœuvres of the male curlew while he watches over his wife sitting her eggs are fascinating to watch, for this bird has unique powers of flight. Rising vertically on lashing wings, he hovers in mid-heaven like a gigantic humming-bird, wheels at prodigious speed, then comes wafting vertically earthwards with wings erect, night-jar or buzzard fashion. The bird's hawk-like flight at this season has given rise in many localities to the belief that it is an egg-stealer, and this belief dies hard. Certainly the flight of the curlew during nesting-time would seem to suggest that it is scouring the moors in search of something, but I have not the least doubt that it is never guilty of taking the eggs of other birds. What may happen is this. An egg-thief comes along, the curlews catch him in the act, and such is their distress that they hover above, and even alight on, the earth near by. The keeper watches them, and going up, finds the plundered nest. The circumstantial evidence against the poor curlew is very strong, but all the accusations I have heard against this bird as an egg-thief might be explained away as above. It is hard to believe that the curlew, considering the curious design of his bill, can ever have acquired the habit of draining eggs. Eating soup with a fork would be a simple task compared with such a feat.

v.

The anxious solicitude of parent curlews for their young is pathetic to observe. The shepherd's dog crossing the moor a mile away is watched with the utmost vigilance, and should he draw nearer, one of the birds swoops towards him, almost lashing him with its wings, and resorting to every endeavour it knows to turn the direction of the trespasser, while the other parent herds and hustles the chicks to a place of greater safety, finally inducing them to lie concealed in different hiding-places. But curlew chicks seem to be among the most wayward of earth's simple children. For a time they lie obediently hidden, but very soon they tire of it. One pokes up its head, then another, answering in soft, feeble notes the wild, strong call of their parents flying and alighting near by. Then one gets up and begins to stumble among the tussocks on clumsy chicken legs; another gets up and begins to stumble in the opposite direction; while in the interim the parents go clean mad in their efforts to divert the approaching source of danger. Often they betray the whereabouts of their young on the same principle as that employed in 'hunt the thimble'—hot, cold, warm, freezing; but the little curlews have a friend higher and wiser than their poor devoted parents, and in their protective colouring lies their safety.

It has often occurred to me that it would not be hard to learn curlew language if one could devote the time to becoming sufficiently familiar with it. When I was a boy I made some steps in this direction, but I have forgotten what little I learned. The curlews possess a far more extensive vocabulary than most wild birds, and any one who has studied them will agree that their different notes serve as a method of intercourse. There is the ordinary familiar call-note of 'Coy-coy!' which would seem to be equivalent to 'Coming-coming!' There is the wild S.O.S. alarm; there is the 'danger in the distance' warning; there is 'danger draws nearer'; there is 'danger turned aside,' in addition to the usual bubbling notes of greeting and joy, and the low, sad note of loss and sorrow, one of the most pathetic sounds in all the wilderness. I have heard a curlew that has been robbed of her eggs utter this note when, for days after, she haunted the scene of her sorrowful memories.

From the foregoing it will be seen that, in spite of the suspicions that still exist in some parts of Scotland regarding the 'whaup,' which for long was classified among witches, warlocks, and the like, there is much that is lovable in the character of these wild birds of the hills. To many a lonely shepherd their shrill, cackling alarms are the songs of spring, the spring-time of boyhood, renewed each year by the coming of these cannon-balls of the upper air.

The call-note of the golden plover is among the most plaintive of moorland sounds, yet among the most joyous, and it is strange how exactly the notes of these hill birds, like the garments they wear, are in harmony with the wind-swept loneliness of their surroundings. I have heard plovers passing over London at night-time, and their musical piping, high in the heavens, was so incongruous as to seem almost discordant.

VI.

It is difficult to decide what are the factors that govern the feeding-hours of these moorland birds. They are both diurnal and nocturnal. On certain nights a death-like stillness reigns upon their haunts, while other nights the very air vibrates with the call-notes of feeding birds. They are everywhere astir, and weather conditions do not appear specially to influence their movements. I have been on the hill at midnight when every tuft of heather seemed to find voice, and the following night, perhaps, at the same hour, in the same weather conditions, not a bird was to be heard. Sometimes they are astir all through the night; sometimes they settle to roost with the dusk and are silent till daybreak—and this seems to apply to all birds which winter along the seacoast. If the nights of special activity immediately succeeded rain it would be easily understood, for their food would then be most plentiful, but this is not so.

I have often wondered whether the feeding-time of these birds living inland is influenced by the tide of their maritime haunts—that is, whether the periods of activity inland coincide with the periods of activity along the coast. When the birds are living by the sea, their feeding-times are decided entirely by the tide. They are active when the tide is out, whether it be day or night, and idle during the hours of flood-tide. Such strange and distant conditions often govern the movements of birds that the theory advanced is not so wild as it may at first seem. When these birds are living by the sea they often retire miles inland during the flood-tide, but just before low-tide is reached they flock back to the sea, arriving at exactly the right moment, as though acquainted with the movement of the tide to within a minute.

All the wading birds seem to undergo considerable fluctuation from season to season as regards numbers of each sex. I remember that one year thousands of male unmated redshanks thronged inland, and were to be seen flying about in droves along the shores of hill lochs throughout spring and summer. These merry bachelors had clearly not a care in the world, and seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely. Another year hardly a redshank will be seen unaccompanied by a mate.

I have observed the same thing regarding the curlew. Some years great flocks of unmated birds frequent the seashore throughout the spring, but another year the shore will be almost destitute of curlew-life during the nesting season.

Two or three miles off the coast of Devonshire my brother and I one day saw a curlew alight on the surface of the sea, and remain there several seconds, eventually rising without difficulty and pursuing its way. I have seen a sandpiper lose its footing while wading, and coolly proceed to float down-stream, carried by the current several yards ere it was able to touch bottom. The incident seemed to cause it not the least dismay.

MAN'S WORK.

CHAPTER XIII.

I.

AT noon on the 16th Hunt arrived at Los Angeles. He had wired to Sitwell that it would be unnecessary to meet him, and was rejoiced to find Edith at the barrier. They had a delightful hour before he remarked that, since Spencer Martin was waiting his report, it would be necessary for him to proceed to the property at once.

'You are so mysterious about that lease,' she said, making a little face. 'Could I come this time?'

He pondered. The day was fine, and the thought of her in the car beside him was alluring. 'We might compromise. That is, I'd rather you didn't actually visit the property with me, but you might wait close by.'

'And that wouldn't be unprofessional?' she said demurely.

He laughed. 'I won't be professional till I get there. Watch me. Have you seen anything of the Sitwells?'

'Not much, but I've heard of him once or twice. Do you like him?'

'There are all sorts of folks in my business. I like her.'

Edith nodded. The ice was getting thin. 'Is Mr Martin coming out?'

'I expect so—later.' He wanted to forget Spencer Martin and all connected with him, so for the next hour they sped happily through an earthly paradise almost as fair as that which was encompassing their thoughts.

'Is it going to be long, Jimmy?' she said, after a telepathic pause.

His arm slipped round her. 'I'll be getting another fifty next month. We could nearly do on that. But, you see, I'd be away most of the time.'

'If you had capital, what would you do?'

'There's nothing better than oil—if you understand it.'

'I suppose that's it,' she murmured—'if you understand it. We're nearly there now.'

He turned and stared at her. 'How did you know?'

She bit her lip. 'Didn't Mr Sitwell say it was about forty miles out?' She looked at the speedometer for the first time. 'We've gone thirty-seven.'

'You're a remarkable girl, Edith. I didn't know you'd noticed that. I'll drop you just round the next turn. What will you do till I get back?'

'I've got lots to think about, Jimmy,' she said with a little laugh.

II.

Five minutes later Shanklin, sweating over a very temporary forge, saw the engineer approaching. He laid down the hammer, and extended a grimy hand. Hunt took it in his firm grip.

There was something heroic in that salute, carrying with it much of the essence of manhood. It expressed the mutual recognition which honest men have for each other in times of stress. Hunt, glancing about, saw what a change was here. The blistered derrick-legs told their own story, and irregular outlines of black cinders, amongst which were pitched a cluster of tents, said the rest. But the rig was working as smoothly as ever. A chalk-mark put the present depth at seventeen hundred and twenty feet.

'Trouble?' said Hunt inquiringly.

'Yes—the other night. We've fixed it up. Lost a good many hours, though.'

'How did it happen?'

Shanklin's face did not alter a muscle. 'Just how it happened we don't exactly know.'

'Where's Harrison?'

'Asleep. We've been—well—rather busy here, and he takes it when he can get it. Have some coffee?'

Hunt laughed. 'How did you guess?'

Shanklin whistled, and a mass of yellow hair protruded itself from one of the tents. He asked for coffee. Presently a tall, blue-eyed girl waved a dainty arm, and Hunt went in, wondering. When he came out he looked at his host gravely.

'Putting on a good deal of dog out here, aren't you? That's the best coffee I've had in months.'

Shanklin squirted oil on a bearing that began to complain. 'Under the circumstances we think we're entitled to the best that's going. That isn't the only woman who has helped us along.'

'When are you going to shoot?'

'Harrison says the 29th. That leaves us time to get to the bank and back,' Shanklin added with a laugh.

The engineer fingered the coins in his pocket. This was a straight man, and he knew it. Months ago Edith Winter had marked the resemblance between the two. Now, in a way, they looked less like each other. One was wearied to the limit of his endurance—dressed in grimy clothing, unshaven, a man of toil, and, more than this, a man deprived of his heart's desire, and fighting desperately for his future. The other was well dressed, confident, established in his profession, his future assured—and with the girl he loved waiting a few yards away. But in spite of the apparent gulf, there was the same fixity of purpose, the same candour, the same unshakable confidence in the things that are worth while.

The thump of the engine continued, and Hunt, dipping his hand in the sludge, examined it critically. Presently he looked up.

'It seems good to me—straight sedimentary. You reckon on two thousand feet, don't you?'

'Yes—barring accidents.'

'You ought to make it—and, by George! I hope you do.'

'Thank you,' said Shanklin quietly. 'I believe that.'

'My boss wants to be here on the 29th. He'd like to see this well shot.'

What was in Shanklin's heart about Spencer Martin did not bear repetition, but he only smiled at the intensity of his own feelings.

'I've no objection.'

'Some men wouldn't stand for it.'

'We've stood for a good deal here, Mr Hunt.' The tone underwent a subtle change.

Hunt sent him a comprehending glance, as though to suggest that he understood, and sympathised.

'I'm in a queer box—with you,' he said slowly. 'I've the feeling that I would do just what you're doing were positions reversed. But outside of that I'm backing you. I wish I had an interest.'

'If you were a free man, I'd make you an offer. Want to see Harrison? I'll wake him.'

'No. As a matter of fact, Miss Winter, my fiancée—you don't know her—is waiting in the car. I'll get back now, and see you in a few days.'

'Why don't you bring her up?' said Shanklin soberly. 'It isn't pretty—but—perhaps it would interest her.'

'I will—on the 29th. Is that all right?' He laughed a little. 'I'm just trying to imagine the scene if your well comes in strong. You embracing the cook—hats in the air—the reward of honest toil—the kind of face my boss will have—my own envy—my girl's questions as to why I don't go and do like-

wise. I hope to God it does work out just that way!'

III.

Hunt waved a hand, and went off to find Edith. They walked arm-in-arm toward the car, which, diplomatically, she had sent half a mile up the highway. His brows were pulled down, and he seemed hardly the happy lover. She sent him a curious glance.

'Would it be unprofessional to tell me something about this property? You're very mysterious.'

'It's one of those cases where my heart is not in my work.'

'But why?'

'Imagine two good fellows—little men in the business—men who have only just started fighting with their shirts off against money, and influence, and—well—other things that shouldn't come into the game at all. If they win out, the industry gains by having them. If they're beaten, the industry loses what it needs—more decency. I wonder sometimes,' he went on a little bitterly, 'whether the decent man has a fair show in this life.'

The girl pressed his arm, being drawn to him more than ever. 'I love you for that; but don't you feel inside that in the long-run the decent man has the best of it?'

'Not in the oil game.' Something moved him to unburden himself still further. 'I'm going now to see another fellow,' he continued. 'My private opinion is that he's not fit to clean these men's boots, but the odds are he'll win out on this property, and make his fortune. It's these contrasts that sicken me. By George! I'd sooner drop this business altogether if I'm never going to be in a position where I can give a good man a leg up.'

She indulged in a little secret smile. 'You're going to see Mr Sitwell?'

'Unfortunately, yes. I have to. Then for Catalina with you.'

'Couldn't you stay here for the next few days? There's so much to do and see.'

'All right.' He was a little puzzled, for, having read of the golden sands of that fairy isle, he wanted to see them—and with her.

'And if you happen to meet Mrs Sitwell, give her my love—remember, not my best wishes.'

He nodded; but when, two hours later, he sat talking to Sitwell, all thought of the man's wife left his brain. Sitwell was jerky and nervous, continually leaving his chair and conversing in high-pitched, ragged tones that Hunt found increasingly suggestive. His eyes were very bright; their colour appeared to change constantly; while his tall figure, as though inoculated with some fiery virus, seemed to move incessantly. He looked at his visitor almost furtively, his long hands clasping and unclasping.

'You expect Mr Martin on the 29th?'

'Yes. Harrison will shoot then.'

'How far are they down now?

'Something over seventeen hundred. I've an idea they may make it.'

'What!' Sitwell leaped from his chair. 'After that fire? Impossible!'

Hunt looked at him silently. 'The fire didn't hold them up long. They're drilling now.'

'The papers said they were wiped out.'

The younger man revolted suddenly and savagely. Then, as he scrutinised the face in front of him, it seemed that Sitwell was on the edge of some great disaster whose proportions already began to swell before his distorted eyes. This invested him with a strange new interest, such as one feels in an explorer who starts out to rediscover forgotten lands. He appeared almost to epitomise the oil game, with its frenzy, delirium, and stress.

'The papers missed it,' said Hunt, after a pause.

'Had—had Mr Martin any messages?'

'No. I've wired him to-day, giving the depth of the hole.'

'Did you mention the fire?'

'That's not my end of it.' Hunt's voice was cold. 'By God! Sitwell, these fellows deserve to win out, and I hope they do. When you see Martin, you can tell him that if you like.'

He stormed out, slamming the door behind him with a crash that lifted Sitwell from his chair. The air seemed foul in that immaculate office. Hunt was seized with a great desire to do something for Shanklin and the others, a desire intensified by what he felt was a slimy contact with Sitwell. But there was one thing he could not do, being in Martin's employ. Presently he turned into a tobacconist's, and, selecting a box of the best Havana cigars, scribbled Shanklin's name and the nearest post-office, which was on one slope of the Richfield anticline. A little later he rejoined Edith, his eyes still cloudy with thought. 'Let's have a good dinner. I want to get a certain taste out of my mouth.'

She smiled with a divine understanding, and he felt as though all the winds of the world had blown through and cleansed him.

(Continued on page 347.)

THE MOOR IN SUMMER.

I LIE amidst the gold of gorse and broom,
And hear the song of skylark far above;
He sings his song of rapture tirelessly—
His song of bliss—his ecstasy of love!

I lie amidst a rolling sea of gold,
A boundless sea of beauty, wave on wave
Of vivid gold! This is no earthly dross
That kills the soul! God spends this wealth to save.

The soul! . . . O Crœsus! cast your minted lure!
Grasp freedom! See this blaze of living gold,
And hear the bird sing endless songs of love!
Come, Crœsus, come! Lo! here is wealth untold!

JESSE DRINKWATER.

THE LEADED SPEAR.

A BOAR-HUNTING STORY.

By Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. WRAY.

AS I do not think many have had the opportunities I have had of hunting the wild boar single-handed, I can claim to know something about the weapon that is most effective, and at the same time the least dangerous for the man who uses it and for the horse he is riding.

I have always used the long spear, as distinguished from the 'jobbing' or short spear, and I therefore speak of the long spear only.

There is a theory that by having a great lump of lead at the butt-end of the long spear driving-power is given, but in my opinion that is quite wrong. The driving-power should come from the pace of the horse, combined with the strength of the rider's arm at the moment of striking; while the aim is greatly assisted by having the weight *not* at the butt-end, which makes the lighter end wobble, but at the point itself, to keep it steady in its direction. I have seen two or three accidents, when I have been out with other people, from the spear being forced out of the rider's hand and the weighted butt-end dropping on the ground, throwing the point of the spear upwards, ready to transfix anything that may come along at the moment, which is generally, of course, the poor horse, or perhaps the rider himself.

I once had an experience of this, when the mare I was riding was severely injured, and I narrowly escaped being impaled myself. The mare had been very kindly placed at my disposal with one or two more by the well-known and grand sportsman, the rajah of the remote province in which I was doing duty at the time.

A large boar had been marked down in some scrub jungle, or series of scattered thorn-bushes, and the news of him was brought to me. As it was fairly good country, with no large cover very near, and therefore with plenty of room for the run and the fight, I chose for this occasion an inexperienced and rather clumsy mare, a gray, for her first time 'after pig.'

My wife usually rode with me, but this time she accompanied a friend who was suffering from rheumatic gout, and they came along in a bullock-cart. This friend had been a great sportsman, and, however ill he might be, he always came out, somehow, when he could. He was a believer in leaded spears, and, knowing my prejudice against them, he persuaded me to try one of his 'just for once,' and I foolishly consented.*

We all went together till we came to a patch of stunted thorn-bushes, where the boar, on his way back from his feeding-grounds, had determined to halt for the hot hours of the day, instead of going on to lie up in the larger jungle, or cover, a few miles farther on. Boars often do this when they are late in leaving their feeding-grounds in the early morning, and have a long way to go.

These 'outlying boars,' as they are called, are generally alone, and they are marked down by the *shikari*, or tracker, making a series of circular casts, till he encloses the boar within a large circle. Gradually narrowing it, he can almost tell in which bush the beast is hid. He then puts his companion in some concealed position to watch whether the boar moves or not, and he goes himself to give the news and bring the rider. No beaters are required.

We went quietly along till a soft whistle, like the note of a plover, revealed the watchman, who silently pointed to a large thorn-bush one hundred yards away. Leaving my wife and my friend in a safe place to watch the start, I went on with the two men till we came to the bush where the big boar lay. Some clods of earth thrown on to the thorns, and a few shouts, and in an instant there was a loud 'Wough, wough,' a tearing and scattering of the undergrowth, and the big gray form emerged, carrying a mass of brambles with him, and was away on the other side heading for his stronghold, some three miles distant.

It is always well, when rousing a boar from his lair, not to get between him and the direction he is likely to take, for he will invariably attack the rider on his way past him, and can easily knock him over, horse and all. I have had my spear snapped in an instant by disregarding that little principle.

I was on the proper side this time, and we got away splendidly. The boar was very large and heavy, and he seemed angry at being disturbed in the heat of the day, for he did not go very fast at first. For a little time I suited my pace to his, but, as some baubul-trees began to appear, I put on a spurt, and lessened the distance between us. On getting nearer to the baubuls, I saw they were quite a thin patch, and knowing that the boar would go straight through them, after refreshing himself in the muddy pool that was sure to be there, I eased my mare to let her get her second wind, and cantered slowly on, while the boar disappeared amongst the little trees and patches of thorn-bushes. As I passed the little circle of mud, which in the rains had been a pond, I saw that the boar had rolled in it, and had gone straight on without pulling-up at all, which meant that the large cover he was making for could not be very far in front, and

* In the same way I was once persuaded, much against my will, to use a hollow bullet for a tiger in thick jungle, and I have regretted it ever since.

that it would take some hard riding to come up with him before he reached it.

On passing out of the baubuls into the open, I caught sight of the boar about a quarter of a mile ahead, going at a good steady pace, but not fast, as he evidently thought he had shaken me off. I shook up the mare and began to gallop, and as I drew nearer and he realised that I was on him again he went ahead like a shot out of a gun for a short distance. I did not respond, and by degrees he fell back to me, and then for half a mile we galloped on, with about twenty yards between us. Gradually I drew nearer and nearer to him. We were both going at a desperate pace, when all at once the huge beast slackened a little, gave a sudden sharp turn to the right, meaning—as boars always do—to draw me after him, and then, if I turned half-right after him, to swing round sharp across my mare's legs and throw me over. I did not turn, but kept straight on, and in an instant he came back on to his original line, and gradually drew inwards towards me, and we raced along, my mare's head level with his hind-quarters.

The time had come for me to put down my spear, so I leaned over to the right, and in one second more I should have speared him behind the shoulders—what I was waiting for, for I always tried never to touch a boar until I could do so fatally. That second, however, was a second too late. The boar made one more feint outwards, and then, swinging round with a tremendous dash and a loud, angry 'Wough,' he was across my mare's forelegs. I tried to turn her to the left, but she was new to it, and did not answer to my call, and I saw we must go down; but as the boar passed I had time to drive my spear with all my strength behind his shoulder through the heart. Simultaneously there was a crash, a noise of splintered wood, a sensation of falling, and I remember no more.

I woke up, and found myself lying on my back with my helmet over my eyes and bashed in, and when I could look round I saw that the boar was lying dead close to me, with half the spear through him, from one side to the other. A little farther on the poor mare was standing in a little pool of blood, with the other half of the spear through her neck. It had entered from below and penetrated upwards, passing through the muscles of the neck and coming out through the mane at the top, with the jagged end of the bamboo all flattened out like a rose by the mare's weight as she had fallen over on to it in her somersault.

My wife and my friend soon came up, and in their bullock-cart were water, bandages, and restoratives, which are so frequently needed in these hunts that they invariably form part of the equipment. We took out the broken spear from the poor mare's neck, stopped the bleeding, and made her comfortable. After a drink of water and a good rub-down, she was soon busy with her nose-bag, and in a few weeks she was all right again.

What had actually happened was this. As I leaned over with my spear down, and drove it through the boar, he carried it across the mare's forelegs, snapping it in two, taking one half with him, and leaving the other half in my hand. As I fell on to my head, this portion of the spear, which had a large lump of lead at the butt-end of it, fell out of my hand, and the leaded end naturally reached the ground first, with the jagged end standing upwards for a moment. In that moment I must have fallen clear of it, but it caught the mare in the lower part of her neck, and came out at the top, just missing the jugular vein, and passing through the muscles only. It was a great escape for her, and the broken spear could not have been far from impaling me.

I killed many a boar off that mare afterwards, and she was never in the least timid. Doubtless she remembered the necessity of inclining to the left at the critical moment, for she never let a boar cross her again. Nor did I ever ride again with a leaded spear.

THE HOME CALL.

PART II.

IV.

IT was the following summer. A boat lay rocking gently off the Runnel Stone. A mile away over the sea, Porthgwarra creek and fishermen's houses shone in the August sun. In the boat a solitary boy leaned over the side, fishing intently. The bell on the Runnel Stone chimed softly from time to time as a gentle swell rose under it.

For more than an hour the fun was fast and furious. Bream, pollack, and an occasional gurnard seemed to swallow the bait as soon as it was let down. The boy could hardly haul his three lines in and rebait fast enough. Then, all of a sudden, the fish stopped biting. After a few minutes more he pulled his lines in, flung himself on the seat, and took the oars.

'I hope Tom Jackson won't get ratty because I took his boat this morning,' said Jim to himself as he swung the prow round towards the Cornish coast. 'He told me not to go out without him. But I couldn't find him anywhere in the village, and there was the craft all afloat and ready, lines and all. The morning was too ripping altogether to waste. Time to get back, though, now. Old Lance ought to be turning up from Penzance time I get back.'

But was the morning quite so ripping now, after all? There was a bit of mist hanging about surely, and the land seemed a mighty long way off. What of the set of the tide? Tom Jackson was always talking about it and the race, Jim suddenly remembered. Nasty thing a race must be. He had been fishing a bit too long, perhaps, and was rather fagged. Why did Jackson keep such heavy boats? Hang that mist! Where *had* Porthgwarra creek got to? And that beastly bell—he was sure it couldn't be where it sounded. Anyway, he was getting some way on the boat now. There was a regular bubbling at the bows. Confound that big, ugly brute of a goggle-eyed gurnard! Why hadn't he stunned it properly? He couldn't leave the oars now, though. Yes, there *was* a current, certainly. If it took him down Porth Curno way he would be late for Lance. That was a bore. But he must go with it, that was clear. Was there a decent landing anywhere under Porth Curno cliffs? Tol Pedn, of course, was hopeless, and as dangerous as could be. But he didn't much think he was being swept that way. If he got southward beyond Porth Curno bay, weren't there some sandy beaches at low-water towards the Logan? But was it low-water?

Jim tugged manfully at the oars. But the remorseless rush of the tide had the boat in its grip. Three grown men would hardly have stemmed it. What could a lonely, weary boy of fifteen do against it?

There! Down came that cursed sea-fog again, thicker than ever. Was that the noise of the waves on Porth Curno beach? . . . .

Ashore on Porthgwarra Terrace an older boy stood fretting. Here was the fog come down, and he could not see Jim through the glass any longer. Jackson looked mighty grave just now when he came back. There he was, strolling down to the creek where the other boats were, through that congery tunnel. Should he follow him? Or should he go along the cliffs Logan Rock way? Jackson said there was a run of the tide that way when it was making. Yes, that would be best.

Lance started off along the cliffs at a great pace—past the little granite church of St Levan and its graveyard, where the shipwrecked mariners rest, up to the next headland he hurried, and to the Porth Curno signal-mast beyond.

'Yes,' said the signal-officer, 'there is a strong race just now to the eastward. You never can tell exactly, year in, year out, what these tides will do. Your friend alone out there! Let's hope he is back by now. If not——' He shrugged his shoulders and gazed out seawards. 'Much too thick to see,' he said.

Lance started running to the extreme tip of the headland. There he flung himself on his face on the short grass and peered over. Was that something white, far down there in the water?

v.

Jim was dead-beat now—no doubt of it. His hands were a mass of blisters. As for thirst! Here was the land at last, though. He could just see it through the mist. Deep water up to the very base of the cliff. He must let the boat still drift along a bit. What a pig of a swell there was just here!

As the boy rested he held the oars loosely in his sore hands. A green, silent billow knocked them out of his cramped hold. Loosed from their thongs, they went floating away, and were lost in the mist almost before the startled boy had recovered his balance.

Oh, the oars gone now, were they? That pretty well settled it. Did the currents run right inshore? Or was he bound, say, for the Wolf? If only the fog would lift for a minute! What was *that*?

There was a sudden swirl in the water, the glimpse of seaweed, a sucking eddy. Crash the boat came down heavily on the jagged edge of a rock just beneath the surface. The sea came pouring in.

Well, he must swim for it now, at any rate.

As the boat filled the boy hastily stripped, kicked off his shoes, and dived into the sea. He swam cautiously along the base of the towering line of cliffs.

No handhold anywhere for twenty feet above sea-level, and no bottom either. The current had him, anyway. The mist seemed lifting a bit. How long could he keep afloat? Once he had done about a quarter of a mile, he thought it was, in the Thames. But he wasn't so tired to begin with then. Was it really any good going on swimming? The water was jolly and warm. How if he——?

Drowsily he stopped swimming. His eyes half-closed. His body began to sink deeper and deeper in the green water. From the top of the cliff there rang out a clear call on a whistle—a sharp, peculiar call.

That must be Lance on shore, then. It would never do to give in with Lance there.

The swimmer struck out again, feebly. Was that Lance coming down the cliff? Why had he his whites on, though? Pretty green they'd get if he slid at that pace. Ah, he remembered, there was a bit of a ladder down that last fifty feet to the shore there. Could he get as far as the bottom rung? Lance would hoick him up the rest. . . . .

Lance's clothes lay on the cliff sward above. Down the ladder he himself came at furious speed. From near the bottom of it the boy half-fell, half-dived into the waves. Two dozen strokes, and he had gripped the other and towed him to the ladder's foot. By sheer strength he hoisted him out of the water, and shoved him with his shoulder rung by rung up that weary

length of ladder. At the top of it he picked him up, and staggered with him up to safety on the grassy slope above. There both boys fell exhausted at full length.

Presently Jim sat up and grinned. 'Jolly sick Jackson will be about his old boat,' he said. 'I say, Lance, I thought you were in whites when I saw you coming down to me. Your old Home Call bucked me up no end. Now, are you going halves in those clothes of yours, Lance?' he continued. 'We must get back somehow without scaring the village to fits. You might stand me a shirt, anyway.'

VI.

A young khaki-clad officer lay on his face, snugly ensconced among protecting rocks, and swept the waste of desert in front of him with his field-glasses.

It was the afternoon of the second day of the retreat. The sun blazed down fiercely. The two platoons detailed that day to cover the withdrawal of the small force were having anything but a restful time of it.

Chased like red-shanked partridges, reflected the youth; and where his men were at that particular moment, Heaven only knew. Scattered in open order over a mile or two of that God-forsaken country, he supposed. Anyhow, all who were left alive were well over the low sandy ridge in his immediate rear, he was sure of that, and not another man shared the risk of his delay here for a few minutes. Everett of the other platoon had the whole lot well in hand. Hang it all! where *was* old Lance? The silly beggar was always lingering, stopping to let him, Jim, draw off his own men first, he knew, and saying all the while that he must have one more pot-shot or two at the pursuing Arabs. Now, *was* that laid down in the regulations for scout officers? Not a sign of him! He, Jim, was as jumpy as their patrol leader, David Wynnstay, had been—so the other boys told him—that summer long ago when Lance and he had lost themselves on the Welsh hills. It was David's fault, though. David knew the way, and he ought to have waited for the pair of them. He only wished *he* knew the way back to camp at Beersheba. Those Welsh hills had points about them, though. At least there was plenty of water in them—sometimes a bit too much. (Jim grinned at the recollection.) What was the state of his water-bottle now? Two inches of brown fluid, mostly mud. Ugh! What a weird fellow Mr Purun Dass had been! Of course it was a faked name. He knew it all along—but he wasn't so well up in Kipling then.

Where the deuce *was* Lance? He had done it this time, and no mistake. There wasn't a soul in sight. Yet those wily Arabs were creeping round on both flanks all the while, he warranted. If they were creeping round twenty flanks, he was not going back a step farther without Lance. What *had* come to that temerarious beggar?

Hullo! There was a shot, and, yes—curse that mirage!—yes, it *was* a figure coming his way. Not crouching, though, nor taking an inch of cover—just stumbling along. Now, *were* they, he asked you, taking a stroll over the Wiltshire Downs? It was swerving off now to the left. Lance, he was sure, and something wrong with him, so far as he could make out. He must venture their Call again, Arabs or no Arabs.

Jim blew their pet Home Call softly on his whistle; then once again, a trifle more loudly. The distant figure turned at the sound, and came staggering towards it. Then on a sudden it fell prone.

Second Lieutenant James Ranold of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry and the Palestine Expeditionary Force leapt up from behind his boulder and ran at top-speed to the spot. Lance lay there senseless, blood oozing from a wound in the shoulder. In vain the other tried to stop the bleeding. He propped him up against his knee, and forced the last trickle of precious water between his lips.

Lance's eyes opened, and he smiled up at the face bending over him. 'Misty, Jim,' he whispered; 'all thick mist again. It's frightfully dark and cold here on the mountain-side. But I heard you. I heard the Call.'

His head fell back; his eyelids dropped. Jim knelt by his friend's dead body in the full rays of the declining sun.

Another shot rang out. Jim sprang to his feet. 'The Home Call, Lance,' he cried. Then he, too, fell dead by his chum's side.

VII.

The shepherd, now five years older, sat dozing over the flickering red embers of his peat-fire. All that night white mist had wrapped the cottage round with soft eddying waves, and the wind moaned, sobbing round the house. His aging collie lay stretched out on the hearth, slumbering uneasily. On a sudden the man sat up erect, a curious light in his eyes. 'Come in, lads!' he cried.

Through the open door came in two boyish figures. They moved noiselessly towards the hearth, dimly visible in the light of a small spurt of flame from the dying peat. The dog still slept, but its tail beat faintly on the floor.

'Tell him, Lance,' whispered the younger of the two.

'We have come to tell you, sir,' said the other in clear tones, 'it has happened as you foresaw. The mist is cleared away. We are off duty. The Call Home has come for Jim and me.'

The boys faded away. The shepherd sprang up and went to the door. In a clear sky the moon was sinking to the west. On the mountain-tops there shone the first golden glow of dawn.

THE END.

SOME FLOWER NAMES.

By William Gillespie.

In the interesting article which appeared in the October number of *Chambers's Journal* on 'The Science of Plant Names,' the author states, with regard to the foxglove, that 'it has never surrendered the secret of its etymon.' This, I hold, is not the case. The plant in question is one of a large number which are popularly known by names involving reference to some animal, or to what appears as such. Occasionally this animal-element in the name is appropriate to something in the character of the plant, but in many cases it is so completely irrelative to anything in the plant itself, its locality, and its uses that it is necessary to look for other reasons for its application. In these latter instances it will be found upon inquiry that the animal name is a corruption of an early term with an altogether different signification from that which it has to-day. The foxglove is a case in point. It is simply the red-glove, or red-gauntlet, for fox or foxy does not apply to the fox, nor is it a corruption of folk's glove, the glove of the little folks or fairies; it means tawny or red, as the Latin *fuscus* and Italian *fosco*. The plant received its name from its colour and its shape.

The toad-flax (*Cymbalaria linaria*) is thus named from the appearance it presents of a multitudinous mass of threads (flax) matted together in a cluster or bunch, the name for which in Old English was 'tod.' It is to be found in many old dictionaries, and is from 'tot' or 'total,' a mass or assemblage of things. So also the toad-pipe (*Equisetum arvense*), which consists of a cluster of jointed hair-like tubes, and the bastard toad-flax (*Thesium linophyllum*), a plant with many clustering stems. Louse-wort (*Pedicularis palustris*) seems to be simply a corruption of loose-wort, the plant being otherwise known as the red-rattle, from its close resemblance to the yellow-rattle, the seeds of which, being loosely held in a spacious inflated capsule, may be heard to rattle distinctly when the ripe, dry seed-vessel is shaken. Buck-bean (*Menyanthes trifoliata*) is in reality bog-bean, from the fact that it is always found in wet bogland. Swallow-wort, or celandine (*Chelidonium majus*), is more properly sallow-wort, the name being given to it because of the dark, yellow juice which freely exudes from its stems and roots when they are broken. Horse-radish has nothing to do with a horse, but takes the name from its excessive pungency, the word 'horse' used in this instance being derived from the Old English *curs*, or the Welsh *gwres*, meaning hot or fierce. The horse-chestnut has received its name from the same word, as it is hot or bitter, and thus differs from the edible chestnut, which is sweet to the taste; and horse-mint also is pungent and disagreeable to taste and to smell, as compared with the cultivated varieties of mint.

The sow-thistle, which is not a true thistle, has the latter part of its name from the thistle-like appearance of its leaves. When these are handled, however, they are found to be perfectly harmless, and incapable of inflicting the slightest puncture. They are formidable to the eye only, being quite soft; hence the old name sote or soothe thistle—that is, soft thistle, an apt name for the plant. The duck-weed, that small, round, leaf-like plant which covers stagnant pools and ponds with a dense growth of green, is simply ditch-weed. Its Latin name, *lemna*, confirms this, derived as it is from the Greek *limnē*, a stagnant pool. Coltsfoot (*Tussilago farfara*) may be derived either from cough-wood or cold-wood, in accordance with its Latin name, which is derived from *tussis*, a cough. Pliny states that it had been in use from remote times, even in his day, for curing colds, the fume of the burning weed being inhaled through a reed; and the belief still prevails in country districts. One is inclined to conclude that the name has been derived from its medicinal virtues, rather than from its resemblance to a colt's foot. That name was probably given to it at a later period.

There are many other animal-named plants, such as crane's-bill, larkspur, mare's-tail, mouse-tail, adder's-tongue fern, stork's-bill, and hare's-tail grass, which are more appropriate, and have a more apparent connection with the animal whose name they bear than those above mentioned. Beyond a doubt the study of plant names is an interesting one, and is worthy of more consideration than is usually given to it.

MAY-TIME ON THE BEN-Y-VRACKIE SLOPES.

Away by Ben-y-Vrackie
Sure, there's the Rainbow's End,
Where, hidden well by magic spell,
Lies gold that none can spend:

But, oh, by Ben-y-Vrackie,
The fairies recklessly
Make fond display each year in May
That those with eyes may see!

Yes. Down by Ben-y-Vrackie
The wild broom flames to-day.
Treasures of gold the valleys hold:
It's always so in May.

And though by Ben-y-Vrackie
Soft rains soon quench the blaze,
There's some that dream long by the gleam
Of fairy-golden days.

Ethel Talbot.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

IN Germany now there is a man of secrecy and force who stirs the attention, the curiosity, the anxious speculation of very influential elements in care-worn Europe. Enormously wealthy, he possesses quite remarkable faculties for business and high finance, and an energy, equipped with elusiveness and cunning, to exercise them well. He is a picker-up of threads of political and economic power wherever he may find them loose, or may cut them loose for his new picking. He is controlling coal, ships, newspapers, and other commodities that matter most; he is dominating in vast quantities money other than his own. From his youth he has dreamt brilliantly and with breadth, devoting himself, like a good German financial chemist, to the conversion of his films into facts. Some of these films of dreams he described to bankers when he was needing money, but they smiled upon him. Yet nearly all his fancies have come to material and profitable substance. Now he is imagining more expansively, more daringly, than ever before, and it comes to pass that fancies to which, in other times, no more attention might be given than to the babblings of a fortune-teller are being much and seriously considered in London, in Berlin, in Paris, in New York, Moscow, and other cities of various concentration in effort. He would form a syndicate of nations—'Europe, Limited,' one might call it—with himself apparently as its chief director, for the restoration and exploitation of Russia, that she might regain herself—incidentally—and might the more assist the stricken Powers of Europe, Germany especially, to rebuild their fortunes and economics. Likewise he has been fondling a scheme, shrewdly planned, carefully considered, for the reshaping of Germany herself; he would, with the assistance of some foreign money, take over, in the way of private enterprise, her railways and other affairs, now held by the State, and would conduct them for plain profit-making to the end, as he suggests, that Germany might the better be enabled in this way to deliver her dues to her quondam and somewhat anxious foes. It appears that much money from the outside world is needed for such grand thoughts as these, and lately the thinker came to London, and in the city which is still the richest called upon the most important persons, being received with much consideration, and his schemes discussed. He has interests here, interests at Cardiff, interests at Newcastle, and in other parts. Strangely secretive and elusive is this man. When he was in London, with the newspapers guessing intensely, but with little accurate effect, why he made the visit, it was caused to be announced that the Premier would be pleased to see him did he but intimate his desire to see the Premier; but he did not. Having moved stealthily among great financiers in the City only, he crept secretly back to Berlin when his work was done. For long ahead Germany must needs think more of business than of battles; she recognises the necessity, accepts such an inevitable consequence of her errors with a certain willingness, and adapts herself as speedily and efficiently as she may to the new and puzzling circumstances. Thus the Hindenburgs and the Ludendorffs recede, and the industrialists, the financiers, advance. He of whom we write is not only the chief of these, a formidable and impressive emblem of the new period of desperate—yet, as Germany sees it, by no means hopeless—struggle; but an uneasy feeling awakes in other lands that he may be the most considerable entity of his rare kind in either hemisphere. There are many far richer men, but it is difficult to name any of such substantial richness who is at the same time so fecund in industrial and commercial initiative, so fiercely energetic, so persistent and determined, so seemingly resolute. He is very practical. He is a believer in the still tongue, the watchful eyes, the ready ears, but most the silent tongue. His genius plays in the selection of men for his assistance. He covets a peculiar political power, and is gathering it, but not in a personal sense, for himself; something of a certain unusual patriotism enters here. For social distinction, that which so often saps the energies and capacities of men newly risen to great wealth and power, he has no taste, and in this he may be blessed. He covets no publicity; he is less mentioned in the newspapers because they can gather little news of him. This man seems to stand for a future Germany, good or bad, as does no other, high or low. In that sense the remaining world regards him most

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

circumspectly as one of the powers in the grand economics of the sphere. Some have called him the Bismarck of the new Germany, but it is not an accurate idea. His real name becomes increasingly familiar. It is Hugo Stinnes.

* * *

In looks and ways, what kind of man is he who, in the mystery with which he wraps himself, is fancied to be practising a new kind of financial alchemy, preparing potions called by the name of schemes by which he may work Germany — Germany with a few associates, Britain for choice; may work Russia, and from that wasted, maddened chaotic mass produce the piles of sparkling riches with which his country shall pay France her reparations, and then advance on her industrial way again? And on and on, until . . . What is Hugo Stinnes aiming at? Men murmur in places that no man like him could conceivably mount up the power of wealth that he is doing without a certain object; they say it would be too unhuman for any living thing to strain the effort beyond a given stage. Perhaps it might be so. There are some who with a certain awfulness sometimes whisper 'Kaiser'; the miserable William is mentioned in many connections in Berlin now, harnessed by name with various forlorn and fantastic hopes. There is a suggestion that when the time is good for it, if ever it should be, Stinnes may finance the politics that work and aim at restoring the regality of the Hohenzollerns, even as now he is an element of great political power, and exerts himself most forcibly in many ways, though he makes no public speeches, appears rarely on public occasions, yet is sometimes seen in his place as deputy in Parliament, though he does no speech-making there. But it is indicative of the power and influence of the man, and his manner of their exertion, that when he is present, or when he is not, others, his associates—his dependants one might call them — men who bank their prospects not alone upon his present position, but the greater one to come, voice in this German Parliament not just their own thoughts and ideas, perhaps not their own at all, but those of Hugo Stinnes. That is often said. They state his case, and some may play with variations of it, to mark the effect upon the assembly and deduce accordingly. Stinnes listens and determines. It is his custom in business to permit all about him — colleagues, assistants, technical advisers, and others—to perform the speech while he, inscrutable, pencils an occasional note. His peculiar mind is probably making rapid and intricate calculations involving the vastest sums of money and changed economic and industrial arrangements; he may reach solutions that those about him could never gain with all the toil of hours among the mathematical fantastics. Then, at the end, he speaks, but only to announce his determination; and the words are few. His plan, sensational it may be, is promulgated; there is silence, and the gathering dissolves. He is always calm, inscrutable, mysterious. He has nought to do with the mere political firebrands, fanatics, and humbugs whose names are printed in the newspapers every day, and whom the less sophisticated readers everywhere seem to regard as powerful human entities, though they are often powerful only through political structures they have raised about themselves, and intrigues they assiduously exert to keep them taut and firm. 'Tis said that Hugo Stinnes holds an idea, if circumstances are suitable, as they may not be, of helping the Kaiser back. Some may find it difficult to believe entirely that such a keen super-business man could let such fancies stray, but we are invited to remember the opposite thing to Kaiserdom, which is indicated to be Bolshevism, and in a general era of Bolshevism where then would be Hugo Stinnes and his millions? But it is suggested that if he could support his soaring capitalism with a reformed monarchy, backed by the people—his idea, so it is said, being the Kaiser and people's party—there might be a security not to be obtained in other ways.

* * *

There is an odder view of Hugo Stinnes. Some, in a half-mystical manner, suggest that this man is like an exaggerated figure thrust out by invisible powers of infinity as an emblem, grotesque in its proportions and pretensions, of the materialistic vanity and egregious madness of a world that through 'progress' has lost its way. He is unknown for acts of charitable donation; nor is he a 'patron of the arts' or of what is only beautiful and lovely, yielding grace to raw existence. Yet here there are two points to be placed for Mr Stinnes. One is that to be an open 'patron of the arts,' according to a phrase found on monuments and tombstones and in official biographies, is perhaps to be a super-prig, with probably no honest liking for what is lovely, since true love of art must be unselfish, and thinks not of being 'patron' or of phrases cut in marble. The second point is that if he held desires of benevolence or the will to do good, as the saying is, in some form, he would act upon the will, and, acting, would wrap his work in folds of mystery like all his acts besides. So for fairness we should not be swift to mark a negative against the character of this Stinnes in the matter of generous assistance to humanity. However, such as hint that in some manner he falls upon us from a misty void say it may be that he was hurled on to our distracted planet as a sign, a wild, fantastic exaggeration of the sadness and the failure and the stupidity of our materialism and too vulgar earthly aim, and that, with his personal fortunes and works at the gleaming climax of their triumph, when it

might seem he could nearly master all, the whole of this sorry scheme of so-called civilisation shall collapse, and in the morning there shall be left but whitened cinders of it all on black-burnt earth. Thus he should furnish the ultimate catastrophe of the tragedy of Earth, as played from the beginning in a thousand million acts. So some temperaments may figure it, but it is rather flattery for Mr Hugo Stinnes. There are few romanticists in Germany now, and there were hardly ever so many as in certain other lands, but some of them have pictured naturally further streaks of glory about the ultimate destiny of Mr Stinnes. In the general world discovery follows upon feverish invention now; the heavens seem uneasy, judging by most capricious weather and the seemingly erratic adventures of the planets, and Earth appears too small as business premises for its occupants today. Such romanticists may suggest with smiles that Earth shall come to link with Mars or some other planet, and then shall be ample scope for exploitation by Mr Stinnes.

* * *

He is a somewhat short and thick-set man, with black and close-cut hair, moustache and beard to match. The complexion is sallow, the nose a little hooked, and his general appearance, including a certain penetration by the eyes, suggests to many that he is of the Hebrew race; but it is not so. Those eyes, assisted by paleness of the face, the slightly drawn expression, hint at weariness, an effect of strain; but when engaged in listening to what is important to him—and he listens to nothing else—they gleam and sparkle. He is now fifty-one years of age—perhaps he looks it, but no more—and in general he is a healthy man, for otherwise he could not labour as he does. He wears a plain black hat of the bowler type, and dresses invariably in a simple suit of black which is believed unquestionably to have seen better times. Probably he has two or three suits of this kind—or it may be ten—each of which by characteristics suggests that it has seen better days; but the impression given to those who observe Herr Stinnes from time to time is one of the plainest, most unpretentious, and even slightly shabby sartorial continuity. Overcoat to match. An even weaker point is an apparently made-up black tie. Altogether a man who needs to be what he is to carry himself with such ostentatious carelessness, but, being what he is, may be the better for the way. The diamond-decked millionaire was never a success; even the cheapest kings could beat him every time. Mr Stinnes keeps out of rags, but he is on the romantic side. And seeing him emerge from his hotel some morning in Berlin, one would suspect that at morn, when the heart is at its best, there flickers through this strange being some emotion of the simpler and unfinancial kind. It is an echo, perhaps, of a former self now reincarnated, or a faint stirring in the depths of his nature of some romantic family infusion of his blood, caused by the new sense of life and action or by something he may have thought or glanced upon. For he comes forth from the Hotel Adlon with a spring in his step, his hat a little tilted to one side, a hand in a trousers-pocket, quite a jaunty fellow, and perhaps, withal, a twitch less of the pained look upon his face. That is Mr Stinnes at his human best. The Adlon is the main general headquarters of this man who spreads his tentacles over all the business world, who has just opened a railway-carriage factory at Java, and is ousting Dutch firms from their own colonies; who is buying shipping in many countries (one hears of his purchase of seven Swedish liners); and who, however much any one may deplore the existence and procedure of such persons, is beyond doubt the possessor of the long and unrestrained imagination that, when applied to finance and commerce, raises him above the others, and makes him a formidable entity in the consideration not only of Germany, but of the world complete. The burden he assumes is colossal, and that is a thin adjective for it, but the best at hand. Others may imagine and scheme more, but usually they have an instinctive feeling of timidity, a sense that such would or should be beyond mortal capacity, that responsibility would be too oppressive, and that it would seem like a challenge to humanity—nay, even to some diviner scheme of things. Now and then, once or twice in a generation, a man with full imaginative equipment strides along who is unafraid, and then the world may pause. Once an achievement, a new reach of imagination, has been explored, and the possibilities have been demonstrated, it is easy to cover the same ground again. It is the initiative that tries and tells. Hugo Stinnes has gone farther than others, and he has reason to be of solemn mien, to live a simple life, and to forget the trifles of attire. After all, a greenishness of jacket is a small thing beside taking over Russia and her conversion into a going and a new concern, run by the rest of Europe—to make money for payment of German debts. A hole or two in garments would hardly lessen the interest and consequence of such a scheme. And, as to holes, a cynic inquires upon the situation in which such a man as Stinnes might be found in the event of the gold and other money standards—which, after all, are purely artificial and a world convention—being abandoned, as is the bad dream of financiers on their most distressing nights, Bolsheviki croaking about their uneasy pillows. The world social and commercial system of humanity has been so much established on the money standards that their abandonment for some other system of exchange and barter is scarce conceivable; but yet it is possible, and the discoveries and elucidations of chemistry make it not less so.

We believe no longer in many things believed in once, and the absolute finality and inimitability of gold cannot now be more than a most limited belief. Pearls and diamonds fall into like suspicion. Who knows? Who can tell? But not in our time perhaps. Yet it was only the other day that we heard, from Germany herself, a report of means being found for the making of artificial gold, which seemed quite the proper gold, and the scientists of the world could not in their consciences dismiss the story with mere contempt. However, if there was an upheaval in the business affairs of Mr Stinnes upon such a happening, so also there would be the same with all of us, and in the long-run it is to be doubted whether we should emerge from the ordeal better than this German. He has a problem at hand in these days which gives him a certain training in the manipulation of the exchange of his country's money with that of other states, since the mark, so much stricken in its value, is practically outside the general system. Mr Stinnes has a capacity for delivering himself from holes. His first great experiment was in the early stages of the war, and his second in the corresponding stages of what was called the peace, and he did well both times. This man, who in his youth once worked down a coal-mine, and who was worth two million pounds before the war, is said to have multiplied his fortune ten times or more since then.

* * *

Smiles must not be sought upon the countenance of a man like this, and you do not see him smiling as, with a considerable staff about him, he enters the restaurant of the luxurious Hotel Adlon, which he does most nights when he is in Berlin. There seems something peculiarly ceremonious about his entry into the dining-hall. He is usually a late arrival; many of the people are nearing the end of their meal before his party with solemnity enter and proceed to the little alcove, where, in a semi-mysterious separation from all the rest, they eat—and that sparingly, for it is untrue that this Stinnes, as some have suggested, is a trencherman of the Bismarck kind. He does not look it, and his body and mind would not allow it. His various confidential assistants advance in this informal procession, a secretary commonly bringing up the rear with a portfolio full of papers. This conversion of the luncheon and dinner periods to a sort of business rite is something of a custom with some of the keener Germans. One might speculate at times upon what this solemn money genius might be like in a domestic home, whether at last some family warmth might miraculously exude from such a cold financial composition. It may be so; but if there is a Frau Stinnes alive, one does not hear of her. Yet the genius of this story has four sons, and one of them, being the eldest, Hugo, is being trained in the way his father would have him go, the Stinnes way he has invented. But two of a kind like this do not live in successive generations. His only intimates are those few people of his general staff. Most carefully picked men they are, for Hugo Stinnes has the characteristic of real rulers of men in that he can select his generals with rare circumspection. Among his staff are certain keen and also silent men who were Intelligence officers in the German Army; the chief of them is a genius who was once attached to the Luttwitz corps. One of the rules imposed upon them is that neither in conversation nor in correspondence shall they ever mention him, Hugo Stinnes, by his name; he is always referred to as 'The Principal.' One time in the past a mouse, seized with much courage, dared to bring a law-suit against the giant Stinnes, and fought it with a fine energy and ability. That appealed to Stinnes, and he took over the mouse—just a little man—to make a manager of him, by which he gains more than he would win through a hundred cases at the law. These solemn men sit long at their table; they talk most seriously of countries and many millions. A secretary takes notes unceasingly. At the end they rise, and the procession passes back towards the private apartments of the man who thus juggles with the labour of the world and some of the fruits thereof.

AD NIGERIAM.

(TWO SONNETS ADDRESSED TO THE WEST COAST.)

I.

I SOMETIMES think that I have trod this earth
  In the dim past, as heir to some small state,
  Where all things wild and strange did congregate;
Where mighty pillars of assuring girth
Upheld the palace of my princely birth;
  But the unpitying mastery of Fate
  Sent me to death, a child immaculate,
And guessing little of life's magic mirth!

There flowed the river I now love so well,
  Where I, unfashioned, immature, ungrown,
  Floated at will, a dreamer, all alone—
Learning the secrets that the rush could tell. . . .
Ah! my dead past, it was inevitable
  That I should love again the scenes once known!

II.

For love that counts the years on Time's bead-frame
  Gave me a passion, wonder-tinted, red,
  Came to me in Memory's guise and said,
'Thou *know'st* this land—hadst guessed its very name,
Its magic, mystery, beauty, brilliance, blame
  At first glad greeting, when its kiss was shed
  Upon thy heart, thy lips, thy down-bent head,
And all thy soul leapt forth in sudden flame!

'Give thanks, O Mortal! Patient Memory,
  Imperfect, hesitating, lends its gleam
  To keener intuition—for in thee
The splendour of blue sky and wandering wave
Has lived beyond the oblivion of the grave,
  To lend th' imperishable rapture of a dream!'

J. M. STUART-YOUNG.

THE THUG.

By Peter Carpenter.

I.

THERE is a department of the police-detective service in India which deals with Thugs and Dakoits. Thug corresponds to the term footpad or highwayman in English; Dakoits were armed bands of robbers who attacked and looted villages.

For many years prior to the Great War, Thugs and Dakoits had ceased to exist. Captain Sleeman, some twenty years before the Mutiny, traced and exposed the ramifications of Thuggism; while the Arms Act practically put an end to Dakoiti.

In most countries murders are committed from motives of revenge, or for pecuniary gain, but not for mere lust of shedding blood, except in some exceptional cases where the culprit is insane. The Thugs, however, had a love for murder. They plundered their victims, and usually selected wealthy persons for their prey; but the poor did not escape. An old man, whose worldly possessions consisted of a cotton-stuffed quilt and a brass drinking-vessel; a pilgrim dressed in saffron-coloured cotton clothes, on his way to bathe in the sacred river Ganges at Benares, or to visit some other sacred place, who carried no money, but depended on charity for his food; even children and others from whom there could be no expectation of profit—all these were strangled by Thugs.

The Thugs worshipped a Hindu goddess, known by the various names of Kali, Devi, Bhagnavi, and Durga: the wife of Shiva the Destroyer. In ancient times human beings were sacrificed in public to this goddess. That a fanatical Hindu votary of the goddess of destruction should consider the sacrifice of human blood as a meritorious act is comprehensible; but Mohammedans also belonged to the cult of Thuggi, and it is difficult to explain the worship of idols by followers of Mohammed, many of whom read the law in such a literal manner that they consider even the making of a picture of an animal or a man as an evil act.

The Thugs were not all poor men. Some members of the fraternity were wealthy merchants or shopkeepers, men of standing and respect in their native town or village. Some were of the agricultural class; others were carriers, accustomed to transport merchandise between large towns and neighbouring villages, and as they were well acquainted with the merchants, and knew the roads, the tracks, and the wells, their knowledge was useful to the Thugs. Government officials were also to be found in their ranks. At investigations and trials, their assistance was available in favour of their comrades.

Besides the Thugs, there were other thieves and robbers on the road; it was usual, therefore, for travellers to journey together for mutual protection. The Thugs availed themselves of this fact. Some of the band would join a party on the road, explaining that they were afraid of robbers, as the country had a bad name. The strangers welcomed this addition of strength. These spies would then send word to their chief, reporting the number of persons in the party, how armed, the number of servants and guards, the quantity and nature of the merchandise, and whether loaded on carts or pack-animals.

The leader then made his plans as to the number of men he required, and the place where the ambush should take place.

On one occasion a band of Thugs joined a rich merchant, who was journeying with valuable goods, protected by some well-armed and trusty servants. The transport was hired from professional carriers; but often these carriers were in league with robbers, or were even Thugs themselves. Numerous armed servants were required, not only to guard against danger from without the camp, but also against danger from within. The chief of the Thugs was a man with a charming manner, well dressed, and evidently of rank and position. He explained that he was proceeding on a diplomatic mission, from one Indian prince to the Court of another. On account of his rank, and also because he was carrying several valuable presents, it was necessary that he should have a strong and well-armed bodyguard.

The merchant was pleased to meet such a well-bred and agreeable person, and suggested that they should continue their journey in company together. The stranger beguiled the weariness of the road with tales of his adventures and of life at the Courts of Indian princes.

At sunset they arrived at a spot which was a recognised halting-place for travellers. The servants arranged shelters for their masters; the cooks lighted fires and prepared the evening meal; the water-carriers drew water from the well; the cart-men fed and looked after their cattle. Except for the followers of the merchant and the stranger, no other people were spending the night at that place.

It was growing dark when the two newly formed acquaintances sat down to dinner. They were tired and hungry, and while chatting together did full justice to the various dishes

which were set before them. When the meal was finished, the stranger called out in a loud voice, 'Bring hookahs.' The robber who was standing near the merchant threw the *rumal*, or scarf, over his head, and with a swift motion of his wrists drew it tight round his neck and strangled him. At the same instant another Thug, in the same way, throttled the merchant's servant. Other members of the gang fell upon the cart-men and servants. The whole business did not occupy more than a few minutes. The dead bodies were hastily buried in graves which had been dug beforehand. The valuables were divided, and the thieves separated and dispersed in various directions.

II.

At all Government offices in India one meets the *peon*, or *chaprassi*. Sometimes he wears a scarlet coat—that is, when he is the servant of some high official; more often he contents himself with a scarlet shoulder-belt with a brass plate engraved with the title of his department. He is the doorkeeper and messenger. The pay he receives is small, equal to the sum a scavenger or a water-carrier obtains; but the *chaprassi* has means of augmenting his monthly pay, and the authorities, being acquainted with this fact, take it into consideration when fixing his wages.

When an Indian gentleman calls on the district officer, he encounters the *chaprassi* in the veranda of the office or the private house. Before obtaining entrance to the presence of the great man, the *chaprassi* must be propitiated; otherwise the visitor may be kept waiting with poorer applicants, and so receive injury to his *izzat*, or dignity. Even the poor must pay toll before they can present a petition.

Devi Ditta was such a one. He was head *chaprassi* to Mr Saunders, the collector or chief civil officer of Basoda, a small station in central India. At that time the electric telegraph was unknown, and the railway non-existent. The district under his charge was an extensive one, and as there was a lack of communication, he was not much interfered with by his superiors, and governed his people in his own way. The country-people knew that there was a Queen in England, and a Viceroy at Calcutta; but they never saw these high dignitaries, while Mr Saunders was present on the spot and accessible. The poor came to him with their grievances, while the rich consulted him regarding the state of their villages or lands, or on more private matters. It was truly a patriarchal form of government.

Devi Ditta was always present at his post on the veranda. He met many people from the outskirts of the district, and by methods of his own gained a knowledge of their rank and wealth. An Indian has the bump of curiosity well developed. He likes to know all there is to be known of a person he meets, the place where he lives, what his occupation is, and how much money he has. But it was not from idle curiosity that Devi Ditta made these inquiries—he had an object to attain.

One day a gentleman, of good appearance and well dressed, appeared, accompanied by a body-guard of armed and mounted servants. Devi Ditta was told to introduce Suraj Mull, a *zamindar*, or landholder, to the collector. Devi Ditta got into conversation with the servants, and learned that Suraj Mull was a rich man, the owner of several villages near the town of Dhuma. Now it happened that a certain Mulraj, a fellow-casteman of the *chaprassi*, lived at Dhuma. A message was promptly sent to Mulraj asking him to come to Basoda, as Devi Ditta had an important communication to make to him.

Before many days had passed, Mulraj arrived. After the usual salutations and inquiries as to the state of his health and the well-being of his household, Devi Ditta said, 'Brother, some nights since the goddess Kali appeared to me in a dream. On seeing her terrifying appearance, my liver became like water. I trembled and shook before her. In an angry voice she addressed me. She asked why I had been remiss in acts of worship and in sacrificing to her, and warned me as to my future conduct. To escape disaster I was to present her a worthy sacrifice. Brother, since that vision I have noted all visitors to the collector-sahib. When Suraj Mull appeared, I said to myself, "This is the man; he has much money and is a sacrifice worthy of Kali." Do thou, brother, make all necessary inquiries as to the movements of Suraj Mull.'

'Master,' said Mulraj, 'I know Suraj Mull well; his servants are my friends. He often visits the holy city of Jaunpur, and perhaps once a month or so goes to Bhandara. He has transactions with a banker in that town, with whom he deposits his money. As soon as I hear that he is about to travel I will tell thee, so that thou mayest inform the chief.'

III.

When an Indian servant requires a holiday to visit his native village, which he has not seen perhaps for years, or for change of air and water, he does not say so, but urges some other reason. He has just received a letter, or, in more civilised parts, a telegram, saying that his father is at the point of death, and his presence is urgently required. Sometimes it is that the Pundits have fixed the auspicious day for the marriage of his daughter, and he must be present at the ceremony.

Devi Ditta wanted leave. What excuse he gave, whether death or marriage, is not known, but his real object, as the sequel will show, had something to do with a funeral.

His leave being granted with less difficulty than he had anticipated, he started from Basoda. At first his route lay along the high-road to Dhuma. He met many other persons, like himself passing between the two large towns and intervening villages. Here a man and a woman trudged slowly, carrying their bedding and cooking-pots on their backs—the woman plodding behind her husband, bearing the heaviest load. Next a bullock-cart, with a bevy of gay young women, on their way to some religious fair. A water-wheel was working at the roadside. Devi Ditta stopped to have a drink of water and talk with the driver. The groaning of the water-wheel ceased, while the bullock enjoyed a few moments' welcome rest. At evening he came to a village, where he decided to pass the night.

He was up before sunrise next morning. Quitting the high-road, he followed a rough country track that led to the banks of the Narbada River, which he crossed at a ford. The country became wild and uncultivated, and except for a solitary goat-herd he met no one. The track now led through the foothills of the Mahadeo range. During the heat of the day he rested, and ate the food he had brought with him. As the sun's rays lengthened he arrived at a ruined Hindu temple, dedicated to the worship of Kali.

He gave the password and private sign to a man who was standing outside, and was permitted to enter. There were about a dozen men present, all strangers to him, except for his friend Mulraj. These people addressed one another by fictitious names, in a language which we should describe as thieves' slang. One man he judged by his dress to be a Mussulman. This astonished him. He had never met a Mohammedan at a meeting of Thugs, and, knowing their hatred of idols and idolaters, he could not understand how a follower of the Prophet could join in the worship of Kali. The person who appeared to be the chief was a man of short stature and slight figure. His face was stern and forbidding, and the expression of his eyes showed a strong and unyielding spirit. Some present appeared to be people in a comfortable way of life, while others were simple ryots.

The chief explained his plans. A certain one, disguised as a *jogi*, or Hindu religious mendicant, was to proceed to a spot on the road which traversed the foothills of the Mahadeo range. The site chosen was near a well, where travellers would probably rest. Devi Ditta and Mulraj—as they knew Suraj Mull—were to proceed to Jaunpur, a rich and flourishing town on the banks of the Narbada. This city contained a celebrated shrine, and was much frequented by pilgrims. They were to clothe themselves as respectable shopkeepers, travelling to Bhandara on business. Suraj Mull was going to Bhandara, and they were to follow him. The chief himself, in the guise of an inspector of police, accompanied by two constables, would appear to be travelling from Bhandara to Jaunpur. The pace of the parties was to be so arranged that they should arrive at the rendezvous at the same time.

Before separating, they had to propitiate their tutelary goddess. A kid was sacrificed, and a bowl of its blood placed in front of the idol, together with offerings of sugar and *ghi*. Prayers were offered to her that their enterprise might be successful. The *rumal*, or scarf, with which they strangled their victims, and the pickaxe with which the graves were dug, were consecrated with ceremonies dating from ancient times.

IV.

At early morning the view of Jaunpur is picturesque. The reflections in the river of the white-washed houses and of the temples are tinted rose and yellow by the rays of the rising sun. Groups of gaily dressed women stand on the steps of the bathing *ghaut*. Some are about to enter the water; others have bathed and completed the religious ceremonies of their sect. Here stands an ascetic, with long, matted yellow-reddish hair, his face and naked body smeared with wood-ashes. His left arm is stretched vertically above the shoulder; it has remained in this position for years, and is now rigid and withered. Close by a man is lying on a wooden planked bed, studded with long iron spikes. He also has long, matted, dirty hair; his body is gray with ashes and dirt. Other *jogis* there are, with heavy iron rings in their ears, and massive chains wound round their bodies. Itinerant vendors of refreshments have set up their stalls, and are doing a good business. A sweetmeat-seller calls out the varieties of confectionery he has for sale, while flapping a fan to drive away the plague of flies which settle around. A milk-seller is advertising the good quality of his curds, and a fruit and vegetable dealer draws attention to the freshness of his goods.

Devi Ditta and Mulraj passed slowly through the chattering crowd, and walked towards the town, the streets of which were full of women purchasing food for the day's consumption. They were not in a hurry, and their progress was slow. They gazed about, asked the price of flour and *ghi*, and talked with the shopkeepers regarding the prospect of rain and the condition of the crops. A man was approaching them whom Mulraj recognised as a servant of Suraj Mull. Mulraj saluted him, inquired after his health, and asked what he was doing in Jaunpur. The servant explained that his master, the *zamindar*, was travelling to Bhandara; that he had trouble with the cartmen, who for some inexplicable reason did not wish to go farther; and that he was stopping in Jaunpur until he could obtain fresh men. Mulraj suggested that he and his companion

might be of assistance in the search for carts and men. This offer pleased Suraj Mull's servant, so the three men wended their way to the quarter of the town where the cart-men were usually to be found.

V.

His difficulties over the question of transport having been settled, Suraj Mull made an early start the following morning. He met the usual number of country-people on the road, but nothing out of the way occurred, and late in the afternoon he drew near to a grove of trees, where he intended to pass the night. At the roadside was seated a Hindu ascetic, or *jogi*, who asked for alms. To refuse the request would have brought bad luck, as well as maledictions from the *jogi*. The *zamindar* gave him some money, and heard that no other travellers had halted at the camping-place. The servants and the baggage having arrived, preparations were made for the night. While he was finishing his evening meal his confidential servant informed him that an inspector of police had arrived, and wished to pay his respects. Suraj Mull was glad to hear this news. He thought that the presence of the police would be an additional safeguard against thieves and robbers.

'*Ram, ram, maharaj*,' said the inspector as he advanced, salaaming. 'I hope I find your Honour in good health.'

'Quite well, inspector-sahib. 'I hope that you are not fatigued with your journey?'

'The journey has not been a long one. I have come from Bhandara.'

'And what is the news from Bhandara? Is it true that Dakoits looted the banker Khrishan Lal?'

'Quite true, *maharaj*. The *sowcar* would not disclose the hiding-place of his money. The Dakoits placed him over a charcoal-fire, and it was not until his flesh was badly burned that he told them where to dig for the treasure. They also injured his wife by tearing the jewelled rings and ornaments from her ears and nose.'

'Well, inspector-sahib, now that you and your sepoys are here, I think we may be safe from evil-minded persons.'

After further conversation on various topics, Suraj Mull said that, as they all had to rise early the next morning, he thought it was time to go to rest.

The inspector called to one of the constables, 'Moti Sing, come here. The instructions I gave are to be carried out now.'

The constable moved quickly behind Suraj Mull, slipped a handkerchief round his throat, and drew it tight. There was no time for the *zamindar* to resist, and he fell dead without a sound.

Meanwhile Devi Ditta and Mulraj had been sitting over a fire gossiping with Suraj Mull's confidential servant. On hearing the police-inspector's order, Devi Ditta sprang upon the servant and strangled him in the same manner. Mulraj and the cart-men who had been engaged with his assistance disposed of the remaining attendants of the *zamindar*. Graves were hastily dug, and the dead bodies buried. The plunder was divided among the members of the gang, who then dispersed in different directions.

The grove was empty, except for the *jogi*, who still sat by the roadside wrapt in meditation.

VI.

'Well, Devi Ditta,' said Mr Saunders, 'I am glad you are back again. I hope you have settled your business satisfactorily.'

'Thanks to your Honour's kindness, matters have gone well with your servant.'

Devi Ditta had resumed his duties, and was to be found again waiting on the veranda for visitors.

Some ten days or so after his return, a young man, attended by two servants, rode up to the collector's house. One of the servants asked the *chaprassi* to announce Krishan Lal, son of Suraj Mull, the *zamindar* of Dhuma. Devi Ditta led him into the reception-room. Coming out again, he sat with the servants, and discussed the news of the day. From them he learned that Suraj Mull had not returned home, and as his absence was longer than usual, his son was becoming anxious about him. It was known that Suraj Mull had arrived at Jaunpur, but there were no traces of his further movements.

Days and weeks passed, and yet Suraj Mull had not returned home, and no news of him was received. This disappearance of a rich and important man caused much speculation and gossip in the bazaars. Many said that he had been robbed and killed, while others believed that he had been detained on business, and would eventually arrive home safe and sound.

There was also much talk concerning Devi Ditta among his neighbours. It was noticed that on Sundays and holidays he wore better and richer clothes than he used to do; he had bought some land, on which he intended to build a house; the *bunnias* said that his daily purchases of food had increased; while the women gossiped about the new and valuable jewellery his wife wore.

These stories reached the ears of the police, who began to take an inquisitive interest in Devi Ditta.

Krishan Lal had informed the police that his father had a considerable sum of money in gold and silver and several articles of jewellery with him when he departed from his home. Some of the ornaments he would be able to recognise.

That Devi Ditta should have been absent from Basoda at the same time as Suraj Mull disappeared was perhaps only a coincidence; still, connecting his absence with his newly acquired wealth, there were grounds for the police to make further investigations. A search being made in his house, a large sum of money in gold and silver, together with jewelled ornaments, was found. It was improbable that a man occupying the menial position of a *chaprassi* could be the lawful owner of such valuable nose and ear rings, necklaces, and bracelets. As Devi Ditta could not give any reasonable explanation as to his possession of these articles, the police took him into custody.

At the trial Krishan Lal and his mother identified a necklace which Suraj Mull always wore. The links were of a peculiar pattern, and there were private marks on the clasp which they recognised. There was a gold bangle, which had the same marks. Devi Ditta was convicted of being in possession of stolen property, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

VII.

Fifteen years had passed. To Devi Ditta it seemed that his whole life had been spent in prison, and that a former existence, which he sometimes remembered, was but a dream. He was not punished for laziness, neglect of tasks, insubordination, and other faults, like so many other prisoners. He was as quiet and well-behaved in jail as he used to be when he was a Government servant. Owing to his good conduct, he no longer had to wear heavy iron shackles on ankles and wrists; his labour was lighter, and he obtained other ameliorations.

One day a party of Englishmen arrived, with permission to visit the prison. They saw the prisoners working in the garden, preparing the soil for the cultivation of vegetables; inspected the sacks, matting, and similar articles made by other prisoners; watched the manufacture of the coarse paper used by the inferior Government officials for accounts and correspondence; but they were chiefly interested in the carpet-factory, where carpets and rugs were made, equal to those of Kabul and Bokhara for beauty and strength.

One of the visitors had heard many blood-curdling stories of the Dakoits: how they surrounded villages, killed the inhabitants, burned the houses, and carried away as much plunder as they could. The mysteries of Thuggi, and the secret manner in which they were able to carry out their nefarious designs, fascinated him. He wanted to see a Thug, and learn how they strangled their victims.

He therefore asked the head-jailer if there were any Thugs in the prison. He was told that there was a man who, it was believed, had belonged to the fraternity. Devi Ditta was accordingly sent for, and shortly appeared. The head-jailer was told to inquire how the Thugs manipulated the *rumal* and threw the noose.

Devi Ditta was standing quietly, apparently uninterested in what was taking place; but on hearing the head-jailer's question his demeanour changed, and he became more alert. He hesitated a moment, and then said, '*Maharaj*, your servant knows nothing about Thugs, except what he has heard from other persons. It is true that a friend once explained how they killed people. Let me have a handkerchief, and I will show what he taught me.'

One of the Englishmen offered his pocket-handkerchief. But Devi Ditta shook his head, and said it was too small. 'Give me that one,' said he, pointing to a scarf which one of the warders was wearing round his waist.

Taking the scarf in his hands, he stood silent, his eyes cast to the ground, his lips moving, as if uttering unspoken words.

The warders were standing close by, watching the prisoner. The Englishmen drew nearer to obtain a clearer view of what he was doing.

Devi Ditta threw up his hands quickly. The horrified spectators saw the noose fall around the neck of the nearest visitor. . . . .

The warders seized the prisoner—but too late.

'*Devi Ji ki Jai!*' ('Victory to Devi!'), cried the Thug. He had once again sacrificed to Kali.

MORE ABOUT MELBA.

By Sir LANDON RONALD.

I.

ONE of Melba's most marked characteristics is her bluntness. She says what she means, and means what she says. I remember her plain-speaking causing a little scene at Paddington Station which tickled my sense of humour. It was at the time she had a house at Marlow. After singing at the opera, as indeed under almost any pretext, she would always have a special train. But on this particular Saturday afternoon she chose to travel by the ordinary train, accompanied by her maid, a foreign violinist of repute who was on a visit to this country, and to whom she wished to pay some attention (his name, for the moment, I forget), and myself. It was in the height of summer, and the train was packed.

Just as we were about to depart (having found seats in a carriage where soon afterwards at least five people were standing) a regular English exquisite, with an eyeglass in his eye and a drawl, sauntered up to our carriage, and, addressing Madame Melba, who was nearest the window, said in a very affected voice, 'Is there any room he-ah?' 'Can't you see,' was the prompt reply, 'we are more than full up?—unless you wish to sit on the floor.' The young man stared at her for a second, drawled, 'Oh, no! I should prefer to sit on your lap,' and moved away.

A minute's awful silence reigned, but immediately the train was well on the move our gallant foreign fiddler friend got up from his seat in great excitement, and shouted at the top of his voice out of the window, 'You plackguard! You scountrel! If you kom here, I gif you one ponch in ze nose.' The wrath of this chivalrous defender of the fair sex only subsided when the train was well away from the young man, left behind on the platform, roaring with laughter and shouting, 'Come on, Sausage; I'll knock you out first round.'

A few days afterwards I received an invitation to spend Sunday at Marlow, as Joachim was staying with the prima-donna. I must admit they made a funny couple together. The heavy, ponderous, learned Hungarian fiddler, used to being listened to with awe and bated breath; and the vivacious, chaffing, light-hearted prima-donna, throwing all seriousness to the wind and heartily disliking hero-worship in her own home. They were in very truth the two extremes meeting, and yet Joachim's fascination and admiration for Melba was very real and very sincere. So far as I remember, there was only one other person present, Mr Arthur Davis, a Stock Exchange magnate, a well-known 'first-nighter' and patron of concerts and opera.

After dinner some informal music began. Joachim played with me several of the Brahms-Joachim Hungarian dances, and played them wonderfully. Then Melba sang a Mozart aria, with violin obligato, and eventually Joachim and I played the Kreutzer sonata of Beethoven. Just as we were about to begin the last movement I discovered, to my dismay, that we had missed the last train back to town. Davis and I had to get back, so what was to be done? There was only one way—a special train. The local station-master placed every possible obstacle in the way, but eventually, on his being persuaded that the matter was of vital importance to the State, the special train was duly obtained. It was composed of one saloon-carriage and an engine, and when Davis was called upon to pay for it, I remember his remarking that it was the greatest and the cheapest concert he had ever been to in his life.

II.

For several years I conducted Sunday concerts at the Winter Gardens, Blackpool, in the summer, and Melba on many occasions came and opened the season for us by appearing at the first concert. It was on one of these annual visits that an incident occurred quite worth relating. The great diva had sung several encores, and could not make up her mind what to choose for another. Just as she was going on to bow her acknowledgments once again, she said to me, 'Come and play "A Little Winding Road" for me'—that being a song of mine which she sang a good deal at that time. Oddly enough, it was originally written for a contralto—Clara Butt, to be precise; but, owing to certain difficulties with publishers which it is unnecessary to go into here, it was never sung by her. It is a song (one of a cycle called 'Four Songs of the Hill') which has been a great selling success, and the artiste who first sang the complete cycle was that exquisite singer (who has now retired) Miss Muriel Foster. As it was very much in vogue at the time, I happened to have been playing it in the contralto key a great deal. It was fairly natural, therefore, that on the sudden demand of Melba to play it for her I should strike up the original key—two or three tones lower than the soprano key. The diva had not sung a bar before she also realised it, and, in the most natural manner imaginable, stopped, and said in her very carrying speaking voice, 'Landon, you are playing it in the wrong key.' I laughed, played a few chords of transposition, and began again. She caught my eye, and we both burst out laughing, with the result that the whole audience took it up, and that it was *the* success of the evening.

A year or two after I became Principal of the Guildhall School of Music I was most anxious to get so great a singer and so dear a friend to come and give the students the benefit of her advice and great experience. After very much persuasion, I got her to promise to read them a paper, 'On Singing,' written by herself. It is very curious that at that time she could neither read nor speak well in public. During and since the war I have heard her make admirable little speeches without fear or hesitation, but at the particular period to which I am referring her nerves, as a rule, completely prevented her doing herself justice. Realising all this, she asked permission to come to the school a day or two previously and rehearse her essay on singing in the theatre where she would have to read it. This impressed me very much, because it showed how serious she was about everything she undertook. I duly sat in front with one other friend of hers, and she went on the stage and began reading. Continually she stopped and assured me she could never do it, and continually I assured her that she was doing

splendidly. She went away very 'fussed' and unhappy, but promised that she would not disappoint me by keeping away altogether, as I rather feared.

We had made great preparations to give her a royal reception. The chairman and committee, all dressed in their mazarine gowns, were there to receive her; hundreds of girls had donned their white dresses with red sashes; and an address of welcome and a small souvenir of the occasion were to be presented to her by the chairman. Her entry into the theatre was the sign for an enormous outburst of cheering such as even Melba could seldom have experienced. The chairman having duly performed his part, it was my turn to say a few words about the great artist whom we were entertaining. This done, she got up, manuscript in hand, to commence. But the cheering and applause was deafening, and at least two minutes must have elapsed before she was allowed to begin. She was cruelly nervous, and this overwhelming reception unnerved her the more. I was sitting next her on the platform, and felt, after her few opening phrases, that she would never get through. I was but too right. Another heroic attempt to master her nerves failed, and, with a pathetic smile and a gesture of regret, she turned to the audience and said, 'I'm awfully sorry, but I cannot go on.'

The students did not know whether to applaud or to keep silent. But I at once got on my feet, took the manuscript from Melba's hands, and announced that I had arranged with her to read it on her behalf. It was a difficult thing for me to do, because I had never read it, and had heard only part of it at the private rehearsal to which I have alluded. I believe I got through all right, but it was a job I should not care to have to repeat. It is the only time, during the many long years of our friendship, that I have known Melba break down before a public, and I believe it was a unique experience on her part.

III.

The great singer has not had many 'narrow escapes' during her travels, but one that occurred at Chicago when I was with her is worth relating. She was announced to give a concert, and the newspapers, in true American fashion, had written columns about 'the great musical treat in store,' but dwelt more on the fact that 'the great singer has with her all her most priceless jewels, and will wear them the night of the concert.' Melba had been in the habit of occupying the same suite of rooms in the Auditorium Hotel (they were called 'The Melba Suite'), and it caused her great annoyance when she was informed that on this particular occasion they were already occupied by a lady and her husband. As after-events proved, this was fortunate for the prima-donna.

On the day of the concert two well-dressed men entered the hotel, walked upstairs to the 'Melba Suite,' and ringing the bell, were admitted by the lady in question. Promptly closing the door behind them, one of the ruffians, producing a pistol, said, 'If you scream, I'll shoot! Show me where you keep your jewels.' The poor lady had the presence of mind to answer, 'My husband's inside, and if you don't leave, I'll call him.' This happened to be untrue, but in any case it made no impression on the men, as they believed they were speaking to Melba, who, they knew, was not married. Accordingly, they proceeded with their work, one keeping the pistol pointed at his victim's head, whilst the other ransacked the rooms. Finding nothing of any particular value, and afraid to prolong their stay, they cleared out a wardrobe, taking several coats and trousers, and escaped. The unfortunate lady completely collapsed.

When the story leaked out, Melba was most sympathetic and kind, and did everything she could to help. Since that fortunate escape she has ceased to travel with many jewels—at all events any of great value.

MAN'S WORK.

CHAPTER XIII.—*continued.*

IV.

WITH the arrival of that anonymous box of cigars, brought to camp by Denison two nights afterwards, a touch of solace settled on three weary men. They smoked wordlessly, breaking the unwritten law, and blessing the unknown giver—though Shanklin made a shrewd guess at his identity. It was the sort of thing he would like to have done himself. There was, too, another factor he found comforting. It seemed as though from strange and unexpected sources they were drawing aid in the time of need. Three women—each stimulated by a different motive—had come to the rescue. He mused over this till it gradually became clear that hidden forces were aiding: not those powers by which man most often wins success, but secret elements that moved mysteriously and brought with them a fine, high strength of amazing quality. Intuition, gratitude, love, and filial contrition had all ranged themselves in support.

His mind moved on to what would follow if he did win out. There would be freedom, reputation, and independence. The world would lie before him, opening inviting arms to his youth,

and health, and riches. He could gratify every longing — except one. At that thought the vision faded. He saw Sitwell sinking lower and ever lower. He saw Claudia—but at this he shut the eyes of his soul, and tried not to see anything more.

Harrison, emerging from the cook-tent, thrust his hands into his pockets and stood looking at the dipping cable. He stooped, scooped up a handful of sludge, rubbed it between his fingers, and snuffed it, his eyes half-closed. Then he grunted contentedly. He was like the rest of them, walking in his sleep; but sleep, of late, was out of the question. 'I smell oil, Jack. That is, I don't actually smell it, but the something one smells first.'

'What you smell is hope. I've noticed it for months. It's the effect of a good cigar.'

Harrison shook his head. 'It's what I've taken twenty-five years to learn. Suppose we do strike it, what then?'

'Pay up, sit tight, and watch our money come back; then cut this fifty acres up into small leases and sell out.'

'It's likely we'll want twenty thousand at the end of the month. Where's it coming from?'

Shanklin grinned. 'On the least show of oil, we can get all the money we want.'

'Maybe. I reckon we can. But I'd like to see that fixed. Whom are you going to?' The older man spoke as though fortune were assured.

'I hadn't got that far,' said Shanklin slowly, and relapsed into thought. It had been too difficult to visualise himself as a successful man, no matter what determination might animate his efforts. It was the sort of thing one read about as happening to others. 'There's Burley,' he murmured, half-aloud. 'I used to work for him. He's the most likely. I've an idea he likes me.'

Harrison regarded him shrewdly. 'Then for God's sake wash, shave, get into decent clothes, and go and see him. On your looks now, I wouldn't lend you thirty cents myself.'

Shanklin smiled a little. 'He fired me six months ago.'

The other man stared. 'Then why go to him now?'

'Because I think he's sorry he fired me.'

'Then hustle, or he may get over it.'

V.

Shanklin hustled, then waited two hours for a lift into the city. He went straight to Burley's office, and was recognised at once by the elderly stenographer, who had missed his youth and buoyancy more than she cared to confess. She greeted him with undisguised pleasure. 'You've changed, Mr Shanklin. You look older and—well—bigger, and even stronger than you used to.' She examined him with frank interest. 'There's something about you that's different.'

He chatted for a moment; then she tapped at the senior partner's door and put her head in. There issued Burley's big voice. It held a note of surprise, but he would see Mr Shanklin at once. The latter found him as bustling and masterful as ever, but with a certain genuine pleasure on his bulldog face.

'Come for that advice, &c., young man? Well, what is it? Don't mind saying I've missed you every day. Got a sort of plaster-face idiot at your desk who doesn't know his own mind. Ever think of taking up legal work again?'

'No, Mr Burley.'

'H'm—pity. Think you should do well in spite of your darned altruism. That's what got me, confound you! Hear that Mr Brooks died some months ago?'

'Yes, I heard it.'

'You married, didn't you?'

'No, sir.'

'Oh!' Burley was linking up the death of Courtney Brooks and this young man's dismissal. It made him a little uncomfortable. 'What have you been doing?'

'Practical work — drilling wells. Can you give me ten minutes, sir?'

The last words sounded like old times, and Burley smiled at that. He confessed to wanting his senior clerk back again. There was even room for a junior partner now. 'Yes, as long as you like, but first let me get a word in. That last talk we had was—well—a little hot. I've thought of it since, and I'm inclined to believe now that you were right—only you were so damned lofty about it. It may interest you to know that I'm not doing any work for—well—your particular friend. I've good reasons, too. Now, as to yourself, if you're just a little tired of drilling wells, come straight back here, and we can fix up that partnership business right away. That's all.'

Burley finished with a snort. He had done the decent thing, and was rather red in the face.

Shanklin stared out of the window at the Sierra Madre. For a minute he could not quite trust himself to answer, and scanned the distant crests, now tender in the rays of the declining sun. When he did speak, it was with an unmistakable jerkiness. 'Thank you for that, sir. It means a lot. May I decide on the 2nd of September?'

'Why not now?' Burley was vividly mindful that when Shanklin commenced a job he finished it, once and for all. At present it seemed that nothing in the office was ever definitely finished.

Shanklin told him, beginning at the beginning. The little man sat quite still as the tale unfolded, and only a little twitching of the bulldog features revealed his changing mood. It was a plain tale and dispassionate, but every word a stinging truth. Sitwell's name was not mentioned, but there was no chance of misap-

prehension. The losing of the bit, the emery-sand in the oil, the fire—all these were detailed in words that lost nothing through their direct simplicity. Shanklin might have been relating the tribulations of a friend.

The little man listened spell-bound, realising that this was a chapter of life, intimate in its drama, heroic in its setting and presentation. It was the real thing. The walls of his office melted away, and he saw himself again young, battling for success with all the fierce joy of manhood in his veins. Could a man who had tasted this spend his life at a desk, fingering briefs?

'So the way the thing stands is that I may want twenty thousand dollars on the 1st of September. If I do, it will be because I have made my fortune. If I don't make it, we drop the lease, which automatically passes into other hands—and I get a job. Will you finance me to that extent? I'll give you my note for the amount, and my interest in the property as security. If the well doesn't come in, you can destroy the cheque. If it does, you're safe.'

Burley grunted vigorously. 'Of course you can have it. Why the devil didn't you let me know before how things were going?'

'I didn't feel it was the sort of proposition I could fairly put up to any one. Harrison and I were satisfied, and we pyramided on it—but that's another thing. As for those three women—they didn't, as it were, come in at all. They were sent.'

Burley pulled down his brows. 'Just what do you mean?'

'I only half-know myself. It was something more than chance. I guess it was destiny.'

'Perhaps.' The little man nodded. 'Perhaps it was. Do you call this destiny?' He handed Shanklin a cheque. 'You'd never guess what I call it.'

'What?'

'Bread upon the waters returning! I owe you something. This doesn't exactly pay it—but it will serve to show you how I feel. Stay and have dinner with me. I'm all alone.'

Shanklin fingered the cheque as in a dream, then made his thanks with stumbling sincerity. 'May we leave it that I'll dine with you in any case on the 2nd of September?'

Burley nodded. 'Meaning that either you'll be a rich man or——?'

'Or perhaps your junior partner.'

(*Continued on page 365.*)

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE 'CONTAINER' SYSTEM OF TRANSPORT.

THE advantages of what is known as the 'container' system for the transport of goods seem so obvious, once they are perceived, that it is difficult to understand why this method was not adopted years ago. As in many other directions, however, the war has rendered a new system possible by causing the almost universal adoption of the motor-lorry—a necessary concomitant of transport by means of containers. Those of us who have crossed the Channel to France will have seen containers in use for passengers' luggage, the various items being packed into huge crates, which are lifted off the railway trucks into the steamers, and back again at the port of landing, thus saving an enormous amount of handling. For ordinary goods, containers are loaded at the manufacturers' or merchants' warehouses, conveyed to goods-stations on motor-lorries, and lifted into railway trucks, the process being reversed when delivery is made to the customer at the end of the journey. The saving in labour by this plan is too evident to need any explanation here, the only requirement being that the containers shall be uniform in size, and limited as regards weight, so that railway wagons and road vehicles can be made to suit. On our railways the nearest approach to the container system, apart from the example quoted above, is offered by the pantechnicon, which can be loaded with furniture at a house, locked up, and delivered at another house intact, sometimes after a journey by both rail and sea. Furniture-vans, however, are too big and unwieldy for the transport of ordinary goods; in fact, it is not unlikely that they themselves will be superseded, even for the special purpose for which they are at present used, by containers on lorries. One great advantage of containers is that they prevent pilfering *en route*, as not only are they locked, but the trucks in which they are carried are so constructed and partitioned off into sections that the doors cannot be opened until the containers are lifted out. Furnished with a lifting eye at each upper corner, containers are made weather-proof, and, being handled by cranes, they are not subjected to the severe usage meted out to the ordinary packing-case. Hence the goods inside need not be so carefully and expensively packed as for despatch by existing methods. A type of container being adopted on the railways in the United States measures, roughly, 9 feet by 7 feet, with a height of 8 feet. It weighs approximately 3000 lb. when empty, and will carry 7000 lb. Railway trucks for these containers will take eight each, and they can be transported on the road by 5-ton lorries. There is little doubt that the container system will eventually be adopted in this country.

THE LIGHTING OF MOTOR-CYCLES FROM THE MAGNETO.

Even among the owners of cars and motor-cycles, there are few who understand the working of a magneto well enough to know that current for lighting can be obtained therefrom. Yet such is the case, and apparatus for this purpose has been in use for several years. A complete explanation of how a magneto produces the sparking current for a car motor would occupy too much space to be given here, but it may be stated that the revolving armature has wound upon it an inner coil of stout, insulated copper wire, and an outer coil of very fine, silk-covered wire. When the armature is revolved between the poles of a magnet a flow of electricity is produced in the inner coil. This current is broken by the contact-breaker when a spark is required, and the effect of breaking it is to induce a current in the outer coil of fine wire, which is in circuit with the sparking-plugs. The current in the inner coil is not uniform in either strength or direction, but begins from nothing and gradually increases to a maximum in one direction, then dies down and begins to flow in the opposite direction, increasing to a maximum, and then gradually ceasing. This cycle occurs twice in each revolution, and the current is broken at its maximum flow, as the bigger the current broken the stronger is the sparking current in the fine wire. It would be quite possible to collect the current from the inner coil and pass it through low-voltage lamps; but owing to the variation from nothing to a maximum twice in each revolution, and the momentary breaking of the flow, the lights would flicker badly. The current is, therefore, passed into a storage-battery, whence it can be drawn in a steady flow for use in the lamps. When a battery is being charged, it is necessary that the pressure, or what is called the voltage, of the current should exceed that of the battery. If the pressure is too low the current will flow backwards, and the battery will be discharged instead of being charged. Again, current must be fed into the battery one way only. These exacting requirements are met by means of a tiny lever which is fixed to a disc attached to the contact-breaker and revolving with it. One end of this lever is pivoted, and is connected to one end of the inner coil. The other end carries a carbon brush. When the magneto is stationary a spiral spring holds the brush end of the lever in a central position, but when the speed increases beyond 600 or 700 revolutions a minute the lever flies out, owing to centrifugal force, until the brush makes contact with a metal segment in the cover. From this segment the current passes through a wire to the battery, and back to the other end of the coil through the frame and spindle of the magneto. At the speed specified the pressure of the current is enough to overcome the voltage of the battery, and the battery is charged. The segment, of course, catches the current in one direction only; the charging, therefore, is done by an impulse current once in every revolution, but this is enough to maintain the lights. Designed principally for motor-cycles, an outfit recently devised comprises a special attachment to the circuit-breaker as described, with a new cover, a battery, and a switch, and head, side, and rear lights.

A NEW TYPE OF ELECTRIC MOTOR.

Some of the best brains in the world have been and are still engaged with the problem of the invention of new electrical apparatus and the improvement of old, yet it has remained for a comparatively obscure worker to originate a new type of electric motor for small powers. The principle upon which the new motor works may be grasped by attaching a cord to one prong of a tuning-fork, the loose end being lightly stretched in a direction away from the other prong. If a cotton-reel, mounted on a knitting-needle so that it can turn very easily, be pressed against the cord while the tuning-fork is vibrating, the reel will rotate, and that always in the same direction. Exactly what form of motion is given to the cord by the vibrating fork has not been explained, but the important fact is that it tends to produce motion in a specific direction in any body in contact with it. This fact is taken advantage of in the new electric motor, in which the vibrating part of the mechanism is worked by an electro-magnet. If an electric current be passed round a coil of insulated copper wire wound upon an iron core, the core becomes an electro-magnet while the current is passing, and will attract other pieces of iron. If the current be alternating, it will pass in pulsations, first in one direction and then in the other, rising in each case from nothing to a maximum, and then dying down again, and making the core a magnet at each pulsation. This happens at the rate of fifty to a hundred times a second. When the core of such a coil is placed close to one prong of a tuning-fork it will attract it in a series of impulses, and if the impulses per second synchronise with the natural vibrations of the fork, the fork will vibrate continuously so long as the current is passing. As a matter of fact, a tuning-fork need not be used, any kind of spring plate being equally good. Instead of a cord being used, a tape is attached to the spring plate and passed partly round the driving-pulley of the motor, the other end being stretched by a spiral spring. Curiously enough, the tape does not wear, showing that no slipping takes place. The chief claims made for these motors are: (1) their cheapness and simplicity, with an absence of bearings and the consequent necessity for lubrication; (2) the unusually large initial power, allowing a full

load to be taken up the moment the current is switched on; (3) the low speeds attainable (as low as 4 or 5 revolutions per minute, if required) without the use of intermediate gearing; (4) while the efficiency is low, the power developed by these motors per unit of weight is very much higher than the normal. It may be added that at present only motors of fractional horse-power are being manufactured.

A SIMPLE LOAD-INDICATOR FOR LORRIES.

Although the overloading of motor lorries and vans does not often involve danger to life and limb, as is the case with ships, the practice imposes a strain upon the springs and the driving mechanism for which they were not designed, and every owner of such a vehicle endeavours to limit the load to the makers' rating. For goods in bags, bales, or packing-cases, the load is easily calculated; but for materials in bulk, such as sand, gravel, or road metal, the weight (owing to varying conditions) is often a matter of guesswork. To overcome this difficulty a very simple load-indicator has been brought out, which measures the weight by the depression of the springs. Leaving out for the moment certain features for rendering the device suitable for different vehicles and loads, we may say that it consists essentially of a light steel bar, with a pointer mounted at one end, while the other is bent round at a right angle to form a lever. This bar is mounted in two brackets under the floor of the vehicle, parallel with the axle, but a little to one side, so that the bent end comes over the middle of the axle. The pointer end of the bar passes through a hole in the middle of an indicating dial, which is fixed at the side of the body. At the middle of the axle is clamped a steel upright bar with a fork at the top, in which lies the end of the bent lever, the bent portion being practically horizontal at half-load. When the body is loaded and falls, depressing the springs, the indicating bar falls with it, but the end of the bent lever being held up by the axle-fitting, the bar and the pointer are turned to an extent dependent upon the weight of the load. It is a simple matter to mark the dial 'light' when the vehicle is empty, and 'loaded' when the load has reached the rated limit. Motor lorries and vans vary in width, height of axles with reference to the body, and other features, and these differences have to be allowed for in an instrument of this character. To meet these requirements the upright bar on the axle is made in two pieces to give vertical adjustment, while the clamp will take any size of axle. The indicator bar is telescopic, the inner end being a solid bar, which slides into an outer end consisting of gas-piping, and is locked into the piping by a screw. Flat bar steel, $\frac{1}{8}$-inch in thickness, is used for the brackets, which are fixed with wood screws to the floor of the body. A coil spring is fitted to the bar at the inner bracket to keep the lever pressed down in the fork. The pointer is fitted with a screw passing through it, the function of which is to lock the indicator out of engagement with the axle when the vehicle is running. In the most recent form of the indicator the movements of the pointer are multiplied in the proportion of four to one of the bar. It is claimed by the inventor that the indicator will show the load within one hundredweight.

A CHEAP PORTABLE GAS HEATER AND COOKER.

In addition to the various forms of gas heating and cooking appliances which are designed to be more or less permanently fixed, there is a distinct demand for a portable type of heater upon which simple cooking operations can be carried on. Among the appliances devised to meet this requirement is a heater and cooker which can be readily moved from room to room, and placed in any convenient position, assuming that a long enough rubber tube is used to connect the burner to the gas-supply. The appliance is so simply constructed that it can be sold at a very low price. The lower portion consists of a rectangular box, open at the sides, and having a slightly raised floor. This box is surmounted by an upper storey in the form of a pyramid with the top cut off. Inside the pyramid are asbestos fireballs, while running across the apparatus, just below the bottom of the pyramid, is the horizontal pipe of a Bunsen gas-burner. At the sides and ends of the pyramid are holes through which some of the heat escapes into the room by radiation. The complete contrivance measures 9 inches by 6 inches at the base, and is 9 inches high. When the burner is alight, the fireballs become red-hot, and give out enough heat to warm a room of 3000 cubic feet capacity, with a gas consumption of 15 feet an hour. Grilling or toasting can be carried on under the burner, the heat from the fireballs striking downwards; the top of the pyramid is available for a kettle or a saucepan; while the ends are arranged to hold two flat-irons. This heater and cooker is strongly made in sheet-steel, and includes a pan for grilling.

AN INGENIOUS WOOL-WINDER.

One method by which woman has been accustomed to demonstrate her power temporarily to enslave the 'mere man' bids fair to become obsolete, owing to the invention of a simple but effective device for holding a skein of wool when it is being wound into a ball. The device comprises, in the first place, two flat arms, about 13 inches long and 1 inch broad. Each arm is formed of a strip of tin-plate bent round at the edges so as to form long, narrow tubes. Into these tubes slide the two straight portions of a stout steel wire, roughly like a very long hair-pin in shape, but bent at the top into a U-shaped fork. One of these forks, therefore, projects from each end of both arms.

The two arms are fastened together at the centre by a small copper tube, which passes through each flange of the tin strips, the arms being mounted edgewise on the tube. Fixed in one arm, the tube is loose in the other, which can, therefore, be turned at right angles to the fixed arm, the two thus forming a cross, and allowing of the skein of wool being placed round the four forks. When not in use, the two arms fold up, so that they lie parallel side by side in one flat strip. The cross turns on a wire spindle which passes through the copper tube, this spindle being part of a very ingenious wire clip which can be pushed over the edge of a table or the back of a chair. Powerful springs cause the clip to hold on to whatever piece of furniture may be found convenient, and thus make the device a 'temporary fixture.' The forks, of course, may be drawn out or pushed in so as to fit the size of the particular skein being wound. The person winding should sit facing one end of the device, so that the arms of the cross revolve towards her.

A DIRECTION-INDICATOR AND A STOP-SIGNAL FOR MOTOR-CARS.

A Norwegian printer has recently invented an ingenious 'direction-indicator' for the use of motorists. The device consists of a cylinder which may readily be attached to the top or bottom of the wind-screen by means of two claws. The length of the cylinder is exactly the same as the breadth of the wind-screen. Inside the cylinder is a rod fitted with an electric-lamp at each end. When the driver of a motor-car is within twenty or thirty yards of a spot where he wishes to turn either to the right or to the left, he pushes, with a very easy motion, the rod in the corresponding direction, thus exposing the light and indicating the direction in which he intends to proceed. At the same time an electric-bell is automatically set in operation, and is kept ringing until the driver has rounded the corner and pushed the rod back into its normal position. The lamps may be made so as to show green to the right and red to the left, in accordance with the rules in use at sea; or any other variation may be adopted which is in accordance with police regulations. The inventor claims that there is in existence no other apparatus in which a single movement sets in motion both a light-signal and a sound-warning. The invention will undoubtedly be of great benefit to motorists driving in the dark, as it will diminish the risks run by themselves and by other traffic. It will entirely do away with the lifting of the hand by the driver, which is of little use in badly lighted streets, and which cannot readily be done from an enclosed car. The same inventor has also devised a stop-signal to be placed behind the car. It consists of a rectangular lantern, the light of which can be switched on in an instant, showing the word 'Stop' in white letters, and thus indicating there is danger ahead. An application for a patent for both inventions has been lodged in this country, and it is expected that in due time the devices will be on sale in Great Britain.

A NEW PISTON-RING TOOL.

Owing to the high charges made at garages, many car-owners now undertake for themselves minor repairs to their motors. Of these the operation of renewing a faulty piston-ring is often fraught with some difficulty, and even the good rings have to be taken out occasionally to clean the grooves. It is no easy matter to get out a piston-ring without breaking it. A recent device for overcoming this difficulty consists of a curved and grooved steel tool. Two projections are slid along inside the groove by means of a pair of external rings in which thumb and finger are inserted, as in a pair of scissors. When the rings are pulled apart, the two projections come together, and in this position they can readily be inserted in the joint of a piston-ring. The two rings are then pulled towards each other, which has the effect of opening the piston-ring, when it will come off the piston without further trouble.

A PUNCTURE-SEALING INNER TUBE.

In our issue for December last we described an inner tube for motor-cars and motor-cycles which defies punctures, for as fast as the punctures are made they are made good. Since then we have become acquainted with another device which achieves the same end in a different way. In this tube the 'tread' half contains a layer of mastic, inserted between an outside and an inside layer of ordinary rubber, with the result that when the tube is pierced, and the piercing agent is withdrawn, a small bead of mastic instantly forms and fills up the hole, rendering the tube as air-tight as before. The much longer life of these self-sealing tubes, as compared with the ordinary varieties, and the lessened wear of the outer covers due to the inner tubes being always fully expanded, make for both comfort and economy.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (*a*) a reply post-card, or (*b*) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.
4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

SAMSON AND THE DELILAHS.

AN ELEPHANT TALE.

By Lieut.-Colonel GORDON CASSERLY, Author of *The Elephant God, Life in an Indian Outpost, Jungle and River Warfare, The Red Marshal,* &c.

PART I.

I.

THE little brown monkeys in the tree-tops were in a paroxysm of fury. They chattered, bared and gnashed their teeth, and in impotent anger grasped and shook the branches on which they sat. Then, finding that the demonstration had no effect, they fell to quarrelling among themselves, as is their wont, and bit and scratched each other savagely, breaking off their fights now and then to look down again and shriek out more abuse.

But the big elephant on the ground below was indifferent to their insults and anger. He was too used to the wordy clatter of the *bunderlogue** to notice it, and, with skull pressed against the tree-trunk, he continued to push steadily with all his weight, until the roots gave and the tree came crashing down, rending the rope-like creepers that bound it to its neighbours and agitating them wildly in its fall. Then the destroyer moved forward to its crown, and sweeping huge bunches of leaves from its upper branches with his trunk, crammed them into his mouth. His calm indifference infuriated the monkeys beyond measure. It hurt their vanity; for the great grievance in life of their tribe is that the animals of the world on the ground below ignore their existence. Except, indeed, the tiger and the panther—and their attentions the unhappy *bunder* would gladly dispense with. For these great striped and spotted cats are far too fond of breakfasting on any unwary monkey that they succeed in surprising on the ground or in fetching off a low bough by an unexpected spring.

Against elephants monkeys have a different cause for complaint. These big beasts have a selfish habit of destroying the trees in which the dwellers above the earth find homes and their food-supply. A herd will in a few hours lay low a large patch of trees, which, among other results, closes the air-road in the upper branches and forces the monkeys to descend and travel on the ground, a thing they naturally dislike doing—for there they are apt to have undesirable meetings with those unpleasant beasts of prey that have a penchant for monkey-flesh. So it was not to be wondered at that this particular band voiced their grievance against this particular elephant loudly. And, still abusing him, they leaped off by airy paths to other and undisturbed parts of the jungle, swinging across the voids between the trees, gripping the meeting boughs with ready hand, the babies clutching their mothers fast, and proving no hindrance to their flight. Indifferent to their departure as to their presence, the elephant continued his meal, in the course of which he did further damage to the forest.

But the jungle possesses a marvellous power of recuperation, and recovers from worse ravages. In the hot weather, when the leaves fall from most Indian trees at the very season when in northern climes they are greenest and freshest, come the forest fires. Through the parched jungle they sweep, devouring the tinder-dry grass and undergrowth, shooting up the trunks of the trees and along the great boughs, seizing on the glossy green orchid-plants that blaze as fiercely as though steeped in oil. The roar of the rushing flames is terrifying, rising through a gamut of appalling sound when the breeze freshens, sinking in diminished volume as the wind dies away. Deafening noises mimic the crackle of musketry as the hollow stems of burning bamboos explode with sharp reports, now swelling into the rattle of thousands of rifles as the fire seizes on a large clump, now falling to a few dropping shots when only a single plant burns. A fiery column blazes fiercely to the leafy canopy overhead, as the flames rush up through the hollow trunk of a decaying tree, or devour the dry wood of another long dead, but held up by a network of creepers. With every puff of wind clouds of sparks fly forward; where they drop little fires begin to flicker, and swell into tongues of flame that lick up the vegetation around. And the red ruin roars on, and leaves utter desolation behind. The forest is swept clear between the scorched

* Monkey-folk.

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

trunks of the monster trees; the earth is blackened and covered deep in ashes; the tall undergrowth, the interlaced creepers, the breast-high grass, and the matted bushes have all vanished in flame. And the eye can now see far between the tree-trunks, where formerly five or ten yards was the limit of vision. The forest seems blasted, dead.

But presently the black clouds will gather before the swift breath of the monsoon, the sun be blotted out, and the heavens rent by the flaming swords of the tropic lightning, as the world shakes at the awful crashing of the thunder. Then the rain will come—not as the dweller in temperate zones sees it, but in ropes, in sheets. Six, seven, eight inches a day; and that for weeks without intermission. And the forest awakes to a new incarnation. The blackened earth is washed clean, the parched and thirsty soil drinks its fill, and the jungle is born again. The grass, the tangled undergrowth, spring up incredibly fast at the welcome, revivifying caress of the water, and rise in taller, denser growth than before. And the forest animals, which fled before the fires and starved, come back to roam the forest again and feast on the new and luscious vegetation.

II.

The elephant had seen many such visitations during the thirty years of his life. He had come into the world in the troubled days of the Sepoy Mutiny, when Britain's grip on India seemed loosed. And now, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, from Aden to Mandalay, the varied peoples of the Indian Empire were celebrating the jubilee of their white-haired Empress, Victoria, Kaisar-i-Hind. When he was born the great Terai jungle in which he lived was not under her sceptre; but eight years later her soldiers made it hers in the Bhutan war. In his early days the myriad elephant-paths were seldom pressed by the feet of men. Now the farthest recesses of the jungle were known to the white hunter. And already the axe was sacrificing the forest giants to the needs of the tea-planter.

Heedless of history and the encroachment of man, the elephant browsed contentedly on the leaves of the tree that he had brought down. He was a splendid specimen of his race, nearly nine feet ten inches in height, worthy to carry the silver *howdah* of a viceroy. Although he would not arrive at his maximum strength for another five years, he was now fully grown and immensely powerful, truly a Samson among animals. He was all that an elephant should be. The best points of the thoroughbred were his: short, muscular legs, a straight back sloping to the long tail, a massive head set on a short, thick neck. His tusks were magnificent—long, shapely, curved, and spreading gracefully outward.

He was alone; for he had strayed, as was frequently his wont, from the herd to which he belonged. He had always been a wanderer. In his early youth this propensity had sorely perplexed his mother, and once in his young days had nearly made him fall a victim to a prowling tiger. Unlike his kind—as a rule elephants are sufficient unto themselves—he took a lively interest in the other denizens of the jungle. This curiosity led to trouble when, as a calf, he came upon what seemed to him a misshapen elephant with malformed trunk permanently upraised. When he tried to approach it, the stranger beast, which was a surly, ill-tempered rhinoceros, resented his familiarity with sharp teeth. The young elephant learned to distinguish between the only other forest-dwellers that approach him in size—the bison and the buffalo. He knew the *sambhur*—the big, black *nur*, or stag, with his thick, four-pointed horns and short, sharp brow-antlers, and the *maddi*, the hind, with her bright brown coat, slim legs, and ever-apprehensive ears. He could distinguish between them and the graceful, sprightly *muntjac*—the barking-deer, so named from its sharp call, that resembles a dog's bark—the buck with incurving horns, five or six inches long, growing from hair-covered bony pedicles three inches in length, and the curious sharp tushes projecting down and backwards from its upper jaw. Both it and the doe were quaintly marked with black lines springing from the nose and running up over the eyes, like elongated eyebrows raised in astonishment. The elephant babe used to watch inquisitively the huge, solitude-loving Himalayan bear as it shambled through the jungle, rooted in the ground like a pig, or climbed trees in search of food. He shrank back instinctively from the rippling, sinuous curves of that dreaded snake, the *hamadryad*, fifteen or sixteen feet long, as it glided swiftly through the undergrowth in search of prey. After his narrow escape from a marauding tiger in the days of his calfhood, he was careful to give the striped beasts a wide berth, until he grew too big to fear them, and they slunk aside when they encountered him in the jungle.

Only of the world that existed above ground-level was he ignorant. Animals do not look up; and so this great babe knew nothing of the life of the tree-tops. Of course, he had sometimes seen the bald-headed vultures when they jostled and pecked and quarrelled with each other over a carcass. And often the jungle-fowl whirred up suddenly from his feet and disappeared into the branches above his head—the sober, brown bantam hens, and the trim little cocks with their red combs, sharp spurs, and long, curving, green tail-feathers. Night and morning the silence of the forest was disturbed by their abbreviated crow—these progenitors of our common barnyard fowl have

but four notes in their 'Cock-a-doodle,' as compared with the five of the 'Cock-a-doodle-doo' of their civilised descendants in our farmyards. He sometimes saw those noisy tree-dwellers, the monkeys, on the ground, squatting on their hunkers or loping along on all fours, babies clinging tightly to their mothers' bodies, all ready at the least alarm to spring up into the nearest trees and disappear above the level of his eyes. But once they reached the upper branches he knew nothing of their life, though sometimes, in their rage at his indifference, they threw missiles at him. He had never seen the pretty, black-and-white-coated Giant Squirrel, or its aviator cousin, the Flying Squirrel, which springs boldly into the air and planes across the void between tree and tree, upheld by the wing-like membranes stretching from its upper to its lower limbs. Of the scanty bird-life of the forest, of the chattering green parrots, the gay-plumaged hornbills passing overhead with loud and measured beat of pinions, he also knew nothing.

Of men, too, and their habits he was ignorant. For the jungle tribes hold all wild elephants in dread, and keep out of their way, because of the cruel deeds of the few 'rogues' among them. And in Government jungles the stern laws of the Indian Forest Department protect the well-behaved of his race from the rifle of the sportsman. Only these evil 'rogues' are condemned to slaughter and allowed to be fair game for the hunter.

In the thirty years of his life Samson had roamed through much of the great woodland in which his lot was cast, the wonderful Terai jungle, that lies at the foot of the Himalayan Mountains and stretches into the plains of Bengal and Assam. Always a rover, he had quitted the herd into which he was born, and had won admission into another on sufferance, being then too youthful to excite the jealousy of the bulls in it. After some years he had abandoned it for a third, into which he had had to fight his way. Here, young as he was, his strength and courage had gained him the leadership of one of the groups into which an elephant herd is divided. This group he often deserted for days, weeks, at a stretch; though, when he returned, woe betide the tusker, young or old, that had dared usurp his place during his absence!

III.

He was now on one of his solitary expeditions, prompted by the wander-desire that had always possessed him. No dislike to the society of his kind moved him, for he was of a companionable temperament—only the spirit that ever urged him on to new ventures, new haunts. He had been alone for some days. It was early in the hot weather of the year. The cool north wind, that swept down from the mountains and agitated the tree-tops wildly, did not penetrate through the canopy of foliage—the leaves had not yet begun to fall. But now and then a faint air stirred the undergrowth. Suddenly the elephant raised his head and stretched out his trunk in the direction from which the breeze blew; for it bore a message to his sensitive nostrils. Elephants can scent their kind two or three miles away when the wind is favourable, and the breeze carried to him the unmistakable odour of others of his race, unknown to him, and not members of his herd. Curiosity overpowering him, he left his meal and moved slowly towards the strangers. Without undue haste he advanced, halting every now and then to sniff for the scent again, proceeding cautiously, not from fear of any bull-elephant that he might come upon, but lest he might startle the new-comers and put them to flight.

After he had gone a mile or two he came upon them—five cow-elephants plodding along in single file. On the back of each one's neck was a curious great hump that stirred and heaved strangely. But, unsuspiciously inquisitive, the wandering tusker went forward to greet them. At the sight of him they stopped, and their humps became more wildly agitated than ever. Then, with true feminine coyness, they pretended to ignore him, broke their file, and strayed off slowly and separately in different directions, halting to pluck a mouthful of grass here, or tear down a leafy creeper there.

Our Samson was skilled in the ways of the females of his kind. He had won the favour of many of them in his time; and he knew that these cow-elephants were not as indifferent to him as they seemed. As the superior male, it behoved him to show as little interest in them. So he, too, checked and began to eat, although he felt curious as to the identity of the strangers. Then, keeping apart and yet together, the six great animals trudged on aimlessly through the jungle, feeding as they went. Whenever Samson approached one of his coy companions she moved away from him; but at once another would come closer to him, as if to attract him towards her. Yet, if she succeeded, her boldness would be followed promptly by a shy fit, and she in turn would shrink away timidly from his advances. First one, then another, of the Delilahs decoyed him to her, only to repulse him and keep him at a respectful distance. But the big tusker was content to be in their company, if not of it, and remained with them. They continued moving on, even when night was beginning to fall.

In the gathering gloom Samson did not notice that one of his charmers had gradually dropped behind. Out of sight, she deliberately halted and allowed the rest to go on, until she was a long distance from them and well out of earshot. Then from the strange hump on her neck came suddenly the cry of an owl. Silence succeeded. The elephant remained motionless. Ten, twenty minutes went by, and again the night-bird

hooted. Then from a few hundred yards away came an answering cry. Again the owl called; and again the reply was heard, nearer this time. It was followed by the noise of breaking twigs and the trampling down of the undergrowth; and through the darkness loomed the figure of another cow-elephant. Once more the owl's hoot and the answer were heard, and the new arrival stopped. On its neck and back were three men, and four or five more stepped from behind it. Then the mysterious hump of the first heaved up and resolved itself into a blanket concealing a man crouching on the neck, who flung the covering off as he sat up.

'Allah be praised!' he piously ejaculated in a low voice, stretching himself. 'My bones ache and my limbs are sore, as though I had *wahee ka durd* [rheumatism]. How I suffer!'

'*Kuch dekkha? Kuch mila?*' ('Have you seen anything? Have you found anything?'), asked one of the new-comers eagerly.

'*Hai. Dekkha aur mila*' ('Yes, seen and found'), answered the *mahout*, or elephant-driver. '*Dhantwullah* [a tusker]. *Pukkha shaitan* [a veritable devil].'

Then, striking his elephant's head with his *ankus*, or iron goad, shaped like the head of a boat-hook, he cried to the animal, '*Buth; buth, Moti*' ('Lie down, Pearl').

The obedient animal sank stiffly down, and the *mahout* slid to the ground and rubbed his cramped limbs. Then, squatting on his hunkers, he cried, '*Arhé, bhai, Man Singh; Khuda ki mihrbani se pani do*' ('Hi, brother, Man Singh; for the mercy of God give water').

He held his cupped hands to his mouth, palms uppermost, fingers to the front, wrists against his chin, while a young Oudh Rajput took down from the newly arrived elephant a *mussack*, or goatskin bag, filled with water, and poured a stream from its nozzle into the hollowed hands. The *mahout* washed out his mouth, then drank thirstily.

'Ah, *bhai*, that is good,' he said.

'What has happened? Tell us, Ebrahim,' said the first speaker.

'Slowly, *havildar-ji*, slowly,' returned the *mahout*. 'Let me get my breath. Twelve hours have I been stifling under the blanket. It is well to be thou, *bhai*, sitting at ease on Gulabi's back, eating the air in comfort, while we smother.'

The *havildar* laughed and came to squat beside him, patiently waiting while the *mahout*, a gray-haired old Mohammedan, slowly unfastened a cloth-wrapped bundle tied to his *kamarband*, or waist-belt, and with much deliberation produced from it the big bowl of a red-clay pipe and some dried leaves of native tobacco. Shredding the latter, he filled the stemless pipe, lit it with a sulphur match, and inhaled the rank smoke with enjoyment.

Meanwhile the rest of the party prepared to bivouac for the night. Some cleared away the vegetation from a space of earth in the open patch of jungle in which they had halted, and lit a fire. Others unloaded the elephant that they had brought with them. First they threw down short chains and lengths of rope, then bundles of ragged blankets and cotton-filled quilts—their bedding. The thick cord surcingle that bound the big, straw-packed pad on the beast's back was loosed, and the pad itself allowed to slip down to the ground. Then the hind-legs of both elephants were shackled to trees close by, and the animals left to browse contentedly on the lower branches and the long grass within reach of their trunks. Each man squatted down and opened a little bundle that he carried on him—a cotton handkerchief containing his pipe, tobacco, *chupatties* or flat cakes like thick, leathery pancakes, some handfuls of parched grain, an onion or two, and a few chillies. The Rajput went round the group with the *mussack*, pouring water into the hollowed palms of the various members of it. Then in native fashion each man turned away from his fellows and ate his solitary meal, conveying the grain to his mouth by his hand and tearing the tough *chupatties* with fingers and teeth.

(*Continued on page 376.*)

THE JUNGLE.

A PLACE where shadows, strange and huge, hang
heavy like a mist,
Where, round a myriad ghostly trees, lianas twine
and twist,
And where the light of heaven is lost, and each
thing seems to sigh:
The world without may change, but yet immut-
able am I.

A place where echoes, thundering forth, sound like
an unseen doom,
And monkeys' chatter rings out shrill across the
far-spread gloom,
But where deep silence reigns withal, and breathes
the eternal sigh:
The world without may change, but yet immut-
able am I.

A place of fever-haunted swamps, and rivers cruel
and vast,
Where crocodiles keep hidden watch, and gorgeous
moths flit past,
And hot winds, like a scorching breath, bear on
the forest's sigh:
The world without may change, but yet immut-
able am I.

And while Time moves across the world, and
brings decay and rust,
While men live and die, and nations rise and pass
again to dust,
Unchanging is the jungle's heart—and endless is
its sigh:
The world without may change, but yet immut-
able am I.

MALCOLM HEMPHREY.

GARDEN EXPERIMENTS.

SOME ADVENTURES IN FORM AND COLOUR.

By Edwin L. Arnold.

FEW, even of those who love their gardens, recognise what accommodating things fruit and flowers are. By the exercise of a little art they can be made to take all manner of forms or colours nature never intended, and, since vegetables presumably have no emotions, our consciences may be easy in experimenting upon them. There are possibilities in this way as yet undreamed of. What we already know has been mainly discovered by chance; how much more we might find by further research can only be guessed at. Meanwhile those who admire novelties, and have time at their disposal, can try some harmless tricks upon old favourites, the results of which will astonish the uninitiated, and be interesting, even if they do not add much to our permanent resources in beauty or utility.

There is, for instance, that charming firstling of the year, the hyacinth. Very curious colour combinations, apparently springing from the same root, may be easily reared by any amateur. In the planting season two sound bulbs, destined to give blooms of strongly contrasted hues, are chosen, and each bulb is carefully divided by a sharp table-knife down the middle, near the centre, but without hurting the actual heart. The core-bearing halves of the two bulbs are then bound together with bast and planted in the ordinary way. In due time they amalgamate and blossom in a spike of multi-coloured flowers growing on one stem. The same idea might be carried out with many other bulbous-rooted plants.

Somewhat similar effects may be produced by grafting different-hued roses on a common parent stem, care being taken that they are varieties which bloom at the same season. The sight of a well-grown standard rose-bush carrying red, white, and yellow blossoms simultaneously never fails to excite the wonder of those not well versed in horticultural matters. This is a device needing some little time to perfect. Quicker colour curiosities are produced in other ways. The tints of soft-stemmed flowers may be altered in an hour or two by taking advantage of the rapidity with which they absorb moisture. If a bunch of fresh-gathered lily-of-the-valley, or of white violets, for instance, be set in a bottle of red ink, the flowers blush a delicate crimson before the evening, and continue fresh as long as if placed in ordinary water. White carnations become green in the same way if placed in suitable ink. The coloration of all flowers is closely associated with the sources of their nourishment. An ordinary pink hydrangea takes on a cerulean blue if rusty iron scraps are placed among its roots, and many wild plants vary in response to the nature of the soil they grow in.

Form as well as hue may be influenced by the gardener's art. The common violet grown as a 'standard' makes a dainty little instance of this. A strong plant of the popular spring favourite is chosen, and every shoot removed save the longest runner, which is tied firmly to an upright stick, all side buds, except three or four at the top, being taken off. Under such treatment in due time a neat mop-headed bush, eighteen inches or two feet high, is produced, covered with sweet-scented flowers not less attractive for their novel position.

Very queer pranks, again, can be played with the grafting-knife and the training-stick on the cactus. Most plants of this family coalesce readily with near relatives, and not only may rainbow mixtures of colour be brought about, but weird combinations of form may be obtained well calculated to puzzle the scientific botanist. A globular cactus growing on top of a naturally straight one, or supported on three dissimilar 'legs,' like a vegetable milking-stool, illustrates this kind.

Nor need the gardener's adventures be purely whimsical. Thus, we still go to great expense in the erection of forcing- and hot-houses, but few people know that peaches, plums, and many other fruits may be ripened twice as early as would naturally happen, by the simple means of making a cut all round through the bark of a fruiting branch. This seems to concentrate the sap on the fruit, with remarkable results. Gooseberries, again, are thirsty things, and any one who wishes to astonish the judges of an agricultural show may do so without difficulty when the secret of 'the big gooseberry' is known. If the dry points of a few of the pendent berries be cut off, and a pan of water placed directly under them, so that they are just touching it, they will drink greedily, and increase to an immense size in a short space of time.

Gourds are other thirsty things, very soft and ductable when growing, but hard of rind when mature. Advantage is taken of this in the East to make them into water-bottles of many different forms. A broad tape is tied round the young fruit where the neck is to be, the gourd developing on either side of it. Or a flat-sided or square bottle can be got by enclosing the plant in pieces of board. This is the secret, also, of the 'square' bamboo, which always fetches fancy prices when made into walking-sticks. When the gourd is ripe and has turned yellow, a round hole is made at the top, whence the seed is extracted with the help of water and coarse sand, a light and most enduring vegetable flask resulting. The well-known loofah

washing-pads are simply the hard inner structures of gourds from which, while still green, the flesh has been boiled away.

If English sunshine will not always ripen these Eastern fruits, it will play into the hands of the experimental horticulturist where our native plants are concerned. Pretty sun-pictures may be made on apples in a very simple way. Initials, or profile silhouettes, say of some celebrity or favoured individual, are cut out of soft, dark paper, and pasted to the sunny side of the fruit when it is beginning to change colour. If the paper comes off, it can be replaced without much difficulty. The ripe fruit, when picked, will be found to bear a clear design in yellow on the natural ruddy ground-colour, and not every one will guess how it came there.

Even without sunshine interesting experiments are possible at any time of the year by taking advantage of the way in which temporary growth will be promoted with the help of water alone. An acorn suspended by a thread over a tube of water on the mantelpiece will, in course of time, throw up a charming little oak-tree, and ears of wheat with their stalks in moisture quickly develop a bunch of delicate green filaments. Balls of clay, with a hollow at the top to contain water, can be made to grow small ferns, or seeds embedded in their surface while soft. Chestnut or blackthorn twigs, brought into the house when in earliest bud and stood in water in a warm place, grow and develop leaves or flowers weeks ahead of their season in the open. Every schoolboy knows mustard-and-cress is grown anywhere at any time between layers of damp flannel. Indeed, it is said the late Lord Kitchener, possibly remembering early experiments of this kind, once astonished his guests by extemporising a verdant lawn of these two little salad plants on an Indian desert where he was camped—an ingenious but expensive achievement. Russian girls who own no greenhouse often appear with freshly opened roses in their hair at Christmas. The buds have been picked in summer and preserved in salt, after sealing the cut ends of the stems with melted beeswax. Warm water will induce them to open many months afterwards.

Curious things may also be done by the ingenious with trees, but these being of slower growth, much greater patience is needed. Those, however, who have settled country quarters and can look ahead a few years may find a good reward for enterprise in this direction. Dwarf trees, with all the appearance of extreme age, yet only a few inches in height, have been very popular lately, the prices paid for striking specimens—chiefly under the impression that they were really fifty or one hundred years old—being remarkable. Probably few of the dwarfs thus sold had attained any such age. Very creditable little marvels of the kind can be reared in two or three seasons, the whole secret lying in root-pruning and in giving only just sufficient water to keep the trees alive. A dwarf can even be grown in an orange-skin!

For this purpose a round hole is cut at the top of an orange, and through this the entire contents are extracted. The interior is then filled with one of the preparations used for growing bulbs in pots, stiffened by a little loam and a few fragments of charcoal. An acorn, blackthorn, or other seed is then planted in the centre. In course of time a stem with leaves will rise through the hole, and roots pierce the rind below. These roots must be constantly pinched off flush with the skin as they appear, and the soil kept very slightly moist. In two years the 'tree' will be five or six inches high, and will possess all the appearance of having braved the gales of a century. The same result can be attained more conveniently by growing the seed in thumb-pots and lifting out to pinch the roots at intervals without disturbing the hardened soil. Severe root-pruning is the whole art, the most effective results being obtained with trees of a kind having small, hard leaves and naturally rugged bark. I have seen good specimens of miniature oaks and firs growing on Scottish mountains in crevices of rock where their lower growths were completely cramped. Root-pruning to a more limited extent is also invaluable for aiding the production of fruit. Gardeners of the next generation will probably use the knife below ground more than above it, and to their immense advantage.

Topiary is quite a different art from the above. It consists merely in assiduous clipping of shrubs, generally yew or holly, into fantastic forms, and was introduced when Dutch gardening became popular in this country.

Those who own patches of woodland or shrubbery may find a good deal of amusement in growing queer walking-sticks. As the twig is bent, so, to amend the proverb, will the stick develop. Brass curtain-rings slipped over the head of very young and straight holly saplings, and pressed down level to near the roots, will in course of time become embedded in the bark, the young tree being then cut off below them, and trimmed and dried with its strange ornamentation in position. Close-growing chestnut-shoots may be stripped of lower twigs and plaited, a woven stick resulting, such as could not be produced by any other means. A long tape wound spirally round an ash-shoot gives a naturally carved stick, often of a very satisfactory kind; and other developments in the same direction will readily suggest themselves to the ingenious-minded.

We are only at the beginning of understanding the vegetable kingdom. Our horticulture is still conducted on prehistoric principles, and though the experimental gardener may often be laughed at, the future may owe him thanks for discoveries which would never come without the aid of imagination and enterprise.

'WITH THEM IN SPIRIT.'

By Frank H. Melland.

I.

ERICK'S camp was only a small one, consisting of two large round huts and some smaller ones, all roughly built of wattle and daub, with no proper windows or doors, and no trace of comfort. It seemed in many ways typical of the corner of Africa in which it stood —a corner where three European protectorates meet, wild and undeveloped. The owner thereof was a Dane, a small, quiet man with the habits of a sailor, who made a precarious livelihood by trading with the natives. His name, or at any rate the name by which he elected to be called, was Erick, and he lived there all alone.

The sun had set; there had been no dusky customers since four o'clock; so Erick closed the hut which served as a store and moved across to the one in which he lived. Everything was quiet, the murmurs of his 'boys' at the back of the compound being the only sound in the still air. He smoked idly on his veranda for a time, and then whistled for his dog, but pulled himself up sharply, remembering that the poor beast had been poisoned three days before.

He felt very lonely, this son of Denmark, alone in an alien country, and separated by several hours' walk from the nearest camp of the Government officials; the natives in the district were unsettled, and he mechanically fingered the revolver in his pocket to comfort himself. Wearily he thought of the fortune he hoped to make, and wearily regretted the sailor's life that he had left.

Noiselessly the unshod 'boy' who ministered to his wants appeared behind him with a bottle of whisky, a water-cooler, and a tin mug. Erick started nervously at his silent approach, but immediately felt ashamed of himself. Why was he so nervous? he wondered. Was there trouble in the air?

Now Erick did not drink; he had not fallen to that temptation. As a rule, he did not even take the almost universal 'sundowner,' for he felt that he could not afford to spend his very meagre profits on luxuries. But since his dog had been poisoned he felt so much alone that he indulged in one drink of an evening; so he sat down on his camp-chair and poured himself out a tot. His pipe had gone out, and he relighted it; but it was soon finished, and then he remembered that he had left his bag of Magaliesberg tobacco in the store.

'Boy,' he called, 'bring the lamp.' And when his order had been obeyed, he stepped across the compound to the store. He thought he heard something creeping about, and sent his 'boy' to look; but the report was reassuring.

'I saw nothing, heard nothing, *bwana*. Perhaps it was a jackal or a wild cat.'

Erick thought that it might be nerves, but said nothing. He got his tobacco-bag, went back to his dwelling-hut, and brooded long as he slowly sipped his drink. There was no doubt about it, he had a bad attack of African neurasthenia, that creeping malady which sometimes attacks the lonely dweller in the heart of the continent; it is hard to shake off, and frequently leads to suicide, unless its victim can take a trip home, or, at least, a jaunt to some centre of civilisation.

Time passed, and six o'clock became seven, and seven eight, before Erick roused himself and went inside, to sit down to his supper of stewed fowl, sweet potatoes, and a little bread-and-jam, washed down by a cup of tea. The hut was depressing, the food likewise, and he was glad when the 'boy' cleared away and left him to his pipe. But he felt restless; he did not like sitting there in the lamplight, with his big calico windows forming a poor protection from the outside world, and so he decided to turn in. His bedroom was separated from the sitting-room by a bamboo partition. Here the calico in the window was half torn away, and Erick determined that he would mend it the next day, or, better still, put up some boards.

He placed the lamp on a packing-case by the side of his bed, and sat down on a corner of this native-made couch to take off his boots. One was off, and he was struggling with a knot in the lace of the other, when there was a flash and a loud report, and the room was filled with smoke. Erick fell forward with a big copper bullet in his back. He raised himself and pulled his revolver from his coat-pocket. He saw three faces at the window, and two muzzle-loaders resting on the sill, pointing at him. He raised his arm to fire, but another bullet got him in the chest, and his shot went high. Half-sitting and half holding to the bed, he fired again through the smoke, and was met by another explosion, but the bullet missed him. He fell back on to the bed. Life was ebbing fast. The revolver dropped from his grasp, and he lost consciousness.

II.

At 2 A.M. the same night Ferguson, the magistrate at Kabinda, was awakened by his 'boy.' He got up with a start

'Who's there?'

'It's me, *bwana*—Malijani,' said the 'boy.' 'A white man has been shot.'

'A white man shot! Who?'

'Erick, *bwana*. His "boys" have just come in from his camp to say that he has been

shot in his bedroom by the Bakaleba, and is dead.'

Ferguson got up, looked at his watch, and meditated. A dark night, no moon, and no road—it would be quite futile to start off before daylight, when they could see to cycle through the bush. No need to disturb the others yet, so he turned to Malijani.

'Take the "boys" to your hut. Don't say anything to any one, but be ready to cook breakfast for three at first cockcrow or earlier. I will call you.'

Further sleep was impossible; and, anyhow, he had been in bed before ten, so he did not mind much. He put a slip-on over his pyjamas and went into the sitting-room. Then he filled a pipe and mixed himself a whisky-and-soda. Thus, thinking of the tragedy and pondering over the unrest in his district, he waited till half-past three, when he called up the sentry, walked across to Captain MacAdam's house at the police camp, and roused that officer from his sleep. He told him what he knew of the tragedy, and that he would expect him to breakfast at four; after which, at the first peep of dawn, they would start off. As a preliminary step, MacAdam sent off half-a-dozen police towards Erick's place with the dead man's three 'boys,' while Ferguson moved on to the quarters of Evans, the Assistant District Commissioner, and then went back to dress and order breakfast.

At four o'clock these three forgathered and ate their breakfast. Conversation was carried on in whispers, though why no one knew. Then young Blakenthorpe, the subaltern of police, and Sergeant Cross came along to see them off. So, in the gray light of dawn, the three mounted their bicycles and rode off into the forest. Each of them had a Browning pistol ready to hand. It was not long before they overtook the detachment of native police, and at seven-thirty they rode into Erick's compound.

All was still, and not a soul was near. They opened the door and walked in. The door gave on to the sitting-room, and, seeing nothing there, they went into the bedroom. The sunlight was streaming in through the torn calico of the window, and on the bed lay what had been Erick. He was quite cold. Two gaping wounds—either of them fatal—showed the havoc wrought by the rough bullets. His revolver lay where it had fallen.

Ferguson walked round the room, examining it carefully. He found the hole where the third bullet had hit the wall. Then Evans's voice broke upon the still room.

'Oh! look here, Mr Ferguson,' he called. 'Look! this is where they fired from.'

He was standing by the window, and there, on the dust on the rough window-sill, were marks where the barrels had rested. Outside they found footprints leading to a well-beaten path on the north-east; that was all.

'Oh for some bloodhounds now—it would be our only chance,' said MacAdam. 'We must try, though, somehow to get the ruffians. Why should they kill poor Erick? He was harmless enough. Never had any rows with them, did he?'

'No,' said Ferguson. 'They seemed to like him well enough. I don't know that he ever had a row with any one. I don't expect it was personal at all. The murderers were probably some of those discontented people who object to our rule, our taxation, our administration of justice—everything about us—and mean to try to get rid of the white man altogether. Erick happened to be the easiest man to get at—practically defenceless—so they chose him. At least that's my theory, and to one knowing something of the simmering discontent that is about in the land it seems the most likely solution.'

'Was he married?'

'Not to my knowledge.'

'But he was engaged,' put in Evans. 'He told me so one day. That's why he left the sea—to try to make enough money to marry on.'

'Poor devil!' said Ferguson; then, 'I say, MacAdam, I don't see that we can do any more. Will you take careful note of the wounds, position of the body, distance from the window, and all that sort of thing? And when your police come along we can take him to the *boma* and bury him.'

So all that remained of Erick was committed to the earth, and Ferguson read the burial service, held an inquiry, wired to Headquarters, and otherwise fulfilled the routine that such an occasion necessitates.

And then the hunt began.

III.

Ferguson never caught the murderers, though he was sure of their identity—a gang of three lawless men who fled into the bush. He arrested certain relatives and headmen on a charge of being accessories, and harried the country-side with police and raw levies. He knew that the murderers had not bolted into foreign territory, and was continually hearing of them, but the district was full of their friends, so the Government got little but false rumours concerning them; and often his own levies proved none too dependable. For two months he devoted himself entirely to this work, now with MacAdam, now with Blakenthorpe, but he never got a chance of apprehending the fugitives.

Evans helped his chief all he could, but there was plenty of other work to be done, and Ferguson had to give up the active search in time, though he did not give up hope. The natives noticed a harder look in his face, and many felt sorry that the black man had won

this trick, and feared for the game. Others, however, chortled, and boasted openly that they would drive the white man from the country.

The company of police stationed at Kabinda was not augmented numerically, but its efficiency improved. Bad shots and doubtful characters were drafted to other companies, while good shots—trained men who had seen war—took their place. More ammunition was spent on the range, and machine-gun practice was no longer intermittent.

So, with a firm hand and incessant patrolling, the district was kept quiet. Ferguson knew what to do, and his subordinates helped him—the taxes were collected, the roads kept up, and the ordinary district work went on. Laws were obeyed more or less, even if somewhat sullenly, and the smouldering fire was kept under. Several other malefactors were captured. Some were hanged, and others went to jail; but still Erick's murderers were at large.

It was a year later that Spillsbury came up and took over the command from Ferguson, who went home. He needed his furlough badly, and knew it, so he did not delay his departure; but he was sick at heart at having to leave the poor little storekeeper unavenged. His last words to Spillsbury were: 'I do hope you get them, Spillsbury; not only get them, but try them—and hang them *here*. The moral effect would be half lost if they were hanged at Headquarters. If you do, you can think of me wishing that I were here to take a part—but I'll be with you in spirit, anyhow.'

IV.

It was four o'clock on a Saturday morning. Ferguson was walking back from a ball at Covent Garden. Some friends of his had arranged a big party, and he had gone with them. He had done his best to be merry, but it did not seem like the Covent Garden that he had known of old. One and all appeared so much younger than they used to be—or was he so much older? He had been bored at a *revue*, and found supper too boisterous; while the ball itself seemed deadly dull, and the four hours he had spent there had bored him to distraction. Just before the end, feeling that he was out of his element, he slipped away. No one noticed his departure. Choosing to walk, he went slowly and meditatively, and by the time he reached Long Acre he felt a little better.

He reached Stanford's shop—the home of maps—and his thoughts went back to Africa. Then, suddenly, as he walked, the scene changed. He saw before him not London, but a scene in the African forest.

'Good heavens!' he cried to himself. 'It's Kabinda! Yes, the police camp; but it has changed. What on earth is that big fenced compound? I wish the light were clearer, so that I could see it properly. There's—who's that? It's Evans, and Blakenthorpe—in uniform, too—and old Sawbones. What on earth are they doing out at this hour?'

As he walked on he got no nearer, but he did not seem to notice that: he only saw that it was getting lighter, and that the picture grew more clear. The little group of white men began to stir and look round. His eyes followed theirs.

'Ah! here's old MacAdam, and Spillsbury, too. Good Lord! and nearly all the police.'

Then he looked again at the compound. It was daylight now, and above the bamboo fence he saw the top of a scaffold; and then he understood.

'Thank God! they have got them. That must be it. *That* must be for the men who did for Erick. And here come all the Bakaleba chiefs, to see that we *can* avenge. Good—good! Well done, Spillsbury; well done! Here's old Cross with the blackguards. One—two. Two only? Surely they haven't let the third slip through their hands? No, they can't have; he must have been shot resisting, or escaping, or something like that. That's right, they won't be long now. They're all trooping into the compound. They're all in now. I'll bet those Bakaleba are feeling pretty bad, realising a bit what Erick felt when he struggled to use his revolver. How much longer? I wonder. . . . Good heavens! What's that?'

'That's what I want to know, sir. Where are you going?' asked a burly constable at the top of the Haymarket. 'Can't you see where you're going?'

Ferguson pulled himself together. 'It's all right, sergeant,' he said. 'I'm not drunk. I was only dreaming.'

'Well, sir, bed's the best place to dream in at this time of the morning, I should say; but I hopes they was pleasant dreams.'

'Very; thanks. I dreamt I was waiting for two murderers to be hanged, and you interrupted me just too soon.'

'What! them Smith Street murderers? They won't take the jump for some time yet.'

'No, not them. I didn't realise it was their morning, too.'

'Are there any others, sir? I hadn't heard of them.'

'No, you wouldn't. It isn't in England; but there is another couple just going before the Final Court of Appeal, all the same. Good-night, sergeant; good-night—or, good-morning.'

'Good-morning, sir,' said the bobby, and went off ruminating. 'Funny sort of chap that is. Wonder what he's talking about. Walking about Piccadilly Circus, dreaming of murderers and hangings. Looks as if he'd been in India, or some of those parts. Wouldn't be surprised to hear he'd had a touch of the sun; that I wouldn't.'

Ferguson walked to his rooms in Jermyn Street, and had a tub. As soon as any one was astir he left word that he would breakfast at his club, and walked out. He walked down the Haymarket and turned into Charles Street. The telegraph-office was not open, so he continued his walk; but, ending up nowhere in particular, and near no office that he knew of, he turned back towards Pall Mall, and on to the club that he usually frequented in St James's Street, determined to send off from there the cable that he had planned. Noticing, however, that the St James's office had just been opened, he stepped in and started their business for the day. Taking a cable form, he wrote: 'Spillsbury, Kabinda. Hooray. Ferguson.' And then, with a sigh of relief, he walked up the hill.

For the second time that morning suspicions as to his sanity arose—this time in the mind of the telegraph-clerk.

V.

About midday, when the newspaper-boys were making the streets hideous with their cry of 'Hanging Speshul,' the African mail came in, and brought a letter from MacAdam, telling him of the capture.

'One of the blighters'—the letter ran—'became a fair terror, and used to loot everywhere. They had their women with them, and were in that big swamp on the Lukulu River, though, of course, we didn't know it. They lived on forced contributions, and threatened to blot out any one who gave a hint as to their whereabouts. One day Shiburenga, who had made himself a sort of ringleader of the refugees, had a row with his wife, and shot her. The news leaked out, and her brother heard of it. He came along and told us where the hiding-place was. We went out—Spillsbury, Blakenthorpe, and I. Evans was down with fever. He wanted to come too, but old Sawbones was adamant, and kept him in bed; thinks it's spotted fever, but hopes it isn't. We went by different routes. Spillsbury went one way, ostensibly to investigate a bad witchcraft case *in situ*; while B. and I pretended that we were just off on an ordinary patrol. On the third day we converged, and met at night about ten miles up-stream from the hiding-place. We surrounded the place and waded in. It wasn't very pleasant, as we had no canoes and had to mess through as best we could. An ambush could have blotted us out. We had a machine-gun with us, but it was absolutely useless, and a poisoned arrow was as good as, if not better than, a rifle.

Luckily the party had no suspicions. The raid had been planned quietly, and the girl's brother had been too scared to let any one know that he had sneaked. We got safely to the island—a stinking mud flat smothered in reeds—well before dawn, and started lining up the police all round it. The girl's brother knew where each member of the gang slept, and there were only four lean-to's, anyhow. Leaving the police in reserve under B., Spillsbury and I, with a small fatigue-party, crept up and started pulling the lean-to's down, right on the slumberers. That prevented them from using their gas-pipes on us. They got so mixed up that they were helpless, and we got two of them pretty easily, and clapped irons on them. Never fired a shot, though we had our Brownings handy. Our guide, however, grabbed an old nipple-gun and let fly at nearly point-blank range on Shiburenga, getting him in the stomach. We hope to save him, but I'm afraid he'll cheat the gallows after all. However, he wasn't the leading spirit in Erick's murder; that was Mubanga. . . .'

And then Ferguson knew that his day-dream was true, though in his heart he had never doubted it.

VI.

Late afternoon again, and the same day. On Spillsbury's veranda at Kabinda he, MacAdam, a convalescent Evans, Blakenthorpe, and the doctor were having their 'sundowner' and quinine. It was a bit early for the evening drink, as the sun wouldn't be down for an hour or so, but it had been a trying day, and they were still talking of the morning's gruesome work. Suddenly Sergeant Cross—who acted as postmaster—came down the path and saluted.

'Telegram for you, sir,' he said to Spillsbury. 'I thought I'd bring it down myself, because it seems kind of uncanny, sir.'

'Heavens!' said Spillsbury, after reading the message; 'it's a cable from Ferguson, handed in at St James's early this morning.'

'What's in it?' chipped in MacAdam anxiously. 'Nothing wrong, I hope.'

'Only one word, "Hooray." Do you remember how he said he'd be with us in spirit?'

'That's why I said I thought it was so uncanny, sir,' said Sergeant Cross.

EVENING—PORT-APPIN.

ABOVE, two heavy-winged herons fly;
A white owl, silent, fades before our eyes
Into the cliffs; a curlew's plaintive cries,
Notes loved of loneliness, unanswered die
On the still air; against the amber sky
The Morven hills in guardian calm arise,
As, hushed in sleep, fair, holy Lismore lies,
Dreaming of powers and majesties gone by.

We watch till stars shine from the water's face;
Then, suddenly, a peace beyond our ken
Enfolds us, vast, complete; as if in space
Uplifted, far remote from things of men,
Alone and unafraid, we twain did stand
Before the Power who leads us hand-in-hand.

E. E. DOUGALL.

THE VINTAGE IN PIEDMONT.

By EUSTACE REYNOLDS-BALL, F.R.G.S., formerly Editor of *Travel and Exploration.*

I.

THE *vendemmia* (vintage) usually takes place between the 15th and the 30th of September. The observant pedestrian will see signs of the approaching harvest in the closing of the short cuts through the vineyards, and the erecting of rough fences, protected with wire, to keep off trespassers. In one case I was amused to notice that a discarded telegraph-line had been looted for this purpose.

The pleasing pre-war custom of allowing passers-by to help themselves, on asking formal permission, no longer obtains. This is not surprising, when it is remembered that grapes now fetch per *myria* (ten kilogrammes) as many lire almost as they formerly fetched soldi.

Off the main highway one will occasionally see an old coat hung at the end of a row of vines abutting on a lane or a mule-path. This is not intended as a scarecrow, but left permanently by the simple-minded peasant-proprietor, in the fond belief that the passer-by will imagine the owner is working in his vineyard, and that, therefore, he will refrain from pilfering the grapes. As this little dodge is universally known, it is seldom efficacious.

A generation or so ago the vineyard-owners did not go to the expense of elaborate fencing, but were satisfied with guarding the vineyards at night, during the weeks immediately preceding the *vendemmia*. The little huts or shelters one still sees plentifully scattered among the vineyards were used for this purpose. In such a lair would lurk at night the proprietor, armed with an old-fashioned blunderbuss loaded with rock-salt for the benefit of marauders. More damage would probably result to the owner than to his intended victim if the antique weapon were discharged. An equally primitive method of guarding the vineyards when the grapes were ripening was employed in Tyrol in pre-war days. The vineyards used to be guarded by a singular figure (garbed in a huge head-dress of feathers, and armed with a halberd or some other fearsome weapon), who was licensed to levy a fine of ten kreutzers or so on trespassers. This individual was known as a *saltner*. There is a legend—though I cannot vouch for its accuracy—that an innocent English tourist once took this perambulating scarecrow for a brigand, and was amazed at being let off with a ransom of a few coppers.

In the Rhineland districts the regulations with regard to the vintage were, before the war, at least, absurdly rigid. It is said that when the grapes were almost ripe, no one, not even the owner, was allowed to enter the vineyard till the signal was given by the local authority—the idea, presumably, being that all might start fair.

II.

In the last week of September, all along the roads leading to Alba, the capital of the vineyards district, passes an endless procession of vehicles carrying the precious produce to market. They are laden with all kinds of receptacles full of grapes, from huge oblong vats called *arbi* (unpleasantly like coffins) and barrels down to small two-handed tubs, hampers, and baskets.

Ox-wagons are in the majority, but there are many mule-carts and donkey-carts, though few horse-driven vehicles. The ox-wagons are, of course, a picturesque and characteristic feature of the country-side. There is something peculiarly fascinating in the dignified gait of these huge, patient, docile beasts, with their large seal-like eyes and their placid expression. Unlike horses, and, indeed, most draft animals, they will make way for no pedestrian, and should you be ill-advised enough to ignore them and refuse to make way, they are apt to give you a reminder by a gentle shove with their muzzled snouts. Although their pace never exceeds two miles an hour, they will often cover in the course of a day's journey some twenty or twenty-five miles.

Considerable skill is required in the loading of these *arbi* for market. When they are full up to the brim with bunches of grapes, the loader presses them down by means of a short plank, on which he jumps, going from one end of the vat to the other. By this means the grapes are pressed down without being too much crushed. Then one or two layers of uncrushed grapes are placed on the top, and the vat is covered with tarpaulin or sacking, and carefully roped.

At the market-town the prospective buyer is usually satisfied with raising the covering at one end only, being quite aware of the ingenuous practice of placing the finest bunches on the top, according to the time-honoured custom of Covent Garden. On an average seven *myrias* of grapes will make about a *trenta* (fifty litres) of wine, which is about enough to fill seventy-five ordinary pint-bottles.

Old residents in Piedmont are regretfully alive to the significant change in the character of the *vendemmia* nowadays, compared with what it was in pre-war times. Formerly the grape-harvest was in great measure a kind of *festa* confined to the family; but now, owing to the terrible losses caused by the war, the peasant-proprietor of the vineyard has to supplement

his sons' and daughters' labour with outside aid, and *manuales* (day-labourers) are employed. They are paid about seven or eight lire a day, and are fed and lodged by the employer; or, to be more precise, they bring their own bread, but are provided with wine and grapes *ad lib.* by the employer. Indeed, the *vendemmia* is for the *manuale* a kind of grape-cure. There is a great variety of grapes grown in Piedmont, producing the various brands of wine.

There are the cheaper kinds: Dolcetti, Freise, Neirani, Americani, which make the *Vino da pasto*, corresponding to the French *Vin ordinaire*. Then there are the choicer kinds, which produce Barbera and Asti Spumante (white), and the Nebiolo grapes, from which the famous Barolo brand is made. The Barbera and Barolo wines are the only kinds exported (after being duly fortified), and these are the only brands familiar to English consumers.

III.

Though the highly scientific methods of culture adopted in Burgundy and the Bordeaux district are not practised in north Italy, yet the vine-culture demands considerable technical knowledge and skill on the part of the Piedmontese *viticulteur*. Except during the winter months, hardly a week elapses without something having to be done to the vines. The expert knowledge possessed by these peasant vine-growers is astonishing. Suppose cuttings were taken, say, from a dozen different species of vines, they could pick out unerringly each particular kind.

When a vine grows old and requires renovating, it undergoes a curious and elaborate process. A long, deep trench is dug along the side of each row of vines, and each vine is pressed down along the bottom of the trench, and then covered with *fascini* (bundles of brushwood) and earth, until the top of the trench is level with the surface. But an upper shoot of each vine is allowed to protrude above the surface, and from this shoot springs the new vine.

The *fascini* are sometimes put in ponds to soak before being placed in the trenches.

These pits in which the *fascini* are soaked are apt to prove a snare to the unwary trespasser in the vineyards. These are often dug close to the path, and the top, flush with the surface, is loosely covered over with brushwood and earth. If an unfortunate tourist trod on this fragile roof, he would not only get a ducking, but might have some difficulty in extricating himself. The picturesque, if insanitary, custom of treading out the grapes with the naked foot is still adopted by the smaller cultivators; but generally a machine is used, which works on the same principle as a coffee-grinding machine.

The process is as follows. The grapes are brought on an ox-wagon in one of the huge vats already described. They are then pitchforked into the feeder of the crushing-machine, which is intended only to breach the skins, not to crush the grapes, the latter process being a subsequent one. The handle of the machine is turned by a boy, and the bunches of grapes fall from the machine into a second *arbi*. The contents of the vat are then put into a large barrel, and allowed to ferment for five or six days in the cellar.

After the wine is drawn off, the grapes and stalks which remain in the barrels are put into a special crushing-machine called a *torchio*, a wine-press, which presses the grapes far more effectually than the coffee-grinding machine used in the first instance. This wine is put aside in a separate barrel, as it is usually thicker and stronger, owing to there being more alcohol in the stalks of the grapes. It is a rougher and headier wine than the other. It goes through the same subsequent process as the other wine.

The wine is now drawn off and put into a large barrel for six months. It should then be clear. It is next drawn off into another barrel, so as to get it clear of any sediment. (Should it be left too long in the first barrel, there is a risk of its fermenting again on the approach of the hot weather.) It is then bottled. The second quality wine, which is not, as a rule, sold, but is drunk by the wine-grower and his family, is made from grapes discarded when picking. For no grapes are wasted, and the unripe and rotten grapes are put into a second tub, kept for that purpose, when the grapes are gathered.

But there is even a third quality of wine made, for the frugal Italian peasant wastes nothing. After the grapes have been put through the *torchio*, water is thrown on them and left ten days, so as to let the mixture ferment again. This will produce a fairly strong wine, which the peasants drink freely when working in the fields. This wine is usually carried in bottle-shaped gourds.

The above remarks apply only to red wines, the manufacture of white wines entailing a far more elaborate and cumbrous process.

As might be supposed, white grapes alone are used, of which the best-known varieties are Grignolino, Muscatel, and Danascitto, from which are made the well-known brands, Asti, Canelli, and Muscato.

As a rule, the smaller cultivators do not attempt the making of white wine, owing to the trouble entailed and the cost of the appliances. There are several stages in the process. The great difference in the manufacture of red and of white wine is that the latter is not allowed to ferment.

The bunches of grapes are put through the *torchio* at once, and then the wine is drawn off into barrels, where it remains four or five days till sufficient sediment is formed. This process

is repeated two or three times to clear the wine still more. Finally, it is filtered by being passed through glass funnels, in which absorbent paper has been placed to catch any sediment which may still remain. If this filtering is not sufficient, gum or white of eggs is introduced into the barrels to precipitate the sediment. The wine is now fit for bottling.

MAN'S WORK.

By ALAN SULLIVAN,
Author of *The Passing of Oulibut, Blantyre-Alien, The Inner Door*, &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

I.

AT five o'clock on the morning of the 29th Harrison swung his feet to the floor and stood stiffly erect. He listened a moment to the thump of the engine, then went into the cook-tent, where Gertie, her hair in a tangled mass on the top of her head, stooped over the stove.

'Coffee, dad? It's waiting for you. Jack has just had his.'

He sipped it, regarding her thoughtfully over the rim of his cup. Her eyes were shrunken, and smarted like his own, but her youth had come triumphantly through the last three weeks. She had infused a different spirit into the camp, and caught light-heartedly at anything that would ease the burden of the day. Suddenly he wondered what would have happened if she had not come. He put down his cup, and his arm went round her shoulders. 'You remind me of your mother, Gertie.'

Her face grew very tender. 'Do I? Why?'

'Always at something for some one else.'

'I began too late, dad,' she whispered. 'Mother began right away. There's a big difference.'

'But you've pulled us through here. Then there's Bill.'

'What about Bill?' she asked teasingly.

'I was going to ask you.'

'He's the finest man, bar two, that ever stepped in shoe leather.'

'That does me good.'

'I didn't say anything about it because—well—this isn't exactly the time for announcements of that sort—but he'll do for me, whether this is make or break. Does that help you any?'

He nodded. 'A lot.'

'You see, if you strike it to-day we can afford to keep house—and, if you don't, Bill is good for three hundred a month anywhere—and that's enough.'

'Ever hanker for the city now, Gertie?'

'Do I look it?'

'No, you don't; but one can't tell.'

'What I had in the city will do me the rest of my life,' she said, almost vindictively. 'I told that to Bill, and he's satisfied. Dad, did you ever think of what Jack stands for in this outfit?'

'I haven't had much time to think.'

'Well, turn it over in your mind. First, he finds this shale; then, because she believes in him, Miss Winter pushes twenty thousand dollars down his throat; then, because he'd done me a good turn, for one reason, I'm glad to help; then Mrs Sitwell comes along with more boodle; then the man that fired him puts up twenty thousand dollars without a quiver. Now, why do you reckon all that happens? Have some more coffee?'

He laughed and shook his head. 'You'd better ask him.'

'It's because there's some darn influence—I don't know what—that, when things happen to decent men, gets up on its hind-legs and says, "This has gone far enough." That's what struck us, right here on this lease. Say, any folks coming out to-day?'

Harrison grinned broadly. 'Yes; some friends of ours and Spencer Martin. Got anything to eat?'

'I'll make some more cookies and a couple of pies. This grate is burned out, but I guess it will do.'

Their eyes met. 'I guess it will,' he said slowly. 'Spencer Martin is due in Los Angeles in just five hours.'

At ten o'clock Edith Winter turned up, sampled the cookies, and glanced interrogatively at the rig. Harrison was still drilling.

'When do you shoot?'

'Three o'clock maybe—not before; plenty of time.'

'Does your heart go pit-a-pat?' she asked gravely.

'It does,' he admitted. 'How about yours?'

'I'd hate to tell you. Are you having a party to-day? Gertie's made all kinds of things.'

'Folks get hungry round noon,' he said stolidly.

'And you propose to feed a man like Mr Sitwell on cookies?'

'There's Spencer Martin, too,' he chuckled. 'City men can put away quite a pile in the country. I'm darn sorry I didn't think of it before. It's pretty plain food.'

'Don't! don't!' she stormed suddenly. 'You make me feel like a brute.'

'What 's the matter, partner?'

'Everything with me—nothing with you and Jack and Bill and Gertie. It 's worth anything to have known you—even if we never strike oil.'

He flushed under his tan. 'You 'd feel the same way if you 'd had to work. Any one would.'

But Edith was not so sure. She watched Gertie laying a table for her enemies with a care she had never taken for her friends. Beneath it were trodden the black cinders of the former camp. There was no question of war or rivalry, but just the unwritten law that those who passed high noon here must eat, be they friend or foe. Gertie examined her work, her head on one side.

'I could do better with a few flowers and some more fixings, but if this place is going to be swimming in oil in a few hours, what 's the odds?'

Edith laughed a little hysterically. 'What about a few orange-blossoms?'

II.

At half-past eleven a big car pulled up, and Spencer Martin descended ponderously from the front-seat. Behind him were Sitwell, Claudia, and Hunt. They talked for a moment; then a little procession struck through the grove. Edith watched them, and breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that Hunt came last. Her heart had grown unruly. Shanklin and Harrison apparently took no notice. The engine coughed steadily. To all outward appearances there was nothing unusual. Denison stood at the door of the cook-tent, with Gertie close beside him.

'Morning,' said Martin.

Harrison and Shanklin nodded simultaneously. There was no handshake; nor did Martin seem to expect it.

'I 'm trespassing,' he grunted.

'That 's all right; make yourself comfortable.'

The big man glanced at the derrick. 'When do you shoot?'

'About three o'clock,' said Harrison coolly, then stared at Sitwell. The latter was biting his lip. 'There 's nothing special to interest you yet awhile, so I reckon we 'll go about our business.'

He turned away, and Martin's small green eyes followed him curiously. Shanklin was staring at Claudia, who looked back, her whole soul in her gaze. It was as though she were trying to explain why she had come. Presently Sitwell began to talk to Martin in undertones. Edith Winter and Hunt had disappeared. A moment later Claudia was beside the man she loved.

'I couldn't help coming to-day—they both insisted. Do you mind?'

He looked deep in her eyes with the blinding emotion that nothing mattered but one great fact. Toil, effort, weariness, and the tenseness of the day were all forgotten. He knew only that he loved her better than his life. Claudia saw and understood, and trembled.

'In a few hours one of us will be rich,' he said shakily. 'I hope it will be you—who need it more than I do. But, whichever it is, I can't stay here, Claudia. It hurts too much.'

'Don't go, Jack. It was all my fault—mine from the start—but don't go.'

'It was no one's fault,' he answered slowly; 'it was all meant to be. You and I hadn't much to do with it. Burley wants me back, but behind Burley I 'd see you. We 're within a few feet of either fortune or ruin; but, whichever it is, I don't complain of the last few months.'

She regarded him steadfastly, and in her eyes he saw that kingdom of his heart to which he had no key. In him she discerned the anchorage which her soul might once have found, but from which the winds of destiny had driven her far. 'It was always you, Jack,' she whispered, 'but I didn't know, till it was too late. There 's one part of myself that no one but you has ever had—my spirit. It will always be yours.'

He bent his head as though to some invisible caress. It was the world of men for him now, with her sanctuary in his breast.

They turned and went slowly back, each dumb with a consciousness that needed no speech. Beside the derrick, Sitwell was standing with Martin, his face drawn and haggard, but a brilliant, restless light in his eyes. He stared at the two, and his lips curved into a strange smile.

III.

Beyond the camp Edith Winter and Hunt sat beneath the orange-trees. Presently Gertie's voice sounded within the cook-tent. There followed a man's laugh. Denison came out and struck at a steel triangle hanging from a post. It gave out a ringing musical note.

'Dinner,' he called. 'Come and get it.'

Spencer Martin roused himself. 'Eh—what 's that?'

Harrison wiped a pair of greasy hands. 'We haven't got but ordinary stuff; but such as it is, you 're welcome.'

The red face turned a darker red, and the big man hesitated for one of the few times in his life. He had not reckoned on this. The smell of freshly roasted coffee drifted out of the cook-tent, and something querulous stirred in his great stomach. He glanced at Harrison almost with respect. 'Don't mind if I do,' he said shortly.

Harrison, left to do the honours—Shanklin having evaded the duty—made a gesture to Sitwell. 'Might as well come in; it don't

make any difference now,' he suggested with a certain grave simplicity.

Sitwell's face began to work convulsively. His eyes turned to Martin's broad back; then, meeting Claudia's profound gaze, he seemed to be struggling with conflicting inward forces. His features were an epitome of surprise, restlessness, and some overbrooding fear. Harrison's voice sounded again, deep and dominant, like the beat of his own machinery. And at that Sitwell followed his master.

The contractor did not sit down, but, drilling his last few feet, watched his guests with imperturbable interest. Spencer Martin, at the end of the table, ate steadily, with an appetite that seemed sharpened by the manner of his entertainment. The small, green eyes missed nothing, and from the big body spread the suggestion that already he controlled not only the ground beneath, but the fortunes of those around him.

Edith manœuvred Claudia into a seat between Hunt and herself, with a queer feeling that the girl needed protection. Opposite her was Denison, who ate with little side-glances at his companions and an occasional squint at Spencer Martin. This was a meal he would remember all his life. Suddenly Martin looked along the table at Shanklin and stared fixedly. He said nothing, being occupied with a sudden reflection that perhaps this, too, was the kind of man for whom he could make a good opening in the oil business. That was one of Martin's strong points—he could appreciate ability in an opponent.

Something in the air got into Gertie's blood, and she surveyed her guests with a quizzical, whimsical consciousness that this was better than a motion-picture. She stepped behind Sitwell. 'Have some more. I hadn't much time to get this party ready, but I'll guarantee the coffee.'

He gulped, and burned his throat, whereat Martin chuckled.

'Matter of fact, you're too kind.' He tried to catch Claudia's eye, and failed. 'I half expected to be chased off this lease.'

Shanklin smiled grimly. 'Some one is going to be chased off. I wonder which it will be.'

Sitwell experienced a cold chill as the green eyes rested on him for a moment. Then Martin laughed outright. He loved a fight, however unscrupulous might be his own weapons, and for Sitwell he held his usual contempt towards those who had failed. As to Claudia—whose husband was in the hollow of his hand—there was no hurry. He tilted his cup towards Shanklin as though in a toast to the victor.

'My compliments to the cook. You must have lived well out here.'

'We've lived hard,' was the significant reply.

Sitwell's voice came in shakily. 'I see you've got two torpedoes ready. Why two?'

'The second will wreck the well—if necessary. Have some more pie.'

There was a little silence, and Edith gulped at something in her throat. She had a weak desire to scream. It seemed that those who had most to lose were the least disturbed. She stole a look at Sitwell, and was amazed to see him regarding Martin with an expression of fiendish hatred. She remembered, once, an animal in a trap, and shivered. Martin ate steadily. There was nothing the matter with his nerves.

'I'll give you five thousand dollars to leave that well as it stands—if it's dry,' he said deliberately.

Shanklin grinned. 'Ask Harrison?'

The big man twisted his body. 'How about it?'

Harrison sent a contemplative glance to the top of the derrick, then stared at the twin torpedoes that lay gray and menacing, their blunt noses needing only the detonators to transform them into engines terrific and irresistible. He fingered the detonators, rolled in a twist of waste in his pocket, and his mind travelled down—down—nearly two thousand feet, to where the remorseless bit still gnawed at the bowels of the earth.

'I'll make it ten thousand,' said Martin.

Through Harrison's veins leaped a sudden fiery flood. The labour, the stress, the sleepless nights, the struggle against unknown enemies who did their work and disappeared in the night, the sight of this man who was at the bottom of it all and yet immune to anxiety and loss, all combined to infuse him with a spirit of utter defiance. No money could compensate for the dull roar and the spurt of flame that would wipe out this arduously performed work, and leave Martin to do it all over again. He admired the man for his nerve, envied him for his power, and loathed him for his methods.

'What would you do in my place?'

'I'd take the money. I never refuse it.'

Harrison recognised the truth. It was Martin's way.

'This time your money isn't any good. Better stand back a——'

IV.

Harrison's sentence was never finished. From the well's mouth came a dull sound, as though, far below, some surviving Titan of the past were coughing as he slept. The dipping cable quivered. The sound grew sharper—hoarser—and from the smooth steel casing came the vicious hiss of air spewed forth at increasing velocity. The solid earth gave a slight tremor. Came a roar, and the bit sailed up, a tangle of cable and scored metal. With it was a column, black, shining, straight, like the trunk of a lofty tree. Column, bit, and cable hit the top of the derrick and tore

through it. There was a crashing of timber, a rain of fragments and shattered mechanism, and high into the stainless air climbed that black trunk, till, a hundred feet up, it feathered out like a gigantic plume, and caught the prismatic rays of the sun, absorbing them in great waving streamers. From the very skies pelted oil, fed constantly by the ebony column, whose bulk seemed every moment to increase. It rained, profuse and prodigal, as though rejoicing that again, after cycles of time, it had found the light. The wind caught it, brooming it out like dark and driven spray. And ever the hidden caverns of the earth yielded their store. There was nothing left of the derrick; the white tents had turned a rusty brown; rivulets of oil were trickling in little newly formed channels towards the ordered lines of orange-trees; and the air was saturated with a strong, sharp odour.

Harrison picked himself up. Martin had staggered back, and was wiping oil and blood from his cheek. The tent emptied itself with a crash of dishes, and Shanklin raced out, his mouth open, but destitute of speech. Claudia's eyes followed him. Edith flung herself into Hunt's arms and shouted unbelievable things that he only half-heard through the steady roar of the gusher. Gertie had Denison by both hands, and danced hysterically with a wild chant of joy and triumph. The place was transformed from a tense arena of rivalry and effort into a paradise that dripped riches on worthy and unworthy alike.

And Sitwell! Sitwell stood, his face transformed, his muscles twitching, his fingers curved like talons. He stared at the gusher with eyes that gleamed with fear and sheer amazement. Thus for a moment, till he caught sight through the black rain of the bulky figure of Martin. In letters of fire there marched through his brain, warped with fraud and futile crime, the warning words of three months ago. At that he put a hand to his head, which was burning, and, with a scream, sprang forward. Through the oil he came, loping like a beast, inarticulate with convulsive lips. Like a beast he sprang and fastened upon the bull-neck of the man he hated and feared. Terror and revenge were in that desperate grip, for he saw himself from now on under Martin's heel.

Under the driving impact Martin went down. The long fingers tightened and sank, while Sitwell, worrying him like a dog, made strange noises in his lean throat. Thus, with the oil they had stooped so far to capture enclosing them like a pall, till the wind shifted and Harrison came racing up, Shanklin close behind. Five minutes later Martin drew a long breath; the blood began slowly to leave his puffed face, and his swollen eyes lost some of their glassy stare. He groaned, and lifting himself on one arm, saw Sitwell, bound but writhing, a thin fringe of bubbles on his bloody lips.

After that it seemed that the lease became suddenly populous with strangers, who raced up from the highway, scrutinised the wreckage around the gusher, and, perceiving that somehow they were in the presence of tragedy as well as of triumph, maintained a bombardment of questions. Sitwell had been moved into a tent, where Denison sat beside him, regarding his unseeing eyes with mute satisfaction. The unknown God had spoken—that influence about which Gertie had come so near the truth—and in no uncertain sound.

It was to Claudia that Edith, cutting short her transports, turned with blessed understanding. She monopolised the girl, warning away even Shanklin, till the madman disappeared in a closed car, commandeered from an astonished tourist and guarded by Denison. Gertie, who refused to be separated, sat on the front-seat. Then Edith and Hunt carried off Claudia. Shanklin watched silently, still held off by Edith's imperative signals. So the group dwindled till, except the knot of visitors that constantly passed up from the highway and back again, there remained only Spencer Martin.

Shanklin stared for a moment at the two torpedoes. His brain was numb, but the sight of the big man standing so motionless set up a triumphant vibration that ran tingling through his body. What had Spencer Martin to say now?

The broad, uncouth figure came slowly towards him, a travesty of itself, blood-streaked, spattered with oil, torn by Sitwell's maniac fingers, but, for all that, a man vested with brutal courage and a stranger to fear.

'Well, you've won out.' He extended a wide, fat palm. 'That well is making twenty thousand barrels.'

Shanklin looked at the hand, and suddenly it became a loathsome thing, emblematic of fraud and crooked practice—the pudgy fingers vested with dangerous powers—the hand that had led Sitwell to lunacy, and would not hesitate to repeat the gesture when again the occasion arose.

'By God—you swine!'

The bloated face quivered for a moment, and the small green eyes receded. Harrison had overheard, and came up, standing without a word beside his partner. Martin took a long breath and seemed about to speak, but a glance at the two men held him silent. Then, with head bent forward and massive jowl set tight, he walked slowly away through the mist of oil, that last word ringing in his ears.

The gaze of the two followed him till he disappeared behind a cluster of tourists grouped just clear of the black spray. Harrison took a long, deep gulp of pure air.

'Jack,' he said whimsically, 'did Spencer Martin eat all of that second pie?'

(Continued on page 371.)

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

A GOSSIP ON BOOK-TITLES.

By Sir GEORGE DOUGLAS, Bart.

I.

IN a discussion of book-titles in his *Curiosities of Literature*, the elder Disraeli remarks that an author should ever have 'the fear of his title-page before his eyes,' and goes on to cite Tooke's *Diversions of Purley* as a misleading title, and *Moral Essays* as an inappropriate one for Montaigne's 'immortal history of his own mind.' Well, without for a moment aspiring to cast my net so wide as the compiler of the above-named miscellany, let me be permitted to add a few remarks in lighter vein to his learned omnium-gatherum, and to apply them more especially to the titles of modern novels.

What are the main requirements of a good title? To this I should be inclined to reply that it must be both apt and appetising, must strike the ear or the imagination beforehand, and the sense of fitness afterwards. There are, of course, many instances of one of these requirements being met at the expense of the other. Thackeray's masterpiece, I think, is one. For, judged as an appeal to the imagination, *Vanity Fair* is treasure-trove indeed! But does it answer the test of applicability? Is it a fit description of the sordid history of the Crawley family, set off though that history be by endless touches of human nature, and redeemed by an underplot so pure and tender as the love-story of Dobbin and Amelia? Surely not, unless in a very general sense. To me the title seems to promise a brilliant picture of the world's temptations: a painting on a broad scale of the light, luxurious, heartless if you will, but glitteringly attractive side of life, such as Daudet gave us in *The Nabob*, but such as is very niggardly supplied by the scenes of the ball before Quatre-Bras and the theatricals at Gaunt House. Of course, Thackeray had a preference for ugliness, or at least for painting it, as many a gifted artist has had both before and since his day. But in Vanity Fair ugliness is out of place. Were it otherwise, the booths might close, for the fair would do small trade.

Before Thackeray's day most of the great novelists chose personal names for their titles, and though they generally added the words 'Adventures of' or 'History of' so-and-so, with often a goodly adjunct of subsidiary information, these appendages are invariably dropped. Defoe's *Moll Flanders*, *Roxana*, *Colonel Jack* are all sounding titles. But what magic resides in the syllables *Robinson Crusoe*! How much of it is inherent, and how much due to association, it would be difficult to say; but there is certainly nothing corresponding to it in literature. Crusoe is king of the realm of boyhood's fancies, and countless gallant and adventurous lives have been shaped at his instigation. In his choice of titles Samuel Richardson follows Defoe. His *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison* remain figures of world-wide repute. But I wonder how many of my readers have followed their fortunes to the end. Yet I know of scarcely any more soothing literary ploy, of none that grows and gains more steadily and insensibly on the reader. These are books for quiet country-houses and for rainy days—successive rainy days. In *Amelia*, *Joseph Andrews*, and *Tom Jones*, Fielding, too, affects the personal title. For breadth and typical quality *Tom Jones* could not be beat. No other name could so well suggest the ordinary full-blooded young Englishman, who has his full share of animal propensity, but whose heart is in the right place—or, at least, is generally considered to be so, though, for my own part, without pleading puritanism, some of his acts stick in my gullet. I shall be told, of course, that allowance must be made for eighteenth-century manners. I maintain, however, that, whatever may have been his parentage, the foundling has a dash of the *canaille* in his composition. In other respects Tom Jones is John Bull in his nonage. Like Fielding, Smollett affected proper-name titles, but Smollett's are the more poetic, the less realistic—designed, as in *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle*, in defiance of probability, to convey a foretaste of the hero's character. Even Dickens, one of the most original of our great writers, was not above borrowing from Smollett's books, so loved by him in boyhood. For, surely, the assault of Nicholas on Squeers is but Tom Bowline's assault on the schoolmaster over again. This may be a case of playing to the gallery, but, while boys are boys, it will always be an assured bid for success. Dickens's name-titles aim at mere abstract fantasy in sound rather than at suggesting character, and certainly *Pickwick*, *Oliver Twist*, *Barnaby Rudge*, and *Martin Chuzzlewit*

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

are conspicuously successful. But where Dickens deserted the name-title, he sometimes went astray. *Bleak House* and *The Old Curiosity Shop*, it is true, are excellent; but *Our Mutual Friend* lets him down rather badly. Or so, at least, it seems to me. For, though I love noble Lizzie Hexam and fear sinister Bradley Headstone and Rogue Riderhood, and, in short, know the book perhaps as well as most readers of my years, I am not ashamed to confess that I 've no notion either who the friend was, or of whom he was the friend. Again, whilst clearly realising that the title *Great Expectations* refers to Pip's prospect of inheriting Miss Havisham's money—a prospect, by the way, with which circumstance so strangely juggled—I am certainly by no means so sure that that is the *clou* of the book. On the whole, then, Dickens did best with name-titles. And he was probably conscious of this when he christened his last book after the publican whose signboard confronted him on emerging from Gad's Hill.

II.

Sir Walter Scott's titles are, without exception, models of terseness, euphony, imaginative suggestion, so what wonder if later romantic novelists—Lyttons, Disraelis, Ainsworths, Stevensons—have been content to take their cue from him? He it was who popularised, if he did not invent, the place-name title, as a variation on the personal name. And what could be richer in picturesque suggestion than, say, *The Bride of Lammermuir* or *Peveril of the Peak*, or more evocative than *Kenilworth*? Him Ainsworth followed with *The Tower of London* and *Windsor Forest*, titles of kingly breadth and dignity, of which the books that bear them are not unworthy. And, by the way, this collocation of authors' names suggests the reflection that, if a man so witty as the Merry Monarch could but have divined what romances were to be written about him, he would have gone out of his way to visit Woodstock and Ovingdean Grange after Worcester Fight, which the Boscobel Tracts assure me that he neglected to do.

In *The Black Dwarf* and *Redgauntlet*, Scott seems also to have foreshadowed what I may call the colour-title, which is worth mentioning because, unless appearances are fallacious, it certainly brought good luck to the books to which it was applied—for example, Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, George Cupples's *Green Hand* (figurative), Crockett's *Lilac Sun-Bonnet*, one of his earliest successes, as well as the up-to-date *Scarlet Pimpernel* of the Baroness Orczy and *The Blue Lagoon* of De Vere Stacpoole, to which I must add the delightfully intriguing title of the *Yellow Frigate*, which I used longingly to contemplate on bookstalls as a schoolboy homeward-bound, though, as I never got it read, I must presume that the two shillings went in butter-scotch instead.

With her *Sense and Sensibility* and *Pride and Prejudice*, Scott's realistic contemporary, Jane Austen, devised something new in titles—new, but not, I think, happy. Certainly these titles are anything but inevitable. For it takes time and ingenuity, after enjoying the history of Elizabeth Bennet and her sisters, to fit the title to it. And so with the other book or books. I have stood upon the Cob at Lyme Regis, my mind filled with the touching charm of sweet Anne Elliot, and yet quite at a loss to say upon whom *Persuasion* had been brought to bear or what it had effected. 'Why, how dull you must be!' brighter readers will exclaim. So I hasten to protect myself by acknowledging that it was long since I had read the book. Those personal associations with books would make an article in themselves. But possibly it would be one of those lucubrations which are pleasanter to write than to read. So let me be content to touch the subject very lightly indeed. I recall that it was at a *table-d'hôte* at Bologna, in the autumn of 1882, that I first struck the name *John Inglesant*, and that afterwards for many months I heard no new book spoken of but that. Well, writing close on forty years later, I can still state as my opinion that Shorthouse's masterpiece just missed being a great romance, and that that miss was due to the preponderance of the 'subjective' in Johnny, with whose thoughts we are familiar whilst we fail to realise his presence. The novel of all others, however, which has for me the most tender and appealing associations is Wilkie Collins's *Woman in White*, for it was by means of that book that I was first brought into touch with the world of fiction. It was in 1860, when the novel was running its course in the green-covered monthly parts of *All the Year Round*, and I was still under four at the time. Yet I can recall the vague sense of interest, deepening to awe, that took possession of me while I listened (of course, understanding but little) to the voice of my aunt as, in the growing twilight, she read the story aloud to my mother out-of-doors. And I specially remember my aunt's beautiful foreign pronunciation of the oft-recurring name of Laura. It was my first peep into a world where, since that day, many of the happiest—no, of the most tranquil and enjoyable hours of my life have been spent.

Among the many new types and fashions in titles which from this time onward had their vogue, the provocative and the puzzle titles deserve mention. Of the latter, Collins's *No Name* and Whyte-Melville's *N or M* (Nina or Maude, was it not?) are good examples. Of the other kind, *Can He Forgive Her?* and *What will He Do with It?* are standard examples, though I am not sure that I don't prefer the bold, pistol-in-your-face manner of *Why Paul Ferrol Killed his Wife*—a romance which, many years ago, had its day of notoriety, and was at the time reported to be the work of a clever deformed lady who had married a very handsome husband. And,

by the way, why *did* Paul Ferrol kill his wife? I wonder if there is any one now extant who could answer that question.

And now, to wind up with, just a single word as to my own personal predilections and dislikes in titles. It was the younger Brontë sisters, I believe, Emily and Anne—wild, passionate souls imprisoned in fragile clay—who first struck the keynote of untamed natural scenery in the names of their books, with *Wuthering Heights* and *Wildfell Hall*. Those are titles which appeal to me and set my imagination working. And yet I don't think they have had many imitators to speak of, except perhaps Miss Florence Warden in her ingenious criminal story, *The House on the Marsh*. Titles which by sheer attractiveness have led me to buy the books which bore them are Charles Lever's *A Day's Ride*, *A Life's Romance* (deficient in terseness, and yet irresistible); *The Boudoir Cabal*, by Eustace Grenville-Murray, who sometimes wrote under the pseudonym of the 'Roving Englishman,' and whose title conjures up appetising visions of fair and subtle-brained intriguers at their work of moulding destinies; and, lastly, for the present, *A Conspiracy of Silence*, by 'George Colmore' (Mrs Colmore Dunn), which promises all I could possibly want in the nature of dark suppression of essential facts by the sinister means of fingers laid on lips and significant glances exchanged. To conclude, the style of title I most dislike is the cheap pun—of which I may give two examples, drawn from books to which the great British public has long since given its unqualified approval. These are Andrew Lang's *Lost Leaders* and Ian Hay's *Safety Match*.

MAN'S WORK.

CHAPTER XV.

I.

SO, amongst hidden depths of the earth, the honour and the toil of men, the fortitude and the love of women, found their great reward. Harrison's bit, eating through the hard crust that overlay a great pool, had tapped the compressed accumulation of ages. It was a matter only of capping the flow and letting the breast of the world distribute her largesse. Not only was this well a gusher of fortunes, but the land around had acquired a value beyond all dreams of the past.

It was days before they achieved any real conception of the truth. The rush of oil men; the publicity; the growing general belief that behind it all lay that more thrilling than any gusher; the invasion of lessees who met the partners' terms with uncomplaining alacrity; the drone of work, as derrick after derrick sprang up around them—all this induced a sense of unreality that was but slowly dissipated.

The personnel, too, had changed. Edith and the half-stupefied Hunt departed for Catalina, after the latter, during a curt talk with Martin, had handed in his resignation. He had a feeling, as Edith's story unfolded, that he wanted to bathe in the sea and free himself from an uncleanly contact.

Martin was rolling back to New York. He sucked at his black cigars, staring silently out of the window. California, he decided, offered no further advancement. Claudia's face was erased from a mind which grappled dully with something that not only puzzled him, but even made him a little anxious. He had ruined many a man, but not one of them had gone mad before. The destruction of reason seemed more formidable than that of fortunes. He contemplated this for hours, little dreaming that he himself was but a power of destiny—a necessary factor in the complex development of his country, by whom and through whom the spirit of progress was mysteriously evidenced. Had he been told that it was his chicanery, through the agency of Sitwell, that had called forth every opposed strength of courage, determination, and loyalty, he would only have shrugged his massive shoulders and grunted contemptuously.

Harrison was divided between new duties, a sense of embarrassment over his wealth, and a profound joy in that his girl had come back to him. He did not think much of the money that poured in, knowing how little he asked for himself, but was grateful for what it meant to Gertie and Denison. Since it was not money that united them, it would not be money that held them together. He bought a few clothes, hung about Los Angeles for an empty day or two, then took up his abode in the little ranch-house, and pursued the steady custom of his life—which was work.

Claudia stayed in her boarding-house under the care of a warm-hearted landlady. There was no need for it, because Shanklin sent her a cheque on account, one-twentieth interest in the property. She had examined it with incredulous eyes. It was, he explained in writing, only an estimate, but conservative, and she might expect further remittances month by month. She lingered over his signature with a sensation of having been swept into a backwater of life where she could revolve aimlessly year by year while the main river swept indifferently by. Sitwell, in his padded room, had a stronger hold on her now than when his calculating brain was at its sharpest. He was only the wreck of a man, beating out a blind life against the bars;

but so long as he lived she must wait, however empty her soul of joy and peace. She saw Shanklin but seldom, not trusting herself to come so near the gates of her desire. These sequestered weeks gave her beauty a new and wistful touch of tenderness.

Shanklin, for his part, did not question her decision. He saw Burley as often as he could, and found in Harrison a temporary anchorage for his restless spirit. He dared to long that Sitwell would die, and wondered for what baffling purpose life should be fostered in that insensate shell. He saw to it that the patient had every care, but did not go near the asylum, being told that Sitwell shouted constantly, cursing Claudia, Martin, and himself. His own future was so simple as to be almost uninviting. The promised thrill of freedom and power passed like a dream. He realised that this was a phase that must shortly end, and he would soon face existence again, equipped as never before. But in the meantime he had a queer liking to chat with Harrison, and spend long solitary hours watching the new pipe-line curve into the distance, and listening to the hum of work on new leases around his gusher.

In these hours he seemed to acquire a new perspective of the world and himself. He perceived the inchoate mass of humanity, divided in itself, but moving nevertheless by definite stages toward some, as yet, invisible goal. He heard the murmur of this multitude, of its effort and strife. He saw the puny failures and successes of men absorbed into one great conglomerate matrix in which, however potent they had seemed to be, they were indistinguishable from the surrounding bulk. Where in all this was he going to fit in without love?

II.

One evening, when the declining sun painted the Sierra Madre in fairy tints, Jack Shanklin lay, face to the skies, listening to a far, clear call that reached him from the world of men. The time for rest was over. He recognised this quite definitely, and even wondered why it had not sounded before. Then he sat up with an odd consciousness of human presence. Claudia was standing at a little distance. As he stared, she moved uncertainly towards him.

He went to meet her with a sudden breathlessness, and at the sight of her face all speech left him. Her eyes were wide and glorious, but in them were shadows of mystery, and her face was touched with awe. Tall and graceful she stood, lovely with every allurement of the body, but expressing as well the white purity of her soul, a guardian spirit, an altar for worship, a flame for man's inspiration, a harbour at his journey's end.

'Claudia!' he whispered. 'Claudia!'

'Jack!'

She swayed a little, but something sent him a swift warning. He did not move.

'I want to tell you that—that Bertie died three days ago. I tried to find you, but——'

'I've been away,' he said shakily.

'He was conscious just for a little while. He sent you a message—you and Harrison—then he wanted to die. His mind began to go back over everything, and he got frightened.' She shuddered at the recollection. 'It was dreadful.'

Shanklin put his hand on her shoulder. 'What was the message?'

She trembled at his touch. 'The best man wins,' she breathed faintly. 'It was the last thing he ever said.'

'Claudia, what do you say?' His own voice sounded as coming from a long way off.

Through the gathering dusk drifted the perfume of jasmine. At arms' length these two, on whom destiny was now smiling, gazed at each other till Shanklin drew her suddenly close. Gone were all memories of toil and stress; forgotten was every moment when fate hung in the balance. A wind from invisible fields blew through his spirit. 'Claudia, you're mine—you're mine!'

She gazed up at him with eyes in which moved unfathomable things. In them he discerned that which painted life in noble colours, making it a thing of pride and companionship, throbbing with joys and sanctified with tears. Here was his harbour, the home of his spirit.

THE END.

SALISBURY PLAIN.

THE cowslip studs the velvet folds
Of emerald Sarum's wide expanse;
Like golden stars upon the robe
That clothed some queen of old romance,
Anemone and hyacinth
Carpet each tiny woodland glade,
Gleaming like jewels rich and rare,
Set in a green-veined shield of jade;
A purple orchis here and there
Raises a single vivid plume,
Weaving, with thyme and violet,
A tapestry on nature's loom.
On flickering pinions raised, a hawk
Scans from his vantage earth and sky,
Flashes like lightning down, and then,
With laden talons, soars on high.
Through wood and copse, now faint, now loud,
The cuckoo's halting call resounds,
And every briar, every bush,
With teeming life and song abounds;
From pearly dawn till opal eve
Poises the lark athwart the blue,
Pouring, with undiminished voice,
His heavenward psalm the long day through.
Then, when new-born, the horned moon
Sheds her pale beam o'er dale and hill,
Hushed the lark's song, and down the night
Floats a soft sorrow-burthened trill;
For on the night's enchanted ear
Sounds a first flute-like, throbbing note:
A nightingale pipes to his love,
Ambushed in some still grove remote;
A pause, and then upon the gale
Bursts their alternate hymn of pain,
Filling the woods with ecstasy
Till dawn's faint light appears again.

GUY COLIN CAMPBELL.

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ADVOCACY.

VI.—THE LAMP OF JUDGMENT.

By His Honour Judge PARRY.

The Seven Lamps of Advocacy are *Honesty, Courage, Industry, Wit, Eloquence, Judgment, and Fellowship*

I.

JUDGMENT inspires a man to translate good sense into right action. I would not quarrel with the philosopher who describes judgment as an instinct, but I would bid him remember that even an instinct is acquired by 'cunning' rather than luck. Let no one think that he can attain to sound judgment without hard work. The judgment of the advocate must be based on the maxim, 'He that judges without informing himself to the utmost that he is capable cannot acquit himself of judging amiss.'

A client is entitled to the independent judgment of the advocate. Whether his judgment is right or wrong, it is the duty of the advocate to place it at the disposal of his client. In the business of advocacy judgment is the goods that the advocate is bound to deliver. Yet he is under constant temptation to please his client by giving him an inferior article. The duty of the advocate to give only his best is wisely insisted upon by Serjeant Ballantine, who relates a personal experience that all advocates must be ready to face.

'The solicitor instructing me,' he writes, 'was vehement in expressing belief in his client's innocence. I was of a different opinion. He, acting upon his belief, desired that certain witnesses should be called. I, governed by my convictions, absolutely refused to do so, offering at the same time to return my brief. This, however, was refused, and I was left to exercise my own responsibility. The above question frequently arises, and some counsel have considered themselves bound to obey the wishes of the solicitor. There is no doubt that this is the safest course for the advocate, for, if he does otherwise and the result is adverse, he is likely to be much blamed, and the solicitor also is exposed to disagreeable comments; but I hold, and have always acted upon the opinion, that the client retains counsel's judgment, which he has no right to yield to the wishes or opinions of any one else. He is bound, if required, to return his brief, but if he acts against his own convictions he sacrifices, I think, his duty as an advocate.'

II.

An advocate of judgment has the power of gathering up the scattered threads of facts and weaving them into a pattern surrounding and emphasising the central point of the case. In every case there is one commanding theory, to the proof of which the facts must be skilfully marshalled. An advocate with one point has infinitely greater chances than an advocate with twenty points.

Rufus Choate was an advocate of great judgment, and not only was he enthusiastic and diligent in searching for the central theory, or 'hub of his case,' as he called it, but having made up his mind what it was, he rightly put it forward without delay, believing that it was the 'first strike' that conquered the jury. Parker, his biographer, tells us that 'he often said to me that the first moments were the great moments for the advocate. Then, said he, the attention is all on the alert, the ears are quicker, the mind receptive. People think they ought to go on gently, till, somewhere about the middle of their talk, they will put forth all their power. But this is a sad mistake. At the beginning the jury are all eager to know what you are going to say, what the strength of your case is. They don't go into details and follow you critically all along: they try to get hold of your leading notion, and lump it all up. At the outset, then, you want to strike into their minds what they want—a good, solid, general view of *your* case; and let them think over that for a good while. "If," said he emphatically, "you haven't got hold of them, got their convictions at least open, in your first half-hour or hour, you will never get at them at all."'

Abraham Lincoln had a genius for seeing the real point of his case and putting it straight to the Court. A contemporary who was asked in later life what was Lincoln's trick with the jury replied, 'He saw the kernel of every case at the outset, never lost sight of it, and never let it escape the jury. That was the only trick I ever saw him play.'

Sir Henry Hawkins held the same view. He used to say, 'Concentration is the art of argument. If you are diffuse, you will be cut up in detail.' And he was fond of quoting the teachings of Denman on this subject: 'Remember also to put forward your best points first, for the weak ones are very likely to prejudice the good ones if they take the lead. It would be better advice to say never bring them forward at all, because they are useless.'

Johnny Williams, who appeared with Brougham and Denman for Queen Caroline, was a man of great sagacity, but much given to strong expletives. He was once induced by an attorney, against his own better judgment, to ask a question, the answer to which convicted his client on a capital charge. The circuit considered he was well justified, when the trial was over,

in turning to the attorney and saying with great emphasis (formal expletives omitted), 'Go home, cut your throat, and *when* you meet your client in hell, beg his pardon.'

But an apology was also due from Williams for surrendering his judgment to that of his attorney.

III.

In nothing does the advocate more openly exhibit want of judgment than in prolixity. Modern courts of justice are blamed by the public, not wholly without cause, for the length and consequent expense of trials. To poor people this may mean a denial of justice. No one desires that the judge should constantly interfere with counsel in the discharge of their duties, but it seems to be his duty on occasion to blow his whistle and point out to the combatants that they are offside.

If every one connected with the trial of an action were to train and use his judgment and co-operate with the judgments of his fellow-workers in a policy of anti-waste, a great reproach would be lifted from our courts of justice.

Prolixity is no new disease. Many wise judges have sought to eradicate it. In the time of Charles II. things seem to have been in a specially bad way, and Lord Guildford, though he probably went to dangerous extremes, was well thought of by the public for his endeavour to speed up the legal machine.

'In his lordship's conduct of trials he was very careful of three matters: (1) To adjust what was properly the question, and to hold the counsel to that; for he that has the worst end of the staff, is very apt to fling off from the point and go out of the right way of the cause. (2) To keep the counsel in order; for in trials they have their parts and their times. His lordship used frequently to inculcate to counsel the decorum of evidencing practice. (3) To keep down repetition, to which the counsel, one after another, are very propense; and, in speeching to the jury one and the same matter over and over again, the waste of time would be so great that, if the judge gave way to it, there would scarce be an end; for most of the talk was not so much for the causes as for their own sakes, to get credit in the country for notable talkers. And his lordship often told them that their confused harangues disturbed the order of his thoughts; and, after the trial was over, it was very hard for him to resume his method and direct the jury to comprise all the material parts of the evidence. Therefore he was positive not to permit more than one counsel of a side to speech it to the jury, by way of summing up the evidence; and he permitted that in such a way as made them weary of it. For, in divers sorts of trials, he wholly retrenched it; and where he observed much stiffness and zeal of the parties in a cause, then, after the evidence was over, he would say, "Come, make your speeches;" and then sat him down; and looked with a sort of contempt of their talents, which gave them a distrust and discomposed their extempore so much that, for the most part, they said, "No, we will leave it to your lordship." And thus the abuse, by fastidious talk, wore away; and the practice before him was so well known, as it became at length a pure management of evidence and argument of law.'

The judgment of an advocate may be called upon at any moment for a sudden decision that may mean the victory or defeat of his client. For this reason it is necessary that he should be always alert. The contents of his brief must be already in his mind, and his attention must be fixed on what is happening in court, which has rarely been foreseen in the best-prepared brief ever delivered to counsel.

It was Russell who turned round to his junior and said, 'What are you doing?'

'Taking a note,' was the answer.

At which Russell burst out in his uncompromising way: 'What the devil do you mean by saying you are taking a note? Why don't you watch the case?'

'Watch the case!' It is a golden rule.

It was the same when he was playing cards. He would get impatient with a partner shuffling and handling his cards in a state of indecision. 'Why are you looking at your cards?' he asked. 'Why don't you watch the game? The game is on the table.'

In the same way an advocate who is always fumbling with his brief when he is examining a witness cannot follow the game that is on the table before him.

IV.

Sound judgment is essential to the examination of witnesses. How few advocates know how to examine a witness-in-chief! Birrell tells us that Sir Frank Lockwood had very clear views on the subject. 'He believed that the examination of a witness-in-chief, or the direct examination of witnesses, as it was called in Ireland, was very much underrated in its significance and its importance. If they had to examine a witness, what they had got to do was to induce him to tell his story in the most dramatic fashion, without exaggeration; they had got to get him, not to make a mere parrot-like repetition of the proof, but to tell his own story as though he were telling it for the first time—not as though it were words learnt by heart; but if it were a plaintive story, plaintively telling it. And they had got to assist him in the difficult work. They had got to attract him to the performance of his duty, but woe be to them if they suggested to him the terms in which it was to be put! They must avoid any suspicion of leading the witness, while all the time they were doing it. They knew perfectly well the story he was going to tell; but they destroyed absolutely the

effect if every minute they were looking down at the paper on which his proof was written. It should appear to be a kind of spontaneous conversation between the counsel on the one hand and the witnesses on the other, the witness telling artlessly his simple tale, and the counsel almost appalled to hear of the iniquity under which his client had suffered.

'It was in this way, and in this way alone, that they could effectively examine a witness.'

There is probably more waste of time and irrelevance in the examination of witnesses-in-chief than in any other procedure of counsel. This is the modern drama of it.

COUNSEL (*his eyes glued to his brief*): 'Your name is Mary Ann Snooks.'

WITNESS (*annoyed*): 'Martha Ann.'

COUNSEL: 'Oh yes, Martha Ann Snooks; and you are the wife of Thomas Snooks, the bookmaker.'

WITNESS (*very indignant*): 'Nothing of the sort.'

COUNSEL: 'I beg your pardon--my mistake—bootmaker.'

WITNESS: 'And has been this thirty year——'

COUNSEL: 'And you live at 139 Doncaster Street, Upper Tulse Hill.'

WITNESS: 'We did live there; we've moved now, sir.'

COUNSEL: 'What is your present address?'

&c., &c., *ad lib.*

Consider for a moment, if you will, the horrid waste of all this irrelevance standing between the Court and Mrs Snooks's version of what she saw of an accident in High Street, Kensington, and reducing her to a state of nervous irritation antipathetic to accurate testimony.

How much more business-like was the method of the eighteenth century! In a State trial in the days of Queen Anne the name of the lady is announced in the oath, and then counsel approaches her, as Sir Frank Lockwood might have done: 'Pray, madam, will you be pleased to acquaint my lord and the jury what you know concerning the matter, and what passed between your brother Mr Colepepper and Mr Denew at his first coming to him?'

Much public time could be saved by more economical methods of examination-in-chief, and greater efficiency would be ensured.

v.

Cross-examination, too, is almost entirely a matter of judgment. Two golden rules handed down from the eighteenth century, and maybe from beyond, are still unlearned lessons to each succeeding generation of advocates:

1. Never ask a question without having a good reason to assign for asking it.

2. Never hazard a critical question without having good ground to believe that the answer will be in your favour.

Serjeant Ballantine has some just observations on the art of cross-examination and the use and abuse of it.

'The records of justice,' he says, 'from all time show that truth cannot in a great number of cases tried be reasonably expected. Even when witnesses are honest, and have no intention to deceive, there is a natural tendency to exaggerate the facts favourable to the cause for which they are appearing, and to ignore the opposite circumstances; and the only means known to English law by which testimony can be sifted is cross-examination. By this agent, if skilfully used, falsehood ought to be exposed, and exaggerated statements reduced to their true dimensions. An unskilful use of it, on the contrary, has a tendency to uphold rather than destroy. If the principles upon which cross-examination ought to be founded are not understood and acted upon, it is worse than useless, and it becomes an instrument against its employer. The reckless asking of a number of questions on the chance of getting at something is too often a plan adopted by unskilful advocates, and noise is mistaken for energy. Mr Baron Alderson once remarked to a counsel of this type, 'Mr ——, you seem to think that the art of cross-examination is to examine crossly.'

How few advocates have the capacity to let well alone! They must repeat and emphasise, and emphasise and repeat. In a case tried before Sir Henry Hawkins, a junior, not content with his own witness's answer, continues:

JUNIOR (*emphatically*): 'And you are quite sure of this?'

WITNESS: 'Yes.'

JUNIOR: 'Quite?'

WITNESS: 'Quite!'

JUNIOR: 'You have no doubt about it?'

WITNESS: 'Well, I haven't much doubt, because I asked my wife.'

SIR HENRY (*pouncing on his prey*): 'You asked your wife in order to be sure in your own mind?'

WITNESS: 'Quite so, my lord.'

SIR HENRY: 'Then you had some doubt before?'

WITNESS: 'Well, I may have had, my lord.'

It is part of the advocate's rôle to make the jury believe in his infallibility, and every question he asks that gives the witness an opportunity to score off him and belittle him in their eyes is an error of judgment. Serjeant Buzfuz, who conducted his case with fine judgment, was guilty of a grave error in his examination of Sam Weller. Brow-beating is always a dangerous policy; it antagonises the jury and leads to reprisals. There is an old story of the counsel in an assault case who asked the witness at what distance from the parties he was at the time of the assault. Not content with the reply of 'A few feet,' but pressing for greater accuracy, he was answered by the witness: 'Just four feet five and a half inches.'

'How do you come to be so very exact, fellow?' asked counsel sternly.

'Because I expected some fool or other would ask me, so I measured it.'

A good story, too, is told against Lord Coleridge in Mr O'Brien's *Life of Lord Russell.* He appeared in a libel action for a young lady who had been expelled from a college. His case was that the breaches of discipline were trivial, and he pressed Mrs Kennedy, the mistress of novices, asking what his young client had done. Mrs Kennedy said, as an example, that she had eaten strawberries.

'Eaten strawberries!' exclaimed Coleridge. 'What harm was there in that?'

'It was forbidden, sir,' replied Mrs Kennedy simply.

Coleridge should have accepted her answer, but he retorted with a contemptuous question, not foreseeing the reprisal, 'But, Mrs Kennedy, what trouble was likely to come from eating strawberries?'

'Well, sir,' replied Mrs Kennedy, 'you might ask what trouble was likely to come from eating an apple, yet we know what trouble did come from it.'

Coleridge's cross-examination dissolved in laughter, in which, of course, he joined good-naturedly.

The art of re-examination, which is a task often as futile as the endeavour to set Humpty Dumpty on the wall again, can be learned only by the experience of watching the game on the table and playing any few remaining cards in your hands with rapid judgment.

A wise student will take Lord Halsbury's advice and go to the Old Bailey to study cross-examination; and, if Lockwood's view still holds good, he might attend the Chancery Courts to learn how not to re-examine. Birrell tells us that 'once, in the Court of Chancery, a witness was asked, in cross-examination by an eminent Chancery leader, whether it was true that he had been convicted of perjury. The witness owned the soft impeachment, and the cross-examining counsel very properly sat down. Then it became the duty of an equally eminent Chancery Q.C. to re-examine. "Yes," said he, "it is true you have been convicted of perjury. But tell me, have you not on many other occasions been accused of perjury, and been acquitted?"'

Most re-examination intending to rehabilitate the character of a witness is apt to make matters worse.

These stories of actual happenings, trivial in themselves, teach us the necessity of judgment in advocacy. And I pray the young advocate not to rejoice too merrily over the errors of judgment of his seniors or lament too grievously about his own. Bear in mind that by acknowledged error we may learn wisdom, and that the only illuminant for the lamp of judgment is the oil of experience.

SAMSON AND THE DELILAHS.

PART II.

IV.

THE leaping flames of the fire lit up the scene with strange effect, shining on the dark faces of the men, and half revealing, half leaving in shadow, the huge forms of the restless elephants. This was a *kheddah* party, sent out by a rich *zemindar*, or landholder, who had paid a large sum to the Government of India for the *kheddah* rights of the district—that is, permission to catch wild elephants in it. The method usually employed by such private individuals, and adopted by this party, is to despatch a number of well-trained cow-elephants—their *mahouts* crouching on their necks and concealed under dark cloths—into the forest to find and approach a wild male. Guided by their riders, they endeavour to retain the male in their company and keep him constantly on the move, until he is thoroughly fatigued and resigns himself to a heavy sleep. Then the treacherous females close in on him, and a couple of their *mahouts* slip down noiselessly from their necks and bind his hind-legs firmly together, so that he awakes to find himself a prisoner. Until he is captured each tame elephant falls behind in turn to allow of her driver being relieved by other men, who follow with a spare elephant carrying the food and bedding of the party, and extra ropes and chains to secure the prisoner when he is taken. These reliefs are effected twice in twenty-four hours, and enable *mahouts* to get food and rest. With the extra elephant are two or more *puhlwans*, men armed with guns, usually old muzzle-loading muskets, to be used in case of necessity against a dangerous captive or an attacking beast of prey.

Their food eaten, the men sat round the fire and smoked, while the old *mahout*, Shaikh Ebrahim, described the happenings of the day, and descanted eloquently on the perfection of Samson. He told how they had first come upon his tracks, and found the spot where he had lain down to sleep the previous night. They had been able to gauge the size of his tusks accurately by measuring their impression in the soft ground where the huge head had rested. They were following up his trail when he had turned back to meet them. Ebrahim's narrative provoked tales of former hunts from the other men, until

the *havildar*, who was the head *puhlwan* and in command of the party, bade them pile wood on the flames, and told off some of their number to act as a sentry and reliefs, to keep guard and replenish the fire throughout the night as a protection against wild beasts. Then one by one the men stretched themselves on the ground, pulled their blankets or *rezais* (quilts) over their bodies and heads, and slept.

Before dawn began to filter through the leaves overhead, the loud crowing of jungle-cocks proclaimed its coming. The men awoke, yawned, sat up and stretched themselves, and cleared their throats with the raucous coughs beloved of the Oriental in the early morning. Shaikh Ebrahim called his coolie, the groom whose duty it was ordinarily to wait on his elephant, and who was now to relieve the *mahout* for the next twelve hours on her neck.

'*Ahré*, Gul Dad,' the old man said to his understrapper, a young Afghan, who as a boy had fled to India from his native country to escape a blood-feud. 'Take thy food and blanket, and unshackle Moti. Let her have her head when ye start, and she will guide thee to the others. For me this is to be the day of *aram* [rest].'

Gul Dad tied his bundle to his *kamarband*, threw his blanket on to Moti's back, and, standing facing her, seized her ears, one in each hand, and placed his bare feet on her trunk. The well-trained animal raised him until he could clamber on to her head and swing himself astride her neck.

'*Chel*' ('Go on'), he cried, kicking her under the ears with his heels; and Moti lumbered off.

The rest of the party did not hurry. There was nothing that they could do until the tusker was captured; and in the meantime it behoved them to keep well out of his way. So they prepared to break their fast. A fireplace was built with stones, and a handful of dry twigs kindled in it. Man Singh, who, being a Rajput, was of sufficiently high caste for any Hindu of the party to take food and water from his hands—Mohammedans have no prejudices about caste—mixed a quantity of *atta* (flour) with water in a brass dish, rolled the dough into balls with his hands, patted these into flat cakes, and spread them on a convex iron plate, called a *towa*, placed over the fire. When they were browned on one side he turned them over, flipping them deftly with his fingers, until the other side was equally toasted. They were now *chupatties*. He lifted them off and stacked them in little piles—he had to bear in mind that the absent *mahouts* had also to be fed. On a small flat stone he minced up green chillies, onions, turmeric, and black peppercorns, and with a round stone crushed, rolled, and mixed them into a paste with a little water, and thus made curry. He distributed a little of this and a handful of *chupatties* to each of his companions. The Hindus withdrew, and each one ate his meal apart, while the Mussulmans fed together. Man Singh then finished his own repast. Besides acting as cook and *bheesti* (water-carrier) for the party, he was Gulabi's *mahout*; and, while eating, he bade his coolie unshackle her and let her loose to graze. When she showed any tendency to stray too far away, he called reprovingly to her; and the elephant, starting at the sound of his voice like a naughty child rebuked, sneaked back with a guilty air.

After a smoke and a chat the *havildar* gave the order to get ready to move on. Gulabi's coolie led her up. While Man Singh was busy cleaning his cooking-utensils, the other men lifted the heavy pad, bound it on her back, and loaded her with the bedding, chains, and ropes. The *havildar* went to her tail, rapped her hind-leg until she lifted it into the air to enable him to place his foot on it and step up to reach the crupper-rope, and the coolie mounted after him. Man Singh, seizing Gulabi's ears, was lifted on to her neck by her trunk. The party started, two of the men, on foot, going on well ahead to pick up Moti's trail and guard against the danger of stumbling unawares on the decoy elephants and their dupe.

V.

All through the night the Delilahs had been stirring, for their *mahouts* had kept them moving around the unsuspecting Samson to prevent him from resting. Their object was to tire him so thoroughly that, when at last he would be overcome by sleep, it would be so profound that the men could safely approach and bind him. When dawn came all began to graze; but the decoys were not allowed to move far from the spot where they had passed the night. Consequently they were soon found and joined by Moti and her new rider, who, like the rest, was concealed under a dark blanket. It is strange that in this method of hunting the tusker does not always wind and discover the men on the tame elephants' necks. Some do, and never let the decoys get near them; but others remain to the end as confiding as Samson was.

On Moti's arrival one of her companions was made to wander out of sight, and then taken to find the rest of the *kheddah* party, one of whom relieved her *mahout* and brought her back to play her rôle of Delilah again. During the morning the other riders of the decoy elephants were similarly changed.

Throughout the day Samson was never allowed to rest. His treacherous charmers played the same game as on the previous afternoon, always cajoling him, always drawing him on, but never permitting him to approach too near, lest he should discover the men on their necks and take fright. The trained elephants, accustomed in captivity to work all day long, were not put out by the loss of the noonday siesta. The tusker, who should have felt the deprivation acutely, did not seem to miss it, and appeared as wide

awake and as little inclined to sleep as they. The concealed *mahouts*, watching him through peepholes in their blankets, marvelled at his vigour and at the strength he displayed in uprooting trees, and began to despair of ever tiring him out and catching him off his guard.

'*Havildar-ji*, he is a *shaitan* straight from Eblis, that *dhantwallah*,' said Gul Dad with conviction when he returned with Moti at nightfall. 'We all, men and elephants, are weary, worn out; but the *budmash* [rogue] is as fresh as ever.'

The *havildar* pulled thoughtfully at the long stem of his gurgling pipe, made out of a coconut-shell, and blew a cloud of acrid smoke into the still air.

'Then he must taste of our *dhawa* [medicine],' he said. 'Shaikh Ebrahim, do thou take it with thee when thou departest in the morning.'

'*Bahut atcha*' ('Very good'), replied the old *mahout*, sucking at the stemless bowl of his earthen pipe. 'I do not like to use it, but—*hukm hai* [it is the order].'

And when, the next morning, he swung his leg across Moti's neck and drove her forward, he carried under his blanket two bundles of sugar-cane cut into short lengths. One, the smaller, contained pieces drugged with opium. In the other the cane was not doctored.

Ebrahim soon caught up with the others, and found Samson as lively and wakeful as ever. When in the early afternoon of this, the third, day of the chase, he still seemed fresh and not inclined to sleep, the old *mahout* took Moti a little ahead of the rest, and in a spot clear of undergrowth scattered pieces of the undrugged cane about on the bare ground. The other elephants were manœuvred to bring them and the tusker on the spot. Samson, to whom sugar-cane was unknown, for it does not grow in the jungle, sniffed it suspiciously and would not touch it. But when he saw his companion eat it greedily, he ventured, after a good deal of hesitation, to try the new delicacy. It was much to his taste. And so, when later on Ebrahim dexterously contrived to drop pieces of the drugged cane in his path, he devoured them readily.

The opium soon took effect. Before long the tusker nodded drowsily, lay down, and stretched his great body on its side. For some time his ear was lifted and dropped regularly and mechanically, falling with a flap that echoed through the forest like a pistol-shot. Then Samson slept the heavy sleep of the drugged.

VI.

Cautiously the hidden riders forced their elephants to gather close around the unconscious victim of their wiles. Then one by one they revealed themselves, thankfully flinging aside the stifling blankets.

'*Kali Maki jai!*' ('Victory to mother Kali!'), exclaimed a Hindu *mahout*, wiping his streaming face with the end of his *puggri* (turban). 'I feared that the *shaitan* would never sleep.'

Shaikh Ebrahim broke off a dry branch from a tree and hurled it at the slumbering colossus. It fell on his ribs, but Samson never stirred. Then two of the *mahouts* slipped down from their elephants, each with a length of thick rope in his hand. One picked up a hard lump of clay, and, from a distance, threw it at the tusker. It struck him heavily on the skull, but elicited no movement from him. The other *mahouts* forced their reluctant elephants close up to him and ringed him round; while the two men on foot crept stealthily between the tame animals' legs and touched the sleeper, at first timidly, then more boldly.

'The *sug* [dog] is as the dead,' said one contemptuously; whereupon he and his companion proceeded to tie the unconscious brute's hind-legs together with ropes they carried. Another *mahout* threw them a longer piece, stout as a ship's hawser, and this they used to tie one leg to a tree.

'*Shabash!*' ('Well done!'), cried Shaikh Ebrahim when Samson lay effectively enmeshed in the toils. He shouted loudly to call up the rear party with Gulabi, while the other *mahouts* slipped off their elephants to the ground. One or two of the animals stretched out their trunks and timidly touched the sleeper; then all of them, freed from their *mahouts*, strayed away to feed. The work of the Delilahs was done. Poor Samson was ensnared, and lay a fettered and helpless captive.

The men gathered about the prize, marvelling at his size. They boldly slapped his rump in derision, and fingered and measured his enormous tusks. Old Ebrahim, who had not dismounted from Moti, turned her round and set off at a brisk pace to find and guide the *havildar* and the others to the spot.

When he returned with them the tusker still lay fast asleep. The new-comers joined in the chorus of wonder and congratulation. Ebrahim slid to the ground and spanned one of the tusks.

'In the name of God!' exclaimed the Mussulman *havildar*, 'never have I seen such an animal. A Rustum among elephants. *Ahré*, brothers, this will mean much reward for us. A rajah would give twenty thousand rupees for such a one to carry his state *howdah*.'

'*Khubbadar! Khubbadar!*' ('Take care!'), cried out Gul Dad, who had taken Ebrahim's place on Moti's neck. '*Khubbadar; the shaitan* awakes.'

The men scattered. The tusker stirred, slowly opened his eyes, and lifted his head. Evidently the drug was not potent enough to keep him long unconscious. He looked about him with a dull, uncomprehending stare. Then he extended his trunk and sniffed the air. Suddenly understanding came to him, and he seemed to realise all at once that there were enemies

around him. He tried to rise quickly, but was hampered by his bound legs. He fell; and the watching men, confident in the strength of his bonds, laughed, and shouted derisive remarks at him. He struggled to his feet. When he realised that he was a prisoner his fury was terrible. He trumpeted shrilly and tried to charge his jeering captors. The treacherous Delilahs paused in the act of conveying food to their mouths to stare affrightedly at him. The men continued to deride his wild and futile struggles.

'*Shabash! Kiya tumasha!*' ('Well done! What an entertainment!'), cried Gul Dad in high glee, restraining the startled Moti from bolting by pounding her thick skull with the *ankus*. She was barely out of reach of the maddened tusker.

'*Durro mut, O Moti*' ('Don't be afraid, O Moti'), said Ebrahim, walking to her head and rubbing her trunk to reassure her. 'The *budmash* cannot hurt thee. See! he is dancing to amuse thee.'

He stopped in front of the fiercely struggling beast, and just beyond his reach saluted derisively.

'*Salaam, O Maharaj; salaam, Jungal ka Badshah*' ('Salutations, O Maharajah; greeting, King of the Jungle').

The tusker glared furiously at him out of his vicious little eyes, and, straining still more madly at his bonds, hurled himself at his tormentor.

VII.

Suddenly the *havildar* shrieked a warning: '*Bagho! bagho!* [Run! run!]. The ropes are breaking.'

The men yelled and fled in all directions, as the stout hawser that fastened the captive to the tree parted suddenly. Almost at the same moment the cords binding his legs gave way. The maddened brute charged furiously at Moti, on to whose head Ebrahim was trying to climb. She turned to flee. Too late. Samson crashed headlong into her, burying his tusks in her side. She was knocked down, falling with stunning violence to the ground, and flinging Gul Dad from her neck. The other elephants, infected with the panic of their men, stampeded. The *havildar* and Man Singh clung to Gulabi as she fled, and tried to clamber up on her pad. They succeeded in doing so, and Man Singh sought to stop her; while the *havildar* endeavoured to unfasten his musket, which was tied to the pad.

When Moti fell, Shaikh Ebrahim was knocked down. But he rose and attempted to run. The savage tusker rushed at him, hurled him to earth, and then crushed the old man's skull to a bloody pulp under his huge forefoot. Gul Dad, who had picked himself up, ran to his *mahout's* rescue, not seeing that he was too late. The gallant young Afghan, drawing the *kukri*, or curved knife, stuck in his waistband, boldly confronted the infuriated beast and slashed at his trunk, inflicting a deep gash. It was his last action. The tusker swung round at him, gored, kicked, pommelled, and pounded him to death. Man Singh had succeeded in arresting Gulabi's headlong flight, and now brought her back; while the *havildar* feverishly poured a charge into his muzzle-loading musket, spilling half the powder from his shaking hands. Capping the nipple with trembling fingers, he fired. But the bullet struck the tusker on the side of his thick skull, glancing off and merely inflicting a slight wound that only served to infuriate him more. With a shrill scream, he charged Gulabi, who swung round and bolted in terror, the two men on her crouching flat to escape being torn off by the low branches.

The tusker pursued her for a short distance, and then returned to the scene of the tragedy. Moti had taken advantage of his absence to scramble to her feet and escape. But the bodies of her men lay crushed and disfigured. The savage brute went back to them, and trampled and kicked Ebrahim's poor, mutilated corpse into a shapeless mass devoid of all semblance to humanity. Next, placing a foot on Gul Dad's body, he wound his trunk around the thighs, seized the legs in his mouth, literally tore them from the rest of the battered carcass, and flung them twenty yards away. Only then was his vengeance sated.

Moving a little away from his victim, he kicked up earth to plaster on his wounds. Then, with the light of battle still in his eyes, Samson, free once more, stalked proudly off through the forest, his heart filled with hatred of the whole race of his new enemies—a hatred that many men were to rue bitterly in the years to come.

THE END.

OUR FRIENDS—TREES.

LORD! I have loved Thy trees,
  Thy spreading cedars and Thy stately firs;
In happy haunting memories of these,
  My slow old pulse even yet swiftly stirs;

Of lime-trees' odorous breath,
  Of birchen tresses waving in the wind;
Of yews defying the stern doom of death,
  Though round their roots some shadowed graves we find;

Of ash-trees near our homes,
  And kindly oaks with wondrous carven leaves—
Forgive me, Lord, if sometimes o'er me comes
  A sigh of vain regret; my spirit grieves.

I love the burnished woods,
  That scatter gold with royal lavish splendour;
Dear are the April merry-hearted moods
  Of fairies, when the buds are small and tender.

The beech and sycamore,
  The ivy clinging to my sheltering wall—
But I have now seen budding springs fourscore,
  And soon must leave friends, home, and trees—and all!

MARION BUCHANAN.

THE REDSKIN OF THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

By Charles E. Alford.

I.

SLOUCHING along the road in a tattered suit of tweeds and a battered 'trilby,' the Redskin, as we see him to-day, presents indeed a sorry spectacle when we think of his former glories and the part he played, not so many years ago, in the history of the great North-West. Yet there is a brighter side even to this sad picture. Though the tomahawk, the feathers, and all the gorgeous trappings we loved so well have gone, alas! the way of all things, the American Indian is, even now, a picturesque figure; and that he still retains many of the finest qualities of his race was amply demonstrated in the recent war, when no less than 35 per cent. of the Indian male population of military age, though exempted from the operation of the Canadian Military Service Act, volunteered for active service—and, what is more to the point, covered themselves with glory. But the fact remains that the Redskin of to-day is but a shadow of his former self. The white man is not entirely to blame for this, but I sometimes think, when we go into raptures over our much-vaunted civilisation, that we should at least do well to lower our voices.

Compared with his cousin of the interior, the Indian of the Pacific Coast is not, it must be confessed, a very imposing individual. Short and thick-set, with flat nose and high cheek-bones, he might well be mistaken for a Chinaman, were it not for his darker skin. Unlike the Celestial, however, he is now but a poor simple creature, happy only when fishing and hunting, and caring not a fig for the busy world around him. The younger men, it is true, are employed in some numbers in the canneries; but high wages and the facilities for spending their earnings in the local towns lead only to the devil where native races are concerned.

Generally speaking, however, the Pacific Coast Indian is a quiet, inoffensive fellow, and, when not under the influence of 'fire-water,' most law-abiding.

Each tribe lives on its own reserves, granted by the Government. Though it is, of course, only right that they should receive the pick of their native soil, this concession is rather wasted in the case of the Coast Indians; for they care nothing for husbandry, and, with rare exceptions, the only 'improvements' to their credit are the picturesque but evil-smelling shacks they erect for the accommodation of their families. These Indian villages, with their rows of little gray wooden cabins and painted totem-poles, are familiar sights along the shores of the Pacific Coast and its adjacent islands, and when viewed from the sea, with their magnificent background of fir and mountain, are beautiful beyond words. Even at close quarters, and despite the filth of their surroundings, they are not without a certain squalid picturesqueness; whilst the spectacle of these strange folk, dressed as they are in all sorts of quaint garbs, standing or lying about in various corners of their quiet little beach, some sleeping, others idly playing with some paltry task, conveys to the nerve-racked stranger from the outer world an atmosphere of *laisser faire* that is singularly soothing. Enormously fat old squaws, their heads enveloped in brightly coloured handkerchiefs, waddle to and fro 'twixt house and beach, spreading their filthy garments to dry in the sun; whilst the younger women, in blue cotton frocks, their long black pigtails decked with gaudy ribbons, sit about in little groups playing rather prettily with their small papooses. Their men-folk, too, if indeed they be not away on some fishing expedition, have plenty to keep them occupied. Clad as a rule in red or white sweaters and heavy sea-boots, and all of them puffing briar pipes or cigarettes, they potter up and down the beach, some repairing their little green canoes, others mending tackle or polishing spinners in readiness for the next expedition. And all around, children and dogs and screws of filth and paper roll and tumble about on the beach in evil-smelling clouds of dust and sand.

II.

But if there is squalor without, there is still more squalor within. Let us now peep inside one of the cabins. We must first, however, obtain permission from Crimson Dawn—the man in the white sweater and sea-boots sitting by the doorway mending nets. A short, stoutish individual, with dark, piercing eyes, a long, drooping moustache, and a mop of raven-black hair bulging beneath his cap, there is something about Crimson Dawn that we cannot altogether help liking. Though he is all smiles, there is none of that cringing and grovelling one so often notices in other native tribes; indeed, so natural is he, yet so dignified, that we wonder how many of our modern hostesses, blessed with an equally magnificent name, would bear it half so well. Having motioned us to step inside, and intimating by a courtly sweep of the arm his desire that we should make ourselves thoroughly at home, with a cheerful nod he leaves us in possession. It is indeed a fusty apartment. The first thing that catches the eye is a large log-fire burning merrily away in the middle of the room, and around it, hanging from beams in the ceiling, rows of large fish—salmon, by the look of them—in various

stages of curing. There is no chimney, no outlet of any kind save the door, which is seldom open. Even the one solitary window is innocent of sash or hinge. The result can only be described as terrific. Lest, however, this rather cryptic adjective should leave the reader cold, let him try to picture himself inhaling the hot, sickly smell of fish and lamp-oil through clouds of blinding smoke, and he will perhaps feel more sympathetic. Salmon lie about everywhere—on the floor, on the chairs, even on the wooden bunks which serve the occupants as beds. There are no carpets, no curtains. In a corner, by the door, stand two sporting-guns, a rifle, and sundry spear-heads used for spearing salmon; whilst on a table at the end of the room two empty whisky-bottles and a broken mug hint darkly of 'crimson dawns.' Other articles of furniture include a weather-beaten tin trunk, a blue enamel slop-pail, and a sewing-machine by a well-known British maker. For the rest, from floor to ceiling it is just bare boards, relieved here and there, however, by coloured prints cut from ancient Christmas Numbers and nailed to the walls. And that is all.

Back once again in God's fresh air, half-choking, half-blinded with the smoke, we suggest to our host that the addition of a chimney might make his abode even more delightful—supposing that to be possible—than it is already. But Crimson Dawn only smiles. 'You want smoke salmon want much smoke; fire want shut him in; chimney no damn good;' so there is nothing more to be said. But Crimson Dawn will suffer in the end, as his fathers have before him, for many of these Indians go blind in their old age, and the doctors attribute this entirely to the effects of the smoke.

III.

Though each tribe has its own reserves, they do not always remain in the same village throughout the year. Weather and other conditions frequently render a change of quarters absolutely imperative, and for this purpose they usually have one or more spare villages, which are used at different seasons, according to their suitability. On the west coast of Vancouver Island the only connection with the outside world is by the steamer from Victoria, which makes the journey about three times a month; and during bad weather it is not unusual for her to anchor off a village, only to find the whole place deserted, the inhabitants having moved to more sheltered quarters, perhaps a mile or so away. For their frail canoes, though handled with consummate skill, are of little use in broken water, and in the powerful tides that are such a feature of this wild coast they have on more than one occasion been carried out to sea, never to be heard of again.

They are wonderful fishermen, these Indians; indeed, passing as they do the greater part of their lives on the water, they must be almost as familiar with these little bays and creeks as the fish themselves. Their intuition regarding the movements of the salmon is positively uncanny. Sometimes they will shake their heads and say, 'Fish no good to-day,' although the conditions may seem, to all outward appearances, absolutely perfect. Yet, should we be tempted to disregard their advice and try our luck, it is almost a certainty that we shall have a blank day.

When trolling for salmon the Redskin uses his little 'dug-out'—a tiny canoe hollowed out from a tree-trunk, and only barely large enough to accommodate the navigator. Hardly an ideal craft, one would think, from which to entice the gamesome cohoe.* But the Indian takes no chances. As soon as a fish is hooked, it is hauled to the surface with all possible speed, and unless the victim be unusually refractive, no attempt is made to play it. Even so, I have seen these little craft being towed about in all directions by a large and frenzied salmon before the quarry has been finally landed.

Their women-folk, too, are equally skilful anglers, and charmingly pretty pictures they make as they paddle up and down through the silver water, the very poetry of grace and motion. Indeed, one cannot help thinking that they must possess, unconsciously perhaps, the instinct of colour in quite an unusual degree, so wonderfully do their garments blend with the painted loveliness of their surroundings. One that I saw not long ago would have been a joy to any artist. Paddling a little green canoe beneath the shade of some overhanging trees, her rich black hair bound with a green ribbon, and a bright orange-yellow shawl around her shoulders, she might well have been the genie of these wild regions, so naturally did she blend with the green of the waters and the amber tints of autumn on the shore. I have never seen a more pleasing harmony of colours.

All through the day these Indians will paddle to and fro over the same sheet of water, pausing only to unhook a fish or change a spoon; then on again, just like machines. Sometimes we may see dozens of them thus engaged—small urchins, little girls with long black pigtails, buxom squaws (some also with pigtails), withered old hags with nasty tangled hair and bony knuckles, and gray old men just like shrivelled gorillas—all of them paddling, paddling, paddling, softly and silently, to and fro, conscious of nothing save the spangled salmon that splash and play in the waters around them.

Another, and more thrilling, method of catching salmon, indulged in chiefly by the younger men, is by means of the spear. For this purpose the spearman paddles along close to the

* A species of salmon common in the North Pacific.

shore until he finds a stretch of water suitable for his operations—where it is clear and shallow, and not too weedy on the bottom. Having selected a likely spot, he stops paddling, and taking up his missile and holding it poised in readiness to strike, peers intently downwards into the water. For some moments he may remain thus, quite motionless. Then, quick as a flash, down shoots the spear, to reappear, in nine cases out of ten, with a dripping, wriggling salmon impaled on the end of it—a marvellous exhibition of skill when one considers the lightning movements of a fish in its native element.

But perhaps the richest prize that ever falls to the lot of the Redskin in these days is the sea-otter, a species of seal formerly abundant in these waters, but now extremely scarce, a good skin fetching as much as fifteen hundred dollars (some £300 at par). Like others of their kind, these beasts have to come to the surface at intervals in order to breathe, and the Indians kill them by surrounding them in their canoes and forcing the unfortunate brutes to keep beneath the water until they are drowned.

IV.

Though it cannot be said that the average Redskin takes much pride in his personal appearance, I have from time to time met with some very ludicrous exceptions to this rule. One young fellow whom I encountered in a remote fishing-village on the west coast of Vancouver Island I shall not easily forget. Attired in a pair of black-and-white-check riding-breeches, with coat to match, brown boots and leggings, and a 'loud' check cap with a huge peak, he was the most perfect caricature of a racecourse tipster that I have ever seen. He was even chewing the inevitable straw, and with hands deep in breeches-pockets acted the part to such perfection that one could not help wondering whether he had studied the type from a photo in some derelict newspaper, and determined to imitate it.

With his white neighbours the Redskin lives on excellent terms. Though living more or less apart from the world on his own reserves, he is always in and out of the settlements, selling either fish or wicker-baskets (made by his women), or buying tobacco and other necessaries of life from the local store; whilst at many of the up-country inns squaws are employed to do the laundry. Moreover, at the local regattas and other similar functions there are always classes for the Indians, the race of the war-canoes, in which half-a-dozen or so of these craft usually take part, being invariably the most popular event on the programme. These war-canoes, it may be of interest to mention, are about fifty feet in length, and manned by a crew of eleven. In appearance they rather remind one of the familiar shells used in the 'Varsity Boat Race, and, like these, are capable of great speed. There are several large boarding-schools, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, where the younger generation is now being educated in the Christian faith, and excellent institutions they are. There are times, however, when, despite their Christian upbringing, the 'red' in these small Indians will assert itself in no uncertain manner. At one of the Roman Catholic schools, not many years ago, a small girl, on being sent to her room for some trivial offence, deliberately set fire to her apartment, with the result that the whole building was burnt to the ground.

And so it is with all wild creatures, human and otherwise. We may tame them, or think we have, but we cannot change their instincts. As the rising tide of progress creeps remorselessly onwards, they must either sink or swim, and the Redskin, alas! is slowly going under. A few more centuries perhaps, and the last of this once splendid race will have passed to the happy hunting-grounds. Where these may be no man knows, but I always like to picture him returning to his old loved haunts, where

> In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,
> In the never-ending summer,

he may paddle away as of yore, unseen, undisturbed, in his paradise of solitude.

THE VALUE OF SWAMPS.

By A. W. Thomson.

THE writer is an ardent nature-lover, ornithologist, and snipe-shot of some years' experience. In the course of nature-study he has constantly been impressed by certain points of usefulness of swamp-land that may not fully or generally be realised; and, therefore, he is constrained to put them forward.

During some years of residence in Ireland, he noticed repeatedly that cattle having access to swamps in summer fatten better and more quickly than those kept to the diet of well-drained grazing-fields. Those cattle which, in summer, are so often to be seen up to their stomachs in rich green swamp, lustily feeding on the swamp herbage, seem to come into wonderful condition. Botanists may be able to say why; the writer cannot do so. Possibly the swamp growth contains herbage of a medicinal character not found on well-drained land. On the other hand, swamp herbage possibly forms a change of diet that may be essential to the best results in cattle-feeding, so far as their

portion of food of natural growth is concerned. Possibly the food of the swamp forms a combination of these two advantages. In short, it may be the fulfilment of Nature's definite requirements for the natural fattening of stock.

There are, however, many different types of swamp-land. And, so far as the writer has noticed, much of the marsh-land that commonly goes under the name does not possess the necessary feeding and fattening quality. The real swamp, the natural green mire prolific in bright, rich, green herbage, in which a man sinks above his knees, is a scarce commodity. Such swamps seem to have been regarded as pestilent features in the landscape, and so have been mostly drained away. Sometimes you still come across such delectable spots in the shape of swampy green fields forming the shores of little rush-covered lakelets. There are plenty in Ireland; fewer—much fewer—in this country. But where, as too often proved here, lakeside fields and also those bordering alluvial streams have been drained to firmness, the swamp herbage has gone. The cattle can go into the water and bathe, but the food of the swamp is absent.

There is a vast practical difference in results between the provision of a bathing-tank and a combined feeding and bathing swamp. Enlightened agriculturists who are fortunate enough to possess real swamps on their lands, and have specialised therein, will agree.

The immense fattening value of green swamp, so forcibly impressing the mind of the writer, leads one to consider the common systems of agricultural drainage as a whole. Do we not, as ordinary procedure, tend to overdrain our land? Is it not obvious that we drain so much that, when a prolonged drought comes, we have no alleviation? Scientific irrigation is practically *non est* with us. It is, of course, not always either a desirable or a practical proposition, but much English land might be so manipulated, and certainly some of it with advantage. What must have been the value of his land last summer to the farmer who was lucky enough to possess a few low-lying grass fields over soil always moist? Surrounded, as he probably was, by neighbours whose grass was burnt brown, he could not only feed his own beasts, but could also, at considerable profit to himself, fatten some of his neighbours'.

Human nature is so prone to proceed from one extreme to the other in seeking cure from trouble. Modern farming is based on the cultivation of very thoroughly drained land, rather than on land drained under a carefully-thought-out scheme comprising the draining of certain fields to a lesser degree than others. As to swamps, the idea has been to drain them all. The precept 'Never drain *all* your swamps' has not been taken seriously. The last word is not yet said as to the uses to the agriculturist of water, and its manipulation. The average proprietor, or his agent, makes a fetish of draining—if he can spare the money to carry it out. Through their very keenness to make the best of land, do they not, sometimes at all events, defeat their own end? The point that appears to have been overlooked is that it is one thing to drain to reclaim utterly waste-land, and quite another to drain all the water off every field on a farm.

Farming is a difficult profession. Only the keenly observant, far-seeing, and clever man can score possibles at the game. So many look on the field that is covered with water during much of the winter as only a pitiable thing. As for the green swamps, which have appeared to the mind of the present writer as the Mecca of fattening stock, these are lamentably scarce, and to the detriment of English beef, alas! It is a common thing in life that we know scarcely enough to know how little we really know. And, in ignorance, we often attempt to improve on Nature's best, which, having been designed to fulfil a special purpose of its own, is incapable of improvement so far as that purpose is concerned.

A MYSTERY OF THE EUPHRATES.

THE story of the siege of Samawah has been told in print by more skilful pens than mine. From it we learn that the defence vessel *Greenfly* ran aground while patrolling the river Tigris between Samawah and Kidr, where the Arab tribesmen made continuous efforts to capture her.

But what of the *Greenfly*; and what is the story of her capture?

She was one of the fleet of smaller armoured gunboats built to patrol the Euphrates and the Tigris. She mounted two 13-pounder guns, besides several machine-guns. Her fighting crew, in addition to the ship's officers, consisted of six gunners of the Royal Artillery, with an escort of an Indian officer and fourteen rifles from one of the regiments at Samawah, besides the ordinary complement of Indian stokers and lascars for working the ship, who were, of course, non-combatant.

She ran aground in about three feet of water, some sixty yards from the river-bank, where she was soon discovered by the Arabs, who perpetually sniped her. Various attempts were made to put rations into her by aeroplane, but most of these were picked up by the enemy, and the last bit of food she is known to have got from outside was a sheep sent up by the

Political Officer of the relieving column, in charge of a friendly Arab. This was acknowledged, and a few days later the aeroplanes reported the ship was holding out no longer.

Then arose in the relieving column persistent rumours, gathered from Arab sources, that the white men had been murdered by the Indian escort, who handed over the ship to the enemy.

When the gunboats with the relief force came abreast of the *Greenfly*, a boat was sent off to examine her, but its crew returned, saying they could not face the smell on board. On this, a British officer went, and found the ship had been thoroughly looted, the guns and everything movable taken out of her, and then she had, as far as possible, been burnt. There was only *one* much-decomposed body in the ship, that of a very big man, obviously a European, who had two wounds, one in the leg and another through the chest, which last had evidently killed him. There were no other bodies, not even traces of them; they had probably been thrown overboard. The officer, knowing the rumours which were prevalent, then looked most carefully at the decks and inside the vessel to see if there were any bullet-marks which would tend to show that the British had been murdered when they were in their cabins, but he could find nothing to confirm this idea.

After Samawah was relieved, one of the lascars was recaptured, and a day or two later a wounded sepoy of the escort was found by a patrol. These men told a most extraordinary tale when brought before the Court assembled to inquire into the circumstances of the loss of the vessel. Of course, they had been kept apart and were examined separately, to avoid any collusion. The substance of what they told was as follows.

The *Greenfly* ran aground going down-stream, and every attempt to get her off failed, owing to the strength of the current. The Arabs soon discovered her difficulty, and by day kept up heavy rifle-fire, which could be answered only by rifles and machine-guns, as the banks were too high for the big guns to fire over. Whenever fighting took place, the non-combatants were invariably sent below, to be out of the way.

At night some one who could speak Hindustani, supposed to be a deserter, used to call out to the escort to murder the white men and give up the ship, and then they would be rewarded and receive good treatment. Let them well consider this, and if they decided to do what was wanted, they were to fire two shots from a big gun as a signal they had done so.

The witnesses stated that hitherto the casualties on board were not heavy; only the big sergeant, who worked a machine-gun in the fighting-top, was shot through the thigh, and one of the Indian escort had his arm broken. These two were, of course, in hospital. No one was killed till the very end. Rations got very short, and there was no word of early assistance.

One night fire was opened from the bank for a short time, which was rather unusual, and the lascars went below. Soon they heard heavy firing and movement on deck, which continued for some minutes, and then stopped; but there was no more firing from the shore. Immediately the noise on deck ceased two bombs exploded—one in the river, so close to the ship that water splashed on board; no rifle-shot was fired after that. A minute or two later the vessel was boarded by many Arabs—men, women, and even children—who soon discovered the lascars below, dragged them out, and took them ashore, whilst others looted everything they could lay hands on.

Before they left the ship they saw no bodies on deck, but the fact that the moon had not yet risen might have accounted for this. By the time the vessel was set on fire and everybody ashore, the moon was up, when it could be seen that the Indian officer and his men were all together in one party, and the lascars in another; but there were no white men. The lascars were told that all the British had been killed, though none of the Indians had lost their lives. The Arabs then took them away, the lascars being kept separate from the sepoys.

The sepoy witness said he actually saw nothing of what went on on deck, as he was below in hospital; the lascar told a similar story. The only material difference in their evidence was as to the time the firing on deck continued: one said five minutes, the other twenty. Both were positive that no big gun was fired, but that two bombs were thrown at the end. They knew nothing of the Indian officer and other members of the escort and crew, except that they supposed they were still with the Arabs or Turks.

The Court could elicit no details of the fate of the British officers or soldiers, but it seems highly probable that these bombs were thrown after they were killed, either because the big guns had been disabled, or the Indians did not know how to fire them; and also that the sepoy was careful only to describe what he actually knew to have happened before he was taken ashore, for, as he was kept with the rest of the escort after that, it is inconceivable that he should not have heard how it was that the only casualties which occurred were confined to the British, whilst there was not one amongst his Indian comrades.

There would seem to be good reason for supposing that the white men were surprised by the Indians, for they would scarcely have gone down without accounting for some of their opponents. The loss of the *Greenfly* may well be termed a mystery of the Euphrates, as no one who was on board her, except the two men who were recaptured, has ever been heard of since.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

IONIDES.

By COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE, Author of *The Golden Guard*, &c.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THE ship of Hamilco of Carthage, the disreputable old slave merchant, was off on the raid among the Isles of Greece. Hamilco's reputed son, Mathabal, was with them, a tall, beautiful, sullen-eyed youth in a ragged, fringed tunic and a Phrygian cap. He always seemed to stand strangely aloof from Hamilco's vicious-eyed crew, even when, later, his deeds matched theirs. They had not met with any human merchandise on this particular voyage, save one small child kidnapped off the Isle of Samos.

Little Ionides was barely six years old. That his mother, a fair, golden-haired maiden of a noble house, had fallen an easy prey to one of the wild Phœnician sea-rovers who haunted the coast, Ionides was never to know. She had died. And the fair-haired, black-eyed baby had been handed over to the tender mercies of a harsh-featured old peasant-woman, whom he vaguely supposed to be some relative of his. The hut where he lived stood upon the flower-starred shore on the edge of the sea. There, playing among the flowers one evening, he had fallen into the hands of some of his father's nation. Young Mathabal's arms had gone about him like a serpent's coils, and the child's startled yell of terror was stifled against the hand over his mouth.

Once on the slave-ship outward bound, Ionides had neither screamed nor complained. Limp as a little dead thing, he had gazed wide-eyed at the callous, dark faces surrounding him, with a blind stare in his long-lashed dark eyes. He knew that Hamilco had wrenched his scanty white tunic from him with a growl of approval at the physical perfection of his tiny figure. For being stripped naked he did not care—he often went totally unclad, after the Greek custom; but he was afraid—horribly afraid—of the cruel eyes of the captain and his gang. He looked like a forlorn little cupid as he stood there on the deck in the blazing sunset, his golden curls damp with terror, and his tiny hands hanging limp at his sides.

The captain had gone. Zarkim, one of the crew, an evil-eyed young ruffian with huge brazen rings in his ears, flung back his head with a laugh and some evil jest at the child's terror. Next instant Zarkim had measured his length on the deck, and young Mathabal, cursing venomously, stood over him.

Ionides gazed up at his captor hopelessly. To him Mathabal looked as dangerous as the others—perhaps worse. He could not understand what his flood of vituperation meant, and as the fight between the two raged up and down the deck, he shrank away from the clashing of the curved knives, and hid himself under shelter of the red sail.

Like all his kind, young Mathabal could speak Greek. The fight over, and his opponent gone to bandage a sliced arm, he hauled Ionides out of his hiding-place, and grinned at him encouragingly. A slow smile dawned over the terrified baby face. It was late night now, and Ionides shivered as the ship swung out to sea before a light breeze. Away at the helm of the ship a lantern swung, showing the steersman's figure dark and distant.

'Where is thy tunic?' said Mathabal. 'Oh, here!' He caught up the minute white thing, knelt, and reclad Ionides. Very timidly the baby hand went up, and touched his face, and one of the heavy rings in his ears. 'Cold?' asked Mathabal.

The large dark eyes regarded him trustfully, and, with no word at all, Ionides swarmed up to his neck like a kitten, and clasped both dimpled arms about his throat. Mathabal rose with the child still coiled about his neck, pulled from behind a coil of rope a thick silken rug that he had filched from Hamilco's cabin, and lay down under shelter of the scarlet sail.

Ionides was very sleepy. The agony of suspense in his baby mind was gone, with this new kindness towards him, and he was not shivering any more. He buried his little nose in the ragged scarlet tunic on Mathabal's breast, clutching a handful of the rough red stuff in one tiny fist, and so fell asleep.

Mathabal had neither known nor shown any tenderness towards a single human being in his life till that hour. Young as he was, nothing had ever come across his path to break the flint

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

of Phœnician hardness, which could be that of the nether mill-stone; but, as with nearly all his race, under much apparent callousness was a sort of fierce tenderness for any weak thing, child or animal, that trusted him, as this kidnapped babe apparently did trust him. The strangeness of the thing kept him awake, when usually he would have slept the sleep of a conscienceless young animal. The little body against his heart was very soft and warm, and the golden curls of the small head buried against him were glinting in the moonlight that forced its way under shelter of the red sail.

He put down a hand to move Ionides's head into what he considered a more comfortable position. Ionides, with a little grunt of opposition, buried his face deeper against him.

'If he smothers, it is not my fault,' muttered Mathabal, and fell asleep himself.

CHAPTER II.

I.

DURING the long voyage to Tyre the strangely assorted pair became inseparable. Hamilco's evil eyes saw that the child was happy in his surety of protection. Best so! He would fetch a better price later if he did not spoil his looks by fretting for his home.

When young Mathabal went about his work, Ionides pattered at his heels like a little dog. If Mathabal happened, in a moment's impatience, to cuff him out of his way, Ionides would obliterate himself, and watch his idol from afar, without a shadow of resentment in his eyes. Whenever the young Phœnician slept—and he slept where he could those days, generally on deck, apart from the gang—Ionides would lie curled into the circle of his arm, his golden curls buried in the fringe of the ragged red tunic. Mathabal tried to harden his heart to the knowledge that probably at the slave-market of Tyre this new plaything of his would be wrenched from him for ever. That was all in the day's work. For the present he realised only that the thing he had captured so remorselessly on that Greek island had made a vague difference in his grim, empty young soul. He wished desperately that he was already captain of such a ship as this; then Ionides would belong to him, and not to Hamilco, whom, father or no, he hated with a still, deadly hate, that grew stronger day by day.

II.

The sun-lit days passed. At their brief halts at different ports Ionides trailed after his idol, refusing, with a sort of pitiful obstinacy, either to be cuffed or cajoled away from wine-shops or less reputable places if Mathabal wished to be rid of him. He would wait outside patiently, a finger in his mouth, totally oblivious of whoever came or went, save—Mathabal. And when Mathabal at last appeared, and informed him with a grin that he was the plague of his life, Ionides would get hold of a piece of his tunic, and trot off serenely at his side, perfectly happy. Mathabal began to neglect what the ports held for the wild rovers of Phœnicia, finding that he somehow preferred Ionides's company. They bathed in the sea with much merriment. Ionides could swim like a fish, and generally forgot his tunic when it was time to go back to the ship.

'Thou art a shameless little dog,' said Mathabal one day.

'What is shameless, master?' said Ionides, scrambling into his lap, dripping wet, as Mathabal sat on the rocks, his black curls drying in the blazing sun, his red tunic that he had washed in the sea damp and salt about his lithe body.

'Shameless?' said Mathabal, drawing his black brows, that already met, closer together. 'Oh, all Greeks are shameless!' He cuddled the soft little body closer to him.

'Why?' said Ionides.

'Because they are. Do not plague me!' said Mathabal. He sat silent a while, staring out to sea, his eyes—those strange, long Phœnician eyes whose darkness seemed to take all and give nothing—curiously remote from all things, even from the child in his arms. Ionides was sleepy after his bathe. He grunted contentedly, and burrowed with his nose for a softer resting-place than Mathabal's hard young shoulder, where the brass clasp of the fringed tunic came in contact with his head. Mathabal moved to lie back under shelter of the rock, and Ionides wriggled lower against his breast.

'Ionides,' he said suddenly, and the babe's sleepy dark eyes stared up at him. 'Wouldst thou sooner be over there at thy home or here—with me?'

'With thee—for ever and ever *and* ever!' said Ionides, and fell asleep before the other could find further words to say.

'Ah, well!' said the young Phœnician, and fell asleep in turn.

He did not possess in the least what the modern world would call a conscience, and the good and the evil of that day bore many totally different aspects from what are called by the same terms now. But he knew well enough that Hamilco and his gang were evil even to Phœnician licence, which ran side by side with a very rigid and characteristic code of honour. He never doubted his own evil, in after-days, but now he only knew vaguely that something about little Ionides hurt him, and made him glad at the same time.

When he opened his eyes the sun was blazing low in the sky, burning into the blue of the Tideless Sea. He stretched lazily and pulled Ionides's curls to awake him. Ionides scrambled

to his feet, and stood with a dimpled fist in each eye. In the flare of the sunset his golden curls seemed on fire, and his tiny naked body looked white as marble, in spite of the tan sun and sea had given it. Mathabal's white teeth flashed into a grin. 'We must go,' he said.

Ionides caught up a trailing piece of seaweed, draped it round his little shoulders, and dodged behind the rock, chuckling. Mathabal, who could have caught him in one stride, gave chase, and Ionides, discarding his improvised raiment, flew, bubbling with laughter, back into the sea. His companion fished him out, and shook him till his golden curls flew into his eyes, but he still laughed. Then he sighed as his white tunic was pulled, none too gently, over his head, and he trotted back at Mathabal's heels to where the ship lay in the port. Mathabal took him under his arm like a bundle, and sprang across the intervening space between the stone harbour and the deck of Hamilco's ship. It was empty of all save themselves. He went to the deck pavilion, Hamilco's quarters, and shamelessly stole much of the good food reserved by the captain for his own consumption, helping himself to a wine-skin of red Tyrian wine. With it under his arm, and his hands full of various provisions, he joined Ionides on the deck.

Ionides clapped his hands. He had all a healthy child's greed, though he was always well fed, for entirely mundane reasons on Hamilco's part. As he stuffed himself with cakes, honey, and figs, Mathabal was drinking Hamilco's best wine—which rarely came his way, save upon occasions like this. It was better than the thin, fiery vintage with which the rest of the gang were even now muddling their senses in the wine-shop of the port. He was glad he had slept so long. To-night he would possibly get no sleep. Hamilco would come back to his ship a demon incarnate. He always did after any prolonged absence on shore. And Mathabal's particular enemy, Zarkim, would also come back, his evil cunning intensified by wine, more ready than ever to strike, if he could, at Mathabal through what he loved. And Hamilco would not care, for Zarkim was high in his favour. So long as the child was not physically injured, Zarkim and his kind might do their worst.

III.

It was nearly dawn when Hamilco stumbled, cursing, on to the deck of his ship. After him came his gang. The stolen wine had been very good, and a rare luxury with young Mathabal. He was dead asleep, and had omitted to hide the empty wine-skin. Ionides, as usual, lay beside him under the furled scarlet sail. His protector had not let him drink any of the wine, and he was wide awake, his large dark eyes staring with a sort of fascinated wonder at Hamilco and his red-capped marauders, as they sprang upon the deck. But he started and trembled when Hamilco dealt young Mathabal a heavy kick in the ribs.

Mathabal opened his eyes. They were gleaming like fire, and under the dark olive of his skin he was flushed with that unaccustomed vintage.

'Get up!' shouted Hamilco. 'Thou lying thief! Thou drunken swine! Misbegotten spawn of Moloch!'

'The last is, unfortunately, true,' said Mathabal insolently and quite distinctly. He turned over, and went to sleep again, to Ionides's bewildered horror pushing him away roughly when he would have clung to his neck.

'Here, Zarkim, take that brat,' said Hamilco. 'In the morning——' He stopped, and Zarkim felt that his revenge upon his enemy was taking practical shape at last. Outwardly, it was merely that Mathabal, drunk and incapable, was not fit to have the custody of valuable merchandise. Zarkim, even if drunk, was eminently capable.

'No—no!' gasped little Ionides. 'I hate thee! Oh, master, wake up! Please to wake up!'

His small white teeth met in Zarkim's wrist, as he was dragged from his frenzied clutch on Mathabal's neck.

'Mutinous little beast!' said Hamilco, leaning against the deck-rail to steady himself. Then, seeing the cold devil of Zarkim's temper in his black eyes, 'Take him, Zarkim, and do not spoil his skin, whatever thou dost do.'

'I hear, captain,' said Zarkim. Something about the frozen evil in his handsome face made the child cease his terrified struggles. All his horror was centred upon what they would do to Mathabal in the morning; and over that thought and the terror of it he was limp and still, under all Zarkim's promised payment for Mathabal's attack upon him that past day.

CHAPTER III.

I.

SHEER agony of mind, more than physical ill-treatment, had drained the pretty colour out of Ionides's little face by next morning. Hamilco, after a casual glance at the agonised childish face, saw that he might be spoiling a promising bargain, so Ionides was let loose, and told that he would find Mathabal in the hold of the ship. He scrambled his trembling way down to his friend. Mathabal, his scarlet tunic glued to his shoulders with blood, from the merciless attentions of a rope's end, sat with his arms clasped round his knees on the floor of the hold, surrounded by a miscellaneous store of merchandise gained by piracy and barter. To the child's scared eyes, he looked quite as evil as Zarkim. His eyes were narrowed in a cold stare, and his keen, beautiful face had a sort

of remorseless cruelty fixed upon its impassiveness. Next instant he had seen Ionides, and held out his arms.

The child ran to him, and clung to him, sobbing. 'Oh, master, master!' he wailed. 'I was so frightened, and thou wouldst not awake. Wast thou angry, that thou didst push me away?'

'No, no!' said Mathabal. 'I was drunk, I suppose, and knew nothing.'

'Thou art hurt!' moaned the child.

'Not in the least,' lied Mathabal glibly. 'Not half so much as I am going to hurt some people hereafter. But I am most accursedly thirsty!'

Ionides pattered away, to return staggering with a water-jar.

'Good!' said Mathabal, and drank deep. 'Thou art looking tired to death,' he added. 'Come and lie here in my arms, and do not grip me by the shoulders just at present. Tell me, what happened? I could not find thee this morning. I was too sleepy, till my beloved father woke me up and got some satisfaction for his empty wine-skin. Do not cry like that, little one. I am used to it.'

'It was Zarkim,' sobbed Ionides. 'He dragged me away from thee, and I bit him, and kicked. I think he would have killed me, but the captain told him not to hurt me too much.'

A blaze of fury burned in Mathabal's eyes. 'That swine!' he said harshly. 'What did he do to thee, Ionides? Stop crying, I tell thee, and answer me.'

'He beat me for hurting him,' said Ionides piteously, 'and then I got sick and strange, and everything got dark. And when I woke up he was asleep, but I was too frightened to sleep. Once I tried to escape, to find thee, but he awoke then, and pulled me down by my hair. And I kept quite still, till it was morning. They'll not take me away from thee again, will they, my master?'

'No,' said Mathabal through his teeth. 'Curse them! No!'

Already wild schemes of stealing Ionides, as he stole food and wine, were forming in his astute young brain, mixed with future schemes of vengeance upon Zarkim for the child's night of terror. Ionides, trusting wholly in his word, had forgotten his misery, seeing that he was near to his friend again. He fell into the deep sleep of exhaustion; and Mathabal, putting his burning, aching shoulders against a huge bale of silk covered with palm matting, sat thinking and plotting escape for himself and little Ionides.

A face looked down upon them from above. It was Zarkim's. 'Thou canst come up and help me with the sail,' he said, 'instead of idling down there.'

'I take no orders from any pig's son here, save the captain,' snarled Mathabal. 'Go and drown thyself in the mud thou didst come from, and a good riddance!'

Zarkim grew pale with fury under the dark olive of his skin. 'Oh! very good!' he sneered. 'Some day thou'lt be sorry, thou and thy white brat both!'

Mathabal merely turned his head, and spat with the terrible precision of the Phœnician trading-class. Zarkim bent lower over the open port-hole, the sun blazing upon the great rings that swung from his ears, his handsome face the face of a devil. 'Thou'lt eat that insult too,' he said.

'Thou'lt eat a great deal more before I have done with thee,' replied Mathabal.

(*Continued on page 405.*)

SOME HEBRIDEAN GENTLEMEN.

By the Rev. LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT.

I WAS recently in Dunvegan Castle—that ancient 'stark hald biggit on ane craig,' as Dean Monro described it—from which a score of generations of MacLeods have looked seaward.

The narrow stair that slips out from the drawing-room in the tower, running down through the wall, with a thrill in it for the imaginative, has surely ghosts whose footsteps must be heard at midnight still, between the chamber and the sea. There must be many whisperings there in the dark, when the old house lies asleep. And memories of men of days later than the half-Celtic, half-Norse sea-kings of the far past haunt the place.

Perhaps it is for our good to hear sometimes the worst that can be said of us; and as the Hebridean has often had the distinction of that forgetfulness of self which makes for sacrifice in lost causes, it is interesting to note how frequently history has been at the merciless mercy of hasty summaries written by scribes who dipped their quills in anger or hate, or in the heavy ink of ignorance, as they wrote. So much of what men think to-day is based on statements which have the encrusted hue of ancient prejudice, established quarrel, race and clan enmities, deepened by wrongs and robberies, violence and strife, whose origins can never be truly sifted. When one realises the difficulty of securing actual accuracy in matters of contemporary quarrel, one can appreciate the contradictions, uncertainties, and slanders which make up the background of the story of ancient days, whose true witnesses sleep in the silence of graves forgotten.

A good example of that is found in John

Colville, who about 1600 drew up a 'Catalogue of the Scots Nobility and Officers of the Estate,' with comments. He very candidly, from his point of view, described the Hebridean chiefs in plain terms. One has to remember that with him and his contemporaries 'Irish' and 'Gaelic' were synonymous, the English-speaking Lowlander having usurped the word 'Scots' for his language, in place of 'Ingliss,' as used by Lyndsay and Dunbar, a result of the strong impulse toward distinctive nationalism which had endeavoured to make more marked the ideals of Scotland as apart from England. With Colville also 'Irish' and 'Barbar' seemed to be equivalent terms, pregnant with significance of scorn and spite; and he included in such terms names like 'The Lord of Makklen, callit Makklen,' and the great island potentate known as 'Makgloyid.' These were, of course, the chiefs of the famous clans MacLean and MacLeod, among the most renowned in the Isles.

Colville had no love for them and their kind; and he accentuates the fact in his *Historie of King James the Sext*, where he says: 'Trew it is that thir Ilandishmen ar of nature verie prowd, suspicious, avaricious, ful of decept and evill inventioun, each aganis his nychtbour, be what way soever he may circumvin him. Besides all this thay ar sa crewill in taking of revenge that nather have they regard to person, eage, tyme or caus, sa ar they generallie all sa far addictit to thair awin tyrannical opinions that in all respects they exceid in creweltie the maist barbarous people that ever has bene sen the begyning of the world.'

This was pretty much the feeling which prompted the Aberdeen magistrates to write of their Highland neighbours about Aboyne, Glentanar, and Glengairn, 'that they feared neither God nor man,' when in reality it was mainly the fact that they did not fear the magistrates of Aberdeen.

It must also be remembered that these things were written when feuds were just as rife even in Edinburgh itself, and when Border lord and Midland baron were laws unto themselves, and revenge almost a religion with them all, gentle and simple. The phrases were enriched in proportion to the distance and strangeness of those whom they described, whose customs and language were perfectly alien to the writer, his vituperation being in direct ratio to his ignorance.

The ideas remained even so late as 1745, when Sir John Cope could address to his army before the battle of Gladsmuir such words as these: 'Gentlemen, you are now about to engage with a Parcel of Rabble, a parcel of brutes, being a number of Scottish Highlanders . . . a despicable pack.' That description was applied in its ignorance to much real chivalry, honour that resisted the largest bribe of its day, a great deal of actual talent, and some of the truest gentlemen of our land. William Pitt, who, though a politician, was both a gentleman and a genius, showed later on what was the truth, when he enlisted under the flag of Britain, for the glory of the race and the spread of empire, the Celtic flame and devotion, in the Highland regiments which he embodied for the upbuilding of the walls of Britain.

That a man could be a Hebridean and a gentleman has, of course, frequently been proved. And the race of Dunvegan gave three notable examples, at least.

Unforgotten by the Islander, still, is the redoubtable Sir Roderick, known as Rorie Mòr, from his qualities of mind, his culture and personal grace, and general distinction. He was placed in the tryingly questionable position of pacifier of the Isles, and several times had to hand over to the Privy Council some of the rebellious 'Yllishmen.' His power was felt even on the mainland, and he was more than once appointed to a commission to apprehend wild and lawless men who had molested the tenants of mainland chiefs, and ravaged their possessions with fire and sword. He was named, along with MacLean of Coll, to attend to the affairs of the great Hector of Duart, in his imprisonment in the Castle of Edinburgh. The Council specially acknowledged with gratitude his 'guid trew and faithful service.' And the letters of King James VI. between 1588 and 1616 refer several times to the respect he had won by his 'gòod carriage' while in England. He received permits to leave Scotland and to go to Court at any time he chose; and he was made a Burgess of Edinburgh. Esteemed by his friends, feared by his foes, he stood conspicuously in highest honour; and his dust lies in Fortrose Cathedral, under a stone with the simple epitaph: 'The Right Worshipful Sir Rorie MacLeod of Dunvegan, Knight, 1626.'

His son, Sir Norman of Bernera, was born about 1600, and the tomb in the old chapel records what every true man felt to be true, when it styled him 'eques auratus.' He was described as 'a man of singular honour and integrity, a sincere and steady loyalist,' and his conduct in the trying times of the Stewart dynasty of his day proved him to be worthy of the phrase. The misty isles of the west treasure his memory still.

The Clan MacLeod, under the dominant influence of Sir Roderick of Talisker, supported King Charles II. against Cromwell during the troubles of the Commonwealth. When Charles arrived in Scotland in 1650, Talisker, in immediate response to the proclamation summoning all loyal Scottish subjects to the royal standard, led seven hundred Highlanders to the field. Of these, some five hundred were MacLeods of the Isles, under his younger brother, Norman of Bernera, who, at their head, proved himself, in the conflicts which ensued, a most gallant and distinguished soldier. Three hundred more

were raised later, making the contingent a thousand men. The two loyal brothers accompanied Charles to the fatal field of Worcester, where the greater part of their force was slain. The remnant who fell into the hands of the enemy were sold as slaves to the plantations of South Carolina. Talisker escaped and made his way back to the Hebrides, but Norman lay a prisoner for a year and a half ere he was brought to trial. Sir Robert Douglas says that he was tried as a Welshman, the similarity between his name, as pronounced by the Gael, and the Welsh Lloyd being responsible for the error. In consequence of this flaw in the indictment he was sent back to prison, refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the usurper; but, later, he contrived to escape, finally reaching Skye. Cameron, in his *Traditions of the Isle of Skye*, says he was knighted before the battle of Worcester, but the general belief is that he received that distinction after the Restoration. If so, it was the only thanks he received for his fidelity and unwearying service to a dynasty whose outstanding distinction, next to the power of stirring chivalrous sacrifice among its adherents, was the possession of a splendid memory for forgetting.

At a general meeting of the chiefs who were loyal to King Charles, held at Glenelg on 21st April 1653, it was decided to raise two thousand Highlanders for the royal cause, and to appoint a messenger, with credentials, to visit the exiled monarch at Paris, passing on to the King of Denmark, the Princess Royal, and the States of Holland, in order to arouse interest and procure military aid. This Hebridean gentleman, who had risked battle and the gallows in the cause, was selected for the task. A letter from Charles, dated Chantilly, 31st October 1653, with its accompaniment of royal promises, proved how faithfully the mission had been accomplished. The king also gave letters to the messenger for the royalist leaders in Scotland, and asked him to go through Holland, where General Middleton at the time resided. He brought home with him to the clans arms and ammunition. In 1655 he conveyed Dalyell, Middleton, and Drummond to Dunvegan, and later to Bernera, whence they escaped to the Continent. In the year 1659 he was employed by Charles on a mission to Frederick III., King of Denmark, asking for troops to aid in the regaining of the kingdom, and Frederick was getting his expedition ready when the Restoration was achieved.

Norman then went to Court, and was knighted. Again, in 1662, he was in London, and presented a memorial of his own and his people's sufferings. The king, who was in a mellow mood, gave him the estate of MacLeod of Assynt, who had opposed the Stewart cause, and had betrayed Montrose. But Assynt succeeded in securing inclusion in the general amnesty, and, as with so many others who had borne the burden and heat of the day of affliction for a worthless king, Sir Norman's rewards were barren, and he himself was forgotten.

His grandson, Donald of Bernera, who lives in remembrance as 'the old Trojan,' inherited the chivalry and romantic attachment to the ancient dynasty of our folk. Born in 1693, he fought in both the 'Fifteen' and the 'Forty-five.' When Norman the Nineteenth of MacLeod broke his promise to Charles Edward, he summoned Bernera to join him against the Prince. The old staunch Jacobite proceeded to Dunvegan, with the quota which he was bound to bring to his chief, and said, 'I place at your disposal the twenty men of the tribe who are in my immediate command, and in any other quarrel but the present I would not fail to be at their head, but in the present I must go where a more imperious duty calls me.' His son Norman took the other side, and was more than once in the pursuit of his father, who, however, kept clear of these endeavours to break the fifth commandment, and died, aged ninety, in 1783. He lies in the beautiful old Cathedral of Rodel, in Harris. He had twenty-nine children, and his descendants would make a *Who's Who* of their own. They are spoken of still as 'the Bernera tribe.'

His second son, in 1779, purchased Harris, and was a notable improver of the conditions of his property and people. His labour constituted a real philanthropy without thought of a dividend. 'He built a harbour at Rodel, with storehouses for salt, casks, and meal; a factory for spinning woollen and linen thread; schools for the people; and corn and fulling mills. He set fishermen in every creek, with cottages and potato-ground rent free, giving them boats and equipment at cost price, taking their fish from them at market value,' so says the record.

Knox, in the account of his tour in 1786, says of him, in words which, had they received attention at the time, might have saved the Highlands and Islands from the miseries of a later day, that his work 'ought to be a model for some proprietors in the Highlands, who . . . have never permitted their tenantry to raise their heads, and are continually crushing them by new impositions upon their industry, and upon every appearance of improvement, by which they are stripped of the fruits of their labour, to which the improver, and not the master, has, in common justice, the best right. The consequence of this squeezing system has invariably proved a fictitious instead of a real rent-roll well paid; and thus each party impoverishes and distresses the other.' He was, in fact, a patriotic landlord, in advance of his times, and his self-sacrificing enterprise did not succeed financially.

The chivalry of the old blood is still in the Isles; and in the beloved chief who sits in sea-beat Dunvegan, though the shadow of the Great War lies deep on the ancient place, the loyalty and sacrifice of the ancient race live honourably.

TALES OF THE ESKIMO.

I.—THE GREAT HERD.

By Captain H. T. Munn.

I.

A BLIZZARD had been raging all day, and none of the Eskimos had ventured to go off sealing; so, putting a plug of tobacco in my pocket, I made my way through the smother of drifting snow to old Ay-you's *igloo*.

Ay-you had three grown and married sons living in their own *igloos* near by, all fine hunters and hard workers, and three married daughters elsewhere. The old man and his wife were well provided for; all the sons contributed to look after them, and were evidently very much attached to their parents.

Ay-you was cracking deer-bones and extracting the marrow with much relish when I entered. He sat stripped to the waist in the warm, lined *igloo*, his wife sewing beside him. The *igloo* lining was the summer seal-skin tent, and hung from the snow-roof by sinew threads tied to a little stick thrust through the *igloo* and laid crosswise, and a smaller piece fastened in the same manner through the lining, so that there was an air-space of about a foot clear between the lining and the snow all round. This is done only when a permanent camp is made, and lasts, with proper usage, for months, or until the *igloo* starts to thaw with the spring sun.

'Yes,' said old Ay-you in reply to a query, 'once I have seen a great herd of cariboo. They were like the salmon which you have seen leaving the lake for the salt water. Yes, as many as that'—for I had expressed incredulity—'or more, I think.—Shall I tell him, wife?'

Ne-ve-etia raised her eyebrows—the sign of assent. 'It doesn't matter now,' she said; 'it is long, long ago.'

II.

'I was a boy of about so many summers old'—Ay-you indicated sixteen on his fingers—'and we had been camped at what you white men call the river Clyde on Baffin Land. It was the year of the great winter. The ice had not left the coast the previous summer, nor this year of which I speak. Only once have I known this to happen for two summers. There were no trading-stations then, but the Scottish whalers used to come out every year, and we would trade with them when they came down the coast from the north. When they saw the ice was not going to leave, some of the Innuits went north to the Too-noo-nee-muit people—Ponds Inlet—but two tents of us remained, my father's and another Innuit's. My mother had died a year or two before this, and my step-mother was a hard, evil-tongued woman who did not like me or her'—indicating his wife—'my foster-sister. My mother had adopted her as a baby, to be my wife later, and we had always been good friends—eh, wife?' The old man chuckled, and his wife said slowly, 'Yes, *oo-man* [husband], you have yet to give me my first beating. We have not quarrelled much, you and I.'

'The other Innuit's wife was sister to my step-mother, and their old mother lived sometimes with her, sometimes with us. There were two young children, one my step-mother's, one her sister's. Ah, what a winter that was! It began in September, and gale after gale blew the whole winter through, with the great cold always with it.' I nodded, for I knew the 'great cold' meant anything from twenty to fifty degrees below zero.

'We were foolish to stay there,' old Ay-you continued, 'but my father thought there should be more seals in the bay later, and probably some cariboo would also come down when the sun began to show again [that is, February]. In those days we had only muzzle-loading, small-bore, round-bullet rifles, and we used our bow and arrow very often for deer; but seals were then, as now, our principal food. I had a rifle and a fair amount of ammunition left yet, for we had seen very few deer during the summer, though I had gone a long way inland to look for them.'

The old man paused and filled his pipe, looking thoughtfully at the bright flame of the native lamp. 'Yes,' he said, as if reminded by it, 'and we had no blubber that winter either. In the Dark Month [December] the evil days came to us. We could get no seals, for there were none along the coast that winter, and we were hungry all the time. Then the other Innuit took sick and died, and his wife moved into our *igloo*. I and my father were away day after day, but we could get nothing, and our dogs died one by one, and we ate them. Then my father said he would take the rest of the dogs—except two—and go far out on the ice to try to find a bear, and he would be away two sleeps; but he had not come back in ten sleeps—it was the middle of the month of the New Sun [February].

'And then I heard the women talking; they thought I was asleep. My step-mother said Ne-ve-etia must die, as she was the fattest and strongest, and she told how she would kill her the next night with the little axe, as she slept. Oh yes, women will do that sometimes when they are hungry, and when their hearts are hard

and cruel. The two little children had both died a month before, and—well, I guessed things it is not good to speak of even now, for the three old women often went to the rocks where they had been buried.

'The old woman—they are always the worst—agreed, and the three of them talked about it as if it were no more than killing a dog for food. Presently the old woman said, "What use is he? He gets nothing, and only eats the seal-skin we should have;" and my step-mother said, "By-and-by. Wait a little, and we will make an end of him too. He is no use, as you say." Then I knew they meant to kill me, too, when I slept. I thought it all over that night as I lay there, as the others thought, sleeping, and I said to myself Ne-ve-etia and I would not die so; if die we must, it would not be that way. We had been little children together, slept, and played, and grown big together, and shared our food together in times of plenty and of hunger; nor do I ever remember when we quarrelled, as some do. Yes! she was good to look at then; straight like a lance, bright-eyed, and quick with her fingers; not old and wrinkled like you see her now—eh, wife?' The old man slipped his hand in Ne-ve-etia's as he spoke. They were very fond of each other, this old couple.

III.

I bade Ne-ve-etia fill her pipe, and Ay-you continued.

'She was fifteen then, big and strong for her age, and she generally came with me when I went sealing, though of late, owing to the cold and no seals, she had stayed in the *igloo*. I have said we had two dogs left, and we had not eaten them because we thought a bear might come, and then they would warn us and keep him busy till I could shoot him. One of them was named Tar-tarloo. As you can tell from his name, he was black, without a white hair on him; he was Ne-ve-etia's dog.

'Next day I said to my step-mother I would go up the coast for one sleep, and try to find a seal-hole, and I said Ne-ve-etia had better come to walk about and drive the seal to the hole, if I found one. My step-mother said no, she should not go; so then I got sulky, and refused to go out of the *igloo* at all; and presently my step-mother said Ne-ve-etia should go, but if I stayed more than one sleep she must come back with the dog. (We took the dog to smell out the seal-holes, of course.) I knew my step-mother's thoughts when she spoke those words.

'I got Ne-ve-etia outside and told her to get a few needles, her *ooloo* [a half-round knife used by all Eskimo women], and her scraping-knife, but not to let the others see she was taking them. I put on the little hand-sled my deer-skin blanket and a dried deer-skin to lie on; my seal-spear, harpoon, and seal-line; my bow and arrows, and a small iron *o-cushing* [kettle], which were in the store *igloo* outside, and which they did not see me take. I had my rifle, all my ammunition and caps, and my snow-knife and skinning-knife and my little axe. The women did not see that I had taken all my ammunition, or they would have asked why. So we started, Ne-ve-etia and I and Tar-tarloo; and presently I told her what I had heard the old women saying, and she said yes, she had heard too, for she had not been asleep. —Eh, wife! you gave me a surprise then; yes, you did;' and the old man chuckled.

I remarked that Ne-ve-etia must have had plenty of courage, and Ay-you agreed. 'She was always a cool, brave girl,' he said. 'And I have never seen her afraid yet,' he added, smiling at her as he spoke.

IV.

'Now I had made up my mind my father was dead, lost probably on the moving pack-ice with the dog-team, and I had also made up my mind that our only chance was to try for deer far in on the land, for I knew the deer must be somewhere, and there were no seals to be got. How this was to be done with the three old women I did not know, but here was a chance at least for Ne-ve-etia and me, and I decided to take it. She would be dead if she stayed another night in the *igloo*, and she might as well die out in the open, struggling on for food, as by a coward's blow from an axe. Besides, she was still strong, and able to walk far. Tar-tarloo was only skin and bone, but he could travel for a while at least. If I got meat, I would return to the *igloo*; if not—well, we should be no better off than the old women. My step-mother refused to give me even a piece of seal-skin tent to chew when I left, and I knew the oldest woman had some scraps of frozen, rotten meat hidden away under her sleeping-place—besides some other food of which I will not speak.

'We went along the ground-ice till we were out of sight of the *igloo*, and then turned up the fjord and the river at its head, which we made that night. Ah! I tell you, *Kabloona* [white man], a man's heart is not very brave when his belly is empty, and, for all I knew, we might travel for a whole moon on the land without seeing any game. We two youngsters could not go more than four or five days at the most now without some food. If we failed then—well, we would lie down in the *igloo* together and die. Just that.

'At the river that night I shot two ptarmigan, and, raw and warm, they put new life into us, those two little birds. We gave the skins to the dog, and he ate them to the last feather. We walked up the river for nineteen days, and Death stalked at our heels all the time. Once I got a fox in a hole in a snow-bank—the dog smelt him out—and once I shot two hares and

three ptarmigan, and we two and the dog lived on these for those nineteen days. I had gone too far to return, and unless we found deer, nothing could save us now. We had finished the last morsel of our food on the seventeenth day, and two, or at the most three, more days would see the end, unless we ate the skeleton of a thing which once was Tar-tarloo—and then it would only prolong life for another day.

'It was cold and generally blowing, but the river led south-west, and the wind was on our backs; we could not have faced it. At night I built a very small *igloo* to sleep in. I remember on the last of those nineteen days she and I walked as I have seen men on the whalers walk when they have had too much rum; but we still kept on. I don't think we talked much, but we would lie down together under the blanket with the dog at our feet, and keep from freezing thus. I don't know why we didn't freeze as it was; when you are starving, the cold is always worse.'

v.

'On the twentieth morning we started—I thought for the last journey then—and by-and-by Tar-tarloo whined and ran ahead of us, and suddenly turned off to the side of the valley, facing north. I knew instantly he had winded a bear and we were saved, though I had never known a bear to winter so far in on the land. He came from the Igluliut country, perhaps, to the west. No! it never entered my mind I should not kill him, although my rifle was only a small-bore, single muzzle-loader. For a minute the dog lost the scent and I was able to catch him, and put a line on him, and then he led me straight to the place. I could see the steam rising out of the little hole at the top—all the rest being unbroken and covered over with snow-drift. I took my lance, put Ne-ve-etia and the dog behind me, and drove it into the hole. There was a roar, and a cry which told me a young one was in there, and the old bear thrust her head out of the snow-bank, blinking savagely about, but not able to see very well. (Bears are like this just at first when they have been laid up all the winter.) I put the muzzle of my rifle within six inches of her skull, and fired, and she sank back into the hole without a sound.

'Ah, *Kabloona*, think of it! Here was meat and blubber, and presently fire, for I had my flint and steel and tinder with me, and could make a lamp out of a flat stone. But, best of all, here was food. You do not know what it is to go day after day, sleeping or waking, with that gnawing pain down there which cries out all the time for food. I hope you never may. I knocked the two cubs on the head, and built an *igloo*. Tar-tarloo was shaped like that kettle when he lay down that night. It was he who saved us, after all—and, just think of it! but for Ne-ve-etia, I should have killed him the day before for food.

'I went to the river, and found a place in the bank where I could dig out a flat stone with the ice-chisel on the end of my spear-handle. It was a little hollow on one side, and I put small stones round the deepest end, and stuck them there with some clay I had to thaw in my mouth, mixing it with clotted blood and blubber from the bear. Soon Ne-ve-etia had a fire in this lamp, and we could at last thaw ice and get a real drink of water. Yes, that was good to get, for our lips were cracked and black with sucking ice as we had walked. Then we boiled some meat, and I took all the blubber off the skin, and scraped a part of it at the neck where it is heaviest, to use for soles later; and we made a framework of the ribs to put over the lamp and dry our mitts and foot-wear.

'That night came the great storm. It blew—even like it is blowing outside now—for seventeen days, and the wind was from the north, and the snow-drift was so thick we never left the *igloo* all that time. I had built a porch on to it, and everything we had was inside, even the little sled; and all the meat was in the *igloo*. But we had a fire and food, and we were warm and happy. What did we do all that time?' The old man looked at Ne-ve-etia and smiled. 'We slept and ate, and ate and slept. There is much food for two people and one dog on a big bear and two little cubs, *Kabloona*,' he said simply.

'When the storm ended, and I cut my way out of the *igloo* with my snow-knife, I knew it was no good to go back with what was left of the meat to the old women. It was more than a moon now since I had left them, and it would take me more than ten sleeps to get back. If my father had not arrived with meat, they would all be dead. Also, there was not much more bear-meat left now than we two could eat in ten days, and it was no good to go back with only a few days' food for all, of which Ne-ve-etia and I would get nothing, if they still, by some miracle, were alive. We were not far from the head of the river, and on the high, rolling land, which the heart of this land [Baffin Land] all is.'

vi.

'The morning I killed the bear I had seen some very old cariboo sign, and the first day's travel we made after the great storm I again saw some old tracks, all travelling west; there must be deer somewhere, if I could only find them. So I made harness from the bear-skin for Tar-tarloo and myself, and we loaded the little sled, and I and Ne-ve-etia took also a load on our backs, and we pushed on, but turned from the river at a place where it went to the north-westward, and travelled south-west over the land. Again I saw the old tracks of a big herd of deer going westward. The snow

was hard and good, but not deep, for the winds had swept it all into the valleys, and the brown grass showed through it everywhere. We travelled thus for eight sleeps, but we could not go far or fast in a day. When one has starved long and then eaten plentifully, for a time one is weak and tired easily.

'Then we saw the Great Herd. It was a bright morning in the Young Seal month [April], and looking westward from a little hill, I saw cariboo as far north and south as I could see, all travelling slowly southwards. They were not much scattered, and they looked like a great, dark river flowing over the white snow. They fed as they walked, pawing the snow and snatching a few mouthfuls of grass, to walk a little way and then do the same again. Here and there the line seemed thinner, but even at its thinnest place there were more cariboo than I had ever seen in one herd.'

The old man paused to fill his pipe, and my mind flew back a score of years to a similar sight I had seen far to the west on the mainland, on the barren grounds north of Great Slave Lake—*La Foule* (The Herd), as the French half-breeds called it, was passing, and I was in its midst. Thousands upon tens of thousands of cariboo, as far as the eye could reach, were moving south in a seemingly endless procession. Across the lake down which my canoe was travelling, a dark line of cariboo was entering the water at one side, swimming across it, a forest of horns in the water, and emerging to disappear over the hill on the other side. Day and night for a week I was never out of the sound of their feet, click-clicking over the rocks. They invaded our camps at night, to stampede wildly on winding us. They dotted every hill and all the skyline like some vast flock of sheep feeding on the high moorlands. In places I ran into great packed herds of them, and their very numbers seemed to give them confidence, for only those very close would try to rush away in alarm. A little way off they looked like a thicket of moving branches, every deer, male and female, having horns in the velvet. It was a sight never to be forgotten, and I was not surprised that the old man's eyes grew brighter as he spoke of it. It was the Paradise of the Eskimo he was describing.

VII.

Puffing at his pipe for a few minutes, and passing it to Ne-ve-etia to finish, Ay-you resumed.

'As far to the southward as we could travel in a journey of two moons or more lived the Tinnit-juak-buit tribe, the people of the Great Tides. The whalers used often to winter there. This was where we would go. We turned south and built an *igloo* while the sun was yet high, with the Great Herd in sight over to the westward. Next morning I went over to where they were still passing along, shot two, and returned with a load of meat and one of the skins to lie on in the *igloo*. They were not poor, for, as I have said, the snow was light on the high land, and food was easy for them to get.

'Ah, *Kabloona*! that was truly the Great Herd; I did not know all the land held so many cariboo as I saw day by day. For nearly a month I and Ne-ve-etia and Tar-tarloo, the dog, travelled south, always with cariboo, sometimes close to us, sometimes farther away to the west, for it was to the east side of the Great Herd we travelled, as the wind generally blew from them to us. When there were many close together, they looked like the pictures I have seen of the countries where the wood grows in sticks everywhere, for all their horns were coming on, and yet in the skin [in velvet]. Never were so many cariboo seen together before or since, and besides food, they gave us fire for the lamp, for I could pick out the fattest ones.

'All the land was strange to me, for neither I, nor my father, nor his father before him had ever been so far in on the land; nor did any Innuit ever before go in there where Ne-ve-etia and I went—and remember she was only so many summers [fifteen], though a woman already, and strong, and tall, and I was but so many'—showing sixteen fingers.

'At last we came to the great lake Nechilling, and here the Great Herd began to separate and wander apart in smaller herds. We journeyed on and on, only killing a few cariboo for food, until we came to the big bays and islands at the east of the lake, and I knew we were near the trail the Innuits come up from the sea to hunt deer for clothing. It was the beginning of the Duck-Egg month, or, as some call it, the month of the Young Deer [June]. We kept the deer-skins then, and soon Ne-ve-etia had enough to make a *toupik* [tent], but for a pole we had to put up a pile of flat stones high enough to hold the tent up over us. Our foot-wear was worn out. We walked almost on our bare feet until we could camp and Ne-ve-etia had time to dress some heavy deer-skin for soles.—Ah, wife! that was a busy summer for you, eh?' And old Ay-you's eyes again twinkled, as if at some hidden joke.

'People of the Tinnit-juak-buit tribe came up for deer, and found us, and took us down to Kerketen on the sea, after we had all got deer-skins for our winter clothing. This was in the month when the winter skins are good [September]. There we wintered, she and I, with the tribe; and the next year a whaling-ship came in, and we went north with her to the Too-noo-ne-muits—my own people—at the place you call Ponds Bay, far to the north.

'Yes,' said Ay-you, after a pause of thoughtful reflection, accepting my offered plug of tobacco as he spoke, 'we were young then, she and I, and she was so good to look at. Others wanted her for wife amongst my people, but she said no, she was my wife and wanted no other man; and we

have always been together ever since.' Again he slipped his hand in the old woman's, and I saw a tiny tear roll down her wrinkled cheek as he did so.

'How about Tar-tarloo, the dog?' I asked, fully expecting the reply that he had died in three or four years, worn out, as most of them are by the sled-work.

Ay-you looked at his wife and laughed. 'Innuits are not as *Kabloonas* are about dogs,' he said; 'they use them till they are finished, and then throw them away; you have seen yourself. But Ne-ve-etia would not have it so with Tar-tarloo. When he began to get old, she would not let me work him hard, and she always fed him, even when food was scarce for the others. She said he saved our lives; perhaps truly. He lived many summers, and died of old age. She cried when he died, too. Women are queer sometimes about such things, which are only nonsense really.'

'And your father?' I asked.

Ay-you shook his head white-man fashion. 'He never came back to the *igloo*,' he said. 'It was as I had feared. The Innuits found the bones of the others there, but not his. Two of them had been killed, for their skulls were broken. The other one was the skull of a very old woman.'

ST DUNSTAN IN THE EAST.

By the Rev. ARTHUR G. B. WEST.

I.

AS you cross London Bridge from Southwark and look towards Custom House, Tower of London, and Billingsgate Market, one spire in especial stands out with graceful lightness and beauty. It is the spire of St Dunstan in the East, or, as it was called eight hundred years ago, St Dunstan *by the Tower*. Unlike most buildings in the City, it washes itself white in winter storms, and looks almost fragile in comparison with the colossal bulk of the Port of London Authority building. But its strength has resisted two hundred and fifty years of rough weather since Sir Christopher Wren—or was it his daughter?—first designed this unique shaft of Gothic grace. For all he built fifty-four churches and St Paul's Cathedral after the Great Fire, in one instance only did he attempt this style—a slender shaft of one hundred and eighty feet, surmounted by a lantern with arched ribs and flying buttresses, crowned with its vane of a gilded cock, itself nine feet eleven inches in height.

After the terrific storm of 1703 (November 26), when Wren was told that many of his churches and towers had been wrecked in the night, he replied, 'Not St Dunstan in the East, I am sure.' But though this tower can be clearly seen from Greenwich in the south-east, or Highgate in the north, there are only four yards in the world from which a perfect view of it can be had. You must stand near the bottom of St Dunstan's Hill, with your back to the Custom House. Then the flanking counting-houses frame it, as it expands lily-like, lighter and whiter as it rises. The tracery of the oldest plane-tree in London—mentioned by Sir Walter Raleigh, and forty feet high in 1720—partly screens it, and lends grateful shade to city toilers through the summer. Giotto's tower in Florence does not expand more flower-like, and our Portland stone yields in beauty to no marble in the world.

Beneath it is one of the precious open lungs of London City, a tiny haven of verdure amid the business houses. This southern garden, the old graveyard where no man has been buried for seventy years, held until recent years a flourishing rookery. Whether the nests were mainly in the plane or the giant schumach tree is not clear, but the interest of our ancestors in their rooks is shown by an old will which devised three pounds a year from the rent of one house 'to provide trash' for the birds to build with. And the parish pump has been removed from Idol Lane to rest here.

Wren patched up the body of the old nave, and fitted his tower on to it. 'Mr Bernard Smith, organist, who dwelleth in Suffolk Street over against the Cock,' built also a new organ, and Grinling Gibbons carved a case for it. It is sad that in 1821, when the new nave was built—at a cost of thirty-six thousand pounds—the churchwardens sold this organ of Father Smith to St Alban's Abbey.

Only too late do we see the pity of over hasty demolition; the ten centuries of history that lie behind St Dunstan's give all too frequent illustration of vandalism, and should be remembered now, since the Commission of 1919 recommended the destruction of the nave. Its singular baldacchino, or canopy, above a four-foot marble-topped altar; its colours, in the sanctuary, of the Train Bands of London and The Tower Hamlets Volunteer Corps, raised to resist Napoleon; its East light, teaching the evolution of pure Christianity from the Jewish Church, we can but mention. Its eight bells were gradually restored after the destruction of the fire as the parish could afford them, and they still ring out their several messages—'God save the King and the Church,' 'Peace and good neighbourhood,' 'God prosper the Church of England.'

The Italian font was recovered from a garden in Worcestershire, where it was holding up

geraniums; and the vestry records go back to Henry VII.'s reign.

II.

It is indeed the history of this and other London churches which gives them interest far more than their architecture. At the present day, though much population earns its daily bread in the parish, a sparse handful sleeps there at night, or can attend Sunday services. The spread of Greater London during the last seventy years, under the influence of steam and electricity, has utterly changed the conditions. The merchant no longer lives over his counting-house, or provides sleeping accommodation for his prentices. The City on Sunday is a country village, built of palaces—all empty.

As you search the records back through Stuart, Tudor, Plantagenet, and Norman times, you are amazed to find that all progress in Church and State, in education and poor relief, in bridge-building and municipal reform, is somehow linked up with the old vestries, and their careful conservative expansion is a miracle of British common-sense. The main outstanding figures of English history—kings, archbishops, cardinals, reformers—have sometime or other been mixed up with their doings. The chief crises in our island story have left their mark in monument or bequest, and few churches in London are richer in this regard than St Dunstan in the East.

The silver penny, for instance, of the Blind King of Bohemia, which was unearthed under the High Altar at the 1820 restoration—what a story it tells of Crécy and the French wars, and the use to which churches were put in early days, when you have found the explanation! It is this. In 1418 the church was appointed by the competent authority an assembly hall for the troops embarking for France. 'Be ther a Proclamacion made at alle mañer of men which wolle toward the cite of Roen'—Rouen was captured in the following year—'or any oter costes of Normandye there to be in service sould or wages with our Soveraigne Lord whom God serve and keepe . . . let them in halle haste come to William Sevenok and other certain Aldermen and Commissioners that are assyned for the same thing and in especial unto the Church of Seynt Dunstanes in ye East in Tour Streete, and there declare unto him the certain quantite of the vitaille, and they shall assigne and dispose them redy shipping for their passage.' There would, no doubt, be a dismissal Mass when the troops embarked, and a thanksgiving service on their return; and the coin would be a thank-offering for safe return.

There is, again, a College of St Dunstan's, Catford, which now educates six hundred and thirty boys, and has won worthy distinction in every field. Parents who earn their living in the parish have a right to ask that their sons shall be educated there for half the usual fees. Some sixty thousand pounds for the building of the school, and some three thousand five hundred pounds a year towards its upkeep, have come from the revenues of the parish. And education has been promoted by the vestry at least since 1446, when a Royal Ordinance was issued: 'That there be five grammar schools only within the City of London—to wit, in St Paul's Churchyard, within the Collegiate Church of St Martin le Grand, in the Church of St Mary le Bow, in the Church of St Dunstan in the East, and in the Hospital of St Anthony, London; considering that many persons insufficiently instructed in grammar have presumed to hold grammar schools in the City, wickedly defrauding boys and their friends who exhibit them thereto.'

A century later leave is given for the Porch Room to be used as a Choir School; in Elizabethan times and onwards clever boys are constantly being helped to the University (six pounds yearly was a common grant—say ninety pounds of our money). In 1709 the Greencoat School in the Tower Ward is established for seventy boys and seventy girls. Their costume, unlike that of the Bluecoats, has disappeared. For the boys, 'coat, waistcoat, and breeches with pewter buttons, and their hair to be cut 4 times a year, for which Mr Charles Maccarty of Mincing Lane is to have £1 per annum.' And a 'dunce-post' is provided 'with several holes in it to put in the hands of such boys as the masters shall think have neglected their business or duty.' The girls of the Greencoat School made, in 1711–12, '240 Caps, 400 Bands, 240 Aprons, 300 Shifts, 250 pr Gloves (knit), 30 pr Stockings.' The figures of a boy and a girl ordered to be placed beneath the shell of the porch in 1714 are still preserved in Sir John Cass's School.

About the same time (1751) Vicesimus Knox, then a curate under Archdeacon Jortin at St Dunstan's, was sent to be headmaster of Tonbridge School, and the prosperity of Tonbridge dates from then. But the church was responsible as long ago as 1346 for the foundation of Charterhouse, seeing that Ralph Stratford, the then rector (and afterwards Bishop of London), bought No-Man's-Land of twelve and a half acres during the Black Death for a free burial-ground, and afterwards endowed The Pardon Church of the Chartreuse. Some instinct, therefore, must have guided our fathers aright in choosing to spend two hundred pounds, which had been left to the church in 1632 by Mrs Bennett, on fifteen acres of ground in Lewisham, upon which, two hundred and fifty years later, the magnificent College of St Dunstan's should rise.

III.

Further, according to popular belief the Reformation in England was chiefly due to the difficulty Henry VIII. found in getting himself

divorced from Catharine of Aragon. But how did it ever come about that he was permitted to marry his deceased brother's widow? Curiously enough, the man who advised the Pope of the day to give permission was a rector of St Dunstan's. He was also Bishop of Bath and Wells and a Cardinal of Rome, and one of the very dramatic figures of the sixteenth century. By name Hadrian de Castello, he became 'Master Parson' of St Dunstan's on the recommendation of Archbishop Morton (of 'Morton's Fork'). He was also the cause of the death of Pope Alexander VI., and the illness of Cæsar Borgia, which upset all European politics. For, according to almost universal belief, the Pope had invited himself and his son to Hadrian's villa, with intent to poison him at supper; but by mischance the butler mistook the cups, and the Pope it was who died. At a later time Hadrian, after plotting to be made Pope himself, was unmasked, ran away from Rome, was degraded from cardinalate and priesthood, and died a pauper. But much space is taken up in the records with the law proceedings he initiated for recovering his 'dues' from his City parish. His famous palace, built by Bramante, now the Palazzo Torlonia, in Rome, was given by him to Henry VIII.

Finally, two out of the three persons mainly responsible for the Restoration of 1660 were buried in St Dunstan's. One of them is Admiral Sir John Lawson, who brought over the fleet to the Royal side. He had served under Blake and Monk, and had shared in the defeat of Van Tromp. More completely than General Monk, he had the fate of England for some days in his hands. If only he could have lived, we should have been saved the disgrace of the Dutch fleet sailing up the Thames in 1667. But after the fight at Lowestoft in 1665, in which Lawson was wounded, Pepys tells us that he visited him, and reports that 'his wound is not very bad; but he hath a thrush and a fever and a hickup, all three together which as it seems are very bad symptoms.' He was buried 'late at night, and without any company at all,' in St Dunstan's on 25th June of Plague Year.

Lawson could answer for the fleet, Monk for the army—what would London City do when Oliver Cromwell was dead and the country was tired of Puritanism? A churchwarden of St Dunstan's gave the answer, who was also Lord Mayor and Member for the City. Sir John Moore—Ziloah in Dryden's poem, 'Absalom and Achitophel'—brought over the City. His monument is in the north-east corner, and tells us 'for his great and exemplary loyalty to the Crown he was empowered by King Charles the Second to bear on a Canton one of the Lions of England as an augmentation of his arms.' I have heard of only one other instance of this honour being conferred. But, then, Sir John Moore lent Charles II. sixty thousand pounds—say half-a-million of our money—and never sought for it back. Their Majesties owe some debt to St Dunstan's parish and its continually conservative influence. And the stream of influence dates back one thousand years.

Dunstan, as a thank-offering for his return from exile, one hundred years before the Norman Conquest, restored the Saxon church which had already existed here. For long years its revenues were used, in the twelfth century, for the rebuilding of Canterbury Cathedral, and its rector was more than once advanced to be bishop of the diocese. How it showed the way to the nation in education and in loyalty we have endeavoured to explain. Can it be the case that the rising generation can do without this sermon in stone for the teaching of our children who are yet unborn?

Its lovely spire must stand for all time, to enforce the lesson of our race, that power is given to those who use the endowments of the past to meet the growing problems of the ages.

SOME GRAMOPHONE EXPERIENCES.

By Sir Landon Ronald.

IT must be over twenty-two years ago when I was approached by a Mr Barry Owen (the then managing director of a little company in Maiden Lane, called the Gramophone Company), who asked me if I couldn't help him to persuade really great artists to take an interest in the gramophone. Up to that time it had been looked upon as a toy for the nursery, and most adults hated it. But when I was asked to interest myself in it, a vast improvement had already taken place. It was no longer a toy machine which gave forth most unpleasant grating noises. The ten-inch record had been perfected, and was waiting to be put on the market, but Mr Owen felt—and rightly felt—that it needed really first-class singers to show off its possibilities.

It may be wondered why I was approached in the matter, so perhaps I had better explain that about this period I was spending my days during the summer among the greatest singers of the age, accompanying and coaching them, and that I was also brought into contact with many famous instrumentalists, as their accompanist, at private 'At homes' and concerts. During the rest of the year I was conducting comic opera at the Lyric Theatre, under the ægis of Tom B. Davis, and conducting concerts for people like Melba and Kubelik whenever I got the chance. I was just beginning to make head-

way as a song-writer, and accompanied at Court whenever a royal concert was given. In other words, I was in close and constant touch with artists of all kinds, and Mr Barry Owen had been advised that I was the young man who should be induced to take an interest in the development of the gramophone.

I wasn't a bit enthusiastic about the project, and wrote a cold letter, saying that I was too busy to entertain the idea. But Mr Owen was not to be put off by any such subterfuge, and he wrote such a charming letter, asking me to lunch and afterwards to hear the new development, that I accepted the invitation. The first record he played me was 'The Devout Lover,' by Maude Valérie White, and the first verse hadn't ended before I seized his arm and cried in amazement, 'Good Lord! that's my friend Paul singing.' (Paul was a young baritone with a beautiful voice, who afterwards committed suicide in America.) 'Quite right,' said Barry Owen; 'and, gee whizz! just as *you* can tell that's Paul, so the public will recognise Melba, Calvé, Ben Davies, and all the great singers. Now, it's up to you to get them to sing, and to make 'em realise that this is *the* invention of the future.' His eyes glistened with enthusiasm; his fervour was contagious.

I saw the enormous possibilities at once, but realised equally quickly that I should have to overcome the most tremendous prejudice that existed in the minds of all artists against what was considered by them an outrage on their art. However, I always loved a fight, so long as I felt I had right on my side, and I accepted Barry Owen's offer, and enrolled myself at once as an ardent believer in the gramophone.

The first thing I did was to walk across to the old St James's Hall in Regent Street, where I knew a Boosey Ballad Concert was proceeding, and seek out my dear old friend Ben Davies, I asked him casually what he was doing the following morning, and he informed me that he was playing his usual round of golf. Equally casually I asked him if he would care to sing a half-dozen songs instead for a sum of money equal to his usual concert fee. He looked at me with a twinkle in his eye, and said, 'Rather! Is some old dowager giving a morning concert?' And then followed my lengthy and enthusiastic explanation. At first he turned me down in no uncertain manner. Gradually, however, I got him round, and eventually he consented, on the grounds that it would be money easily earned, that he took my word about its artistic merit, and, above all, that he would be glad to give me a helping hand.

I rushed back to Mr Owen's office, full of excitement, and burst forth with the news. He shared my pleasure, rubbing his hands, walking up and down excitedly, all the time murmuring 'Gee whizz! Ben Davies!' under his breath. He suddenly stopped and asked me, 'What terms have you fixed?' I told him, and his face dropped; he raised his eyebrows in astonishment, and repeated the sum slowly and deliberately, till I began to feel I had committed a crime. I assured him that that was the fee Ben Davies received for singing at a concert, and tried to prove to him that the investment must be a good one. It was no use. 'I will never go back upon one of my lieutenants, young man,' he said to me, his accent getting more nasal every minute, 'but understand that this company is not out to house and keep concert artists. You have agreed to this absurdly high fee, but please to remember in future that we have never paid more than ten guineas, and that generally the artist is content to make records for the mere pleasure of hearing his voice reproduced, and we send him a machine as a present for that purpose.'

Ben Davies came, made records, and in every sense of the word 'made good.' His records were big sellers for that period, and the fact that such a famous tenor had consented to sing made it easier for me to interest other artists. Incidentally I may mention that Barry Owen very soon got over the shock of the fees, and quickly grasped the fact that if he wanted a good thing he had to pay for it. As a result, when we arranged some more Ben Davies records, we paid him at least double what he received the first time. It would not be just or right of me to give away 'State secrets' as to the terms that are paid nowadays to artists who make records for the gramophone. From the moment, however, that it was arranged that a royalty on each record sold should be paid to the maker of the record, the income derived by some of the successful ones easily exceeded that of a Cabinet Minister. It is an open secret that a man like Caruso made a fortune annually entirely from the sale of his records. But I honestly believe that if Mr Barry Owen could know to what a pitch the fees of the artists have risen he would turn in his grave!

I now turned my attention to the operatic artists, and tackled Calvé and Plançon. The former sat on the fence a long time, and the latter accepted a fee of one hundred guineas to sing six records. My experience with Calvé is worth relating. She was one of the most fascinating women imaginable, but, oh! so difficult to deal with. I won't worry the reader with all the negotiations which passed between us, but will come straight to the point when everything had been arranged for her to make the records. She was staying at the Hyde Park Hotel, and I was to fetch her in a 'four-wheeler' and take her to Maiden Lane, and accompany her on the pianoforte. After much running about in search of music she had forgotten, and picking up gloves she had dropped, I got her safely into the cab. I must admit that the offices in Maiden Lane at that time scarcely inspired

confidence or gave the impression that they belonged to a large and prosperous company. Certainly they didn't impress *her*, because, when I gaily said, 'Here we are; let me help you out,' a sharp rejoinder came: 'Mon Dieu! but never in my life will I enter such a place. It is a tavern—not a manufactory! I shall be robbed there! I know it; I feel it in my bones. You have brought me to a thieves' den!'

I have read of a 'sickly smile' and 'beads of perspiration.' I am sure I had both. Nothing I could say would alter her decision, and there was every one waiting and everything prepared just two floors up. An inspiration! I would get a very good-looking young man named Sydney Dixon, who had just entered the business, to come down and hand her her cheque! I implored her to wait one minute, and I rushed up those stairs, quicker than I have ever climbed stairs before or since. Dixon was there sure enough, and I shrieked at him, pushing him downstairs, 'Her cheque! Her cheque! Give it her! Look handsome! Be nice! *She won't come in!*' He did it all. And the next thing I remember was her saying in a cooing voice, '*Mais, vous êtes gentil, monsieur. Merci beaucoup. Oui, oui, oui; je vous suivrai avec plaisir. Venez, mon petit Ronald.*'

Upstairs we went, and we began to record. But our troubles weren't over. In the middle of the 'Habanera' from *Carmen*, she turned and asked me if she was in good voice. Result—one record spoilt. Then in another selection she declared she could not proceed unless she was allowed to dance. Another record spoilt! All's well that ends well, however, and eventually she gave us some excellent records, and, after much hand-shaking and gush on both sides, I got her back into her 'four-wheeler' and was just about to drive away, when I saw Sydney Dixon tumbling downstairs at break-neck speed, shouting for us to 'Stop!' Her cheque had been found, crumpled up, in a corner of the room!

The singer who held aloof from making records for the gramophone almost longer than any other was Adelina Patti. Caruso, Melba, Tamagno, Paderewski, Kubelik, and almost every other big 'star' in the musical firmament had all 'done their bit,' but Patti resolutely declined. Her opposition was eventually overcome through influence with which I had nothing to do. But her conditions were rather frightening to the Maiden Lane people. The whole of the machinery necessary for record-making was to be removed to Craig-y-nos Castle, and everything, including the accompanist, was to be in waiting until the great prima-donna considered she was in sufficiently good voice to sing.

On her hearing that I was in some way connected with the company, I received a charming invitation from her to stay for a few days, with the request that I should play for her. The whole scheme fascinated me, and I accepted the invitation with the greatest pleasure. Those few days will ever remain impressed on my memory as amongst the happiest I have spent. She was a delightful hostess, and her husband (Baron Cederström) one of the kindest and gentlest of men. She was just a few weeks off sixty, and her voice in a room was still amazing. After dinner she would get me to play her some of *Tristan*, which she had gradually learned to love, and would then, after a little persuasion, just see if she was 'in voice.' And it was then that she sang divinely—for her husband, her brother-in-law, and myself. We were all quite overcome by her great artistry, and agreed that the records must be made the next morning. She assented, and accordingly at twelve o'clock everything was made in readiness for the event.

Her first selection was Mozart's famous '*Voi che sapete.*' She was very nervous, but made no fuss, and was gracious and charming to every one. When she had finished her first record, she begged to be allowed to hear it at once. This meant that the record would be unable to be used afterwards; but as she promised to sing it again, her wish was immediately granted. I shall never forget the scene. She had never heard her own voice, and when the little trumpet gave forth the beautiful tones, she went into ecstasies. She threw kisses into the trumpet, and kept on saying, '*Ah! mon Dieu! enfin je comprends pourquoi je suis Patti! Oh, oui! Quelle voix! Quelle artiste! Je comprends tout!*' Her enthusiasm was so naïve and genuine that the fact that she was praising her own voice seemed to us all to be right and proper. She soon settled down and got to work in real earnest, and the records, now known all the world over, were duly made. The pity of it is that they could not have been made in these days, when they would have been so infinitely better. I returned to London, to find a magnificent sapphire and diamond pin and stud awaiting me, as a souvenir of one of the greatest singers of all times.

A DREAM IN JUNE.

Only a smile and word
And two souls met;
Only a kindled light
In one heart set.
Only a month of days
With flying feet;
Only a summer's dream
So passing sweet.
Only a look of love,
And love awoke;
Only a fancy passed,
And one heart broke.

EMILIE S. MATHIAS.

THE CONTENTED SUB.

By C. L. HARDCASTLE.

IN the February part of *Chambers's Journal* appeared an article by Lieut.-Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, R.N., M.P., entitled 'The Sailor-Man at Play,' in which he introduced the old yarn of an army Sub who, whilst supposed to be doing duty at the desolate island of Perim, in reality spent the time at home, unknown to the Governor of Aden. Looking over some of my old books, I came across *The Lays of Ind*, a collection of amusing Indian tales told in rhyme by 'Aleph Cheem,' and published in Bombay in 1870. Amongst the series is one entitled 'The Contented Sub,' which deals with the episode related by Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy. It may interest some of the readers of *Chambers's Journal*—especially retired old Indians—and I therefore reproduce it verbatim.

When the island of Perim became British soil,
  Many pounds on a lighthouse were spent;
And to show British power, and replenish the oil,
  A Sub and some sepoys were sent.

But Perim is lonely, and barren, and hot,
  Not a vestige of life in the place,
And many who've seen it consider the spot
  A blotch on Dame Nature's face.

So the duty, though simple enough of its kind,
  Wasn't fancied as much as might be,
Sub the first—sub the second—went out of his mind,
  Sub the third drank himself to D.T.

Sub the fourth, finding Xmas unbearably slow,
  Very nigh brought his prospects to grief,
By signalling 'stop' to the mail P. & O.,
  And asking for 'pudding and beef.'

'Twas resolved then to send off a pair at a time;
  But, once tried, 'twas abandoned as cruel;
For monotony drove them to quarrel and crime,
  And they slaughtered themselves in a duel.

The Governor of Aden, he raved and he stormed,
  His mind with perplexity laden,
'A duty's a duty, and must be performed.
  But how?' cried the Governor of Aden.

'I don't like dispatching young Subs to their graves;
  Still a duty's a duty, they'll own;
So send to —— that little place over the waves,
  Lieut. MacOdic'Alloan.'

Lieut. MacOdic'Alloan very soon
  Took command of the feeders of oil;
And the Governor wondered, as moon after moon
  Found MacOdic'Alloan at his toil.

And he wondered the more when a letter from Mac
  Informed that so far from disliking
The post, he'd at present no wish to come back,
  And considered the scenery striking.

'By Gad!' cried the Governor, chuckling, 'at last
  We have got the right man, I should say;
And what's more, as he likes it, we'll keep him there fast
  As long as the beggar will stay.'

At the end of six months or so, Mac again wrote,
  That he liked his retreat even more.
He could never again take to collar or coat,
  And trousers would prove a sad bore.

He'd no letters to answer, no duns to cajole,
  No visits, no ponderous feeds;
No trouble but now and then calling the roll,
  And the rest of the day to his weeds.

'Lounging about in a jolly long laze,
  Very like lotus eating, in fact,'
Said the Governor. 'As long as it suits him he stays,
  But I'm hanged if I don't think he's cracked.'

Another six months, and a letter that said
  That Lieut. MacOdic'Alloan
Was quite ready to stop, a successor instead,
  So attached to the island he'd grown.

'Oh, pray let him stop,' roared the Governor—'the Muff!
  A successor'd be awkward to find.
Some day, I suppose, he'll be crying "Enough!"
  I wish they were all of his mind.'

So MacOdic'Alloan stopped a couple of years,
  'Which,' he wrote, 'had too rapidly fled.'
And now very strong grew the Governor's fears
  That the lad must be wrong in his head.

And they grew and they grew, till he swore by the Lord
  That the lad must be mad as a hatter;
And he sent off to Perim a Medical Board
  To see him, and settle the matter.

To Perim the cargo of doctors soon ran,
  But they found not a trace of the Sub.
He'd been living, this very contented young man,
  At home, for two years at his club!

It is one of my priceless memories to recall that I knew well the alleged hero of this yarn, who was, at the time of my first knowing him, a captain in an irregular cavalry corps. The episode told in prose and in verse must have taken place at least sixty years ago—unless the whole thing is apocryphal!

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

WALTHER RATHENAU is palpably one of the two or three larger figures of the new Germany. If he is sincere, and if Germany continues on her emancipated democratic and republican road, stony though it be, Dr Rathenau will increase in importance. According to views and prejudice, these two interjected qualifications for the condition of Rathenau's progress towards immortality will be regarded as negligible or nearly fatal. There are memories of 'scraps of paper' and a scornful contempt of truth, suspicions so well founded being now established for more than one generation. The sincerity of nearly every German engaged in political and commercial business is suspect, and never more than when apparently expressing truths, confessing sins, and, with the German degree of delicacy, suggesting present and future amendments in thought and conduct. New Germany endeavours to create the impression that, while too much persecuted, still she does perceive the errors of past ways, and now labours honestly and with vigour upon a simple plan to repair them and her own fortunes, and perhaps incidentally even her morals at the same time, to the end that in due course Paradise may contain a fair quota of the sons and daughters of the Fatherland. But how much of what she says, and her leading people say, is real? Did we know, it might make a difference; but always now, when a German says a thing, even though we still have a warm faith in human nature and a disposition to forgiveness, we receive his words in something of the same spirit as in a distant past the Greeks were regarded when they advanced with gifts in their hands. We may endeavour to force to maximum value the absolute truth that there are bad men in the best of countries and good men in the worst, but the good of Germany must pay a varying something now, according to our estimate of their sincerity, for the sins of their kinsmen; nor can we be oblivious to the existing and active sympathy that exists among large sections of those people for the supreme author of their own misfortunes, the mad lord who sacrificed a people to the service of his vanity, and having sacrificed them and being still himself a loser, slunk meanly, tremblingly away from a stricken land. It is through a silent—and a not always silent—allegiance still extended to the most contemptible figure in the long range of history, shivering now in his skin lest one earnest truth-dealer of the tens of thousands that are abroad should penetrate those protected paths of Holland and make an end of him, that one comes to doubt the sincerity, and perhaps not so much the sincerity after all as the intelligence, the common understanding, the reason of some Germans, whoever they may be. Hugo Stinnes, the millionaire financier, who seems disposed with much ingenuity and equal mystery to bring all available parts of the earth, including Russia, under his financial influence and into the service of his country and himself, is one of those people who are evidently watching and waiting and preparing for another 'Day,' when their fallen emperor, who bade them to slaughter without question or dissent upon their lips, shall come to rule over them, to be succeeded in due course by a thing that is even meaner among princes than the parent. For all their faults, their stupidities, one is disinclined to believe that the German people would lightly tolerate anything of the kind, but trust in them would be the greater if there were better evidence that they would not.

* * *

A short contemplation of the personality and the expressions, the state and the circumstances, of Dr Walther Rathenau may lead to some fancies on these lines. He is described as a Socialist; but he is a Socialist of a very peculiar kind. One remembers the attitude and the acts of the German Socialists at the outset of the war, when they not only condemned themselves for insincerity, but by that same sign shook the whole world of international Socialism. Dr Rathenau, who stands out with Hugo Stinnes as one of the two Germans we most hear about in these times, is far away from the old colliery-owner's grandson in governmental ideals and opinions. Not a gentle sentiment has he to utter upon the old Government of his country. Listen to him: 'Nowhere was the conception of the judgment of God so blasphemously exaggerated as with us Germans, when the lord of our armed hosts, at the demand of the barracks greedy for power, of the tavern benches, of the State bureaux, and the debating

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

societies, was summoned and charged with the duty, forsooth! of chastising England—England which they only knew out of newspaper reports.' It sounds well, and it may be meant. Now the man who says these things and many more of the kind, but, as a German might say, worse, was recently made Foreign Minister of Germany, and, as such, occupies perhaps a more important position politically than any of his people holds in these intriguing times. It was noted that on the occasion of his first appearance as Foreign Minister in the Reichstag he explained the clauses of a Bill for a Treaty of Arbitration with Switzerland. It was a peaceful idea, and might be considered of good omen. Still, one recalls that at a crisis in the war the Germans were thinking of treating Switzerland to the same kind of respect for neutrality that had been dealt out to some other nations, and would probably have done so had Switzerland not been so very full of hills. As Foreign Minister, Dr Walther Rathenau has immense opportunity; he needs sublime ability and firm strength with which to exercise it. He may know that full credit will be given to him whenever due. At the least he is a wholly interesting character. A man need be neither good nor beyond suspicion to be thus interesting in a worldly sense; indeed, the pure and good are not attractive to an age so much and so generally absorbed in all varieties of materialism. He was an experimental chemist—and one reflects upon the fact with a certain discomfort in remembrance—who started and controlled large chemical-works; and now he is at the head of the chief electricity company of Germany, a grand concern of world consequence. (Recall again that he is a Socialist.) Evidently he is a highly practical person, and during a period of the war his country set him to control its organisation for the supply of raw materials. A deep thinker he is also, and a man for arguments and difficulties. Like Stinnes, he possesses the virtue or quality of holding silence save when speech is most essential. Shortly before he was made Foreign Minister he visited London, at nearly the same time that Hugo Stinnes came so softly into the City and talked earnestly to the English financiers there. Here Dr Rathenau would be interviewed by no one, and when a supposed interview with him, brief and uninforming as it was, appeared in a London newspaper, he promptly issued a disclaimer, stating that it was false, and he had conversed with no journalistic inquirers. He was staying at a famous hotel at the corner of the Haymarket and Pall Mall. He had his secretary with him, and a small suite of rooms was reserved. His living was simple, but it was calculated that his average weekly expenditure amounted to between sixty and seventy thousand marks. That was the sum of German money he had to convert to make a settlement—thousands, and not hundreds; and once upon a time marks, as faintly you may remember, were like shillings, and went as far. So Dr Rathenau's weekly expenditure, in his quiet, modest way, at the old exchange would be upwards of three thousand English pounds in pre-war reckoning. His daily bill at the hotel was actually about ten pounds, and that of his secretary about half as much. Taxi-cabs, an occasional theatre, telephone-calls, and small items accounted for the rest, and made up the colossal number of marks aforesaid. While marks are still marks of a sort in Germany, even though made with paper and so extensively, they are the minutest stuff in money elsewhere; hence the many thousands swallowed up by the Rathenau London bills.

* * *

It happened seldom, but when seen he made a peculiar impression. Keen and energetic like most of the leading Germans, wide-eyed, close-cropped of beard, and earnest but inelegant he seemed. Hugo Stinnes has an affection for old black clothes, and wears them to a certain disadvantage that he can afford to neglect. One feels, on the other hand, about Dr Rathenau that if he were to move about considerably in any well-appointed drawing-room something would be broken. Stiff and angular, or so it seems—for really he nips about with much agility—he holds himself in such a way as to remind the observer of the purely mechanical persons in operas like the *Tales of Hoffmann*, that act by clockwork. However, without prejudice, the general impression this man makes is not unfavourable. He has strong purpose and sense, as it appears, and some would like to feel that one could trust him and Germany in all that he says. His country is not spared. But the cleverest of Germans seem sometimes in honesty to follow strange ways of thinking. Who would regard Germany's task of making reparations, as imposed upon her by her conquerors, to be a glorious and a noble work, for which Germany was selected by a discriminating and beneficent Providence? Certainly in a sense it is good work, the making amends; but the goodness, in the German view, is much discounted by the fact that Germans do not like it—very far are they from liking it. But not long ago Dr Rathenau was speaking at the Democratic Party Congress at Bremen, and he said: 'Reparations is not only a matter of loss in money and goods; it is a tremendous thing that we should say, with the eyes of all the millions who inhabit the earth upon us, that we are helping to bring Europe out of its present state of decay. Germany has always had a mission in the world. From the standpoint of the centuries this burden is not laid upon us in vain.' That was a considered statement made at a public gathering. It used to be said in the war that Germany's failure to understand our psychology was lamentable, and disastrous to herself. Does it not seem

that nothing is to the Germans as it is to us; that black may veritably be white to them; that the scent of roses may be foul and the odour of sewers like perfumes of the East; that nectar and ambrosia may for them be food for swine, and the sunshine of spring a glow meant only for depression and discouragement? For Herr Rathenau says that Germany always had a mission in the world, and has one now, with the eyes of the millions upon her, to drag Europe from the mire by means of the blessed reparations, which seem from this point of view to be, like mercy, twice blessed, to giver and receiver. But the impression formed from the conferences was not that Germans in general share this view.

* * *

Each time he speaks Dr Walther Rathenau says things to interest his old antagonists. They catch us, make us wonder and speculate. Not long ago, when Minister for Reconstruction, he addressed the Congress of the Imperial Association of German Trade at Munich, and harped on reparations again. Of course, his business and that of every German, but particularly his, is reparations, and it is proper he should hold the subject constantly in the mind and on the tongue. He said then: 'We must go to the limit of our capacity in regard to reparation. A complete fulfilment of the terms of the ultimatum will hit the world economically more severely than ourselves. England has three millions and America six millions of unemployed. The more Germany must work, the more must others cease working. What is needed is an international economic understanding.' Another time he said: 'We are now in the position of a seller who must wait until somebody buys his goods. The balance of trade is against us. We import to the value of five to six milliards of gold marks; we export to the value of three to four milliards of gold marks. We are in consequence obliged to sell our money and must find a customer, as otherwise an article is unsaleable. That is what is now happening. For an article that the world market cannot absorb there is no price. The catastrophic fall of the mark is a result of the strike of buyers against it.' But it is in moments of less active politics, when philosophically and bitterly he surveys the world, and Germany in relation to it, yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, that he becomes most absorbing. He turns on the old masters of his country with such venom that again there creeps into mind the interrogative upon sincerity. The essence of what he says he may and probably does now believe, but is that so of all that he says, in such extremes, very right as it may seem to us? Listen to this, for example: 'The Prussian officers and officials, cool and conscious of their strength, avoided declamation, and interfered only when their interests were endangered. The great industrialists sold themselves. The higher stratum of the middle classes took the business seriously, and created that atmosphere of hatred of Socialists, telegrams of homage and megalomania which made us intellectually and morally impossible before the world. Instead of the Germany of thought and spirit, one saw suddenly a brutal, stupid community, greedy for power, who had no ideas beyond rancour, and who, with these properties, which they were pleased to call *Kultur*, undertook to bring blessing to the world.' There are many thousands—nay, millions—who would state with emphasis that such are their sentiments precisely, but they are not Germans.

* * *

Consideration, in an easy perversity, returns to the contrast, to Herr Hugo Stinnes, for, despite all his secrecy, his silence, and his mystery, he is in the papers nearly every day for something big. Stinnes and his associates are proposing, as it appears, to buy up all the big hotels in Moscow, and negotiate with the Bolshevik Government accordingly. This movement ought to cause us thought as much as anything. Stinnes means business, as he always did. Whence came this man of mystery and power, to whom so many names of likeness and suggestiveness have been applied? What was the origin of the silent man who has, of course, been called a 'Napoleon of industry,' but besides is variously referred to as the 'German octopus,' as the 'Bismarck of German business,' as the 'monster trust of trusts,' and in other terms which are mostly flattering with a qualification born of apprehension? He who pretends he would reconstruct a part of a broken civilisation, and is exercising every human means to achieve his end, established the foundations of his success on coal, and raised the edifice to a dazzling height during the war, when it was said of him that he was the greatest profiteer of them all. Men of this rare stamp start low. Their peculiar gifts are not hereditary; the stimulus of need and ambition at long range are required for the quickening of the latent qualities. Progression in millions is not made by those who are born to millions, or even much more modest reckonings. So the Stinnes people in the past have been modest enough—just good, steady German business people. The grandfather of this one was the first to show. He, Matthias Stinnes, started a company of a sort at Mülheim; his son, Hugo, father of our man, called himself just a merchant, and was evidently humble enough. His boy was given a simple education, and then sent to Coblenz to be taught business ways by a firm there with whom he was brought into touch. But by this time imagination and adventure appear to have been working in him, and he went off to a coal-mine, where he worked as an ordinary miner for a time, down the pit at first, and then on the surface with the machinery. He was sent to study at the

School of Mines at Berlin, and was afterwards taken into his grandfather's firm, in which his mother had a small interest. At that time he was about twenty-one years of age, and two years of this business was enough for him. He fared forth then on the great adventure, starting the firm of Hugo Stinnes, himself the firm complete, with a capital of fifty thousand marks. Imagination soared; schemes and more schemes were laid continually in a fertile mind. Money was needed for them, and banks were asked for long credits. They doubted often at the beginning, and their conditions were severe; but they found that the Stinnes schemes were succeeding all along the line, and the case then was changed. Coal naturally appealed to him, and he exploited it. Various mines came into his possession, and he turned his eyes towards South Wales in time. He applied methods of treating coal chemically, manufactured briquettes, and went into iron and steel. Wood, ore, and grain—all things that could be treated in commerce on the grandest scale—came into his vision and his practice; he would not concern himself with small things that had limitations. Soon he had a dozen ships of his own to carry his stuff of commerce round the north of Europe and along the south of it. He brought large quantities of Newcastle coal to Germany, and landed some of it in Italy. In Rhenish Westphalia he was soon a power of the first magnitude; he became the president of big companies; he assisted the region with grand schemes for its development. Its excellent equipment, especially in communication and other services, was largely due to him. Then came the upheavals, the contradictions, the hideous inequalities of the war. The genius of Stinnes asserted itself.

* * *

For a man like this wars are institutions sent from hell to profit by; each nook and cranny in a belligerent world is then tight with riches waiting for capture by those who exercise the peculiar genius of the ultra-materialists, the demon craft of hyper-selfish mammon. Not that Hugo Stinnes, who believed in the Fatherland and the Kaiser with it, was much worse than the rest; for he was not. He took what was almost asking for a man like him to take it. It is said he was worth marks to the value of two million British pounds before the war, and that now he may have twenty times as many marks, but, marks being what they are, by no means twenty times as many pounds. (But Hugo Stinnes seems to believe in the resurrection of Germany, and the rise of the mark again.) It looked as if the war might go badly for him at the beginning; property of his was confiscated in large values. But then the Stinnes thinking and scheming engine started, and money streamed into his coffers from all but enemy countries. He sold the others coal, at great profits; during the German occupation he exploited Belgium and northern France to the utmost extent. Often he was a welcome guest at the German army headquarters; he assisted himself and others at such times. He perceived prosperities when others did not. Able now, with his larger resources, to strike out more, he bought out great holdings in leading shipping lines and coal businesses. The Hamburg-Amerika and the Norddeutscher Lloyd received his attention. A vast coal and shipping firm he bought outright, and, with a capital of five million marks, he founded a company for overseas trade, and brought his son, young Hugo, into the firm. He liked Hamburg. Splendid residences, grand town or country mansions, never attracted him; he is a man of simple habits, attached only to his work, and far distant from the systems of social amenities that palaces imply. Besides, he has but slender tastes in art and such unmaterial things. Hence hotels are best for him; but to derive the best from hotels, he perceives it is best to own them. There is a common opinion that the 'Adlon' in Berlin is on many points the finest and most luxurious hotel in Europe; he lives in it, and he owns it. So at Hamburg he bought the 'Rathaus' and the 'Hamburger.' The end of the war and the revolution in his country, a reversal in so many ways, was a trying time for him; but instantly he adapted his thoughts, his attitudes, and his systems to the new spirit, and, lo! the mammoth Stinnes machine was humming smoothly under democratic power, as it might be called, and was more productive than ever. Grand concerns in different parts of the country were being purchased all the time; Government was paying him compensation for losses sustained in the territories that the army had seized and had now been driven from—and withal he had insured himself against such losses beforehand. And now, with an open world again, he felt the desire to work on distant political schemes. Democracy was well enough, but he perceived there would be narrow limits for himself if it went far and became permanent, and that, after all, the Kaiser idea was the best for such as himself. So now he purchased the makers of public opinion whenever possible—the newspapers. Two of the most important became his property, and in different parts of the country he acquired about a hundred. Working on the trust and syndicate system, so splendid as it is for profits, he has set up a great coal and iron institution which is the biggest of its kind in Germany, where there are several such. It controls about a sixth of the total coal production, has vast properties in the richest districts, and flaunts a capital of 615 million marks. He is a considerable factor in the economic world to-day, as an individual entity one of the strongest, and he increases. He thinks that in ten years or so Germany may

be herself again. If that came true, what then would Hugo Stinnes be? Consider the Russian scheme of his, about which it is said he came to London, and for the furtherance of which he has agents of high consequence moving about in various important places. He proposed, as it was said, that Great Britain, the United States, and France should form with Germany a consortium, a grand financial combination, for the economic reconstruction of Russia; that these three Powers should for this purpose supply Germany with all the necessary money, transport, and raw materials, and ensure her a monopoly for the manufacture and supply to Russia of finished articles; that Russian industries should be restricted to the production of raw materials and food-stuffs necessary for the payment of German deliveries, textile and metallurgical industries being prohibited in Russia in order to safeguard this German monopoly; that the profits from the German undertakings in Russia should be shared between the Powers forming the consortium in such a way as to ensure the payment of war reparations; and that in the meantime Germany should be granted a moratorium in order that this scheme might be given fair trial. Somebody has said that Hugo Stinnes, even in his old black suit, with his worried look, still reminds one of the pictures of old Assyrian kings. But he has an eminence that is peculiarly his own.

IONIDES.

PART II.

CHAPTER III.—*continued.*

II.

THE ship had run into tempest after leaving the last port. For a day and a night little Ionides was extremely sea-sick; but then he grew used to the swinging pitch of the Phœnician galley, and the colour came back to his face again. The sea subsided into heaving ripples, but a cold wind blew with an icy chill. Mathabal was used to it, as he was used to many hardships; but little Ionides shivered with cold. In the heavy work the storm entailed Mathabal had often to leave him. But Ionides would wait patiently till the other's hour of leisure came. There was a vague trouble on the baby face one night. He knew the Phœnician tongue by now, and chance words he had heard pass between Hamilco and Zarkim filled him with a foreboding he could not understand. After the storm had come a thick mist—the one thing that could baffle Phœnician seamanship.

'Greeks always bring one ill-luck, captain,' said Zarkim glibly to Hamilco, who stood at the tiller, cursing gods and men. 'I said so when thy son brought that brat on board. Women! Ah, no! Not women. We can balk their ill-wishing easily enough.'

Ionides, crouching under the sail and listening to the wash of the oars, heard his name coupled with a name he often heard in vivid Phœnician oaths—Moloch! And then a sinister silence.

The mist grew deeper, and the damp of it clung to his golden curls. Suddenly he felt very frightened and lonely. He knew Mathabal was busy beyond there on the forepart of the ship, and Mathabal disturbed at his work was likely to be impatient. So Ionides huddled into their usual resting-place, and waited. How cold and dark it was in spite of the ship's lanterns! He knew where the thick silken rug was hidden, but he dared not take it from its hiding-place without leave. With all his love for Mathabal went considerable fear of his displeasure over some matters, and the stolen rug was a very serious matter indeed. Even as he thought of it Mathabal had joined him.

'Cold?' he said. 'I am hot enough, the Gods know!' He dragged the rug from its hiding-place, stripped Ionides's damp tunic from him, and flung the rug over them both. 'Moloch take this darkness!' he muttered through his teeth.

The tiny figure in his arms stirred, then spoke. 'Moloch! Who is Moloch? Thy father the captain and Zarkim were speaking of him and of me to-night.'

'Never heed them,' said Mathabal harshly. 'They prayed for the mist to clear, perchance. They well may. Let me sleep; I am dog-tired.'

Ionides obeyed him as usual, and fell asleep himself; but Mathabal did not sleep. He felt for his knife, and drew it. He knew some of the rites of Moloch as practised on board Hamilco's galley. He had refused to be dragged into them as yet, principally because Zarkim was up to his neck in their observance, and what Zarkim worshipped must necessarily be vile, thought Mathabal scornfully. He knew that Hamilco only bided his time to make him—Mathabal—on a pattern with Zarkim. That, he swore, he would never be. His evil would be his own evil, no other man's, and to either evil or good he would not be driven, save at his own desire. The flare of a brazier before a stone altar upon the ship's prow drove the warm scent of incense to his nostrils. So—let them propitiate the great evil of Phœnicia in their own way, as he would doubtless do in his; but—not with the blood of a helpless thing. Not—the black curls on his forehead grew damp—little Ionides! so soft and helpless and

innocent. His hand tightened on the haft of his curved knife, and he hugged the sleeping child closer with his left arm, as torches flared over the gleam of the ship's lanterns, and Hamilco stood before him. Why, he knew only too well. Little Ionides was to pay for a safe voyage to Tyre.

For the first time in his wild young life, seeing the heavy odds against him, Mathabal broke into wild, desperate pleading with the inexorable fiend he called his sire. Moloch could not need anything so small and innocent as Ionides. Let them take him, Mathabal, instead, since—since—the hoarse young voice broke into a cry—'since I love him as my own soul!'

Hamilco merely laughed, and cursed him. The lights and the voices awoke Ionides. Mathabal was crouching back like a wild beast before a spring, and his desperate grip was hurting the child, who clung to his neck, dumb with terror, since they were obviously trying to tear him yet again from his only friend.

Mathabal saw the lust of fanatical evil in Zarkim's eyes, and he backed to the side of the ship, and tried blindly to tear the cold baby hands from his neck. The sea looked cold, dark, and misty, but at least it looked clean. Ionides began to sob piteously, and clung to him more desperately than ever.

'Stand back! I—I will let him go!' The hoarse voice was so terrible that Hamilco and his gang halted in their rush, their drawn knives in their hands.

'I'm glad thou hast come to thy senses,' sneered Hamilco. 'Give him here, thou fool!' And Mathabal knew only too well that the rites of Moloch could never be balked. Something still seemed to hold them off for that desperate moment as he bent his dark head over the clinging little figure. The small face, wet with tears, was pressed against his.

'I'll—I'll not hurt thee, like the others,' he muttered. 'Kiss me, Ionides!' And Ionides obeyed him as ever.

'My own master!' he said. Even in that moment of agony Mathabal wondered why the child spoke the words in the Phœnician tongue, as, with his lips against the cold baby mouth, he struck; and Ionides lay, a limp little body, in his arms, with his hands slipping from his big friend's neck. Mathabal had saved from evil what his fierce, hard young heart had loved—saved him in the only way he could.

He never knew what became of the tiny limp body after it was torn by force of numbers out of his savage grip. He heard Hamilco's scream of evil frenzy, 'Down with him! Let him be the sacrifice if he likes!' He felt the ropes that were lashed about his body, binding his arms to his sides, in spite of his ferocious efforts to kill or be killed. And then he was down, with Zarkim's knee on his throat, pinning his head to the wet deck. 'Death!' he thought. Well, he would find Ionides, and snatch him out of the very clutches of Moloch, and comfort him, for he would be sore afraid. Little Ionides!

And then Mathabal knew that there were worse things than death for those who disturbed the rites of Evil, as he had done.

He came out of that ordeal a Moloch-worshipper indeed, but still strangely aloof from Hamilco's gang—his keen beauty haggard and fierce, his soul stripped of all but evil—save for Ionides whose little body lay washed by the cold sea.

III.

It was dawn when Mathabal crossed the deck, staggering a little as he walked. He crossed his arms on the side of the ship, and buried his head in them. The ship was going slowly, still in fear of the thick mist. The rowers pulled monotonously, a hoarse invocation to Moloch in their throats. Hamilco and many of his gang were probably sleeping off the orgy of last night. Zarkim stood at the tiller gazing through the fog, muttering what the rowers sang, his cruel eyes alert upon the figure beyond him. Then he called through the mist, 'Mathabal!'

The other jerked his lithe figure upright, and came across the deck to him. There were dark lines under the black eyes, and for the moment his youth seemed stripped from him like a cloak. 'Ionides! Ionides!' Under that numbed hardness about his heart, his soul was crying out for the lost baby soul he loved.

'Take the tiller!' said Zarkim sharply.

Mathabal obeyed him mechanically; their eyes met, and then Mathabal spoke. 'Listen here! This is my last word to thee on this voyage or any other voyage. If Baal hears such as thou and thy kind have made me, lo! he hears in the face of Moloch, his enemy! Some day I shall have power in my hands. What can stop me now? Not shame, I'll warrant. And when that day comes, I will see the flesh lashed from thy bones, Zarkim, for what thou hast done, since, save for thee, I had not slain what I slew last night. I'll not fight thee again. A knife is a clean thing, whoever uses it.'

Zarkim laughed, and turned away; but, deep in his evil heart, he was afraid.

The mist was clearing as Mathabal stood at the tiller, his dark curls damp about his face under his Phrygian cap, his eyes a black stare of menace.

CHAPTER IV.

SIGHTING Lebanon, with his eternal crown of snow, went the ship of Hamilco of Carthage. The blazing sun of the east had supplanted the storm and the mist of those past days. Mathabal had gone about his work with the mechanical indifference of some beautiful

thing of stone. He had kept his word to Zarkim, merely showing his white teeth in a curiously ugly smile when Zarkim reported his insolence to the captain. Still with that frozen indifference, he had taken the consequences of that same insolence.

. . . . . .

It was night. By the morning they would reach Tyre, the City of Palms. He had gone to his old resting-place under the sail. The molten silver of the moon shed a wide track across the blue of the sea, shining black upon the great cedars of the hills.

For nights after Ionides's death he had lain there, that frozen evil at his heart forbidding all outward signs of the wild grief that tore at it day and night. He would hardly need any covering to-night, it was so warm, he thought. But, remembering the chill of the dawn, he drew the silken rug over his head and face, then suddenly flung it from him and sat up, a thought coming to him like the stab of a knife. That last night of all, little Ionides had been so cold waiting alone, and he had not dared to take the rug for himself, because he loved Mathabal too well to risk his displeasure. The wistful baby face seemed to float between him and the moonlight.

'Oh, Ionides! Ionides! My little heart!' he muttered hoarsely, as he clasped his arms round his knees, and rocked himself to and fro in a tearless agony that could find no relief in any wild Eastern expression of grief, since his heart had felt like stone ever since that night. Tyre! He had told Ionides stories of its magnificence and all they would do there, dispelling the inevitable slave-market from his mind as he spoke. He was strong and unscrupulously cunning already. Somehow—he knew not how—but somehow he would steal Ionides, and they would hide—in the Lebanon, perchance—till Hamilco's ship sailed away with a hand short. And Ionides had chuckled and trusted him, always trusted him. And now he drew the curved knife from his girdle, and looked at it. Its brightness was marred by a smear of something that showed in the bright moonlight.

CHAPTER V.

THE years had passed. Mathabal, the wild rover of the sea, and, for some reason inexplicable to himself, chosen friend of Heremon the Beautiful, King of Phœnicia Eri, knew that he was no son to old Hamilco of Carthage. He shrugged the fact from him with a sense of ironical relief, in the midst of his very successful, and to a modern eye extremely reprehensible, career. To one only in the world had he told the whole story of that horrible night: to his king, who was High Priest of Baal by right Divine, and whom his enemies called the greatest sorcerer in Phœnicia, east or west.

He and Mathabal were returning from a very successful piratical expedition against the Greeks, and Heremon the King seemed nowise different from wild Mathabal his friend, or any other red-capped fierce marauder of the sea. They were sailing past the coast under Lebanon, and the moon was bright. The great serpent-prowed galley with the silken purple sails bore more than one sign of heavy fighting. The heavy grappling-irons lay coiled near the mast still, and the hold was heavy with spoil. They sailed slowly, since the King had given orders for the rowers to cease work for the night, and there was only just wind enough to fill the sail. Men slept heavily, worn out by desperate fighting. The helmsman's low monotonous chant alone broke the silence of the night.

Upon a heap of silken carpets under shelter of the deck-pavilion sat Heremon the King, one arm, under the loose sleeve of the fringed scarlet tunic, bandaged from wrist to elbow as the result of a knife-slash received as he boarded a Greek galley. The moonlight flashed upon the golden rings in his ears, as he moved to lie stretched face downwards upon the pile of carpets, his chin on his hands. There was a curiously inhuman stillness about the perfection of his body and upon the face, whose beauty was as famous as the glory and terror of his name. A red-capped black head rose out of the hold beyond the shadow of the sails.

'Mathabal!' said the King, without moving; and Mathabal came, and with an obeisance sank back upon his heels by the still figure.

Without a word the King detached a rug from where he lay and threw it to him. 'How much?' he asked then curtly.

'I thank the King's Majesty,' said the young trader, with a grin. He rose to sit back again upon the silken rug, with both arms clasped round his knees; then he spoke on, glibly enumerating the weight and value of the heaped spoil in the hold. That finished, his eyes wandered to the scene before them, and then suddenly, without any preamble, he had spoken, and told all that his listener had known long ago, without words.

'Love is never lost,' said Heremon the Beautiful.

'But that must be,' said Mathabal hoarsely. 'He was so little a thing, and he trusted me, and I——' He stopped.

'Believe me, he trusted thee more then,' said the King.

'Thinkest thou so, Majesty?' said Mathabal. 'The Gods know all that I owe, body and soul, to my Lord the King. Yea, and I am happy these days. But when a man has been fighting, he thinks many thoughts. And I think—'tis a bitter thing to have had to slay where one loved so much.'

'Yea, a bitter thing!' The hard, musical voice beside him seemed an echo of his own thoughts. And after a silence the King spoke again. 'Try to trust my word, wilt thou, Mathabal?'

The other looked up, a blaze of fanatical worship in his wild dark eyes. 'Into the Light of Baal, or into the Pit of Moloch!' he answered.

'Thanks!' said the King shortly. And Mathabal spoke on, a curious wistfulness crossing the hard beauty of his face as he spoke. 'Strange—strange! It was years ago, and he was but a babe to hold a man's heart, as, by the Unnamed God, he still holds mine.'

'Not in the least strange,' said the voice beside him. 'See thou, Mathabal, we are much of a kind, thou and I. It does not lie in us to let a thing go if once we—love. That seems to trouble thee.'

'Yea!' growled Mathabal. 'Many a time I have tried to forget. Wine, women—all. But under that is always that child whom I—I killed. Once I was drunk—dead drunk—and I pushed him away from me, when I ought to have protected him That has always hurt me worse to think of than the killing of him.'

'It would,' said the King.

'Oh, my Gods! Majesty, how much thou dost know!' said Mathabal with a broken laugh. 'And knowing me, my Lord the King could swear friendship with such as I.'

'Thou art a fool,' said the King. 'That child alone was enough to make Baal himself look with favour upon thee.'

Mathabal looked into the strange, steady eyes, whose beauty held something that was not human in their blackness. Then he spoke half under his breath. 'Oh, Serpent of Baal, do not forget what is lost!'

The King's hand took his and held it. 'From the moment I knew I have not forgotten,' he said, and his eyes turned once more to the moon-lit beauty of the night, for Mathabal's mouth had quivered suddenly. There was a strange likeness between the two fierce, beautiful creatures, King and trader, apart from the likeness of type and race that had given them the same lithe strength of figure, and the same relentless fire of the eyes. 'See'st thou,' went on the King. 'We seem to find love as some do not find it. Thou in that child yonder, and I in—the Gods know, in no way known to mankind in general.'

Mathabal smote his breast suddenly. 'And save for that, I was an evil thing,' he muttered.

'Evil?' said the King. 'We have sailed together, thou and I, from our youth up. Where stands either of us in the Light, if the Unnamed God judges thee or me by our evil, Mathabal, my friend?'

Mathabal bent his head over the hand that held his, and kissed it.

CHAPTER VI.

I.

MATHABAL had made his name a terror upon the outer seas by now, in his merciless crushing of his king's enemies, and, indirectly, his own. In some outer port of Phœnicia his gang had laid hands upon a man whom they had discovered engaged in some plot upon their captain's life. For plots upon his life Mathabal cared not at all, but when his wild crew dragged the man before him, behold! it was Zarkim.

'Aho!' It was the non-committal ejaculation of Phœnicia; but, as Mathabal said it, there was something in the frozen devilry of his face that almost scared his followers, brazen as they were. Seeing it, Zarkim had no hope at all, but time, he felt, for a last taunt. Like all Phœnicians he was no coward, but the death Mathabal had promised him was degrading in the extreme. If a taunt could bring the other's knife out upon him, it would be easier. Again he saw the wild young figure clutching a child against his breast, and knew it was *that* that doomed him—doomed him more surely than the rest when Mathabal had been at his mercy, and had merely cursed him and laughed out of his agony of despair. Zarkim stared him straight in the face, and made the sign of Moloch, that was the exact reverse of the sign that meant the Cross of Life to all Phœnicians.

And Mathabal answered, 'Not for *that* do I pay thee. What is my evil or thine, O son of Hell! to what I slew? A bargain is a bargain. Oh, men who follow me—you who have sons, many of you—what else had you done? Hear me pay, as *we* can pay.' He spoke on, and his words roused every sense of Eastern cruelty in his gang against their leader's enemy.

Zarkim died, as young Mathabal had promised he would die, and Mathabal slept the better for a debt paid.

II.

Another child's arms about his neck seemed one day, in some vague way, to bring Ionides nearer to Mathabal. Then, with the years, his love for the lost child seemed merged into the eternal, passionate love that came with that other child, his chosen slave Thalia, her whose story is told in another place—Thalia who, through good and evil, fair weather and storm, had no thought in her golden head save the will and pleasure of the handsome ruffian who was her master.

What his king's words meant came to Mathabal with the suddenness of a lightning-flash. He had taken Thalia to the coast of Greece, as he always took her upon his wild adventures. She had been bathing in the sun-lit blue of the sea, and was sitting drying her mass of golden curls in the sun, her tunic slipping loose from the dazzling whiteness of her skin, for she was that rarity, a fair Phœnician, though her eyes were dark as

night. Mathabal sat watching her, his arms clasped round his knees, his black curls still damp with the salt of the sea. Over him the rocks cast a shadow. The beauty of his youth had deepened with the years. His fringed tunic was silk now, and the rings in his ears not brass, but gold.

Thalia had risen, and she joined him in the cool shelter of the rocks, and knelt beside him. 'Master?' she said.

'Yes, my heart!' he answered, suddenly seeing those same rocks years ago, and—Ionides.

'It is strange,' said Thalia. She clung to him suddenly, like one afraid. 'A little child without raiment, happy and laughing in the sun. And thou wert here, else he had not laughed.' There was a sort of awed wonder on her lovely face. Obviously she hesitated over saying more, and her eyes searched his with a dumb question within them. Then she hid her face against his knee. His hand came down upon both hers, gripping them against his breast. 'Lift thy head and look at me,' he said hoarsely.

She obeyed him, and for long their eyes spoke with no words at all. And in the shadow of the rocks their lips met.

THE END.

STEALING SPIRITS.

ROBBERIES of wines and spirits in transit from one bonded warehouse to another, or from bond to the purchaser, have recently increased to such an extent that several railway and dock companies have been compelled to take special precautions in order to safeguard themselves against further loss. During the past few months claims for enormous sums have been received from 'the trade' for brandy, rum, gin, whisky, wine, and champagne, which mysteriously disappeared 'in transit.'

The quantity of whisky pilfered has been particularly heavy. Casks which were almost full when leaving bond have frequently arrived at their destination with considerable quantities missing. Curiously enough, these railway rogues rarely steal new spirits, but if the spirits are old they are almost certain to be generously sampled. As the Revenue authorities insist upon the year of distillation and the name of the maker of the whisky being inscribed on the head of whisky-casks, no difficulty is experienced by the robbers in distinguishing the mild and mellow spirit from immature spirit.

Stealing spirits from casks is an art in itself. Where time permits, and where the risks of detection are not very great, the bung of the cask is 'started,' and the spirit is extracted by means of a siphon or a small valinch. 'Spiling' a cask is, however, the usual method adopted by the thief who is compelled to work expeditiously and surreptitiously. He drills a hole in the head or a stave, and allows the spirit to flow into a receptacle. The hole is then plugged with a piece of wood. If this is not done properly, there is grave danger of the contents of the cask being lost. When spirits are removed under bond, the Revenue officers at the Government duty-free warehouse to which they are consigned examine the casks very carefully for spiles. Where the evidence of abstraction is obvious, duty is charged on the quantity stolen.

Whisky-thieves occasionally attempt to camouflage the pilferage by adding water to the cask. But this dodge does not deceive the Customs and Excise officers, for, in addition to checking the quantity of spirits, they also test the strength. Thus, if two gallons of proof spirits were abstracted from a cask and two gallons of water substituted, the fraud would be immediately detected when the hydrometer and the thermometer were placed in a sample of the spirit. The authorities would then call upon the person who gave bond to pay the duty on two gallons of proof spirits, which is £7, 5s. Frequently so much as ten gallons of spirits is missing. In this case the loss amounts to anything from £35 to £40, duty being charged on the proof strength of the spirit. On several occasions casks have been received at Crown warehouses absolutely empty, as a result of the unskilful methods used by the thieves in abstracting the spirits. Sometimes, for example, a spile has not been driven home, or the bung has not been inserted properly, with the result that the contents have been lost. Where this occurs the bonders have to pay the full duty on the quantity missing, unless they can prove on oath that none of it was consumed or, as the official phrase has it, 'went into home consumption.' The full duty on a hogshead of, say, seven years old whisky would amount to about £220, while the duty on a butt or a puncheon would be approximately £500. These figures represent the loss to the Crown, but the loss to the owner must also be taken into consideration. This usually varies from 8s. to 15s. per bulk gallon.

As regards wines and spirits in cases, the losses due to pilferage are also fairly heavy. Foreign wines and spirits are often landed with considerable quantities missing, but as it is generally taken for granted that consumption took place on the high seas, duty is not charged. Where, however, there is evidence that wines or spirits were pilfered either in the ship's hold in port or on the quays, duty is invariably charged. In Liverpool on one occasion I remember seeing six men, who were engaged in discharging cased brandy from a French vessel, being hauled up from the hold hopelessly intoxicated. It appears that they 'accidentally' smashed several cases. They knocked the necks off the bottles and

drank the brandy neat. Consequently it was not long before it took effect and rendered them incapable of further work. Duty of course, had to be paid on the brandy stolen.

Cased spirits which must of necessity be left on the quays until the Customs officers examine them are a source of great temptation to dockers. Most ingenious dodges are adopted to steal several bottles without being detected. The stolen spirit is generally 'consumed on the premises,' so to speak; it would be dangerous to attempt to take bottles away for 'home consumption,' as a bulkiness about the pockets might rouse the suspicions of the policemen on duty at the dock gates. About a year ago a Liverpool dock employee with long service to his credit was 'rubbed down' as he was leaving the docks. A bottle of brandy was found in his possession. The police then searched his house. Several gallons of whisky were discovered. He could not give a satisfactory explanation as to how this large quantity came into his possession. The magistrates, however, decided that it was all pilfered. He was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Not long ago the police authorities on a certain dock, worried at the frequent petty thieving of bottles of wine and brandy, determined to catch the culprit or culprits. A decoy bottle was placed in a conspicuous position, and a policeman kept the place under observation. Just before dusk a man was seen running away. The policeman immediately gave chase. When the man was overtaken, he indignantly denied that he had taken the bottle. He said he was running for a train. But when the policeman returned to his post the bottle had disappeared.

There are reasonable grounds for suspecting that cases of wine and spirits are surreptitiously placed on lorries and cars and covered with other goods. The thieves rely on the fact that the man on duty at the gate cannot possibly check every item in a big load. It is also suspected that expert gangs are at work. The thefts are too systematic and too widespread to be the work of ordinary railway workers or dockers. It is quite possible that the thieves are employed as casual labourers on the docks and at railway depots. Here they have many opportunities for thieving. They carry away the stolen spirits in specially made rubber receptacles, which fit the body in such a way as not to be too conspicuous. I have been told that ordinary family hot-water bags have also been requisitioned by these modern smugglers. Some years ago it was a common dodge to carry away spirits in ingeniously constructed tin or copper vessels, which were strapped to the chest or over the stomach. These, however, proved too cumbrous, and as they interfered with the free movements of the body, they made the game too risky. Rubber vessels, however, enable the thieves to carry away comparatively large quantities without running any great risks of detection.

Robberies of spirits are often committed quite brazenly in the streets. Not long ago three whisky-casks were stolen from a lorry; and in January 1921 several men drove up to a Belfast bonded warehouse, rolled three casks into the street, placed them in a van, and drove rapidly away. Moreover, quite recently a carter left a consignment of whisky unattended in a busy street for a few minutes. When he returned, he found that a hole had been bored in the head of a cask, and a crowd of people were fighting for the privilege of carrying away the whisky in cups, jugs, and glasses. But carters themselves have been discovered dropping cases and draining the spirits from the broken bottles into their 'billy-cans.' They have also been known to drive into quiet streets, where they have opened cases and stolen several bottles. But where the consignee refuses to give a clear receipt unless the case is of the standard weight—every brand of spirit and wine is of a standard weight—this dodge is soon discovered. However, the systematic rogues endeavour to safeguard themselves by substituting bricks or coal for stolen bottles. A few years back an officers' mess at the Curragh Camp, Ireland, received several cases of Scotch whisky, most of which was sea-water. The cases had been opened in transit, but in such a skilful manner that nobody suspected fraud until the capsules of the bottles were removed. It was then observed that the corks had been tampered with. However, this is not quite so bad as the experience of an unfortunate Dublin merchant who recently received three casks of brandy, two of which contained sea-water. Incidentally, a prominent exporter told me that his firm's losses in transit are never below 5 per cent.

Extraordinary as it may seem, comparatively large quantities of spirits are actually taken out of bonded warehouses, although the Customs and Excise officials are constantly on the look-out for such breaches of the law. Bottling-warehouses offer great temptation to spirit-thieves. The dinner or luncheon basket very often harbours a bottle of whisky or brandy or rum. Moreover, it is suspected that women working in bottling-warehouses manage to take away numerous bottles in inside skirt-pockets.

Men employed in bonded warehouses have many opportunities of stealing duty-free spirits. But there must be some sort of understanding among them in order to make the 'job' successful. Casks are 'milked' in warehouses by using dipping-cans or rubber siphons. The stolen spirit is then put in rubber hip or breast or stomach receptacles. These warehouse thieves generally sell the stolen spirits to the proprietors of shady night clubs and the keepers of shebeens. Dishonest publicans may also be among their customers. As the spirit is usually of a high strength, and therefore capable of considerable dilution, the purchasers can afford to pay a good price.

The draining of casks being returned as empties to the distilleries and bonded warehouses is another common offence. During the war casks of patent-still spirit were not always thoroughly drained in the munition-factories. It was not long until this fact became common knowledge in the vicinity of railway yards. I have heard of cases where stomach-pumps had to be used on people who carried away munition spirit in buckets from railway goods-depots. Incidentally, this spirit was about 66 per cent. overproof.

The practice of 'sweating' or 'grogging' casks is regarded as a very serious offence by the Revenue authorities, and persons found extracting spirit from used casks by rinsing them out with hot water are usually heavily punished.

The present high taxes on spirits are, no doubt, responsible for the alarming increase in spirit robberies. It is certainly a great temptation to workmen who have access to spirits and wines to help themselves whenever they get the chance. However, this sort of petty thieving is inevitable: it is one of the incidentals of trade. But the systematic robberies from bond and in transit are comparatively new developments. They inflict enormous losses on the national revenue, and also on the merchants whose property is pilfered.

It remains to be seen whether the precaution of locking and sealing railway vans containing spirits will have the desired effect of lessening 'losses in transit.' Specially selected watchmen may also reduce pilferages on the docks.

WASPISH.

By R. Kissock.

I.

ADOLPHUS SWARBRICK, wholesale dealer in honey, had got up both late and liverish. In consequence, the charms of a glorious summer morning and a well-cooked rasher of bacon were entirely lost upon him. His wife Amelia, sitting opposite, was tacitly nibbling toast and waiting for the inevitable storm.

It was not long delayed. The roving eye of Adolphus alighted on a couple of wasps hovering round the jam. Wasps were his pet abomination, and the sight of these two was too much for his liver.

'Wasps!' he exploded. 'Every morning I have my breakfast ruined by wasps—dozens, scores, hundreds of wasps. One of these days they'll take the jam-dish from under my very nose. Can't you do anything to keep them out of the house, Amelia?'

Amelia meekly replied that she did her best, but her best was quite inadequate, as there were two nests in the garden.

'Nests?' almost howled her husband. 'Nests in the garden? Whatever is John up to? Does he think I keep a gardener to breed wasps? He must burn them out, smoke them out, exterminate them—and at once!'

The effect of this fiery speech was somewhat spoiled by the fact that during its delivery Mr Swarbrick was driving away the intruders by waving his arms a good yard clear of the jam-dish. Truth to tell, he both loathed and feared wasps. His own warehouse, stocked with honey, drew the insects from miles around, and a visit to the warehouse during the summer months was a terrible ordeal. He contrived, therefore, to be busy in the office as much as possible.

Failing to drive away the wasps, and mumbling incoherent things about idle gardeners, Adolphus turned to his correspondence. Curiously enough, the first letter he opened was headed, 'Society for the Extermination of Venomous Insect Pests.' Mr Swarbrick's little eyes devoured it.

In two sheets of close typescript, the Organising Secretary, Rufus S. Toweller, Esq., enlarged upon the malefactions of wasps, midges, mosquitoes, and all winged desperadoes, winding up with a general invitation to all and sundry, and to A. Swarbrick, Esq., in particular, to subscribe five guineas towards the funds of the society. This insignificant sum, it appeared, purchased the privilege of a life membership, and was to be expended for the benefit of the human race in waging war against its flying pests.

The flowery diction had a wonderful effect on the little dealer in honey. He swelled with philanthropy; his imagination ran riot; he waxed eloquent on the tactics of a crusading army, carrying swats and smoke-bombs. He pictured a world free from wasps, a world in which life for honey-dealers was to be well worth living. Amelia very naturally agreed with all he said; it was best to be diplomatic when Adolphus was liverish.

From the honey-dealer's office that morning a cheque for five guineas was despatched to Rufus S. Toweller, of 59 Allhallow's Road, W.C. 6—a cheque which, in the opinion of the sender, was about to make history.

II.

By the afternoon of that same day the force of Mr Swarbrick's philanthropy had spent itself, and the cheque began to worry him. He prided himself on his business ability. It was one of his chief boasts that he had never made a bad investment in his life, and never bestowed his money on unworthy objects. That five guineas in consolidated wasps worried him. It was so unlike him to subscribe to the funds of such a little-known society without first making careful

inquiries. He re-read the letter of Rufus S. Toweller, and the very verbosity of the man seemed suspicious.

It was only a forced visit to the warehouse that reassured him. The place literally swarmed with wasps. As he gave instructions to the head warehouseman they buzzed round, and settled on him; he lost the thread of his discourse, while his head buzzed in unison. Finally he was stung, and fled precipitately, with a smudge of blue on his cheek and black terror in his heart. Returning to his office, the wretched little dealer almost despatched another five guineas as membership fee for two lives.

At home matters were even worse. John's belated efforts with smoke and tar had served only to infuriate the new inhabitants of the garden. They stung the gardener from head to foot; then, as he lay in bed, blue and bloated, they took the run of the house, and made the owner's life one long round of misery. He fled daily to the office for peace, and prayed for frost and hail and snow and sleet to come and deliver him.

III.

Monday of the following week found Adolphus Swarbrick again taking a hurried breakfast, in an even worse frame of mind; his wife again sitting opposite, but looking even more resigned; the jam-dish in its place, but with its quota of fascinated insects swollen to a round dozen. The master of the house had just extracted from its covering envelope a yellow card of membership and a typewritten letter. As he proceeded to read, his wife noticed that he appeared to be having some difficulty with his breathing. The document itself may explain matters:

'Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your subscription towards the funds of the Society for the Extermination of Venomous Insect Pests, and enclose Card of Membership. The Committee has decided that, as a preliminary measure to further its great aim, it will present to each subscriber a pot of honey and a swat. The honey should be spread in a saucer and placed in an exposed position; then, as the insects congregate, great execution can be wrought with the swat. These are being forwarded to you, and we wish you every success in your efforts. A special bronze medallion will be presented to all members who can forward to Headquarters, before the end of the month, the carcasses of 1000 slaughtered wasps; and clasps will be presented for further consignments of the same number. A Roll of Honour will be prepared containing the names of all medallion-winners. Anticipating the pleasure of placing your name on the Roll, I remain, yours faithfully,

'Rufus S. Toweller,
'*Organising Sec.*'

Adolphus Swarbrick's sense of humour, assuming he possessed one, failed him completely in this crisis. He choked with indignation.

'Honey and a swat!' he rumbled from the outraged depths of his being. 'Honey and a swat—great execution—carcasses! The swindler! The impudent fraud! I'll——'

His voice was rising, his plump little arms were waving, when suddenly he realised that Amelia was eyeing him curiously across the table. He tried to compose himself. It would never do to tell Amelia he had been swindled by such a brazen rogue—Amelia, who had such faith in her husband's infallibility.

He dived into the newspaper in order to hide his discomfiture. The first paragraph that took his eye was not calculated to improve matters. It was headed, 'Fatal Wasp-Sting'; and, tucked away, as it was, amongst the 'gossipy bits,' it was sheer bad luck that made him alight on it. He rapidly looked elsewhere, tried to master the Silesian problem, and tackled a divorce case, but all to no purpose. His eyes invariably stole back to that fascinating little paragraph. He grunted and read it.

'A tragic story,' ran the item, 'was told to a London coroner at an inquest on Saturday. It was stated that whilst eating jam the deceased had swallowed a wasp. He was stung on the inside of the throat, and expired almost immediately. The verdict was, Death due to Misadventure. The deceased was Rufus S. Toweller, of 59 Allhallow's Road; no occupation.'

Adolphus Swarbrick put down the paper and beamed at the wasps circling round the jam.

'That man,' he said, 'asked for it.'

A WANDER SONG.

Sing a song of an open road,
Of life at twenty-one,
Of unstained youth, a love of truth,
Of battles to be won;
When spring is at its fairest,
And time not yet begun
To write with swords the sad old words
That 'man is wolf to man.'

Sing a song of a rugged road,
Of life at forty-five,
When youth lies dead, and truth seems fled,
The battles still to strive.
When autumn leaves are falling,
And all seems drear and wan,
The path half trod may lead to God,
If faith remain with man.

Sing a song of a journey's end,
When threescore years are past—
A hymn of praise for summer days,
Mid life's long storm and blast.
Tho' winter's frost o'ertake me,
A shelter shall befall—
Thou wilt not leave me homeless,
Great Architect of All!

B. Johnson.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A NEW 'GAS-RING.'

A GAS-RING is so simple an appliance, and does its work so well, that one would hardly suppose it to be capable of improvement. Yet for a new form that has lately been placed on the market the makers claim a lessened consumption of gas and other advantages as compared with the type hitherto approved. In the ordinary acceptance of the term this new device is not a 'ring' at all, the flame being projected from a central burner. This burner is in the form of a round chamber having a metal disc over the top which does not quite touch the upper edge. Through the narrow annular slot thus formed a mixture of gas and air issues, which, when lit, produces a broad zone of blue flame. From the chamber there radiate three legs to form feet at the bottom, and, at the top, bars for supporting the cooking utensils. One of these bars is hollow, and conveys the gas and air to the chamber from a Bunsen jet at its outer end. A spigot is provided for insertion into a flexible tube; and the whole device is galvanised so that it will not rust. It will be noted that there are no small holes to become clogged with foods that have boiled over; in fact, the slot being horizontal, any fouling of it is almost impossible. Lastly, the flame will not run back through the burner and light at the jet, as not infrequently happens in the ordinary gas-ring.

A HUGE TRAVELLING CRANE FOR BIG-GUN CONSTRUCTION.

Possibly few readers of this Journal know how big guns are made, and it is not proposed to describe here all the processes of manufacture. In order, however, to appreciate the need in connection therewith for a colossal overhead crane, such as has been built recently in the United States, it is necessary to have some knowledge of the methods in vogue. Big naval guns are mostly built up of several tubes, one fitting over the other; and all such guns have an inner tube of special steel, which is rifled and hardened. Generally the bore of an outer tube is made slightly smaller than the outside of the inner tube over which it is to fit. On being heated the outer tube expands enough to slide over the inner tube, and therefore grips the latter tightly as it cools. Again, the inner, rifled tube has to be hardened by heating it and plunging it into oil. All of these operations are carried out with the guns and tubes in vertical positions, and as the guns to be dealt with by the crane to which reference has been made measure 87 feet in length, an enormous height of lift is demanded. Even the furnace in which the gun-tubes are heated is vertical, and the tubes to be hardened are cooled in a vertical tank which, although sunk into the ground to a depth of 60 feet, still stands 48 feet above it. The crane referred to, which can lift 75 tons, is of the overhead travelling type, and consists of two immense girders with wheels at each end which travel on steel rails known as runways, these being no less than 104 feet apart. But it is for their height of 165 feet above the ground that these runways are chiefly remarkable. According to *The Times Trade Supplement* this is comparable with the height of a 15-storey office building. No fewer than five electric motors are used to operate the crane, the two employed for hoisting being of 200 horse-power each. The lifting mechanism is moved along the girders by a 50-horse-power motor; while two other motors, each of a like power, cause the complete crane to travel along the runways. The crane can lift its full weight at the rate of 50 feet a minute, and lower it at double this speed. Powerful brakes are provided, which can stop the lowering in one foot, even with a full load descending at the maximum speed. Owing to the great height of the lift, 2600 feet of steel-wire rope is required to pass round the enormous pulley blocks through which the load is raised. The crane thus briefly described handles the guns at the U.S. Naval Ordnance plant at Charlestown, West Virginia.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR CANDLES.

The candle, at its best, can be considered as an allowable expedient only in the absence of any other form of illumination, or for carrying about from room to room. Even in the best candles a light draught causes the grease to run down on to the candlestick, and make an unsightly mess; while the cost of candles in a large country household is quite appreciable. What may be termed an imitation candle, which burns liquid paraffin, has been brought out recently. The lower part of the candlestick used is similar in design to that intended for an ordinary candle; but the socket is very much larger, and is in the form of an inverted cone, with a wide sloping lip at the top. Fitting into the socket is what looks like a candle, but is really a white enamel tube, so shaped at the top as to resemble a new candle. In place of the ordinary wick, however, is a circular wick for burning paraffin, similar to that found in tiny paraffin-lamps of the night-light order. This wick is adjustable by means of a screw, and passes right down the centre of the tube, the surrounding space being filled with cotton-wool. The 'candle' fits the socket at the bottom, and passes through a hole in a flange near the top; but the socket being an inverted cone, a considerable amount of space is left between its circumference and the 'candle.'

For a new 'candle' two tablespoonfuls of paraffin are poured into the socket, and after standing for ten minutes the 'candle' can be lit. Less oil is needed for future charges, and it will soak into the already damp cotton-wool in two minutes. Clipped on to the top of the 'candle' is a truncated cone of tin, with an opening at one side; this protects the flame from draughts while projecting the light where it is wanted. For reading or carrying on work in a sickroom this is of advantage; but the cone can be instantly removed if a more diffused light is desired.

PLASTIC WOOD.

We have long been familiar with artificial stone, which, after being poured into moulds in a liquid state, hardens into blocks having similar characteristics to the natural material. Attempts have also been made, with some measure of success, to produce synthetic wood. The latest development in this direction is plastic wood, which can be moulded into whatever form is required, and quickly hardens into a strong, hard material, closely resembling wood in that it will take tacks or nails, can be sawn, planed, or chiselled, and the surface, after being sandpapered, may be stained, varnished, or polished. If spread on clean, dry wood or metal the material takes a firm hold, and when dry it is waterproof. Building up by thin layers, each being allowed to harden before the next is applied, is recommended. Many uses for this material will suggest themselves to every one—the repair of wooden objects, for instance, the filling up of cracks, the reshaping and repairing of the wooden lasts used by shoemakers, and as a stopping for wooden heels. It should also prove invaluable for shaping patterns from which moulds are to be made for metal castings.

A NEW GAS RADIANT HEATER.

The open fire is appreciated in this country not only because it has such a cheerful appearance, but also because it gives out radiant heat, which warms directly the persons or objects on which it impinges. This method of heating, it should be noted, is quite distinct from that characteristic of radiators or closed stoves, which warm the air first, and then surrounding objects by means of this heated air. Most gas-fires give out radiant heat; but the portable gas heater is more often designed to warm the air first than to heat directly objects and persons around it. An ingenious type of portable gas heater has, however, recently made its advent, which gives out almost all its heat in radiant form. This result is rendered possible by the use of what are known as Vitreosil tubes, upon which the flames from Bunsen burners are caused to impinge. Vitreosil, it may be explained, is a preparation of fine silica, fused in the electric furnace by a special process, and is used in making the globes unbreakable by heat described in our issue for April 1921. The heater now being described consists of two polished, nickel-plated end castings, in form somewhat resembling the sole of a shoe, although very much larger. These are placed vertically with the 'heel' at the bottom, and between them is a cage of copper wire, while a gas-pipe passes across the lower part of the heater. Above this pipe are five Bunsen burners, the flames from which impinge upon a number of horizontal Vitreosil tubes, these being brought to a bright yellow heat which radiates in all directions. The tubes are practically indestructible by fire, no damage accruing even if water be poured upon them when white-hot. It is by means of the tubes that the carbon is burnt up which would otherwise pass into the air unconsumed. The gas-pipe and the Bunsen burners are housed in a sheet of polished copper, through which only the tops of the burners project. This feature, together with the nickel-plated polished ends, gives the heater a handsome appearance. Being capable of connection to a gas-supply by means of a flexible tube, it can, of course, be moved from room to room, or placed in any desired position.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING BY WIND-POWER.

Under the above heading a description was given in the Christmas Number of this Journal of a dynamo which was driven by a wind-impeller mounted directly upon the armature spindle, thus dispensing with the usual gearing for multiplying the speed of a big, slow-turning windmill. An important improvement has, however, been made in this device since the above-mentioned note was written. Most readers of *Chambers's Journal* will be sufficiently familiar with the generation of electricity for lighting to know that the machines used for this purpose consist of a stationary part, known as the 'field magnets,' and a rotor, generally referred to as the 'armature,' the revolutions per minute of the latter determining the strength of the current produced. The improvement referred to consists in mounting the field magnets on a spindle, and fitting them with a second wind-impeller, which rotates in the opposite direction to the armature. This gives the same effect as rotating the armature alone at a higher speed, and produces roughly twice the amount of electricity. The impeller for the armature is at one end of the machine, and that for the field magnets at the other. A minor modification is the mounting of three machines on the ends of three tubular steel bars radiating from a common centre, where they are welded to a steel upright. This upright is continued downwards into a swivelling head, which is fitted with contact rings and brushes to transmit the current to the stationary support without having to use loose cables, which might eventually twist up. At the back of the three-bar frame is a tail which keeps the machines

always pointing into the wind. In other respects the equipment is as described in the previous note, one machine being fitted with an automatic device which connects the lighting-battery only when all three are running fast enough to charge it, disconnecting it again when the wind becomes too light. The dynamos, therefore, go on working day and night without any attention when there is any wind. All bearings are of the ball type, which require oiling only at long intervals; the dynamos, like those used for train-lighting, give the same pressure over a big range of speed after the maximum charging current is reached. The apparatus is supported by a vertical tube, which may either be sunk in the ground or mounted upon the roof of a building.

A GRAVITY-FED WICKLESS OIL-STOVE.

Much inventive talent has been expended upon the wickless oil-stove, generally known as the 'Primus,' from the name of the first to come into extensive use. In this type of stove the paraffin is forced by compressed air through a vaporising-tube to a jet, where it burns with a blue flame which impinges upon the vaporiser. As the paraffin must be vaporised before it will burn at the jet, the vaporiser has to be heated by methylated spirit before the stove will work. When the vaporiser is hot enough, air is pumped into the upper part of the container, and this forces the paraffin up the central tube, which extends to the bottom. This type of stove has been remarkably successful, but it has several drawbacks. One is the roaring noise made by the jet; another is the clogging-up of the vaporiser with carbon, which cannot be scraped out owing to the convolutions of the tube. Thirdly, there is some risk of the container bursting. Finally, methylated spirit is required for starting the stove. All of these drawbacks have been overcome in a wickless stove of recent invention. It consists of a base bearing some resemblance to a gas-ring, and having bars at the top in the form of a cross to support a cooking utensil. Mounted at one side of the base is a tubular pillar which carries a paraffin-container at a height of about 8 inches. Near the bottom of the pillar a needle-valve closes an opening into a horizontal vaporising-tube, which passes along beneath one of the cross-bars to the opposite side of the base, where it curves round downwards to a jet in a Bunsen-tube pointing towards the centre of the base. The container has a filling-plug in the top which is extended downwards through the paraffin in the form of a trough packed with asbestos. To heat the vaporiser, the trough, in which the asbestos has become saturated with paraffin, is drawn out of the container by unscrewing the plug, and laid under and parallel with the vaporising-tube. A match is then applied, and the paraffin flames up round the vaporiser. After a minute the trough is replaced in the container, and paraffin is admitted through the needle-valve, whence it passes along the vaporiser, to be turned into vapour and to issue at the jet. But instead of burning at this point, it draws in air, as in a gas-ring jet, and rises through a gauze diaphragm under the cross-bars, where it burns with a clean, intensely hot, blue flame. In the vaporising-tube are a number of fine steel wires which are attached to a screw-plug at the base of the pillar. These regulate the flow of paraffin by capillary action. When deposits of carbon clog up the vaporiser, these wires can be drawn out by the screw and cleaned, while the tube being straight, the scraping out of the carbon offers no difficulty. Lastly, the flame makes no noise, and there is no risk of explosion, as the container is quite clear of any source of heat, and is not under pressure.

A COMBINED LAMP AND STOVE.

Most of our readers will admit that a paraffin-stove that can be used alternatively as a lamp is something of a novelty. As a stove, this appliance closely resembles the 'silent' Primus, being of the wickless pressure type. The paraffin is vaporised by the heat of the flame, the hot, inflammable vapour issuing from a very fine jet, whence it passes through rings and baffles, to burn with an intensely hot blue flame. A brass container at the bottom has an air-space above the paraffin, and is charged by means of a small air-pump to a considerable degree of pressure. As the vertical pipe to the vaporiser extends to the bottom of the container, the paraffin is forced up to the burner. An important difference between this stove and the Primus, however, is that it has a straight pipe vaporiser, from which the carbon deposit which gradually accumulates can readily be scraped at intervals as required, whereas it is exceedingly difficult to clean the convoluted vaporiser of the Primus. Separate stoves and incandescent lamps have been made on this principle for years, but their combination is a recent development. To give the appliance a handsome appearance as a lamp, the container is of a more pleasing form than that usually associated with a stove, and, of course, is made of polished brass. With the same end in view, the vaporiser is screened by a polished-brass inverted cone, at the top of which is a ring. On this there may be placed at will a radial grid to carry a cooking utensil, or the fittings for a mantle burner and a support for an ornamental lamp-shade. Moreover, these accessories can be changed about in a few seconds. It is claimed that the lamp gives a light of 150 candle-power for less than ½d. an hour, while stoves of this type have long since proved themselves to be highly efficient. It may be observed that all pressure lamps make a slight buzzing sound, and the lamp-stove described above is no exception to

this rule. Against this drawback, however, must be set a brilliant light, and perfect cleanliness, owing to the absence of a wick.

A CHAIR-BACK TROUSERS-PRESS.

No man with a reputation for being well dressed has achieved this distinction, or can maintain it, without a trousers-press. Most of us, however, who use this appliance will agree that it is awkward to handle, and cumbrous to stow away in a drawer or elsewhere. These drawbacks are avoided in a press which is incorporated in the back of a bedroom chair. The press is of the type which has a hinged flap at each side, and in this case the hinges are screwed to the chair uprights. On one of these there are also fixed two screws, on each of which the end of a cross-bar is pivoted. These cross-bars are not screwed against the press, as in the ordinary pattern, but are caused to perform their functions in a novel and ingenious manner. The better to explain this, let us suppose the trousers to have been placed in position, and the hinged flaps to have been closed. The cross-bars swing round in a vertical plane, and when brought across the press their free ends drop into clips on the opposite upright. As they are being swung down they engage with curved metal strips on the back of each flap, the curves being arcs of circles described from the fulcrum screws as centres. By this means the flaps are pressed in against the trousers. As this press forms part of the chair, it is very easy to operate; moreover, the top of the trousers can be pulled down over the front of the chair-back to give a stretching action after the bottom cross-bar is closed and while the top one is being swung down. Double knuckle hinges are fitted to the flaps, so that they can take several pairs of trousers. Both chairs and presses are well made and handsome in appearance, the wood being polished, and all the metal parts nickel-plated. The appliance is obtainable in several different woods, the prices being little more than those charged for first-class presses, so that the chairs are almost 'thrown in.'

AN INTERESTING FORECAST.

We have recently been given a sight of an interesting letter, dated 27th March 1843, written by Dr Edward Binns, who resided in London at the time, and was the author of a volume, *Anatomy of Sleep*. The letter was addressed to his friend Dr Deas, a surgeon serving in the Royal Navy, and the brother of a distinguished Scottish judge. In the course of his epistle Dr Binns says: 'The new patent *flying-machine* starts for Liverpool early next month. The patentee calculates that he will reach India in *four days*—at the rate of 100 miles the hour! When do you think your steamship will do that? Those who have been permitted to see the model declare there is no doubt whatever of aerial travelling being established between New York and Liverpool, when forty-eight hours, or, at most, fifty-six, will be the length of the voyage. We live in strange times!' Although the patentee's calculations were falsified at the time, the letter is at least interesting as an indication of what some people considered might be possible even eighty years ago.

A USEFUL CREAM FOR MOTORISTS AND CYCLISTS.

A correspondent writes: 'Few things are more distasteful to the private driver of a motor-car or a motor-cycle than the grimy condition of the hands after overhauling the machine, either in the garage or by the wayside. This trouble can easily be remedied by always having available a small tin of cream prepared according to the following recipe. The ingredients necessary for a supply sufficient to last for a whole season are 1 lb. of cremogen, 4 oz. of benzol, 6 drams of borax, and 4 pints of tepid water. The cremogen should be melted with the help of as little heat as possible, the temperature not being allowed to exceed, say, 110° F. The borax having been dissolved in the tepid water, the solution should be added, a little at a time, to the melted fat, which should be stirred thoroughly till all the solution has been absorbed. That this stage has been reached will be shown by the resultant snow-white cream adhering to the sides of the vessel. When the cream is cool, the benzol should be added, and mixed well in. Prepared in this way, an excellent detergent cream is obtained, which not only effectively cleanses the hands, but may be used for polishing furniture or the paint-work of a cycle or a car. An excellent toilet-cream may be prepared on similar lines by omitting the benzol and introducing some synthetic perfume or essential oil. Thus from the same stock-pot there may be produced both a valuable detergent and a fragrant toilet-cream. Cremogen, it may be observed, is the trade-name of a hydroxylised petroleum which is extensively used in the manufacture of pomades and creams.'

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (*a*) a reply post-card, or (*b*) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

**** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

For its return in case of ineligibility, a stamped and directed envelope (or postage-stamps) should accompany every manuscript.

To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE ADVENTURES OF AN UNROMANTIC GENTLEMAN.

By W. H. Morris.

CHAPTER THE FIRST: *Introduces the Unromantic Gentleman and certain other Characters who are to figure in this Narrative.*

ON an October evening, in the year 1651, two men were seated in a small, oak-wainscotted room, in a hostelry not far from where the Jack Straw's Castle Hotel, Hampstead, now stands. One was a tall, thin man, sour-featured, his close-cropped hair just touched with gray. He wore a stiff leather coat reaching nearly to the heavy riding-boots which ascended to above his knees; and in his hands he held a wide-brimmed sugar-loaf hat. His companion was a strongly built man, in the prime of life, clad in similar attire, save that he wore an embroidered shoulder-belt, and was girt about the waist with a large red sash. His face was not handsome; but it was of the type that bespeaks resolution and sagacity, the jaw being firm, and the brow broad, and slightly bulging. His physiognomy did not belie his character, for he was one of the greatest men this country has ever produced—Oliver Cromwell.

'Colonel Win-the-Fight Jenkins,' said the General to his companion, 'I have sent for thee to instruct thee in work of a delicate nature. Nigh Faversham, in the county of Kent, there is a mansion called Beverley Hall, once the property of an intransigent malignant, Sir Rupert Beverley, but now forfeited to the Commonweal for Sir Rupert's defiance of Parliament. Sir Rupert took part in the rebellion that was crushed at Worcester, and thereafter fled overseas. The Parliamentary sequestrators have entered into possession of the mansion, pending its final disposal. Now, colonel, it hath come to my notice, from a trusty friend, that there have been strange happenings in the neighbourhood of the mansion; of men coming and going by night. I do suspect that the house is being used in some way as a centre for Royalist plots. You will, therefore, ride at once to Beverley Hall, and take over command of the troops quartered in the neighbourhood. Here'—handing him a sealed packet—'are papers giving you all the authority you require. Station a reliable man in Faversham, and let him keep you posted with such untoward events as he may observe in the town. Keep a careful watch over the outgoings and the ingoings of all who live at the Hall, that none may leave the place without your knowledge and permission. In particular, colonel, watch the serving-wenches, for remember: "All wickedness is but little to the wickedness of a woman."'

'Your Excellency,' the other replied, speaking in a harsh voice, and with something of a nasal accent, 'I will be circumspect and ever watchful; the light of my watch shall burn brightly, even as did the lamps of the wise virgins. And I hope it may be given unto me to discover whatever fresh evil the servants of the Man of Blood do plot against us, lest otherwise they prevail, and cause more bloody disorders within the bowels of this Commonweal. Alas! that the Young Man did escape us after we smote him and his hosts at Worcester, else had he been brought before the judges of the nation to answer for his sinfulness and pride, even as did his father.'

Win-the-Fight Jenkins might have delivered himself of a long harangue on the subject, for he was a man who took much pleasure in holding forth, in metaphorical language, concerning the iniquity of the Stuarts. But the Lord-General cut him short by bidding him good-day, at the same time ringing a small hand-bell. The colonel rose at this hint, saluted, and left the room with a heavy step.

To the orderly who answered the bell Cromwell said, 'Ask Master Russell to attend upon me.'

The orderly saluted, withdrew, and presently ushered in a well-proportioned young man, standing some six feet in height. His countenance was of a serious, though not sour, type. He was clad in a plain cloth suit, wore a broad linen band round his neck, and a tall steeple hat on his head. This he removed as he entered the General's room. By his side hung a long rapier, or tuck, as it was called.

The General motioned him to the chair just vacated by Win-the-Fight Jenkins, and said,

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

'Colonel William Makepeace Russell—for such I shall continue to call you, though you have relinquished your command—I have ever held you to be a sagacious man, and one who has the weal of this unhappy country at heart. Therefore have I sent for you, to ask of you a favour.'

'Your Excellency,' said Russell, speaking in a slow, deliberate fashion, 'I am ever ready to serve the Commonweal, or you; even though I had hoped to take my ease now that the rebellion is crushed.'

'"A faithful friend is the medicine of life,"' quoted the General; then went on: 'Colonel Russell, I have received information concerning a fresh conspiracy for the overthrowing of the Commonweal. I need your help in learning more.'

'What is it your Excellency requires of me?' Colonel Russell asked.

'Two Royalists, John Beverley and a Captain Hawtrey,' said the General, 'were recently discovered in the neighbourhood of Faversham. As it was known that both were bitter enemies of the Parliament, and had fought for the Young Man at Worcester, an attempt was made to apprehend them. Both escaped, and I have reason to believe that Beverley is even now hidden at Beverley Hall, a mansion some three or four miles from Faversham. Search hath failed to discover him, yet I suspect that he is still hidden in the neighbourhood of the house, plotting fresh mischief. His companion, Captain Hawtrey—a besotted knave, half-highwayman, half-cavalier—escaped to London, where he took refuge in Alsatia. Thence he wrote to Sir Rupert Beverley, father of John, and as bitter an enemy of the Commonweal as the son, informing him that the plan had temporarily gone astray, and that John Beverley had been captured. He went on to say that he hoped to effect his rescue, so soon as the chase after himself had died down; and concluded by urging the knight himself to come to England to assist in the execution of the plan, since he, Hawtrey, "knew not the secret of the labyrinth"'—the last words Cromwell read from one of the papers which lay on the table at his elbow.

'This letter,' the General continued, 'was intercepted by a trusty servant of mine, and, after I had seen it, forwarded to Sir Rupert Beverley, who is at present in Paris. Careful watch was kept over Hawtrey, and so soon as he received a reply he was arrested, and thrown into jail.

'The letter written to him by Sir Rupert stated that the writer was too ill to make the journey, but that his daughter Anne, who was fully cognisant of the plot, would shortly come to England. She knew the secret of the labyrinth, and could give Hawtrey all the information necessary for the happy consummation of the plot. She would land at Brighthelmstone, the letter concluded, where Hawtrey might meet her without any suspicions being aroused.

'Now, colonel, the wench hath never seen this Captain Hawtrey. If, therefore, you meet her, and represent yourself as being Hawtrey, you should learn from her, without difficulty, the nature of the conspiracy. Thus we shall be able to thwart the plotters. Here is the captain's signet-ring, and here the letter written to him by Sir Rupert, wherewith you can convince her that you are indeed the captain. Will you do this?'

''Tis a task, General,' answered Russell, 'that I like not.'

'Consider,' said Cromwell, 'that if the conspiracy mature through our ignorance of it, it will cause fresh bloodshed, and menace the safety of the Commonweal.'

'But surely, your Excellency,' urged Russell, 'you have many other men that might execute this task. And how can I hope to play the part of this libertine, Captain Hawtrey?'

Cromwell smiled at the idea of the demure young man playing the part of a libertine, and answered, 'I have chosen you, colonel, because the wench is a well-known beauty at the French Court, and hath turned the heads of many men. Many men there are who have your wit, but not your disregard for women. You will be proof against her blandishments. Others would be snared by her beauty.'

'You speak truly, General,' said the young man, with a sigh. 'I am interested only in my studies, which the rebellion interrupted, and to which I have just returned. I have been fortunate enow, your Excellency, to find an ancient manuscript, written by one Paracelsus, a chemist, wherein are described many interesting investigations into the nature of substances, which I desire to repeat. "Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird," as saith Scripture. Even an amorous man would not suffer himself to be tricked by this woman's wiles, knowing to what end she exercised her artful caresses upon him.'

The General smiled again, as he replied, 'Your knowledge of womankind is not great, colonel. You are the only available man I can trust. Will you do what I desire, for the good of the Commonweal?'

'Yes,' said Russell, with another sigh; 'since you declare that there is none other suitable to perform the task, I will undertake it. But I cannot play the part of the Cavalier, I fear; I cannot use profane and blasphemous language, nor drink myself stupid on strong liquors, nor play the courtier to ladies. Nor can I bring myself to wear the ungodly garments in which these swashbucklers dress.'

'Nor need you, colonel,' answered the General, with another brief smile. 'You can go dressed as you are, and represent yourself as disguised as a Puritan.'

Colonel Russell looked immensely relieved at this, and said, 'I am glad, your Excellency. Yet I like not this business. Much as I dislike

brawling, I would rather fight at Worcester again than cross wits with this woman.'

'You are a man of discretion, colonel,' said the General encouragingly. 'And I doubt not you will overcome the wiles of this modern Delilah. Here is a portrait of her, that you may be in no doubt that you accost the right woman.' And he handed the young man a small locket. That done, he picked up a sheaf of papers; said, 'God be with thee, colonel, and direct thee, that thou mayst bring this matter to a happy conclusion'; and began to study the papers, as a sign that the interview was at an end. Colonel Russell sighed, and rose and left the room.

So soon as his footsteps died away Cromwell rang his bell, and said to the orderly, 'Send in Joshua Gunter.'

To the stout, heavy jowled man who shortly afterwards entered the room he said, 'Colonel Russell hath undertaken the commission. Follow him, and report what happens.'

Gunter bowed, and withdrew.

CHAPTER THE SECOND: *Tells how Colonel Win-the-Fight Jenkins came to Beverley Hall.*

ON leaving Cromwell, Colonel Win-the-Fight Jenkins made his way downstairs, and entered a large room wherein a number of Parliamentary soldiers, wearing, some steel corselets and caps, and others red or buff coats, were smoking and talking. Beckoning to one of the soldiers, who rejoiced in the euphonic name of Kill-sin Thompson, Jenkins said, 'Bid Cornet Marlowe arrange for six troopers to accompany me at once; then go prepare our horses for the road.'

Having issued these orders, he walked sedately out of the room, into a small chamber adjoining it, which was reserved for officers, and there engaged in a discussion of some obscure theological point with a colleague until his escort was ready. Then he left the house, and mounting, led the little troop southwards, through London, and along the Dover Road.

Early the following morning Colonel Win-the-Fight Jenkins and his men rode into the little market-square of Faversham. Jenkins stopped one of the Roundhead soldiers, with whom the town seemed to be full, and bade the man direct him to Beverley Hall. Following the directions which the man gave, Jenkins and his troopers presently found themselves approaching a pair of large iron gates, set in a massive Gothic arch, surmounted by the arms of the Beverleys. Gravely acknowledging the salute of the musketeer on guard, Jenkins rode along a grass-grown drive, shaded by an avenue of noble oaks. At length the drive turned sharply eastward, and the cavalcade came in sight of a fine Tudor mansion, with a fretted front and lofty gables, quaint stacks of chimneys and fanciful vanes, and great oriel windows, richly ornamented with carvings. Passing by what had once been a delightfully formal garden — now overgrown with weeds and rank grass, whilst its yews, once cut into various grotesque shapes, now grew as they pleased — Jenkins and his men halted outside the great, carved oak door which gave admittance to the hall; and the colonel ordered one of the guards who stood at the entrance to announce his arrival to the captain of the guard. Before the sentry could carry out this order, a young officer appeared at the hall door, and saluted Jenkins.

'Captain Bartlett,' said the colonel, 'I am come to take over command of the troops quartered in and about this house.'

'Indeed, sir,' answered the captain, whose physiognomy did not indicate either great moral or mental strength, 'I am glad to be relieved of responsibility, and to have a man of your experience to direct me; for there have been strange and unnatural things happen in this house since I have been here.'

By this time he and the colonel were walking across the hall, Jenkins having instructed his escort to report to a junior officer. 'What mean you, Captain Bartlett?' the colonel asked.

'Well, sir,' answered the other in a low, awed voice, 'Sir Rupert's domestics affirm that this place is haunted. 'Tis my belief, sir, that they are right. Indeed, it would not be strange if all these ancient houses were the abode of evil things, since many iniquitous deeds have been committed within them.'

'You speak with wisdom as regards these Cavalier mansions,' replied Win-the-Fight Jenkins; 'but in what form hath the Evil One manifested himself here?'

'By all manner of routings and knockings and groanings about the house at dead of night, colonel,' the younger officer replied. 'Sometimes our sentries have heard the rattling of chains, or the sound of hideous laughter; yet they have seen naught on these occasions. Cornet Giles doth affirm that he hath seen the Devil himself, on divers occasions, in this house; and doth declare that he was coal-black, save for his red eyes and his blue-tipped horns, and that he smelt strongly of fire and brimstone. And Be-Faithful Smith and Weep-not Adams have both seen headless creatures, who have advanced towards them with gibberings and menacing gestures, but have fled before scriptural quotations.' *

'Of a truth, Captain Bartlett, this is a serious matter,' said Jenkins.

---

* In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in England the belief in Satanic manifestations was very strong, especially among the fanatics in the Parliamentary army. Educated men firmly believed that from time to time the Devil made his appearance on the earth, and was responsible for much mischief.

'Yes, sir,' the captain agreed. 'It hath so troubled my men that I have been obliged to put them on guard at night in pairs.'

Win-the-Fight was silent a while; then his natural shrewdness conquered his superstitious nature, and he suggested, 'Mayhap, captain, these demons are but wicked men, servants of the young man, Charles Stuart, who do seek to frighten us for the furtherance of their evil plots.'

Captain Bartlett shook his head, and answered, 'I think not, colonel, for wherever a devil hath manifested his presence we have made careful search, yet have we failed to discover any trace of human presence.'

Jenkins made no reply, and in silence the two men ascended the wide staircase which led to the upper storeys of the mansion, and turned down the corridor, at the end of which was situate the captain's private room. As they passed a door, a low, horrible burst of laughter sounded on the other side. Captain Bartlett blanched and started away in terror; but Jenkins was made of sterner stuff, and drawing his sword, he flung open the door, and entered the room. There was no one in it; nor could the colonel discover any sign of a secret exit, although he tapped every foot of the walls and floor, and even climbed on the furniture and struck the ceiling with his sword-hilt in the hope of detecting the hollow ring that would have revealed a trap-door.

Having made this futile examination, he rejoined his companion, saying, 'Of a truth do I think that this house is the abiding-place of evil spirits. Yet'—raising his voice, and looking all about him—'do I defy them! They shall in no way frighten me, for I am clad in the garment of righteousness, and in my hand is the sword of godliness, and though Hell yawned and spewed forth a legion of imps—yea, though Lucifer and Beelzebub held revels here, yet would I go out against them, and put them to flight with the word of the Lord; even as David slew the giant Goliath with a pebble. And if they be gathered here to assist their associates, those misguided men who serve the son of the Man of Blood, and if those servants be within hearing, I do conjure them not to seek to come to their ends through the exercise of spells and the use of imps, for, rather than that they should prevail against me and the Commonweal, I would consume this house with fire.'

The fanatical old soldier listened for a while, as though he expected a reply to these words. But none was vouchsafed, and he turned and stalked down the corridor, followed by Captain Bartlett, whose face had turned sickly white.

(*Continued on page 442.*)

THE QUEEREST FOODS IN THE WORLD.

By BASSETT DIGBY, F.R.G.S., F.Am.G.S.

I.

IF you travel much, you realise the truth of the old saw that tells us 'One man's meat is another man's poison'—at any rate, his strong aversion. We think the Chinese are pigs for eating salted dried rats and smelly old eggs, and the Chinese think us pigs for eating salted butter and smelly old cheese. In Siberia the people enjoy mare's milk, but won't touch hare, deeming its relation to the domestic pussy too close. We enjoy woodcock, but the Scandinavians consider its flesh unwholesome, as that bird has no crop. The French, or quite a lot of them, recoil with disgust at the notion of eating eels, as most of us do at the idea of eating frogs and snails.

I have made something of a study of man's taste in food, and it seems to me that as time goes on, and the world's supply of animal food decreases, we humans become more and more faddy and finicky over our diet. In Britain, for instance, numerous beasts, birds, and fishes that commonly came to table a century or two ago are never seen, or survive only at the humble board of the cottager.

There is no doubt at all that the most faddy feeders are the most civilised. It is not a mere matter of 'where hunger drives,' however. Famine is always lurking in China, where men eat anything that creeps, runs, flies, crawls, or swims. But in India, the vast Arctic plains of northern Siberia, and in other regions, men will perish rather than entertain the Chinaman's broad views on dietary. Despite a proneness to famine hardly less than China's, India, with her strict caste system, furnishes probably the most striking example in the world of rigid restrictions of dietary. The Australian 'black fellow,' again, lives a simple life, naked and feeding from hand to mouth, but his clubs and spears and his understanding of the potentialities of fire, and the abundance of fish, flesh, and fowl in usually quite accessible hunting-grounds, do not seem to provide him with an adequate excuse for much of his repulsive, wormy diet. 'But why "repulsive"?' asks the Cantonese. 'You don't mind mites in your gorgonzola. Why look too closely into our dried and flattened mice?' One cannot be didactic. It all depends on the point of view.

Well, I'll tell you about some of the items of *Homo sapiens's* dietary which are not to be found in the pages of Mesdames Beeton and Glass. Pickled monkey, for example.

Pickled and roasted monkeys are eaten to-day by far more people than eat herrings. The flesh is white and juicy, and you might think it rabbit unless told to the contrary. You first have to scald the body to take off the hair. The result looks like a dead child. White men seldom eat it for this reason, though it is a favourite diet throughout tropical South America, China, Borneo, Ceylon, and West and Central Africa. Plucked monkeys, dangling in butchers' shops in Tokyo, were commonplaces a few decades ago. The etiquette of jungle travel, where white men's cookery is concerned, is to kick your cook until he remembers to lop off the monkey's head and hands before bringing it to table. In West and Central Africa tender young monkeys are pickled by the natives. Highly seasoned and spiced, they are stewed in a jar, which is then sealed with a cap of clay, and put away in the larder as a delicacy for high occasions.

The story of the small boy who retorted that 'there ain't goin' to be no core' comes to one's mind when discussing ducks as a culinary feature in China, as does the proud claim of the Chicago stockyards that of their hogs led to the slaughter everything is utilised but the squeal. When a duck is sacrificed to the table in China 'there ain't no core,' and everything but the quack is used. The beak, the tongue, the feet, and the entrails are smoke-dried, varnished, and hung up in neat clusters at the food shop or booth, much as you see little bunches of sage and other herbs decorating the threshold of our own provision-shops.

Live centipedes—big fellows, too—are eaten by the Indian tribes of the Amazon basin. Humboldt, for instance, saw children lay hold of the tip of a yellowish tail disappearing down a hole, drag out a huge, yellow, very leggy centipede, eighteen inches long and three-quarters of an inch broad, and eat it.

Drunken snails were a Roman delicacy. A big species, *Helix pomatia*, was kept on wine-soaked bran, in special fattening-cages, where the molluscs remained tipsy for some days before they were wanted for the table.

Lizards are eaten alive in Guatemala to cure cancer. Dead, and cooked, they are eaten in many parts of the world. Practically all South American natives enjoy them, and they are a prized article of diet with the Australian bushmen. Lizards usually have white flesh, tasting more like fowl than anything else. The Salempenta lizard of Guiana, which is amphibious and unpleasant to behold, is a favourite dish of the Indians. Pada lizard is popular in Burma, which is the chief reptile-eating country in Asia. Lizards are eaten by the Shangallas of the Abyssinian border, by the natives of Dahomey and other parts of Africa, and in China.

The huge goliath beetles of South America and West Africa are roasted and eaten by natives. Turkish women frequently eat the cockroach, *Blaps sulcata*, cooked in butter, considering it fattening. And beetles are eaten in East Africa.

As to the elephant, the toes of that interesting animal, pickled in vinegar and liberally spiced with cayenne-pepper, are a great delicacy in Ceylon. Elephant is eaten wherever it occurs. I find, too, that it was eaten in China until about seventy years ago, lumps of the flesh, packed in casks of salt, being brought thither from Cambodia and Siam. In the siege of Paris by the Germans in the Franco-Prussian War, the elephant from the Jardin des Plantes was sold as food at from ten to forty-five francs a pound, according to what cut you wanted. The best cuts of elephant, in the opinion of the African native, are the trunk and the paws. The layers of fat round the intestines are especially prized by the Bechuanas. Three or four men go inside the elephant with knives, to hack it off and pass it out. Elephant-flesh is popular in northern India. Galton found the natives in Central Africa eating a kind of elephant haggis that they called *beetee*, consisting of the big beast's heart, lungs, blood, tender flesh, and fat, chopped up and poured into a bag made of the stomach. Hung from a slanting stake, this was roasted over a fire. Galton adds that it was best not to heat it too abruptly, or it burst and made quite a mess.

Nourishing sweets, in which was incorporated blood of hogs, sheep, oxen, and cows, were shown by an exhibiter at the Crystal Palace Exhibition of '51, but they were a 'frost.' People made a wry face and passed on.

II.

Kippered rats, dried and flattened, are a standard article of diet in China. Often you can identify them only by the characteristic teeth. Rats were extensively eaten in the siege of Paris. The Southals of Bengal eat them, as do millions of people in East Africa, the Polynesian Islands, and elsewhere. During the siege of Kars rats fetched high prices. Spiced rats are eaten in the West Indies. When they feed in sugar-cane plantations they are found in fine condition. The negroes make them into fricassee. The natives of Brazil like rats; so do the Australian bushmen, who catch them in grass snares. The Chinese love rat soup, and pay as much for it as for oxtail soup. In the picturesque days of '49 the Chinese gold-diggers in California ate, as an especial delicacy, a dish of rat brains, with garlic and aromatic seeds. Casks of salted rats are sent all over China by provision merchants. The Chinese kippered rats have first to be soaked in water before being prepared for table by roasting, boiling, or frying. Dr Kane and his crew, when short of food on their expedition in the Arctic, ate the ship's rats. Dr Kane himself

usually preferred them as soup. He wrote in a passage of his diary: 'Our diet will be only a stock of meat biscuit, to which I shall add for myself a few rats chopped up and frozen into tallow balls.'

A fine old sailor was the late Rear-Admiral Beaufort. Cruising in H.M.S. *Woolwich*, he found his ship swarming with rats. Determined to get over the silly prejudice against them as food, he ordered those that were killed to be brought to his steward for selection, and served at table. He reports that the old grizzly rats tasted very strong, but that, spatchcocked and broiled, with plenty of salt and pepper, the hind-quarters were not bad. Still, prejudice was stronger even than the rats, and not a man managed to get down a mouthful without a long face. One can picture the indignant letters to *John Bull* and the *Daily Herald* were a modern commander to take such measures!

Chickens' tongues and unhatched chickens are Chinese delicacies; lamb wine, which is described as being very strong and having a disagreeable smell, is drunk by the Tatars; sloth is eaten on the island of Demerara, in the West Indies; a pale-blue mole and two mice were the tasty supper that Livingstone's guides gave him one night after crossing the Kasai. Mice are eaten more in Africa than elsewhere; they are a favourite dish of the Mambari, in the Borotse valley; Liberia is a country where they are eaten frequently. The Chinese eat mice.

You may be startled to see pink rabbits being sold in the bazaars of Singapore and the Malay archipelago. They are not naturally pink, however, but have been dyed to make them look pretty. White fowls there also are dyed pink.

Maggots, or insect grubs, chiefly the larvæ of beetles, are often devoured. That of the palm-tree snout-beetle is eaten by West Indian blacks, who call it *grou-grou*. It is popular with the Mauritius blacks, and the negroes of British Guiana fry it in a pan. Sometimes, however, they eat it raw, seizing it by the head, dipping it into lime-juice, and swallowing it. Smeathman describes this larva as being 'fat and clogging.' A fat white maggot, inhabiting dead timber, is a favourite dish of the Australian bushmen. It is eaten alive and whole, or roasted. The bushmen call them *bardi*. They are cream-coloured, as thick as a man's finger, and have a fragrant aromatic flavour. Bidwell, the botanist, tried one. 'They are about four inches long,' he says, 'and as thick as a finger. They inhabit the wood of gum-trees. I had often tried to taste one, but could not manage it. Now, however, hunger overcame my nausea. It was very good, but not, as I expected to find it, rich. It was only sweet and milky. The Australian aborigines are experts at finding its retreats, drawing it out by pushing a thin twig with a wooden hook at the end into its hole, and by this means dragging it out. This maggot-catching implement is worn behind the ear by the men, and is called *pileyah*, or *pirri*. Even cultured Chinamen like to eat the grubs that gnaw sugar-cane roots. They consider beetle and other grubs fine food for growing children. A species of grub found in decaying shrubs in Lower Burma is esteemed so highly, fried or roasted, that until a few years ago a big consignment was sent up to the ruling chiefs' tables at frequent intervals.'

Leopard makes good eating if the beast is young, the cut well selected, and the cooking skilful. It is eaten by natives where the beast occurs—in East Africa, Liberia, and elsewhere.

Lion, too, is extensively eaten from Rhodesia to Morocco. In its best cuts it tastes not unlike veal.

'Mermaid' is very good eating, unchivalrous as it sounds. You are probably aware that the mariners' 'mermaid' is that queer beast, the dugong or manatee. She has a human-shaped head and bust, and a habit of resting upright in the water. Half a mile away, or less, you would think it a man or a woman. The females suckle their young at the breast, holding the baby in their flippers. Now, if you were a poor superstitious sailorman, gazing moodily over the bulwarks of your barque, and trying to remember if you were six or seven thousand miles from shore, and out there, on the moonlit swell, you suddenly spotted a lady treading water and feeding her baby, you might be excused for believing in mermaids. (As a point of cold fact, though, the dugong does not live a great distance from land, but hangs around shallows and river-mouths.) The 'mermaid' reaches a length of seven or eight feet, with hide an inch or more thick. It is a graminivorous creature. The Australian 'black fellow' hunts it with harpoons in shallow water, where it comes to browse on the grass banks, and with its long protruding lips plucks off the thin blades of grass, which could not be kept in the mouth were it not that the roof is covered with short, bristly hairs. The meat is very nourishing and tender. Some cuts are like veal, others like pork or fish. The fat has a pleasant smell, and tastes like the oil of sweet almonds. It is sometimes used by white settlers in northern Queensland as a butter substitute. The tail is very fat, and is usually pickled. The 'mermaid' occurs also in estuary shallows in the West Indies and South America, where it feeds on sea and river weed. The meat is found in the markets of Cayenne and of Port Royal. The Amazon natives smoke the 'mermaid' that they can't eat, as they have no salt for preserving her.

It is curious how white men, one and all, shudder at the revolting thought of eating pussy-cats. Even travellers who have eaten tiger, leopard, jaguar, and puma draw the line at their tender little sister. I've never met a man who has consciously eaten cat, yet any

man who has taken many meals at humble Continental restaurants is certain to have partaken of this camouflaged addition to the stew-pot. There is hardly a big Continental city that has not its professional cat-collectors, who sell the skin to furriers, and the meat to humble restaurateurs and sausage-factories. Run through a mincing-machine and mixed with a few scraps of cheap beef, it defies detection, finds ready sale at a low price, and no questions asked. Why any man who has ever spent two odoriferous minutes contemplating a pig-sty will clamour for his bacon, and would feel faint at the notion of eating cat, is one of life's unfathomable mysteries.

The Chinese have developed quite a finesse in cat-eating, deeming the black cat the finest-flavoured and most nourishing, and consuming little porcelain saucers of cat-eyes as an especially delicate *bonne bouche*. The Gaucho natives of South America like cat very much. Cats are eaten in East Africa.

Lap-dogs are reared for eating in West Londoland, in Africa; and the chiefs of the Warori, in Central Africa, dote on fattened dog. Sir Harry Johnston records that small breeds of dog are eaten in many regions of the interior of Liberia. During 1916 dog was extensively eaten in Germany and at Warsaw. It was eaten in the siege of Paris, when special markets for its sale were established. It is widely eaten in China and among the hairy Ainus of Sakhalin.

III.

Among other people who have found man pretty good eating was King Thakumbo of Mbau, in the Fiji Isles. He was quite a nice chap, too, being described by a man who met him fifty years ago as having 'a countenance not only void of ferocity, but expressive of good-humour.' Thakumbo had the dead bodies of his enemies hung upside-down in his larder. He used to visit the larder in the morning, and point with his club to the one he somehow fancied for the day's dinner. There is a hillock in the middle of his island on which is a mission-house, and below is the dancing-ground where, in Thakumbo's time, licentious and war dances were held, accompanied by the murder of prisoners and by cannibal feasts. The ground, smooth and hard from the tread of thousands of feet, is overshadowed by a great banyan-tree, into the thick trunk of which a slab of stone, four or five feet square, is sunk to form a sort of table. This tree is the old Akau Tabu, the Sacred Tree. Before the victims were cooked, sometimes even before their death, certain parts of the bodies used to be cut off and hung in the branches of this tree, which was sometimes simply loaded with this repulsive fruit. Behind the Sacred Tree is a row of slabs of stone, standing erect, with their lower ends embedded in the ground. One was used for dashing out the brains of the victims. Thakumbo, that genial monarch, had been known to amuse himself, before his conversion, by catching up by the heels the children of his enemies, and flinging them at the slabs with his own hands. He once cut out the tongue of a captive chief, who was using it to beg for a speedy death, and good-humouredly ate it before its owner's face. The coastal tribe of the island had a braining-stone like a milestone with a sharp top. The job was done in this way. The victim was seized by two men, one on each side grabbing a leg and an arm. They ran him along about a hundred yards like this, head foremost, finally barging him, head on, into the stone, and thus splitting his skull. Near the stone was a double row of raised slab seats, where the chiefs sat to direct and enjoy the killing.

Cannibalism apparently exists also in modern Ireland, or did until recently. A few years ago a placard in the window of an eating-house in the North Wall dock region of Dublin announced:

SAILORS' VITALS COOKED HERE.

Puaka balava (Long Pig) was the Fiji name for human flesh for the table. Women and slaves were forbidden it. All enemies killed in battle by the Fiji Islanders were eaten, as a matter of course. Human flesh was a *sine qua non*, too, at feasts given in honour of distinguished guests. For these feasts ladies of neighbouring tribes were kidnapped.

These kidnappings were managed very tactfully. The man in charge of arrangements for procuring this item on the feast menu was the king's head fisherman. If the lady's fellow tribespeople noticed the kidnapping, or heard piercing shrieks, missed a certain lady, and learned shortly afterwards that a lady had been eaten at a local feast, the king, to whom complaint was made, 'carpeted' the fisherman, and gave him a stormy verbal dressing-down before dismissing him from office. But after the affair had blown over, the deposed royal fisherman got his job back by publicly apologising for his little error in taste and judgment, and offering a propitiatory gift of whales' teeth.

Children were often offered to powerful chiefs for eating. More than one white traveller saw the canoe of Chief Tanza, after a condescending visit to Ovalau, returning to Mbau with the bodies of infants, offerings from the people of Levuka, ostentatiously displayed.

Legs, thighs, and arms were considered the best cuts by the Fiji Islanders, and are so considered by the Solomon Islanders of to-day. Women's flesh is preferred to men's, as being tenderer. Contrary to general belief, white man's flesh is not preferred, all other things being equal, as it is thought too salty. In some of the Fiji districts, when the 'Long Pig's'

limbs had been tied into a sitting posture, the body was opened, and roasted by red-hot stones being placed inside and around it. When ready, the body was emptied of its hot stones, dressed in the light apparel of the islands, the face painted red, a fuzzy wig placed on the head, a club or a fan put in the hands, and then the gentleman was carried off along jungle paths to distant friends of his cookers, as a gift.

Some years before Mariner settled among the Tonga Islanders, the bodies of three seamen belonging to a European ship, who had been killed in a row at Tonga, were cooked and eaten. The guests at that feast were all very sick, and three died. The probabilities were that something else had poisoned them, but, fortunately for the future safety of white men, the view was taken that the trouble was due to the foreigners' gods, who had thus avenged them. As a result, the eating of white men became very rare in the Tongas subsequently.

IV.

Alligator is sometimes good eating, sometimes not. At its best it reminds one of sucking-pig. It is eaten a good deal in Brazil. The small Malay alligator is eaten by the natives, who consider it good for their health. It is a feature of many of the native food-markets in the Philippines. Wallace had a chance of sharing a young roasted alligator which some Indians were having for dinner on the Rio Negro, 'but the musty odour was so strong that I finished my supper with gruel of mandioc.' The spectacled cayman, or jacare, of South America is often eaten, especially by the Paraguay Indians, who like its white flesh, although to a white man's palate this species is dry and coarse. The Trinidad blacks broil alligator cutlets, and enjoy them. Joseph, who tasted Trinidad alligator, found it very nice. Alligators are eaten in Dahomey and the Gold Coast, and by the Dyaks of Borneo. The tail is often palatable when the rest of the carcass is not.

Beef would not seem to be worthy of inclusion among odd and unusual foods, but that is only our bias. When Livingstone offered a cow's leg to a Cabango chief, he refused it, declaring that neither he nor his people ever ate beef. They considered that cattle belonged to the same domestic category as human beings, as they lived at home like men. Livingstone found other tribes to whom beef was a novel diet, though from different reasons. These blacks were true philosophers, with their own version of 'Possessions are the root of all evil.' This saw, translated into Equatorial African, ran: 'Oxen bring enemies and war.' Hence they refused to rear and keep cattle, though they ate beef if you offered them any. And the Hindu would as soon eat his grandmother as beef.

It all depends on the point of view. The Somalis won't eat any birds. The Liberians, over the other side of Africa, are just the contrary. They eat every sort of bird.

Strips of cattle-hide are the chewing-gum of Java. The Wanyika tribesmen, in British East Africa, churn up blood and milk, and drink it. The Abyssinians prefer their meat boiled, followed by a kind of dessert of raw beef. 'The Liberians,' says Sir Harry Johnston, 'even eat hides of creatures after removing the hair. This is one of the reasons why it is so difficult to obtain skins from the natives for natural history collections.'

The natives of West Africa and the Congo in general are so omnivorous as sometimes to be the despair of naturalists setting traps. Every collector finds that the blacks regard his line of jungle-traps as an altruistic labour-saving device for their benefit. All is grist that comes to their mill, from a leopard to a mouse.

Sea-slug, or Bêche-de-Mer, is a queer-looking beast, not unlike, and about the same size as, a crescent-shaped brush for scrubbing nails, with the bristles on the upper, instead of the lower, side. Sea-slugs, brined, and bamboo sprouts were my main diet when living in a Manchu inn at Tsitsikhar during the pneumonic plague. My fox-terrier liked them, taking each at a swallow; one noisy gulp, a blink of the eyes, a little wag of the tail, and the slug had gone. The Chinese and the Japanese are fond of them, and the Japanese preserve them in tins. Thirty-three varieties are eaten by the Chinese. The southern Chinese eat mainly the white and the black kinds, but the northerners eat the red and other less delicate species. One kind is dark brown and soft, leaving a red stain on your hands if you touch it. Another is speckly gray. Another is yellow, rough-skinned, with tubercles on its sides. The gray one is often eaten alive.

My Manchurian sea-slugs tasted too gluey to be palatable. Edward Barrington de Fonblanque was of opinion that the green sea-slug eaten in Japan tasted like 'an oyster fed upon train-oil!'

Prairie wolf is readily eaten by the West Canadian Indians. In a tender cut it is good.

The toucan, that queer, gaudily tailored fowl with the huge Semitic beak, is wholesome and delicious, though its flesh is blue. They eat it in Trinidad.

Lice, plucked from their own matted hair, are eaten by the hairy Ainus of Sakhalin, who 'crack them between their teeth like nuts,' as the Russian traveller, Golowin, graphically describes the process.

Yes, it is a lucky creature that is not eaten by man, somewhere or other. From the ada and the ahu to the yak and the zebra, practically every creature that swims, runs, flies, burrows, creeps, shuffles, or crawls on or under the earth is appearing at table this evening while you are eating your commonplace mutton-chop.

TALES OF THE ESKIMO.

II.—WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.

By Captain H. T. Munn.

I.

OLD Pud-lu came into my place one night with an air of mystery, and asked me to lock the door—my method of announcing 'Not at home'—as he had something to tell me. I had known the old man a long time, and liked him, even if many years of trading with the whale-ships and intercourse with white men had made him somewhat greedy and cunning. I did as he requested, and asked him what he wanted.

Untying the upper part of his *kamik*, or long boot, he produced a small parcel carefully tied in seal-skin, and opening it, placed before me a piece of quartz as big as a hen's egg, literally peppered with small nuggets of gold the size of buck-shot. The sample had obviously been broken off, and showed no sign of water action. 'Is that worth much?' he queried.

I explained to him that as it was I should give him nothing for it, but if there was plenty more to be found, it might be worth a great deal, and I would pay him well to show me the place. 'Who else has seen this or knows where you found it?' I asked.

Old Pud-lu shook his head and laughed. 'No other Innuit or white man has ever seen this or the place I found it,' he said, 'and I know it is that for which white men will give a great trade and will go far to seek; and if they find it, they will come with big ships and much coal and great machinery, and build many houses, and dig it up, and break it so'—he shook the ashes of his pipe into his hand (as a hint that it was empty)—'and get all the yellow metal away. And it is for this they get a great trade.'

'Who told you all this?' I asked, rather astonished.

'An-goil-len-nu, who died long before you came, spoke of it,' he said, 'and he knew the white man's country, and was wise beyond any Innuit who ever lived.'

'Well,' I inquired indifferently, 'what do you want to do? I will give you nothing for that stone, but if you will show me where you found it I will give you a good trade.'

'What will you give?' said the old man.

I thought it over a minute. It might be from a boulder or in place; probably the old rascal would fail to convince me he had ever found it; and equally probably, if he succeeded, it would be in some remote place and impossible to mine, even for ore as rich as this looked. 'How long will it take us to go there?' I asked.

'Ten sleeps,' was the reply; 'but we can see it only when the snow has gone and the rivers are running, in the Young Bird month [July] or later. You will have to walk five days on the land.'

'Can you show me more like this?' I demanded.

The old man made an expressive gesture of assent. 'Much more—very, very much more,' he replied.

It was idle to ask any further questions. Pud-lu would not know whether it was a mining proposition or not, and would not give me any clue as to its whereabouts unless I made a bargain with him. 'What do you want?' I asked.

The old man's eyes gleamed covetously, and he glibly enumerated a long list of things, from a new rifle to an enamel-ware cup, together with plenty of biscuit, coffee, molasses, and tobacco. I knew he had given the matter most careful thought, but, after all, a ten-pound note or so would cover his demands, and the sample as a specimen was worth almost that.

After an hour's bargaining and a few changes, more for the sake of appearances than for any difference it made to me, we agreed. Pud-lu stipulated nothing should be said to any of the other natives, and he promised to start as soon as the season was far enough advanced. It was well known to the natives that I was prospecting, and there was nothing unusual in my leaving for such a trip down the Baffin Land coast, where I had already made many others. Lest I should incite a gold stampede, I shall name no localities.

II.

We started along the coast in June, and, as Pud-lu had said, it took us ten days' travel before the sled arrived at the place where we were to leave the coast and journey inland for five sleeps. We had no trouble in feeding the dog-team, seals being in plenty on the ice at this season, and easy to obtain.

Our party consisted of Pud-lu, his old wife, his eighteen-year-old daughter Im-mak-kee, and myself. I wanted to leave the girl behind, but she was a good seal-hunter and sled-driver, and Pud-lu said she must come and take care of the camp in our absence.

An Eskimo has no conception of money. He cannot conceive how or why a certain number of pieces of circular metal should secure a wife or a box of tobacco, and his general conception of white men's methods is that they obtain all their trade goods for nothing, and then demand in exchange a lot of fur or of ivory (in itself of no value to the Eskimo, by the way). This, perhaps, applies only to the more primitive

folk I was amongst, and not to the Eskimo of Hudson Bay or the Labrador coast.

The snow was off the ice, and we found it pleasant travelling in the late June and early July days, pitching our tent on a hummock where the snow was still hard, and making long journeys in the constant daylight, the sled swinging along behind the well-fed dogs over the smooth ice at six or seven miles an hour; Im-mak-kee chattering happily, and cheering the dogs on as they sighted a distant seal, and broke into a gallop, in the vain hope of catching him before he slid down the hole over which he had been sleeping.

It was arranged that the women should remain at the coast, with all but four of the dogs and a spare rifle, when Pud-lu and I made our inland journey. The four dogs were enough for our requirements, and the old man said we should find plenty of deer on the way.

About three miles from the entrance of a fjord we went ashore, and leaving the sled—as the snow was now off the land—we pitched our camp one easy day's travel inland, Im-mak-kee surprising me by the cheerful ease with which she took a 120-lb. pack on her sturdy back.

We came to the fjord at a point, about fifteen miles from its mouth, where a small river entered. The fjord was clear of ice, this being caused, Pud-lu explained, by a very large river which came in at the head, cutting away the ice early in the summer. With seventy-five feet of net we had brought, we took, at the little river's mouth on two high-tides, enough salmon to feed us and the dogs for a week. Then, leaving the women well supplied, Pud-lu and I started our trip inland.

It took us a day to reach the head of the fjord, and here a large and turbulent river, from its colour evidently of glacial origin, foamed over the boulders into the sea. For the next two days we walked up a fine valley, its southern slopes green with young grass and dotted with little scarlet, blue, and yellow flowers of brilliant hue. Small herds of deer were feeding along the valley, and with the large patches of white snow in the gullies and the foaming river below, the whole scene was a gay and animated one in the bright sunshine, the high snow-capped mountains making a noble background.

Our pack-dogs felt the heat intensely, panting after us with lolling tongues, and eagerly lapping the water at the many rills running down the hillside. The third day we left the river—to cut a corner, Pud-lu explained—and once on the high tableland, I saw, about forty miles to the north, two fine twin peaks fully five thousand feet high, snow-clad, and gleaming in the sun. Between them was a very large glacier, evidently the source of the river we had followed. It was to this glacier we were going.

III.

Next day we came on the river, tumbling and foaming through a rocky gorge three hundred feet below us; and on the fifth day we camped about ten miles from the glacier, and I obtained my first good view of it. It was fully two miles wide by six or eight deep, and evidently comprised an enormous mass of ice, for it more than half-filled the great valley between the twin peaks. But the foot of the glacier instantly riveted my attention. In its very centre was what looked, from where I stood, like a vast black cavern. This, my binoculars told me, was the face of a cliff, about two hundred feet high by seven hundred to one thousand feet wide. On both sides it disappeared into the glacier, and at its centre a cataract of smoking water proclaimed that here the river had its source. The glacier faced due south, so I at once understood why the river always reached the sea and cut away the ice in the fjord earlier, as Pud-lu had said, than any other.

At the cliff's base were a few recently fallen enormous masses of ice, and Pud-lu informed me that till last summer this cliff had always been covered by the glacier. He said he and some friends were deer-hunting in the big valley when they heard a great noise, and later the river had suddenly almost dried up, then came down with a mighty rush, which nearly caught some of the party, and actually swept away a herd of deer feeding near the banks. The other natives had been frightened, and had returned to the fjord; but he was curious to see what had caused this phenomenon, and came up, to find the glacier had broken off from the edge of the cliff, filling the torrent with an immense mass of broken-up ice, and exposing for the first time the cliff, of the existence of which they had never known, though a few bolder natives had been to the foot of the glacier. I forgot to say that Pud-lu explained to me that the glacier had a bad reputation for spirits, owing to the strange noises heard there—the thunder of the hidden waterfall, no doubt—though *he* did not believe such foolish nonsense; he was a man, and not a child to be frightened by spirit talk. It was in the face of the cliff, Pud-lu said, that he had found the gold.

I could see instantly that as a mining proposition it would be enormously expensive, if possible at all. To work a vein in the cliff would entail the driving of an adit-tunnel at least a thousand feet from the glacier, which was obviously a very active one. The provision of a compressor and other machinery, fuel, supplies, and skilled labour would run into hundreds of thousands before anything could be prospected to justify a stamp-mill.

We pushed on to see the gold, which I was yet sceptical of finding, for I knew the old man was often a yarn-spinner. The foot of the

glacier was about five hundred feet beyond the cliff-face, and over the foot fell a cascade of water into the smoking cauldron below. A huge moraine was already formed before the resistless force of the advancing ice; over this we scrambled till we reached the broken end of the glacier-foot, where the steeply sloping rock was free from boulders. Over the edge of the cliff, pendulous and threatening, hung a vast mass of blue ice, curved downwards, with an icy stream dispersing into fine mist running from its outer edge, twenty or thirty feet away from the cliff-face. The noise of the cascade and the torrent made talking impossible, but Pud-lu pointed to the cliff-face to the right, and at the same time indicated the dangerous overhanging ice and the fallen masses, shaking his head.

There, sure enough, across the cliff-face and at a sharp angle, ran an immense vein of quartz, averaging fully twenty feet in width from its foot to where it disappeared under the overhanging ice. In spite of the old man's gestures of dissent and the warning of the recently fallen masses of ice, I ran through the curtain of mist caused by the dripping ice-edge overhead, and examined the vein closely.

Never, I believe, did miner's or prospector's eyes behold such an accumulation of wealth as I saw indicated. In places there seemed literally to be as much gold as quartz, and as far as the eye could follow it above and down to my feet, the yellow specks of metal gleamed and glistened in the wet white quartz—a veritable El Dorado, a miner's dream of riches uncountable.

And it was as useless to me, from a miner's point of view, as it was beautiful! In another year, probably less, the mighty glacier would take it again into its safe-keeping, and the centuries might roll by till the Utopian age arrived when gold was no longer a thing to desire, much less to strive, and fight, and starve, and suffer to obtain.

The wonderful vein must once have stood out like a band of gold and white marble across the black cliff-face, a miner's dream-vein of magic wealth, but how many years ago, before the glacier enveloped it, I could not guess. Twice before in my life I had been very near to great wealth when following the elusive will-o'-the-wisp called prospecting: once in the Klondike and once in the Porcupine (Ontario) districts. On those occasions I well remembered my vain regrets; in this case, in the presence of the mighty forces of Nature jealously guarding her own, I felt none. The very idea of man with his puny weapons entering the lists against this vast, silent, irresistible glacier seemed absurd.

IV.

We moved away from the cliff-face, where we had been deafened with the roar of the torrent, and exposed to danger from a fall of ice at any moment. A quarter of a mile away, where I could take in the whole panorama, I sat down and looked back. The snowy twin peaks gleamed like spear-points in the sunlight, and dark crevasses across the great glacier appeared like inky lines on an immense and spotlessly white sheet of paper. The black cliff-face in its snowy setting might well be the entrance to some Aladdin's cave of untold wealth, guarded by the great glacier frowning on its brink, against which the hammer of Thor or the thunderbolts of mighty Jove might beat in vain. A rainbow from the mist of the cascade showed in soft colours against the dazzling white background, and the right-hand arch came down directly over the great treasure-house, to show which Nature had for a moment drawn the curtain aside. I thought of the legend of gold being where the rainbow ends; here at least was no legend, but sober truth.

If the great vein ran only a few hundred feet into the cliff—and its uniformity and well-defined walls gave every indication that such was the case—here were many, many millions of gold awaiting Nature's great stamp-battery, the mighty glacier, to grind it to dust and scatter it in a rich alluvial stream of gold in the bed of the torrent. I thought of the great stamp-batteries of the Rand, their noise and never-ceasing activity; compared with the forces of Nature soon to operate on this great vein, they were like a child's rattle. Even if it were feasible to drive an adit to reach the vein under the advancing glacier, some hundreds of thousands would have to be spent to do so. What mining-house would dream of this vast outlay to reach a vein of unknown depth, extent, or value, on the unsupported word of one prospector? Men would do mad things for gold, but nothing so mad as this. That the glacier would completely cover the cliff in another year was evident from the rate of its advance shown by the overhanging ice-face.

I was awakened from my reverie by old Pud-lu's voice. 'Will the white men come and get the yellow stuff, and bring many machines and men?' he asked anxiously.

'No,' I replied; 'it is not possible for the white men to take that away.'

Old Pud-lu nodded sagaciously. 'I thought so,' he said.

'If you thought so,' I retorted, 'why did you not tell me before we left?'

'Ah,' answered the old man, with an innocence belied by the twinkle in his eyes, 'had I done so, you would perhaps not have come here to see it, and I should not get the rifle and tea and biscuit and all the things you promised, and have put on one side for me at your house.'

I laughed at the old fellow's naïve cunning. It was well worth the price to have seen such a vein. 'Why did you think it would be impossible to work it?' I queried.

'An-goil-len-nu once spoke to me of how white men dig into the earth, and I did not think they could dig under that;' and he waved his hand towards the great glacier. 'I am glad,' he added, 'for An-goil-len-nu said if the yellow stuff was found many white men would come, and the Innuits would soon die off from sickness and rum and other things. I am glad no one will want to come here and dig. Come, come, we must go; my old wife will be getting afraid for us, and Im-mak-kee, whose eyes, you told her, were bright like stars, will have them red with foolish tears for us.'

I turned and waved my hat to the wonderful gold-vein. 'Farewell, El Dorado of the Arctic!' I cried. 'No white man will ever look on your gorgeous setting and inestimable riches again. Farewell!'

Even as I finished speaking, and as if in derisive answer to my words, a vast mass of ice fell with a roar which reverberated in thundering echoes from the surrounding heights; the smooth, sloping rock from the cliff's base to the outer edge of the glacier, where but a brief half-hour before we had been standing, was buried under vast masses of shattered ice; while the torrent below became a seething, churning rush of broken ice and raging water.

'Come, *Kabloona* [white man], come,' said old Pud-lu, plucking my arm nervously as he spoke. 'We have been very near to death, you and I, to-day; let us not tempt the anger of the spirits further.'

Which seemed to indicate that, after all, the old man was not quite such a sceptic as he had professed to be.

'LES LANDES.'

TO some, perhaps, these words convey very little; but those who know the country lying between Bordeaux and Bayonne which bears this name will carry pleasant recollections of delightful glimpses of rural communal life, of small towns and villages lying ensconced in vast areas of pine-woods, here and there interspersed with stretches of vineyards and of farm-land, a restless vivid blue-green sea to the west, and everywhere happy touches of French domestic and industrial life. It is truly a land of plenty and of prosperity, where, until the British pioneer forestry troops appeared, in the third year of the war, to cut down the forests, little evidences of military activity were actually apparent. Later, when the American Army arrived, and when Bordeaux became a headquarters centre for the United States Expeditionary Force, there was hardly a town or a hamlet from Bordeaux to Bayonne in which the American or the Canadian could not be found.

In summer and spring the department of Les Landes is charming, but in winter it is wet and cold, and not altogether unlike western Scotland. Only a century ago this deeply interesting region was one vast desert—so like the arid saharas of Egypt and Arabia that camels were introduced for the conveyance through it of merchandise from Spain, as well as for carrying out the agricultural experiments in rice-growing which were tried in vain. It is recorded that the camel did not find the Landes congenial. An attempt to convert the surface into prairie-land by fertilisation and grasses, for which eight million francs were raised by a company in 1837, was quite unsuccessful.

Les Landes was of so little consequence that roads were practically unknown, and the scanty nomadic inhabitants eked out a miserable existence rearing a few sheep upon the small patches of grass which grew sparsely on low-lying pockets of soil, in hollows sheltered from the prevailing winds from the Gulf of Gascony. These winds carried the moving sand all over the country. The extent of Les Landes (department) is roughly 932,000 hectares, or 2,302,972 acres, rather less in size than Inverness-shire.

The Government of France devised many unsuccessful means to utilise and to people the country, but it was so devoid of shelter and so universally covered by sand that hardly any one could be induced to remain in it. The drifting sand held sway, and until it was controlled development was impossible. Towns and villages were devastated by it. Soulac, about ten miles from the coast, disappeared entirely in 1774. Sand-blow alone did not complete the desolation. For months great areas were covered with water, because the surface was flat, and no drainage was possible so long as the sand was uncontrolled. The sand filled up all the natural waterways. A more hopeless wilderness could not be conceived. It was under water almost three-quarters of the year, while in the fourth quarter a steadfast blazing sun dried up everything. The position gave the Government much concern, and an Act was first passed offering inducements to settlers. One inducement was a grant of money and of land to a man who married a woman of the country and undertook to live in Les Landes, but this offer apparently accomplished nothing.

It happened that small areas of maritime pine were growing here and there, and investigators came to the conclusion that the creation of forests of this species would effect a change. Although one forest was raised, early in the eighteenth century, at La Test in the north, where conditions were partially favourable, it

was found to be impracticable to sow tree-seed farther to the south or the east, as nothing was safe against the sand and the pent-up water of the winter rains. To fix this sand swept from the sea inwards was the task which was ultimately undertaken. The dunes along the coast were crested by a series of wattle fences, against which the rising sand fell; and when, after a brief space, these fences were covered, further barricades of wattle were constructed on the top of their submerged predecessors, until large mounds were formed. These mounds caught the sand and sheltered the ground behind, so that the young plants embedded in the sand had time to establish their roots. This great work was carried forward all along the coast, and gradually the sheltered banks and levels behind became plantations, and ultimately forests of maritime pine. In 1864 the wattle construction was considered finished, and the young sea-board plantations of themselves stopped the sand-drift. During the formation period afforestation proceeded inwards, until finally it altered the physical condition of the whole region. It is said that the first plantations were made in 1803. To secure continuous afforestation to complete the reclamation, the administration was provided with power in 1810 to sow or plant the land of private owners or of communes if either refused to do so themselves. The planting was held back in many parts, however, on account of the water-logged condition of the ground. In 1834 it was estimated that about one-half of Les Landes was still covered with marshes, and the drainage of these marshes was seriously taken in hand. At first large holes were dug as reservoirs and drains were let into them; but these being only partially effective, the Government enacted that the communal and private lands must be properly drained by a system of main and subsidiary canals. Further and more stringent laws were passed in 1860 for the removal of all stagnant water which was found to militate against the health of the inhabitants. The drainage was finished at a cost of three hundred and twenty thousand francs, or about five francs per hectare—no great expense considering the result. Meantime the trees were growing, and when the American War of Secession caused the United States to abstain from exporting resin, the first real opportunity for Les Landes arrived. Resin was required by the countries hitherto supplied by America, and large prices were obtained for the resin secured from the maritime pine.

In selecting the species of tree most likely to withstand the winds from the sea and to flourish in the sand, the French were doubtless influenced by the knowledge that resin could be extracted from the maritime pine, which tree (*Pinus pinaster*) has a pyramidal habit of growth, and attains a height of from sixty to ninety feet. It is a native of the Mediterranean regions of Europe and North Africa, especially in proximity to the coast. It is abundant in the south of Portugal, Spain, and in the west and south of France, where it is extensively grown, and whence it derives its name of Bordeaux pine.

Resin is procured by tapping or 'bleeding' the trees. A perpendicular wound is made into the bark, and a small earthenware pot is fixed at the bottom, into which the resin percolates. The tapping is regulated by the age and vigour of the tree. When the process is applied to young trees, twenty to twenty-five years old, only one incision is made, and these trees yield about one litre of resin a year; trees of from thirty-five to fifty-five years can bear two cuts, and yield almost three litres; trees over fifty-five years are usually destined to be bled to death, and then the process is much more severe, as many as from eight to ten scores being made. This bleeding produces about six litres. The extraction proceeds from March to November. The cutting of the bark is commenced at the bottom of the tree, and is carried upwards gradually during the season. The scores or wounds are made at regular intervals round the stem of the tree, and they are run up to from five to seven feet, and occasionally higher. As the tapping of each cut is abandoned for other scores the bark gradually reforms, and when the time comes for felling, the insistent drain upon the tree apparently reveals no injury to the timber. The professional resiners who undertake the work usually receive one-half of the raw material as their remuneration, and the whole is transported to the four hundred factories which have been established in Les Landes, where turpentine and other substances are extracted, and in turn are used in various paper, soap, candle, paint, and similar industries. One extract is used for clarifying champagne. It is a wonderful source of occupation for the population; but, substantial as it is, the exploitation of the wood itself is far greater. Over the whole department the active sound of some of the nine hundred sawmills is always reaching the ear, and the odour of newly cut pine permeates the air; while along the roads one meets the ever-passing two-wheeled cart, drawn by well-nurtured mules, carrying the wood to the railways or to the furniture and other factories which abound throughout the department. The annual felling of wood is about seven hundred thousand tons—a great quantity of material—and affords some indication of the value of the forests to the people.

It is said that as the scheme of afforestation advanced protests were made by the agricultural interests, which were now feeling secure in the protection of the growing plantations; but, to quote a French authority, 'they did not receive much attention, and the movement became general; where before were sands and fever, the maritime pine grew strong and

superb; where once reigned misery, wealth now triumphed.' In fact, the enthusiasm of the people when the value of the forests was realised was so intense that they would permit of no curtailment of the great enterprise.

A feature of the result of afforestation of this one-time great wilderness is the railway development. Although the State has not substantially subsidised any of the minor systems, the whole department is intersected by tracks tributary to the main line from Paris to Bordeaux. On both sides of this line subsidiary companies have constructed narrow-gauge, and in some cases full-gauge, railways, which carry all the wood and other local traffic. These lines are unfenced, and have small, modest stations, employ a minimum of staff, and make no pretension to high speed, but they serve their purpose admirably.

The resources afforded by the forests were of the utmost importance to the Allies during the war. Of course, they formed only a part of the great exploitation of the French forests, but their situation, comparatively near the sea, with manifold opportunities of transport by rail, added to the facility with which rapid production (so essential at the time) could be attained. It was forcibly urged that the Landes would be ruined by so great an inroad upon its valued forests, but on mature calculation it is certain that the exploitation might have proceeded for some additional years at the same rate without any serious encroachment on the forest reserves or detriment to the industries dependent upon them.

Les Landes is a great object-lesson of the value of afforestation. It has reclaimed useless sand-strewn prairie. It has made agricultural and pastoral development possible by creating shelter and regular water-flow, and it has more than trebled the population in a century. In the midst of the forests the smallest area of land capable of cultivation is worked with vigour, and vineyards yield their grapes to the wine-makers surrounding Bordeaux. The villages are all well administered communally by prudent representatives. In some of the communes electric light is installed; in others fishing-lakes are stocked, and yield both food and profit to the inhabitants. There is no waste, much thrift, and general contentment—a contentment engendered through the prosperity created by the woodlands which have arisen over and around them to universal advantage.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE WITH AN INDIAN BEAR.

By Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Wray.

I.

I HAVE heard it discussed whether bears in India stand up to attack. Some say they do; others declare they do not. As a matter of fact, it is a question of how far off the bear is when he is hit. If a bear fifty yards away is fired at, he is generally killed, turned, or missed, as the case may be, without having seen his opponent; if at that distance he is wounded and does catch sight of his foe, in all probability he does not think it worth while to attack. At any rate, it is not to be expected that a creature to whom nature has given four legs will dispense with two of them before the enemy, except under circumstances which he knows to be distinctly favourable to himself, and to be likely to enhance his chances. To walk fifty yards on his hind-legs would certainly be of no use to him, and he would not think of doing it. But if he sees his adversary at all near to him on the ground, he goes straight for him, shuffling along at a great pace till within a few feet of him; then he stands up, opens his mouth, and makes a noise which is between a growl and a roar, and stretches out his arms preparatory to the hug in which he is hoping to indulge. He certainly looks uncomfortably big and fierce just then, and perhaps he trusts to this formidable appearance to flurry his opponent and distract his attention from the white mark like a horse-shoe (his most vulnerable spot), in the centre of his chest, which, by standing, he has revealed. But the white mark is there, and if the sportsman keeps his head and holds his gun straight, long before the smoke has cleared away the bear is dead.

To wait until a bear gets into the position which allows this horse-shoe to be seen requires, of course, a certain amount of coolness, which has probably, as in my case, been derived from having been on some occasions placed in this situation by accident. But once the sportsman has experienced the excitement of seeing a big, black, roaring beast stand up to him, looking a great deal bigger than he really is, and then fall over, stone-dead, hit in the horse-shoe, at the critical moment, he will, if he can, always adopt this method of adding to his bear-skin trophies, in preference to having the toil and disgust of plodding after a poor wounded animal, and repeatedly firing at him, apparently without effect, for a bear 'takes away a lot of lead' if he is not hit in the right place.

II.

As I have had several close-quarter adventures with bears in Rajputana and the southern Mahratta country, and have frequently seen them stand up to attack, I may as well relate an instance.

One night about eleven o'clock, after I had gone to bed in a travellers' bungalow on the Western Ghâts,* my servant awoke me, saying that there were a couple of men outside who had come to ask me to go at once and kill a bear. I jumped up and heard the men's story, which was that there was a large bear close by, which had been for some time attacking wood-cutters and other people in the jungles, and that the only way they could think of to get rid of him was to keep a number of people continually on the top of, and round, the cave which was his home, after they had watched him go in, hoping thus to prevent his coming out again at all, and so starve him to death. But as they had heard there was a 'sahib' at the travellers' bungalow, a deputation had been sent to ask me to come and shoot the bear, which was at that moment, they said, growling savagely at the mouth of his cave, but was afraid to come out for food or water because of the crowd of people with their squibs, yells, and tom-toms outside his door.

It was in the month of September, and it was raining slightly when I got out of bed and started to walk the two miles that these people declared was the extent of the journey to the bear's cave. We left the house about 11.30 P.M., and after stumbling through nullahs and over rocks for about an hour and a half in the pitch-dark, I was beginning to wonder whether it was a hoax, when all at once we seemed to rise above the brow of the hill, and then, from the darkness below, there came up the most unearthly shrieks and yells and noises of all kinds, which made it certain that the bear, if in the cave at all, was still a prisoner.

Taking me by the arm, one of my guides led me to a big boulder, told me to sit in its shelter till his return, and disappeared. In about ten minutes he came back, and in the greatest excitement informed me of the plan of campaign. The bear, he said, was at the very threshold of his cave, and was exceedingly angry, and would come out the moment he was left alone. There was a splendid position for me on the top of the rock overhanging the exit from the cave, but as the night was so dark, he thought it would be impossible from there to distinguish the bear from the rocks and the bushes below, especially as the beast, when allowed to come out, would make a rush for it.

The alternative, he said, was to go right down into the hollow which contained the cave, and sit on one side of the mouth of it, so that I should be within a few feet of the bear when he came out, and could not miss him. He explained to me that this was risky, if I bungled the shot, as there was no possibility of getting away in a hurry, and that, therefore, the bear and I would have to fight it out down there. But his anxiety for the beast to be destroyed was so obviously stronger than any other consideration that he was delighted when I remarked that, as I had got out of bed in the middle of the night and walked two miles on purpose to get this animal, it was not likely that I should elect to sit in a place from which I could not see to shoot him, and that we had better not waste any more time in talking about it.

III.

And then we started, he and I. Scrambling down the hill over the loose stones and boulders, with the fiendish noises growing louder and louder, we came to a smooth and exceedingly slippery bit of grass on a steep slope; then, crossing a cattle-path which inclined upwards to the left, we arrived in a few yards more at what seemed to be the bottom of a deep, narrow ravine. Immediately above us to the right was the crowd of natives beating drums, letting off crackers and squibs, and shouting; in front and all around was the most inky darkness, relieved only by the clouded sky; while on a level with us to my right, where my guide was pointing, was a huge mass of still blacker darkness, out of which, he told me in an excited whisper, the bear would shortly come.

In a moment the man was gone; and putting my barrels at full-cock, and digging my heels into the ground to get a firm hold of it, I sat still and awaited events. Suddenly the noises ceased, and before I had time to appreciate the stillness, it was broken by a great growling sort of roar which seemed to fill the whole ravine. Then came another louder still, and in a second more the massive darkness appeared to be moving within a few feet of me — and I fired. The shot was answered by an angry growl. Then there was a scuffle among the bushes, followed by some angry sniffs, and I heard—for I could not see—the bear slowly ascending the steep incline on the opposite side. Keeping my eyes fixed on where the growls and sniffs and the rustle of leaves came from, I saw a dark form slowly rise against the sky-line, turn to the left, and shuffle along. It seemed to be coming round in a circle, and nearer and nearer. I knew nothing of the features of the ground, but I was able then to determine that what I had thought was a ravine could only be a large, deep kind of hollow, and that the bear was making his way towards me, and was increasing his pace, which meant that he, too, had struck the path and was advancing to attack.

It was no use running away, for I did not know where to run to, and as the path gave a better foothold than anywhere else, I resolved to remain there, and took my stand. I had scarcely done so when the great, round, black mass drew near enough to be distinguished, and I was able to discern the bear's form hurrying down the sloping path towards me through the

* Range of hills.

darkness. In another instant he was on his hind-legs, appearing, from his position on the higher ground, to be towering above me, and I seemed to feel his hot breath as, with short gasping grunts, he stretched out his long arms on either side of me. There was only one thing to be done. I could not aim, so I pushed the muzzle of the rifle between his extended paws into his chest and pulled the trigger, and simultaneously threw myself up the bank to the left, while the bear fell forward, as I knew he would, on to the very spot where I had that instant been standing. Then he rolled down the bank to the bottom of the slope towards the mouth of his cave. I heard him pick himself up, and then came some low gurgling sounds, the rustling of leaves, and heavy breathing, and after that all was still. I knew that, had he been only slightly wounded, he would have slipped away in search of water and of food. If he had done so, I should have heard him; but I was quite certain he had not left the hollow, from which I argued that he must either be dead or had gone back into the cave badly wounded, and at any rate would not come out again that night.

IV.

After a few minutes I was rejoined by my two guides and some of the villagers, and we climbed a little farther up the hill and selected as level a spot as we could, on which to lie down till daylight. Very uncomfortable it was on the windy slope of a hill in the drizzling rain, without cover or covering of any kind, and nothing but a rock to lie upon, for the ground was too wet. But a pipe and the whisky-flask soon mended matters, and at about 3 A.M. I went to sleep.

At six o'clock I woke, to find there was a thick mist which made it impossible to see a couple of yards ahead. After waiting for half-an-hour in the hope of its clearing, I started down the slope again, followed by two or three of the natives, all of us stiff and shivering. The mist was still dense, so that, almost before we knew it, we had reached the mouth of the cave, and there on the stones which paved it we found some blood. The cave itself, which was at the west end of a large oval hollow, or enormous pit, full of small trees and undergrowth and boulders, had an entrance about seven or eight feet high, and on looking inside I could see that, a little farther in, it divided into two branches, one of which went straight on, while the other turned the corner to the right. A few steps farther and a glance at the ground by the light of a match was sufficient to determine that the bear's den was to the right. The next thing was how to get there.

On returning outside, where the natives were, I found it evident that they had made up their minds that I was going to ask them to go into the cave, for they began at once to declare that the bear had slipped off into the jungles; that they knew it, because (they said) a man had come, while I was asleep, and told them he had met a wounded bear going across to another cave, &c. &c.; but as soon as I said that I had no intention of asking them to do anything in the matter, but that I meant to get the bear all the same, their curiosity was aroused, and they gathered anxiously around me.

Remembering what a *bhil** had taught me once in Rajputana, I asked one of the men to lend me his turban for a minute. I tore some narrow strips the whole length of it, and borrowing one of their axes, I wound the linen tightly round the handle of the axe and anointed it with whisky, thus making a really serviceable torch, and at the same time providing the axe as an additional weapon, if needed. Telling the men to wait where they were, I lit the torch, and, putting a couple of buck-shot cartridges into my rifle, started for the cave. I was quite certain that the bear was dead, and that it was only a matter of finding him and getting him pulled out. The roof of the cave, almost from the entrance, began to get lower and lower, and it was a back-breaking business crawling along, bent almost double, but I had not far to go.

About ten yards or so from where the cave divided, the torchlight revealed a black mound a few feet in front of me, which at first I thought was a rock. But it could not be; the roof and the sides of the cave were smooth, and no boulder so big could have got there without the surroundings showing it; so I knew it must be the bear. I picked up a small stone and threw it gently on to him, but there was no response. I threw another, and then a third, each with more force than the last, till I was satisfied he was quite dead. Then I went up to him and snipped off a few hairs, which I took back to show the men. They now came in with me, and together we all dragged out the dead bear. He was old and very large.

On examining his wounds, I saw that the pace at which he rushed from the cave must have been much greater than I had allowed for, because, from the direction of the first wound, it was evident that by the time I fired my first shot he had got farther away from the entrance than I had imagined. (I could only aim by sound.) As, therefore, he was heading away from me when the shot struck him, he did not know where it had come from, and consequently he did not charge me, as otherwise he certainly would have done. The second shot, when he did come for me, and when he stood up, missed the horse-shoe, but penetrated his chest on one side. He must have died almost immediately after getting back into the cave, for he would never have returned to it at night had he not been mortally wounded. What he would have done in the day-time is another matter.

* Hill tribesman.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

BUCCLEUCH AND ITS LEGEND.

By H. A. Bryden.

I.

THE Border counties, full as they are of history, are far less familiar to the Southron than are the Highlands of Scotland. Ettrick Forest, the lovely and still lone and remote St Mary's Loch, the wild heights of Ettrick Pen (2270 feet), Capel Fell (2223 feet), Hart Fell (2650 feet), White Coomb (2695 feet), Broad Law (2723 feet), Bodesbeck Law, Bowerhope, and many another great hill in these regions lie to this day almost unknown and unnoticed, save by the occasional passer-by hurrying along in his motor-car, to whom their very names, if they are known at all, signify little or nothing. Perhaps this is as well, and the wandering trout-fisher, if he penetrates to a country-side where accommodation is still sparse and scanty, has, in these haunts of solitude, all the better time of it. Meanwhile, a few hill farmers and shepherds, black-faced sheep, grouse, snipe, wild-fowl, plovers, and curlews have here a glorious kingdom of their own. Long may they retain it, in a day when, in so many other parts of Britain, mines, mills, and machinery are destroying the face of nature, and making for each succeeding generation a yet more hideous wilderness of towns and industrialism.

We had long meant to seek out and see for ourselves the remote valley of Buccleuch, in the Forest of Ettrick, that quiet and now deserted spot where in ages of the dim past one of the most ancient and powerful families in Scotland first seated themselves. The Scotts of Buccleuch have long since quitted their ancient home here, though they still own the land, with many another thousand acres. Branxholm, in Teviotdale, the scene of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, was a subsequent stronghold of theirs, to be left for statelier homes, such as Dalkeith, Bowhill, and Drumlanrig.

On a summer day, broken at times with misty showers, we motored from Denholm, in Roxburghshire, through Hawick, and before long emerged upon open, grazing, hill country, growing steadily wilder as we ran by fair Borthwick Water and climbed the steep ascent to Borthwickbrae, over a thousand feet up. Harden, the ancient home of the Scotts of Harden, ancestors of Sir Walter, lay snugly embowered among trees on our right; and a little beyond, yet higher up the hillside, was Borthwickshiels. Passing the small, round loch of Alemuir, at the head of the Ale Water, we came presently to Bellendean, a name familiar to readers of Scott; then on past another lakelet, known as Clearburn Loch. We were now in Selkirkshire, anciently known as the Forest of Ettrick, the old hunting-ground of the kings of Scotland, and in a mile or two we came to a sharp angle of the hill road, beneath which lies the deep and lonely ravine called Buccleuch. Shut in among the great rounded hills of grass and heather, which characterise all this region, it is just such a place as the Boers of South Africa would call a kloof; indeed, that Dutch word is the very counterpart of the Border Scottish 'cleuch,' though they are not pronounced alike. The lovely mountain stream of Rankleburn flows through the valley, and, issuing out farther into wild, open moorland country, it runs on by Cacrabank, and a mile beyond unites itself, near Tushielaw with Ettrick Water, another of the peerless hill streams of this region.

At Buccleuch, once, in the time of the early Scotts, a busier and more important place than at the present day, lie the remains of the tower or fortalice, and the site of the old Buccleuch Kirk. Rankleburn, or Buccleuch, was once a separate parish, which was united to Ettrick as far back as 1650. Scott of Satchells, who published a curious *History of Several Honourable Families of the Right Honourable Name of Scott*, in 1688, in rude, doggerel rhyme, states that the early Scotts of Buccleuch built a mill on the stream here, to grind meal for themselves and their hounds; and that his 'guidsire' (grandsire) Satchells had told him that in the kirk nine lairds of Buccleuch were buried, whose tombstones he had seen with his own eyes. These tombs had, even in the time of the family historian, become buried and obliterated by earth and rubbish.

II.

The origin of the Scotts of Buccleuch is commemorated in a very ancient and persistent family tradition. This tradition is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in a note to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Scott got his information from

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

Scott of Satchells' volume, wherein the legend is set forth in quaint and crabbed verse.

Shortly, the tradition is this. Two brothers from Galloway, fugitives from justice, came, in the reign of King Kenneth the Third, to the Forest of Rankleburn, part of the royal forest of Ettrick, and begged shelter of the keeper, whose name, according to Scott of Satchells, was Brydine. He saw that they were 'pretty men,' and finding that they were well versed in hunting, and especially in winding the horn, took them into his service, their duties ranging through Ettrick Forest, Meggats-head, Meucra, and Rankleburn. On a day came King Kenneth himself to hunt in this region, with all the nobles of his Court. They found a buck on Ettrick-heuch, which was hunted to the stream of Rankleburn, in the valley now known as Buccleuch. Here one of the brothers, far ahead of his fellows, ran up to the deer as it stood at bay in the water, caught it by the horn, cast it over his back, and carried it more than a mile up the hill to Cacra-cross, where he presented it to the king. Here the buck was slain and 'curied.' The king then asked the man who had performed this sturdy feat his name, and was told that he was John of Galloway. Kenneth the king thereupon declared that his name should thenceforth be John Scott, and committed that part of the forest and the deer therein to his charge, and gave him the lands on the very spot 'where in the cleuch the Buck was ta'en.'

> And for the Buck thou stoutly brought
> To Us up that steep Heugh,
> Thy designation ever shall
> Be John Scot in Buckscleugh.

Scott of Satchells goes on to state that the early Scotts held the lands of Buccleuch for three hundred years before they got 'writ or wax' for them—that is, parchment deeds and scrolls—which they subsequently obtained from King Robert III.

Such is the very curious legend of the origin of the Scotts of Buccleuch. Copies of the original edition of Scott of Satchells' work, published in 1688, in small quarto, are now very rare. Sir Walter Scott, with whom the volume was a perpetual favourite, first read it as a child at Sandyknowe, probably from the copy presented by the author to Scott's direct ancestor, the Laird of Raeburn. In 1818 the novelist received with delight a copy of the first edition from his friend Constable, the publisher. In the Duke of Buccleuch's library at Dalkeith are a perfect and beautiful copy of the original edition, an imperfect copy, and copies of the subsequent editions, now scarce, of 1766 and 1786. A fourth edition (fifty copies only) was printed in 1892 for the Scottish Literary Club; and in 1894 an excellent edition of two hundred and forty copies, edited by Mr J. G. Winning, was published by W. & J Kennedy, at Hawick.

As to the feat performed by Galloway John, afterwards the first Scott of Buccleuch, the question at once arises in the mind of the sportsman and naturalist, 'What kind of deer was it?' It would be manifestly impossible for the strongest man in Scotland, even at that remote period (Kenneth the Third was King of Scotland 995–1005), when the Scots were an even hardier and tougher race than they now are, to carry a full-grown red-deer stag on his back for a mile or more uphill. Moreover, the deer is always referred to in Scott of Satchells' work as a buck. A red-deer stag would almost certainly be described at that period (1688) as a hart. Was the buck a fallow-buck or a roe; and were wild fallow-deer then known in the Border country of Scotland? Roe-deer certainly were; and it is probable that fallow-deer, believed to have been introduced by the Romans, had by that period resumed their feral state and roamed wild over large tracts of Britain. This theory is well supported by some rude lines from Scott of Satchells:

> Kenneth the Third lov'd deer, both Red and Fallow,
> Above all Princes since King Dornadilla.
> Hunting was the sport he liked best,
> For all our South parts was Wood and Forrest,
> Except here and there a summering plain,
> Unto which his Keepers did remain.

To carry a roebuck over a mile of uphill ground would be a fairly tough piece of labour; the carriage of a fallow-buck under such conditions would be a much more difficult feat; yet I fancy it could still be accomplished by a strong man in hard training.

III.

All this wild, hilly, and most lovely part of the Border country looks, even at the present day, like an ideal terrain for deer. Red-deer have long since become extinct there, though there may be roe in some of the sparse plantations here and there. Red-deer were plentiful in the Border counties until the time of James I.; and for untold centuries Ettrick Forest and the surrounding country was a favourite hunting-ground of the Scottish kings and queens. They had a hunting-lodge in the romantic vale of Meggat Water, that beautiful stream which runs into St Mary's Loch; and thither Mary, Queen of Scots, a keen huntress, brought, in 1566, her husband, Darnley, who, however, seems to have been in an evil temper most of the time.

From very early days the Scott family, most of them kinsfolk of the Buccleuchs, appear to have been settled in this region. Round about Buccleuch and Rankleburn are, or were, seated Scotts of Thirlestane, Harden, Tushielaw, Gilmanscleuch, Dryhope, Ale, Deloraine, Roberton, and other places; while farther away, up Teviotdale, lie Hassendean, Branxholm, Rae-

burn, Ancrum, and other haunts of this ancient family.

We quitted Buccleuch, and motored on down the beautiful stream to Cacrabank, the very spot where, according to the legend, John of Galloway performed his mighty feat. Near here, while halting to eat our lunch, I got out my trout-rod, and in a few minutes had captured three plump trout, lineal descendants, undoubtedly, of the trout which had their home in the Rankleburn in the time of Kenneth the Third. Then on past Tushielaw we travelled through magnificent scenery to the 'Gordon Arms,' the inn on Yarrow Water where Sir Walter Scott, in his last pilgrimage to this beloved region, said farewell to James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. Here we turned to the left, ran up the Yarrow to where it issues from St Mary's Loch, passing Dryhope's ruined tower, where dwelt the Flower of Yarrow, an ancestress of Sir Walter; and then, traversing the three-mile stretch of road on the western side of this fine sheet of water, reached the inn known as 'Tibbie Shiels's.' St Mary's Loch seems still as lonely and as sweet a place as in the time of Sir Walter, a hundred years since. Up on the western hillside lies a walled-in burying-ground, to which, even in recent times, the neighbouring country-folk occasionally bring their dead. The tombs bear names of families who have lived and died among these hills and glens during the long ages; they are mostly Scotts, Pringles, Kerrs, Brydons, Brydens, Grieves, Laidlaws, Andersons, and Lintons.

The ancient kirk here was destroyed by the Buccleuch Scotts in a raid on the Cranstouns as far back as 1557. Below the lone kirkyard lies the quiet, lovely loch of which Scott sang in *Marmion*:

> Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,
> By lone St Mary's silent lake;
> Thou know'st it well—nor fen, nor sedge
> Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
> Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
> At once upon the level brink;
> And just a trace of silver sand
> Marks where the water meets the land

A glorious country, indeed, for war-like men, fond of rural delights. One can well understand the feelings of the early Scotts who first made their homes in this region.

THE WIRELESS CALL.

By JOHN HASLETTE VAHEY, Author of *Johnnie Maddison*, *The Man Who Pulled the Strings*, &c.

PART I.

I.

'I GUESS this is going to upset Stormer some!' remarked the Down-Easter in the middle of the little circle at Salter's, as he put down his glass and lighted a stumpy cheroot.

There were eight or ten of them in the captain's parlour of the chandlery, seven or eight British, the Down-Easter who had just spoken, two Dutchmen, with heavy immobile faces, and Captain Joubert, the French master of the tops'l schooner *Petite Marie*.

Joubert, who had been thinking absently of some business matter, now looked up with an inquiring glance. 'What is it that excite this good Stormer?' he demanded.

An English captain chimed in, 'You know, Joubert, that Stormer and Tenniel are always at loggerheads—over some girl, I fancy.'

'It is always over some woman, a quarrel,' said wise Joubert.

'Well, it 's got worse since Stormer bought a half-share in his boat, and fitted her out with wireless, and gave her a refit. He 's been sneering at Tenniel's old hooker ever since, and getting Tenniel's nerves frazzled.'

'All that,' said Joubert good-humouredly, 'is the ancient history. But what is the news, *mon ami*?'

The Down Easter cut in again: 'Where 've you been laying up? Don't you know Tenniel has just been given command of a brand-new tramp—they do say his brother-in-law's a director of the line—a fine, new ten-knot steamer, my son, with all the newest stunts and gadgets, and Tenniel reckons he 'll run Stormer right off the trade on his boat? Stormer's *Polar Sun* can only make eight knots when druv, so it looks as if he has a bluff put over him that he can't call.'

As he spoke, the door opening from the store swung back, and a big, burly man, with a set grim face and small furtive eyes, walked in. 'Howdy, boys?' he began, with a breezy affectation of cordiality which sat as ill on him as a silk coat on a bear.

No one had time to reply. At that moment the other door giving on Salter's sanctum opened, and Tenniel entered; a man of middle-size, not above thirty-two years of age, with a clean-cut boyish face, frank blue eyes, and a general air of alert good-humour.

There was a sudden hush in the room. Men stared from one to the other, or looked into their glasses, or made a pretence of filling pipes. Then Stormer, the man who had first entered, swung on his heels with a scowling face and plunged out of the room. Tenniel stared after him for a moment, greeted the gathering shortly, and bade them good-night. The hush was broken by a titter from some one as the door closed behind Tenniel.

'*O, là là!*' cried Joubert, grinning, his accent aggravated by excitement; 'eet ees for all ze worl' like a farce in our Palais Royal, *n'est-ce pas?* Ze one come in one door; ze ozzer come in and go out ze ozzer. When zey meet, messieurs, ze spark fly good, ees eet not?'

II.

When Tenniel left Salter's, he went back at once to his ship. His meeting with Stormer troubled him but little, though he had seen from the look in the other's eyes that war was at last declared to the knife, and that their feud had left the merely passive, bickering stage. For himself he did not care. He was no longer at a disadvantage in securing cargoes, as he had been. He held the whip-hand now, and meant to use it—fairly, of course, if strenuously. He was liked as much as the surly Stormer was hated, but he had now something more to go on than the mere sympathy of his fellow-skippers.

Then he was in a particularly good-humour to-night, for Salter, who had always backed him through thick and thin, had just passed on to him news of a good half-cargo of rubber awaiting shipment at Palang Beit—a prize to the lucky skipper who could get there before his competitors, for a tramp-steamer captain is a business man as well as a navigator, an Autolycus of the sea, who picks up cargoes where he finds them.

The night had just fallen, but Tenniel knew he had no time to lose. The moment he got on board he gave orders for a full head of steam to be got up, his intention being to start at the first possible moment. He had just had an interview with his chief engineer, and returned on deck again, when he saw a deck-hand preparing to go ashore over the gangway. Tenniel immediately detained him.

'We're sailing to-night, Struthers,' he said, recognising the man as an impudent fellow who had given trouble since they shipped him. 'Get forrard now, and no nonsense.'

Struthers saw that no one else was on deck. He intended to 'jump' the ship anyway, and turned on Tenniel with an oath, and an asseveration that no sanguinary skipper was going to keep him shut up on his sanguinary ship like a sanguinary slave. To which Tenniel's reply was a blow straight out from the shoulder, which caught Struthers under the chin and sent him sprawling in the scuppers.

'Get forrard at once!' said Tenniel. 'Don't let me speak again.'

Struthers got up, holding his jaw, his eyes afire with venom. Without a word he stole forward, but suddenly jumping on the bulwarks, jumped for the wharf, missed it, and fell with a splash into the harbour. Tenniel at once ran to the side and looked over. In the gleam from a shore lamp he could see Struthers swimming fast away from the steamer, until he got aboard a dinghy attached by a painter to the stern of Stormer's steamer, the *Polar Sun*.

'Well, good riddance, anyway,' he said unthinkingly. 'He's only been a dashed nuisance since we shipped him, that brute!'

It did not occur to him that the angry seaman might warn his rival, Stormer, of the intended sailing. In any case he would have felt no disquiet, with his extra two knots of speed.

He only realised clearly what had happened when, a couple of hours later, he saw on board the *Polar Sun* certain unmistakable preparations for weighing, and then he laughed shortly, and spoke to the mate, Gideon, who was standing beside him.

'Stormer's got wind of it from Struthers,' he said. 'He's going to race us to Palang Beit. Sporting move, eh?'

'Silly ass!' growled Gideon. 'He doesn't know what he's up against, sir!'

Yet Gideon knew, as did his skipper, that in cargo-hunting the race is not always to the swift. Accidents will happen to the best-regulated machinery, and there are certain short cuts on the sea familiar to one skipper, and not always to another. Still, Tenniel held most of the cards, and was content.

III.

On both steamers men worked like demons, but Tenniel's boat, the *Bristol Maid*, had weighed and stood out of the harbour before the *Polar Sun* had cast off from the wharf. Stormer was on his bridge, almost dancing with rage, swearing, and arguing with his mate, as surly and ill-conditioned a man as himself. 'I'll beat him or run her under!' he swore. 'We've got to pile it on anyhow. Tell the chief unless he screws ten knots out of his darned engines, I'll go down and put him on for firing!'

He had a rough crew and an efficient but brutish after-guard, and every man of them worked his best, under the spur of threats or bribes, so that the *Polar Sun* got away not more than half-an-hour after her rival, and plugged along in the dark through the calm sea, the firemen stoking like mad, and an immense black cloud of smoke trailing back like a gigantic plume from the stumpy funnel. Creaking, quivering, ramping, the engines ground on, the speed increasing until it was at least a knot above the previous best, and still Stormer was not satisfied.

'She's got to make it ten,' he said, 'if we have to screw down the safety-valves!' And the chief drove his engines to their limit, grimly apprehensive of what might happen, but game to his last pound of steam.

Stormer raged impotently on the bridge all night, stalking up and down, chewing on an unlit cigar. Away down on the night horizon he could see a small moving light, and cursed it

as the visible sign and proof of his rival's joyous hopes. But when morning came, and he searched the circle of sea with his powerful glasses, there was no sign of the *Bristol Maid*.

Everything still held, the engines had not failed him yet, and the steamer was making a brilliant and hitherto untouched record of between nine and ten knots. The conviction was forced upon Stormer through that day that he was burning coal and energy for nothing, that his quest was hopeless, and rage filled his heart almost to breaking-point.

Time lost, money lost, Tenniel triumphant! The thought was like gall. A slight sea had got up, and the tramp, urged to her utmost efforts, was making heavy weather of it, nosing into the seas, lumbering and racketing; and when the second night came without giving them a sight of the other ship, Stormer went down to his cabin, and over a bottle of brandy set to work to plan some scheme for his rival's undoing.

At first his brain worked heavily. He could think of nothing. The *Bristol Maid* had the heels of him, and no inordinate consumption of fuel could work another knot out of the *Polar Sun's* engines, already straining near danger-point. But presently the subtle poison of the spirit inflamed his brain. He cursed Tenniel foully, swore that nothing should stop him now. His brain, ceasing to be racked for legitimate schemes, now muck-raked in illicit ventures and evil expedients. It was nearly midnight when he sent for the wireless operator, a half-baked, vicious boy he had picked up cheaply at Singapore, a boy who had had no proper training, but some little knowledge, and the sharpness which enables one to learn as he works. Stormer always had a craze for cheapness. His crew were worse paid than most; his officers were contented with pittances, because they were men with dubious records.

'Sit down, and have a drink,' said Stormer to the operator. 'Fill up; there's plenty more where that came from.'

The lad filled up a glass of brandy and tossed it off, his dissipated young face glowing. Stormer filled the glass again, watching him like a hawk, and opened a fresh box of cigars he had taken from a locker.

'Smoke up,' he said. 'These are crackajacks, I give you my word! Don't be afraid of them, my son!'

'Thank ye, sir,' said the boy, lighting up, and sipping at his second glass. 'Good liquor this, sir.'

'The best,' said Stormer. 'Don't be afraid to punish it, sonny. That's the stuff to warm your blood. Have another glass! I want to have a little talk with you.'

The lad took a third glass, and Stormer carefully put away the bottle. For his purposes it would be unwise to let the boy get really drunk. He merely wanted him in a state of comparative muzziness, when he would be able to carry out orders without recollecting afterwards their exact tenor. He himself was reckless now. His hate for Tenniel, fed on many imaginary slights and injuries, inflamed by his present costly failure, had brought madness to his brain. Somehow, anyhow, Tenniel must be downed, beaten; it did not matter how. Half-an-hour later he accompanied the lad back to the wireless cabin, and patted him familiarly on the back.

'Good joke, eh?' he whispered. 'Every one's bound to laugh over it. Well, get to it!'

'It's prime—hic——' said the lad. 'Goo-joke, sir—yessir.'

IV.

The *Bristol Maid* was thrashing on gleefully into the face of the heavy wind, her new engines running sweetly, making a good ten knots without effort. Tenniel was in his best form. Barring accident, as he said, they were bound to beat old Stormer into Palang Beit, to get that profitable cargo, and run on elsewhere to fill up.

'I'm sorry Stormer's such an ass, though,' he confided to Gideon. 'He'll waste coal, and lose money just for spite. Any other man would have known he couldn't hope to live with us. But no; the envious beggar forgets how he used to crowd me in the old days, and buckets his old boat along for nothing.'

The mate chuckled. 'Anyway, we ought to open Palang Beit by day after to-morrow,' he said, 'and we haven't seen a sight of him since we lost his lights first night out.'

Captain Tenniel turned in that night at eleven, very satisfied with himself and all the world. He had known times such as Stormer was enduring now, when every race had gone to his rival; when, time after time, he had seen the stern of the *Polar Sun* slip quickly past, with Stormer making ironical signals to him. Now the tables were turned, and he would have been more than human had he not exulted in the fact.

He had just knocked out his pipe and turned over to sleep, as it seemed to him, when some one awoke him, and he looked up, to see the second mate bending over him.

'Thought you'd like to come on deck, sir,' he said hastily. 'The mate says "Sparks" has just picked up a signal, and he thought you ought to know about it.'

'Right!' said Tenniel, jumping up. 'Thanks. I'll be with him in a minute.'

The night was warm, though there was a strong breeze blowing, so he only threw on a heavy dressing-gown over his pyjamas, and going on deck, went straight to the wireless cabin, where Robins, the operator, sat listening-in to a wireless call that came jerkily and spasmodically from out the waste spaces of the air.

'Well, Mr Robins,' said Tenniel, 'what's up?'

The operator turned a grave face on him. 'Some one in trouble, sir. Just got an S.O.S. through. It's pretty jerky; sort of call a man with the jumps on him bad might send. I couldn't quite make it out at first.'

Tenniel straightened himself, and stood thinking. There was that welcome cargo going a-begging at Palang, and his was not the only tramp in the Southern Hemisphere. 'Does he say who it is, and what's up, Robins?'

The operator nodded. 'Just coming through. . . . Wait a moment, sir. . . . Ah, I've got it: Greek steamer *Pharos*, sprung a leak, and sinking—one hundred and fifty miles north-by-west of Algos Island; lati—— I say, sir!'

There was a sudden eagerness in his voice that caught Tenniel's ear. 'Yes, what is it?' he snapped.

Robins's eyes were flashing with triumph as he turned, neglecting his instrument for the moment. 'There was something familiar about the other fellow's method of sending; I thought I recognised it at first, sir, but the name *Pharos* put me off the track.'

Tenniel frowned. 'What! do you mean to say you can recognise who sends a message, Robins?'

'Some of us very smart at it, sir, but I don't claim to be. Only this call is so jerky and badly worked, it reminds me of that young lubber Stormer has aboard the *Polar Sun*. I'll swear it's him, sir. He never had the hang of it right yet.'

Tenniel shut his mouth with a snap, and his under jaw grew grim. 'It's impossible—unheard of. No seaman would do a damned thing like that, Robins. Why should he, anyway?'

The S.O.S. jabbered at them madly, but Robins heeded it no longer. 'Well, sir, it seems hellish, but Stormer got wind of this Palang stunt, and he was after you, as sure as eggs.'

Tenniel's fist made the table ring again. 'You mean that he's masquerading as a Greek steamer in trouble, so as to get me held up until he can scoop that cargo? If it's true, I'll kill him! But I can't believe it.'

Half-unconvinced, half-furious at the possibility of deception, he did not wait for the operator's reply, but rushed up on deck and on to the bridge, where the mate was standing. 'Look here, Mr Gideon,' he said chokingly, 'Robins swears that S.O.S. call is coming from the *Polar Sun*—swears he knows the way that half-baked boy of Stormer's sends 'em through. What are we going to do about it?'

The mate uttered an oath. 'Well, doesn't he *know* who it is?'

'No; it's coming nominally from a Greek steamer, the *Pharos*.'

'Never heard of her, sir. I can hardly believe it, though Stormer isn't past cutting any caper, if it suited him, and he got out his rag. Robins can't be so sure as all that.'

Tenniel almost danced with annoyance. 'Don't you see it? If he could hold us up with some wild-goose chase, he could pile on and pick up that cargo at Palang. I've a good mind to carry on, and let that call go hang. I'll make inquiries afterwards, and if I find that Stormer did do it, I'll have his ticket taken from him, as a danger to seamen!'

Gideon clenched a ponderous fist. 'I'll knock his darned head off on my own,' he agreed, but added anxiously, 'I say, sir, I don't see that we can neglect it, after all. Suppose—just suppose—there *is* a Greek steamer in distress, what will be said of us, what shall we say of ourselves, if we take no notice?'

Tenniel stamped. 'I've got to get that cargo. Salter put me on to it as a favour. It's up to me to make good on it. If we put her about and look out for a sinking ship, only to find her a will-o'-the-wisp, what then?'

The mate swore in perplexity. 'Ay, ay, sir, I know how we shall feel; but, begging your pardon, sir, I think it's up to us to lend assistance if we can.'

Tenniel, strong man as he was, could have wept with rage and vexation, but he pulled himself together. 'Very good, Mr Gideon; I see your drift. I'll ask Robins if he has made out her position, and I suppose we must have a shot at it.'

He went down the ladder like a broken man, his shoulders hunched, biting his lips. The S.O.S. was still coming over, and now Robins told him the position of the distressed steamer. Tenniel went on the bridge again to give instructions to the mate.

These transmitted, and the ship's head turned about, to the disgust and amazement of the crew on watch, he gripped Gideon's shoulder with fingers like steel. 'If it's a plant, Heaven help Stormer! I'll strangle him with my bare hands, by James!'

And the mate uttered a fervent Amen.

(*Continued on page 452.*)

MAGNANIMITY.

(From the Sanskrit.)

ROSEATE the sun arises, roseate will set:
Just so the great
Of soul no sorrows fret,
No joys elate;
But like the sun
He will journey on
Through life's long day till life's long day be done;
He rises roseate, roseate will set.

DOUGLAS AINSLIE.

SOME BRITISH BIRDS.

IV.—THE POND AND THE LOCH.

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN, F.Z.S., Author of *Habits and Characters of British Wild Animals, Tracks and Tracking*, &c.

PART I.

I.

I HAVE often been impressed by the similarity of the sounds uttered by creatures that inhabit watery surroundings. For example, the ordinary call-note of the water-rail is identical with the croak of a frog, and in the spring of the year, when the frog-chorus reaches its zenith about the habitat of this bird, it is often very difficult to tell whether a given sound is that of a frog near at hand or of a water-rail in the distance. Many birds of swampy surroundings are marvellous ventriloquists, and I have more than once located them, as I thought, to within a small patch of rushes, only to find, on exploring the place, that they were not there—were, in fact, a considerable distance away. The sound now seems to be at one's very feet, now to left or right—so soft and elusive that it is impossible to judge its distance correctly.

I am of the opinion that the coot and the dabchick mimic the croaking of frogs, but I have never been able definitely to prove this; while, as a further example, the common 'K-e-r-k' call of the moorhen is identical with a certain note uttered by the otter. It would seem, indeed, that the language of wild birds is very considerably influenced by the more familiar sounds of their environment, the corncrake being a marvellous illustration, though this curious and interesting state of affairs is much more noticeable in tropical and semi-tropical swamps than it is in our own country. It may be that certain notes of communication are specially adapted to certain surroundings, for in the language of the air we find something which almost suggests a definite principle. Thus birds of the great distances, such as the waders, have shrill, penetrating voices, each bird being enabled to communicate with its fellows over vast stretches of moorland; the birds which travel little, living the major portion of their lives in dense rushes, &c., have reed-like, frog-like call-notes; the birds of the night, or at any rate many of them, have deep, hollow voices, like the owl and the bittern.

The coot and the moorhen are by far the most familiar of our aquatic birds, and they are of special value in that both of them have many interesting ways, which can easily be studied by the bird-lover who has few opportunities of observing rarer fowl. The coot is a much larger bird than the moorhen or water-hen, and is distinguishable therefrom by the naked patch above its beak—hence the familiar saying, 'bald as a coot.' It is more essentially aquatic than the moorhen; indeed, while the last-named obtains most of its food on land adjacent to its home pond, the coot feeds almost entirely while swimming about, and is comparatively rarely seen obtaining a meal on dry land. I have at times seen large numbers of coots feeding like blackgame at the water's edge; but whereas it is customary to see the moorhen feeding thus, and the exception to see it feeding on the water, it is customary to see the coot feeding on the water, and almost the exception to observe it on dry land. While, therefore, the coot can be described as essentially a water bird, the moorhen is really a land bird which loves to have water at hand.

This essential difference naturally influences their respective environments, for, while moorhens are to be found everywhere that coots are to be found, it does not by any means follow that the converse applies. Moorhens will make their home by the tiniest pond or stream, totally inadequate for the supplying of their needs were they solely dependent upon it for food, but the larger bird is seldom found remote from wide expanses of water. The coot does not attach itself to little springs and small homestead ponds, but is essentially a bird of our lochs and tarns, with the result that it is less under observation. Having grasped the chief difference in the characters of the two, a few observations and anecdotes may serve to make the reader better acquainted with them.

II.

The moorhen, as its environment suggests, falls midway between the land birds and the water birds. Its feet are not webbed, but they are huge for its size, enabling it to run with ease over the softest mud or even over the scum of decaying vegetation which often covers the water on the leeward side of its home. It is, in many ways, the most foolish of our wild birds, as it shares the propensity of the ostrich and the proverbial dodo. Not long ago I was following a small stream, when in a dip of the landscape I surprised a moorhen. I was so close to it when it caught sight of me that the bird immediately became panic-stricken, and darting a foot or so, it jammed its head into a mouse-hole, and crouched there, perfectly still, its entire body conspicuously outlined against the red clay bank. I went quietly up to it and took it in my hands. On other occasions I have often caught moorhens

as they cowered in the rushes. Some people consider them good to eat, but the peculiar 'pondy' smell of the bird does not suggest that it would prove a great delicacy.

I have, moreover, noticed that even where moorhens are very abundant, foxes seldom trouble to hunt them. I have tracked a fox which had worked the reed-beds in search of wild duck, but though moorhens existed in great numbers, while wild duck were rare, Reynard has gone on hunting fruitlessly for duck, notwithstanding the fact that a moorhen could be pounced upon without much difficulty. In hard times, however, I have known a fox, after a fruitless night's hunting, finally to make his way to a tiny pond where he knew a brace of moorhen were living, and to catch and eat one of them—evidently a last resource. It might be added, however, in justice to the moorhen, that this bird may be a good deal more difficult to catch by night than by day. I have known a slow-footed spaniel, which was 'no great guns' at hunting, to catch numerous moorhens while laboriously beating the rushes, bringing the live birds, one after another, to my feet; and it is almost inconceivable that this bird could hold out against its wild foes, most of which are night-hunters, if it were not more alert and cautious after sundown.

A solitary moorhen, evidently a male bird, attached itself to a small round pond adjacent to my home, and was to be seen every morning running about the greensward under the windows. It took to feeding with the poultry, having no difficulty in squeezing through the large-mesh wire-netting which enclosed their run, and was every bit as tame as the fowls themselves. Very early in the spring it appeared one morning with a mate, and it was amusing to watch the male bird coaxing and encouraging her—trying to convince her that she had nothing to fear from the members of the household. She very soon overcame her strangeness, and the two built a nest in the fork of a dead tree which lay partly submerged across their home pond. The nest was lined with red and yellow laurel and rhododendron leaves, and it really seemed that these had been chosen with an eye to their beauty—a sense of house pride on the part of the birds, for other less ornamental materials were everywhere at hand. Where they found the leaves I could not make out; but at all events they made a most artistic lining, and the nest, with its complete clutch of eggs, certainly presented a picture worth looking at. A little while later the nest was torn to bits and its contents destroyed, the muddy paw-marks on the decaying log clearly indicating that house rats were the culprits—evidently several of them. Some shells remained, but most of the eggs had been carried away, while the two old birds had also disappeared.

In Norfolk I noticed the nest of a moorhen lodged in a fork between the stout timbers of a railway bridge spanning a sluggish river. This choice was characteristic of the bird. On every side were miles and miles of undisturbed fen country, yet the bird selected the man-made structure over which thundered and rattled several trains per day. It may be, however, that in the seeming folly of the choice there lay a wisdom of selection of the highest order. Did the bird know that the trains were harmless, even though they were feared by the creatures she had good reason to fear?

Many tales have been told about the cunning of the moorhen in selecting its nesting-sites. It is even said that the bird often builds two nests, one close to the water, another well above it, and that, should the water rise and threaten the lower nest in which the eggs are laid, the bird transfers them to the one at a safer level. That the moorhen often builds two nests is certainly a fact, but it would seem to me that as often as not they are on the same level—that is, both well below high-water mark, and consequently simultaneously in danger of being flooded at any time, or both high above the highest water-level that history has ever recorded! Therefore I should prefer to leave the theory of the bird transferring its eggs from one nest to another to closer observers than myself.

I have, however, specially noticed that, whereas in ponds which never vary in level it is customary for the water-hens to build their nests almost level with the surface, so that the young birds can step straight out into the water, this certainly is not the rule when the nest is built by a loch or a stream which is subject to sudden spate. Most of our Scottish lochs, for example, may rise a foot or more at any time, and by far the majority of the moorhens breeding by them locate their nests some feet above the normal water-line. This is more noticeable some seasons than others, and is particularly the case succeeding a winter of constant spates. I believe, also, that the old birds are wiser than the newly married couples.

III.

The tails of birds and animals often play a very important part in their daily lives, and though some may appear to be more or less useless appendages, existing only for ornamental purposes, this is seldom, if ever, the case. I failed to understand the value of the exaggerated tail of the peacock till one day I saw one of these birds standing against tropical vegetation with its tail spread, when the huge screen rendered the bird almost unrecognisable amidst its richly coloured surroundings, no matter from which direction one looked upon it. As you faced the bird it bore the resemblance of a bush, while from behind, the stick-like feather stems harmonised exactly with the dead canes and other stalk-like vegetation near to the ground; and

one need not go much farther than Hyde Park in the early summer in order to realise that even in this dingily clothed land the vivid colouring of the peacock is highly protective. The long tail of the pheasant exists to deceive the eye of the pouncing fox, and Reynard's own coveted brush is his travelling-cloak and foot-warmer. The bushy tail of the squirrel is his parachute, and the white bunch of fluff that Brer Rabbit carries astern is his semaphore-signal, by which he telegraphs the approach of danger to his fellow-colonists. The moorhen is equipped with conspicuous white feathers in its tail, which answer a very useful purpose.

It has often been said that the tail of the rabbit and that of the moorhen exist for one and the same purpose—which is true so far as it goes, but no farther. The rabbit's tail, as already said, is chiefly a danger-signal. It may sometimes be useful as a beacon in the darkness, showing, or, rather, leading, the way, but not often. It certainly is *not* for the young to follow, as young rabbits seldom follow their parents—by the time they are old enough to venture far from the home burrow their mother, in all probability, is busy with another family, and the young have entirely lost sight of her. Moreover, adult rabbits have seldom need of a leader; each is well acquainted with its home range, and has learnt to look after itself.

The white tail of the moorhen, on the other hand, is primarily a mark of location. So far as I can judge, it is of little value as a means of telegraphing the news of danger, and it is not used for that purpose. When danger threatens, indeed, and the bird runs rapidly away or rises in flight, the white tail-feathers are not seen; it is when the bird is proceeding quietly about the affairs of its daily life that they are so much in evidence. I have, indeed, many times located a moorhen, as it swam secretively in and out among the dense entanglement overshadowing its home pond, by the bobbing white tail, for the bird has a curious habit of perpetually jerking this extremity into the air as it moves about. It is to be noticed, moreover, that this restless motion of the tail is most persistent during the mating and nesting season, as excitement, anxiety, or feeling of any kind is at once shown by a quickening of the motion.

It would seem, then, that the real value of the conspicuous marking is this. It enables the sexes to find each other amidst the dingy surroundings they favour, and is, therefore, of the same value to the species as are the musk-glands of various animals. Secondly, it is there as a guiding beacon—it is a conspicuous mark for the young to follow, assisted by its restless motions, which reach their zenith in the case of an anxious mother.

In *Habits and Characters of British Wild Animals*, I devoted some space to a theory, my belief in which becomes more and more strongly established—namely, that certain birds and beasts and fishes exist mainly as a natural food for others. Most of these unfortunate creatures have some distinguishing feature—perhaps not directly in their apparel, but possibly in their habits, which are such that they are specially at the mercy of their foes. The majority of them are polygamous; all are good food; all possess great powers of survival. They are essentially creatures of the chase. Among these in the animal world we have the rabbit with his white tail. True that this distinguishing mark is valuable to its owners in helping them to evade their foes, and unless Nature were to some extent generous in this way, she would defeat her own aims by bringing about the extermination of the species. We have the deer, the quarry of nobler hunters, and in this case Nature betrays the species by white rumps and by the towering antlers of the males. The white rumps are of value in that they enable deer to follow deer, fawn to follow hind, through the dark thickets; but, alas! they catch also the eye of the hungry hunter. The antlers of the stag are of no special value to the stag that wears them; their annual growth saps his strength, and he would be better able to vanquish his foes without them. But these same antlers, be it noted, are of great value to the species because they betray the stag afar, and he thereafter becomes the object of the chase, while the hinds, on whom the race depends, escape to safety. And well the stag knows that he is marked out in no mean measure, for he will run with his head held low under the flanks of the hinds, driving them before him, and slashing at them mercilessly when danger is at hand.

Among fishes we have the herring and the mackerel as examples of types which exist chiefly as natural prey for others, and it is specially to be noticed that the flesh of such fish is very rich and sustaining as food, and in order to obtain the maximum benefit from it, it must be digested slowly. Nature has seen to this by providing them with a truly bewildering bony structure, which serves to retard the digestion of the birds and of other fishes which swallow them whole, while obtaining the same result in forcing the more dainty feeder to consume them slowly and with due caution.

It might be safe to class the moorhen under the heading of natural prey—hence the double meaning of the white tail. Like the white tail of the rabbit, like the white rump of the deer, like the black ear-tips of the Alpine hare, like the flashing flanks of the dainty mirror fish of Indian streams, the feature is destructive as well as being protective. The moorhen, however, was never intended for wholesale massacre. It exists more as a safe stand-by for times of great scarcity. It lives in one place—every creature knows that it is there—yet its flesh is not

sufficiently dainty to be really tempting except when hunger presses. Finally, the bird is easily caught.

I have already described how a fox will pass moorhens by so long as there is a hope of catching more appetising game; but sooner or later the day comes when he returns for the bird which he has passed by indifferently so many times. The said bird, in all probability, has become more or less indifferent towards him, and now, assuredly, dies. It is in this way that the moorhen figures in Nature's scheme of economy—not as a wholesale victim at all times, but as a creature which, when needed at all, is badly needed. Among animals, the porcupine—which may spend half its life in one tree, which is best left alone in normal times, but which, in seasons of life or death, can be returned for and caught—figures in the same capacity.

IV.

Though so much of a land bird, the newly hatched young of the moorhen are even more at home in the water than are ducklings and the young of other birds which in later life depend upon their swimming and diving powers to a far greater extent than does the moorhen. Old moorhens can dive well, but they seldom do so, and obtain very little food in this way. They are essentially land and surface feeders. On Loch Ken, however, I have repeatedly seen newly hatched moorhen chicks striving to escape observation by diving into the shallow water among the new rushes. They submerge with surprising alacrity, and swimming below the surface, using their feet and wings, they hunt round for a suitable place of hiding on the bed, and crouch there perfectly still for a considerable time, the air in the down that covers them giving them a bright silvery appearance. Presently one will be seen to rise to the surface. Lying under a prostrate reed or lily-leaf, it pokes up its beak and refills its lungs, and will remain thus, almost totally submerged, till a fresh movement on the part of the trespasser causes it again to dive. I remember watching a whole brood of them thus employed, and while they were at it two were gobbled up by the huge pike which lay basking in the shallow water among the rushes—by far the most deadly peril with which the chicks had to contend, yet against which they seemed to possess no guarding instinct.

In another way moorhen chicks are strangely helpless little creatures. I remember catching one early in my boyhood, and having examined the pretty little creature, I launched it out into deep water, intent on giving it a good start towards its mother. But unhappily my kind intentions resulted in capsizing the chick, and I had the mortification of seeing it kick its helpless little life away, its legs in the air, just out of my reach in the deep water. It is rather surprising that young birds that are so much at home below the surface should be unable to right themselves should they fall into the unhappy position of being back downwards.

The moorhen is comparatively feeble when on the wing. I have seen one collide with the branches and fall heavily to earth when startled in a woodland retreat. Yet partial migrations sometimes take place during severe winters, the birds covering fairly great distances. During the abnormal winter of 1887 thousands essayed to cross the Channel, and vast numbers of them fell exhausted on the shores of France, to be picked up by the peasants.

Moorhens seem to possess no unanimity of decision. The young remain with the parents even after all are fully fledged, the adult chicks helping to guard and feed the succeeding brood; yet if an adult family be disturbed they never rise *en masse*, as does a family of partridges. Instead they get up one at a time and straggle off in different directions, each bird seeming reluctant to take flight till finally it is compelled to do so. The moorhen is, indeed, the most irresolute of all feathered kindred.

(*Continued on page 461.*)

THE ADVENTURES OF AN UNROMANTIC GENTLEMAN.

CHAPTER THE THIRD: *Tells how Colonel William Makepeace Russell started for Brighthelmstone.**

MUCH of the information contained in this narrative is taken from the memoirs of Colonel Russell. As that soldier has a pleasing, if naïve, style, I propose, wherever possible, to quote from his autobiography.

There is a passage in which he describes the interview he had with Cromwell, and thereafter he continues:

'When I left his Excellency the Lord-General I was much perturbed, for I liked not the commission he had given me. How I regretted that my sagacious father was not alive to give me the benefit of his sage advice! He fought for the Houses, early in the Civil War, and rose to the rank of cornet, before a wound compelled him to return to civil avocations. He then engaged in the haberdashery trade, with such success that when he died he left me provided with an

* The modern Brighton.

annual income of nigh £200. That lying jade, Rumour, declared that my father—his name was Hallelujah Bethuel—laid the foundation of his fortune by plundering during the war. This slander I now take the opportunity of denouncing as the wicked invention of envious enemies: my father was an honest man, although zealous in despoiling the "Canaanites," as he designated the enemies of our cause.

'When I arrived home I examined the signet-ring and the locket. The former was a heavy gold ring, bearing the monogram P.H.; the latter was a locket of chased gold, about the size of a penny-piece in circumference, and in thickness perhaps one-eighth of an inch. Upon one edge was a small knob, and when I pressed upon this, the locket flew open and revealed to me the miniature portrait of a young woman.

'My unskilled pen can hope to convey no true idea of her beauty. Though I tell you that, like an aureola, a mass of golden hair surmounted a low, broad forehead; that her nose was small and straight; that her reproachfully smiling eyes were wondrous large and blue, and were shaded by long, curving lashes, and each o'erarched by a delicate sweep of brows; that her slightly pouting lips were parted to enable one to glimpse two rows of pearl-white teeth; that her neck—— But am I a hind that I should catalogue a woman's points, as one does those of a prize heifer? Suffice to say that she was beautiful.

'My heart sank as I looked at the portrait—not, mark you, that I feared that I should fall under the siren's spell. "But," thought I, "here is a wench able to steal away men's wits and honour. And doubtless she hath had much experience in intrigue. How can I hope to outwit her? I trow not."

'So I settled my affairs with a sad heart, then wended my way to a livery-stable to hire a horse. By this time night had fallen, and I decided, therefore, not to start on my journey until the following morning. At six of the clock on the morrow, mounted on a gray gelding, and with a pair of two-foot pistols hanging at my saddle-bow, I rode over London Bridge.

'Lord! what a medley of thoughts were gathered in my brain! Here was I, William Makepeace Russell, a peace-loving, unromantic man, accoutred, and riding forth like one of Sir Thomas Malory's knights in search of horrific adventures. Lord! what a strange world this is, wherein the man that loveth peace and ease better than aught else, and who is left unmoved by vain talk of fame and glory, is thrust into hazardous undertakings, and embroiled in quarrels not of his making; the whiles his neighbour, to whom riot and adventure is as the breath of life, is condemned to work out his life in prosaic occupations! And as I cogitated upon this anomaly, I could not forbear to shake my head and sigh.'

CHAPTER THE FOURTH: *Tells how Colonel Russell came to the Ship Inn at Brighthelmstone.*

'ONCE the city was left behind, the anxieties which, since my rising that morning, had held dominion in my mind, became in a large measure effaced by the genial influences of nature. The sun, little warmth though it gave, shone brightly from a deep-blue sky, pied with fleecy clouds; and the grass glistened with dew, and bent and waved before the wind, having at times the appearance of smoke drifting swiftly across the ground. Invigorated by the pure country air, I fell into a mood ready to take delight in the most trivial thing. The querulous sea-gulls assembled in a mead, or hurling themselves adventurously through the air; a bunch of faded and wizened berries hanging solitary on a bush; a couple of crows, with burnished black feathers, standing like hostile sentries one on either side of a tiny pool; the sheen of the trunk of a silver birch; the robin that daringly flew across my path, scarce a yard in front of me; the sporadic rushing of the wind through the bare tree-tops; the blatant cawing of a colony of rooks; the sound of a huntsman's horn echoing through the high wood; the twisted gray boughs of a huge and ancient beech-tree, silhouetted on the summit of a plat of rising ground: these, and many such simple things, pleased me, and filled me with an innocent delight.

'Whilst this fit of elation lasted I was able to consider philosophically even my journey and the tasks it might involve. I determined to confront such dangers and difficulties as might lie ahead of me manfully, yet with due caution; for I was never one to rush heedlessly into dangers for fear of being termed coward. My first task was to find Brighthelmstone: no easy matter, since, beyond knowing that it lay somewhere to the south, I had no knowledge of its location.

'At Croydon I inquired my way to the coastal village, but there was none could give me even the vaguest directions for getting there. People travelled even less in those days than they do now, and few of the inhabitants of Croydon had ever been more than twenty miles from their native village.

'Continuing to ride in what I conceived to be a southerly direction, I at length came to a pretty little hamlet (which I discovered was called Reigate), where, it being an hour past the noon, I dined at an hostelry—"The Cow that jumped over the Moon," 'twas called, I believe—and, spite my perturbation of mind, made a good meal of salt beef, carrots and turnips, with an apple pasty of generous dimensions to conclude the repast. It was with a satisfaction that was not simply physical that I made this excellent meal, for I have ever held

that in time of stress, or trouble, or calamity, having done all that is humanly possible to guard against misfortune, and having commended oneself to the care of God, man cannot do better than fortify himself with a good meal, and a measure or two of choice ale. So thought my father, and was fond of saying that "a sensible man, apprehensive of coming strife and stress, should victual his body against it, even as a wise and foreseeing commander doth provision a fortress when fearing that he may be called upon to stand a siege." Many a time hath he related how, before the battle of Naseby, he and certain other godly men having, through the grace of God, been billeted on a son of Belial—a knight round of paunch and heavy of purse—did levy a good supply of delectable eatables, and a few quarts of wholesome ale, and a couple or more bottles of mellow wine—for, although abstemious, he wisely held that good wine, like all other pleasing things, was sent for some beneficent purpose, and that only that of poor quality was to be avoided—and made a good meal, having the Royalist's servant wenches to wait at table. Wherefore, his enemies did much vilify my good parent, and had he not been a cornet, and a reliable soldier, he had like enow been ignominiously expelled from the army—and all because he did requite the wenches with a kiss, and mayhap a pretty, foolish word or two. Yet assuredly, save for this act of indiscretion, he did but shew wise forethought; and did justify the requisition by the manner in which he smote the servants of the Man of Blood in the battle which ensued on the following day.

'But I have digressed—in faith, I grow fondly garrulous as old age creeps on me.

'To return to the narrative of mine own adventures: whilst pandering to the desires of the inner man, I inquired of mine host whether he or any of the village could direct me to Brighthelmstone. He shook his head; then suddenly his rather bovine features lighted up with intelligence, and he said in a queer dialect, which I shall not essay to reproduce, "If your honour is in no great haste, I think I can find a man who knoweth the country 'tween here and the sea, and who will guide you to this place for a small sum. He is——"

'And he hesitated, as though in doubt.

'I nodded encouragingly, saying, "Speak out, good fellow. I care not what he be, so long as he will faithfully guide me to Brighthelmstone. And if he prove satisfactory, neither of you shall find me ungenerous."

'Thus encouraged, the innkeeper rambled on, "He is an old mariner, and"—dropping his voice, "repute saith he is sometimes engaged in smuggling. Moreover, sir, he useth oaths of such a nature that a decent man should eschew his company. Nathless, I'll warrant you he hath a good heart, and will beguile a dreary journey by many a wonderful tale of his troubles. There can be hardly a place——"

'Here I interrupted his flow of gossip by asking him to seek instantly the man he spoke of, and to bring him to me that I might engage him as my guide, were he willing.

'Having explained that it might be a little while ere he could find the man, the landlord lumbered out of the room, and I, being rendered lethargic by my meal, dozed comfortably by the fire.

'I was aroused by a tramping of feet, and started up just as the innkeeper entered the room, accompanied by another man.

'"Here he is, your honour——" began mine host, but was interrupted by his companion, who touched his forelock, and exclaimed in a deep, thick voice, "Here, your honour, is ol' Ben Bewley, an ol' 'ulk that was once as trim a craft as any that cruised these waters. If you want to make Brighthelmstone, there's never a better pilot for you than ol' Ben; sink me if there is, capt'n!"

'I stared at this apparition for some moments ere I could answer. He was a little, wizened old man, with a shrivelled-up face the colour of mahogany, two twinkling brown eyes, a hooked nose, a tar-coloured pig-tail, and large ears weighed down by enormous brass ear-rings. He was clad in a short jacket and wide breeches, walked with a slight limp, and affected a rolling gait. I say affected, for I am assured that his experience of the sea was limited to the long-shore.

'As he stood before me, alternately hitching his breeches and touching his forelock, and grinning all the time, he presented such a ludicrous picture that I could scarce stifle my mirth. However, I managed to ask him in grave tones for what sum he would guide me to Brighthelmstone.

'"That, capt'n," he answered, "I leaves to you."

'"Will half-a-guinea satisfy you, my good fellow?" I asked.

'"Rot me timbers! and why shouldn't it?" he replied. "But call me ol' Ben, capt'n. That's what Captain Blake used to call me. Sarvant to him, I was, afore I got a shot through me rigging, and had to leave the service," tapping his crippled leg. 'There ain't no more faithful ol' creature walks this deck than ol' Ben Bewley, blast me! there ain't,' he's said many and many a time. And when do you purpose to weigh anchor, capt'n?"

'"At once," I answered.

'So, paying my bill, and giving the innkeeper something for the pains he had taken to obtain a guide for me, I asked that my horse might be brought to the door. The landlord thanked me for my generosity, and brought out my horse, and mounting, I rode out of Reigate

with my loquacious companion jogging along beside me.

'The old seaman proved a most entertaining guide, with his tales of sea life; and the rest of the day passed swiftly. We spent the night at a farmhouse; and next morning were up betimes and once more on the road to Brighthelmstone.

'Two or three hours' easy travelling brought us in sight of the sea; and thereafter our route skirted the strand. I dismounted that I might pick up and examine such natural curiosities—stones with strange markings, shells, and the like—as attracted my attention; wherefore our progress was slow.

'Presently Bewley urged me to mend my pace, for a storm was a-brewing; and soon his prediction was justified. Black clouds began to bank up seaward, and, the sun becoming obscured by these, the air grew bitterly cold. Later it commenced to rain heavily, and the wind rising, hurried the white-tipped waves to the shore, up which they hissed and foamed almost to the road.

'With head bent to withstand the gale, and to protect my face in some measure from the driving rain and the foam, which was blown by the wind many yards from the shore, I hurried after my guide; and glad was I when, coming in sight of a dozen or more houses, Bewley announced that we had reached Brighthelmstone. Passing by these, we entered a miserable, tumble-down inn—"The Ship," 'twas called—and made our way to the tap-room, the air of which was laden heavily with the smoke of strong tobacco and the fumes of ale and spirits.

'Ben, who appeared to be on intimate terms with all the company assembled there, explained to the landlord that we needed accommodation for the night; at which mine host nodded, without removing his pipe from between his teeth, and led the way to a small bedroom, lighted by a bottle-glass window, which looked out upon the sea. Perforce, I said that this would suit me; and having ate a hearty supper of salt pork and black bread, sought my bed.

'For a couple of hours the noise of the storm prevented me from sleeping; and when its violence had in some measure abated, I was kept awake by miserable thoughts and speculations concerning my commission.

'At last I fell into a troubled sleep, from which I awoke at an early hour. Besides the mental anguish which I suffered, I was now troubled by a headache, and had no appetite for breakfast.

'But when some fresh-caught fish were placed before me, my spirits revived slightly, and finding the fare truly delicious, I ate heartily, and rose from the table refreshed in both body and mind. Lighting my pipe, I left the inn, and walked down to the strand.

'The day was glorious: the sun was shining brightly, and a brisk wind was breaking the sea into foam-tipped billows. Soothed by the sight of the vast expanse of water, I strolled some little distance from "The Ship," and seated myself on a heap of shingle. Presently my attention was drawn to a small brown sail, which was coming steadily landwards.

'In a short while it was come so close to the shore that I was able to distinguish a man in the fore part of it, and another man and two women in the stern.

'"'Tis like enow Anne Beverley," I thought, and with a beating heart I awaited their landing.'

(*Continued on page 459.*)

THE BURMA RUBY-MINES.

I.

VERY few tourists who visit Burma attempt to go to the ruby-mines. They may have heard that Burma is famous for its rubies. They may see and even purchase in Rangoon and Mandalay some of the various kinds of stones that are to be found in the ruby-mines. They may be told that the journey to Mogok—the centre of the industry—is not a difficult one. But, unfortunately for themselves, most of those who come to the province as passing visitors do little more than inspect one or two of the sights of Rangoon—the Shwedagon Pagoda, which can now be entered only if all footwear is removed; the Royal Lakes; and the Zoological Gardens—while some make a journey of between three and four hundred miles to Mandalay, visiting there the moated palace and the Arakan Pagoda and the Mandalay Hill. From that ancient capital they proceed down the Irrawaddy for five days to Prome, from which town they take train back to Rangoon. Yet when they are in Mandalay they are within one and a half days' journey of the ruby-mines, and the journey there and back would probably be of much greater interest than the rapid progress down the Irrawaddy, in the course of which they see little except the high unsightly banks, a few bamboo-mat houses scattered here and there in the intervals between small nondescript towns, and an occasional pagoda.

From Mandalay shore the journey to Mogok is made by one of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company's steamers to a village called Thabeitkyin. On the way, on the right bank of the Irrawaddy, may be seen Mingun, where the largest complete bell in the world is to be found, and where the

ruins of a vast pagoda, built of bricks and rapidly falling into decay, can be observed from the deck of the steamer. On all the steamers good accommodation and food are provided. If the voyage is made by one of the fast steamers, the visitor arrives at Thabeitkyin on the night of the day on which he started. Otherwise he arrives the following morning. From this village he can reach the ruby-mines by motor-car in from four to five hours. Just before he reaches Thabeitkyin, he will have pointed out to him a little island near the right bank on which there are a pagoda and a 'phongyi-kyaung' —a monastery used by the Burmese priesthood. The island is said to rise with the rising waters of the Irrawaddy, local superstition having it that although frequently great volumes of water come down from the hills in the north, and although the land on either bank is sometimes covered with water, the floods never reach above a fixed point on this little island, which is no more than about one hundred feet by fifty feet.

At Thabeitkyin the landing arrangements are not all that they might be. In fact, they are primitive. But to the traveller the rocky bank on which he is to disembark will not be without interest, for he will see a motley crowd awaiting the steamer's arrival. Arrived on shore, he has nothing to keep him at this tiny village, which boasts about fifty houses, a Myook's court-house, and a dak bungalow. He can arrange by telegram for the supply of breakfast or tea *en route*, so that he may make his way right through to Mogok, the headquarters of the ruby-mine district, and the town round which all the ruby-mine workings are to be found.

Proceeding along the sixty miles of road to Mogok, the traveller sees ahead of him great ranges of mountains, which he is told he must cross before he reaches his destination. The first part of the journey passes through great thick forests of evergreen-trees—the most important of which is teak, laid out in plantations. He then begins to mount along a zigzag road to the top of the first of the ranges of hills which separate him from his journey's end. Having reached the summit, he slowly descends to a village called Shwe-nyaung-bin, the village of the 'Golden Banyan Tree,' where, if so desirous, he may halt for a short time in a bungalow specially built for travellers. From this village he again slowly mounts upwards, until he reaches about four thousand four hundred feet above the sea-level, at a village called Kyatpyin. On his way he passes through the small hamlet of Kabaung, near which are said to have been discovered lead and zinc bearing ores.

Just before you reach Kyatpyin a magnificent view of the forest-ranges, stretching as far as the eye can see, presents itself. This scene is magnificent. On every side mountains overtop mountains, and nearly all are hidden to the top by thick forest vegetation, those that are not appearing to be covered with elephant-grass. Near Kyatpyin are the remains of the adits which represent the first efforts made by the Ruby-Mines Company to collect the numerous kinds of precious stones that are to be found in this neighbourhood. Operations began on this hillside some thirty years ago, and in the first week a large stone was found in one of the adits. This induced the company to carry on with its excavations for several years, but no further important find was made. Afterwards the company turned its attention to modern operations, which consist of washing down the ruby-bearing earth and, by means of various mechanical processes, separating the gravel from the sand. At Kyatpyin one of these operating-machines may be seen at the side of the road as one proceeds downhill towards Mogok.

At this height, even in the middle of the day, the temperature is chilly, and at certain times of the year it is advisable to have thick European garments ready for wear. The road from here is so constructed that not until one has actually arrived at Mogok does the town come into view. Only after passing through the gap is the curious geological formation of the place discovered. It lies in the centre of a great amphitheatre with hills rising up on every side. It almost seems as if there were no exit from the town—as if it had been dropped from the clouds above into this haunt of ancient peace.

II.

The town itself contains much that is of interest. As one moves about the street, members of the many frontier tribes—Padaungs, Lushais, Kachins, Chinese, Yunnanese, Shan-Tayoks, Maingthas, Indians from all parts of India, and the Burmese themselves, as well as Shans from the Momeik State, which adjoins Mogok on the east—are to be seen wandering about in the bazaar.

It is, however, the ruby-mines that the visitor wishes to see, but if he expects to see anything extraordinary he will be disappointed. He will be taken to a great open cut, like a quarry-face, in the valley, and looking down from the top, he will see hundreds of Chinamen busily engaged in clearing away the upper strata in order to reach the valuable 'byon,' or ruby-bearing sand, beneath. For this method of man-power is being substituted a system whereby the overburden is washed away by means of water brought from a height through pipes, forcibly expelling itself from a hose-like arrangement—a monitor—against the face. As more and more water can be brought into use, this method of extraction will supersede that involving the employment of hundreds of coolies at a great cost.

Coolies will still, of course, be required to take the 'byon' to the sluice, and the gravel thence to the separator. But these will be reduced as other mechanical contrivances are brought into use, and probably in time the 'byon' itself will be washed away by means of these monitors into a channel, and carried thence to a small separator erected near at hand.

The onlooker's first thought will naturally be, when he gazes down upon the workers engaged below, whether great losses are not incurred by the company through their workmen discovering precious stones in the sand and gravel which they are digging out and carrying away in little wagons. The answer is, to use a parliamentary expression, in the negative. When one comes to examine the separator, the reason for this is quickly discovered. The building in which the separating is done is closed, and only those who have permits are allowed to enter. The 'byon' is emptied in at the top and passed through various kinds of sieves and other contrivances, which divide the larger from the smaller gravel, and carry the fine sand to a separate place. This fine sand contains a certain number of smaller rubies, spinels, and other stones, but is not regarded as of any value by the company, and is sold to those prepared to tender for its purchase. This sand is taken outside, and all around are heaps being carefully examined by children of all ages, who pick out the tiny fragmentary stones that they may be lucky enough to find.

The larger gravel is separated into various sizes, and passed through 'jigs' and other appliances which facilitate the separation of the dross from the pure. From these the gravel collected is put on a large table, where skilful sorters pick out by hand the stones that have any value. They work so rapidly at this that in a few minutes large heaps are examined, and all the precious stones that have been found are left on the table in front. These sorters are mainly Chinamen who have been trained at this work for years. They are clad only in a shirt and a pair of what might be called elongated 'shorts.' On their heads are masks something like those used by bayonet-fighters. The reason why they wear these curious head-coverings is that it was found that these men became so clever with their fingers that by a mere pressure on a stone they could force it into the air, then catch it in their mouth, and swallow it. When first it was suspected that something of this sort was happening, inquiries were made, with the result that several Chinamen were actually caught practising in their own homes this method of jerking stones from the table into the mouth. So quick and adroit had they become that the flight of the stone could scarcely be detected.

Rubies thus collected are taken over to the office of the company, where they are all carefully examined by experts. They are placed in heaps of various sizes. Valuable stones are picked out and placed apart, the less valuable are heaped together, while the stones of lesser value still are treated with something akin to disrespect. So many stones pass through the hands of these 'valuers' in a day that they become almost contemptuous of them. The value of the 'Peace' ruby, which was discovered in 1919, was not determined for some little time after it had been discovered. It was known to be of considerable value, but at first it was not thought that it would bring in the thirty thousand pounds sterling which was approximately the price paid for it. In the rough it was a stone not very much larger than the first joint of a woman's thumb, but it was of such a shape as to necessitate very little cutting, and was of the finest colour. Much of the preparation of the rough stones for the market is done in Mogok itself, and one of the most fascinating sights as one passes through its streets is to watch the craftsman at work with primitive appliances, shaping the stones into things of beauty.

III.

The ruby has become to some extent unpopular, by reason of the perfection to which the artificial ruby has been brought. Large numbers of these artificial rubies are to be found on the market at the present moment. A few simple tests, if made, will discover the difference between the artificial and the real. Real stones can be differentiated from artificial by means of their structure. All stones contain blemishes of one kind or another, and the artificial-stone blemishes are different from those found in real stones. In the stones, if examined under a powerful glass, bubbles may be seen. In the real stones these bubbles are irregular and often elongated, whereas in the artificial stones the bubbles are generally round. In the real ruby the colour varies in different parts of the stone, while in the artificial the colour is almost always uniform. Another method of differentiation is to be found in the characteristic silk-like structure of the ruby, which gives off a silky sheen by reflected light. This structure is never found in artificial stones. Another distinction is that the striations in the real are straight or angular, while in the artificial they form a series of concentric curves. Many imagine colour is a sufficient test of the ruby. If the colour is that of pigeon's blood, it is probable that the stone is a real one; but it is not sufficient, as the chemical composition and properties of the artificial stones are identical with those of real rubies, and the difference in structure is the only reliable test. If the owner of a ruby has any doubt regarding the value of the stone, he can purchase a simple apparatus known as the 'jeweller's microscope,' which will

enable him, by applying the tests mentioned, to discover whether the stone is real or artificial. If he is uncertain, the opinion of an expert should be taken, and no purchaser of rubies should be satisfied with his own belief that the stones he is going to buy are real or artificial.

There are a few stones which approximate very closely to the natural stones. Other instruments, the use of which can be quickly learned even by the uninitiated, are the dichroscope and the refractometer, both of which enable the observer to distinguish between real rubies and other stones of a similar colour, such as the spinel, the 'Cape ruby' or garnet, and the tourmaline. A simple experiment based on the specific gravity of these stones can be tried. The relative weights of the stones mentioned vary from just over four to just over three. Now, if thallium silver nitrate is dissolved in water, a mixture can be prepared which is four times as heavy as water. In this a ruby will sink, and the other stones will float on the surface. Yet another test is to be found in the hardness of the ruby. It is harder than any stone except the diamond, and if the stone that is being bought is scratched by a hard steel point, the owner may be assured that all he possesses is paste.

Although it might be thought that ruby-mining is an extremely profitable business, the cost of recovery is so great, and so rarely are valuable stones found, that although the Ruby Mines Company has been engaged in this enterprise since 1889, it has not paid many dividends. The company is, moreover, under an agreement with Government whereby the payment of dividends above a certain figure will impose upon it the duty of contributing toward certain royalty charges which are outstanding. Although the company has certain rights connected with the areas on which it is working, it has no control over private mining operations in the vicinity. Consequently it often happens that the primitive form of mining which Burmans and others practise interferes not only with the extension of their deep-level cuttings, but involves them in great difficulties over their water-supply. Mining for rubies by the Burman is rarely a profitable business. He may spend large sums of money for years and discover little or nothing; or he may discover a valuable stone in the very first trial, and this may induce him to carry on the operations at a loss for years, in the hope that another stroke of luck will restore his shattered fortunes. It is only by operations on a large scale that this kind of mining can be made to pay, and it would probably be in the interests of every one if the whole of the operations could be centralised under one organisation. Methods of production might be cheapened, and such compensation could then be paid to existing owners of property as would render them satisfied with the transaction. It is, however, unlikely that any monopoly such as existed in the King's time in Burma will ever again come into being.

IV.

Apart from the interest that attaches to the mining operations in this valley, Mogok is so wonderful and beautiful that the casual visitor leaves it with regret. The climate even during the middle of the day is never very hot, and during winter the thermometer frequently goes below freezing-point. It is in the evening and at night that care has to be taken, as a heavy drop in temperature takes place after sunset. Geologists would find in this valley much that is of interest, although the geological formations are probably simple. The ruby and other stones found in Mogok consist essentially of corundum, of which emery is an impure form. But why the wonderful processes of natural crystallisation which produced those stones came to be concentrated in this valley, and in none of the surrounding valleys, is a mystery beyond man's imagining. At one time it was thought that a great volcanic eruption had taken place near Mogok, and a half-mountain towards the east seemed to give colour to this view. The idea, however, has been exploded, and the only interest this hill has is that in a cave which runs into it was discovered some years ago one of the teeth of a sabre-tooth tiger. This tooth is, it is believed, the only one that has been found in Burma, and is one which in certain respects is different from teeth of the same extinct animal found in other parts of the world. The botanist and the ornithologist would also find extensive scope for their investigations.

The casual visitor will, however, be most interested in the precious stones presented for his inspection by numerous vendors. Many of the stones that will be offered for purchase are real, but he will probably be at a loss to discover their fair value. The unskilled buyer cannot distinguish between the best and the imperfect stones, and should get good advice before he makes any extensive purchases. He will be shown, as well as rubies, spinels, aquamarines, garnets, sapphires, tourmalines, and peridots. If he is fortunate, he may pick up one or two stones for which subsequent valuation will prove that he paid no excessive sum.

The journey back is even more rapid than that to Mogok. It is mostly downhill, and the mighty current of the Irrawaddy helps the steamer back to Mandalay. As one leaves through the mists of the early morning, mounting the six hundred feet to Kyatpyin, one cannot wonder that the Burmese kings desired, and were able for centuries, to keep the secret of this treasure-house from the outside world.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

WASPS.

By Canning Williams.

I.

OWING to its unusual dryness and warmth, last summer was a good one for wasps. As their nests are situated for the most part in holes in the ground, the disastrous effects of heavy rain can be easily imagined. Adult wasps, with their coats of chitin, can stand a severe soaking now and then with impunity, but not so the delicate larvæ; weather, therefore, has much to do with the abundance or the scarcity of *Vespa vulgaris*.

As is generally known, all but the young queens die off in the autumn. These find some dry and sheltered spot, and there spend the long winter in sleep, blissful, it is to be hoped, and certainly profound. In September last, while exploring the dimly lit loft of my newly entered house in the south of England, I discovered about a score of queen-wasps on a rafter near the diminutive window in the roof. Fine, fat, handsome creatures they were, each one a potential mother of thousands of yellow-jackets. I also saw a number of large, well-fed spiders, and wondered how they obtained their nutriment in so sterile a place. A week or two later I scrambled up into the loft again, with the intention of sticking a pin in the wood near the head of each of the insects, in order to ascertain whether or not they remained in the same position throughout the winter. Imagine my disappointment when I found that all the queens had disappeared. I at once suspected the spiders, and, groping about with the aid of a torchlight, I saw, on the plaster immediately under the beam, wings and other incriminating débris. The spiders had had a rich and unexpected feast, and had laid in a stock of nourishment that would last them for a considerable time, and so postpone for a period their cannibal attacks upon each other; for a hungry spider does not stick at trifles.

Reports from different parts of the country have been published in the papers of the discovery in the autumn of last year of unusually large numbers of queen-wasps, and as each of those that survive the winter becomes the foundress of a colony, we may expect—if the present summer be a normal one—such a plague of wasps as has not been known for many years. What it would be like if wasp-colonies lived through the winter must be left to the imagination.

This prospect of a countless army of yellow-jackets will be pleasing to some people and displeasing to others—the majority. It is difficult to take an impartial view; our prejudices or our interests stand in the way. Mr F. W. Peek, the bee-expert to Messrs Chivers & Sons, the jam firm, has nothing but the strongest language for the creatures. They are (he says) marauders, murderers, buccaneers on the wing, brigands of the worst description. He glories in the fact that he killed three millions of them last summer by destroying their nests. He is an expert in the art, for much practice has made him perfect. This is his method. He first of all shadows the unsuspecting wasp home to the nest. Wasps always fly in a straight line, and usually along by the side of a hedge. Having found the nest, he takes a mixture of three ounces of cyanide of potassium to one pint of cold water, and squirts it down the hole with an ordinary glass syringe. After the poison has taken effect, Mr Peek uses an iron rod to find where the nest is. Sometimes it is two or three feet away from the hole, the wasps having tunnelled underground. When he has found it, he squirts more cyanide into it, and then digs it up, leaving the tunnel from the hole to the nest undisturbed, so that those afield will, on returning, enter the passage and die. The grubs have to be destroyed separately, as the fumes of the poison cannot enter the cells—or at least those of them that are 'capped.'

Here is the opposite view. 'Wasps are magnificent creatures,' remarked last August the Medical Officer of Health of Kingston-on-Thames, 'even if they are a little troublesome, and are amongst our very best sanitary workers. Personally I never kill a wasp, and a wasps' nest in the vicinity of a house means that they will get rid of twenty-five thousand flies a day. They are always hunting for flies and midges, and they feed largely on flies' eggs. When a wasp enters a house, it usually makes for the place where the flies are in the habit of depositing their eggs.'

I am far from holding the opinion that wasps are an unmitigated evil, but we can have too

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

much of a good thing, and, as I have said, we are likely to have it; hence I resolved in the spring to kill every queen that ventured within striking distance of my arm—a resolution which, unlike some others I have made, has been carried out religiously. It is easy to tell a royal wasp, because she is much larger and handsomer than the common fry. Of course, individual action of this kind can reduce by only a very small percentage the wasp population of the United Kingdom; but every little helps.

II.

The queen awakes from her winter sleep in April or May, according to the weather, and having selected, after much anxious prospecting, a suitable site for her nest, she sets to work to construct it, using for the purpose particles of wood, which she mixes with saliva into a paste, forming a substance that, when dry, resembles very thin gray paper. Indeed, wasps can claim the credit of being the first paper-makers.

I was once sitting upon an old garden-seat, in that quiet and contemplative state of mind which even the worst of us sometimes enjoy, when I heard near my head a scarcely audible sound of nibbling. Turning, I saw a queen-wasp gnawing away tiny bits of wood, moving slowly upwards as she did so, and leaving behind her a narrow trail, easily distinguishable by its lighter colour as compared with the wood on either side of it. When she had filled her mouth she flew away to her nest, returning for more again and again. In a few days the seat was highly decorated with these trails.

As soon as she has constructed the nucleus of the nest, she lays eggs in the cells, and when the grubs hatch she seeks their food and feeds them—a mother-drudge in very conscience. After a while the workers (or neuters, as they are also called) emerge from their cradles, and in due time relieve their mother of this foraging and feeding work. More cells are formed, more eggs laid, and, as the workers increase in number, the nest is further extended, until it may accommodate many thousands. In his *Gleanings in Natural History*, Mr Edward Jesse tells of a wasps' nest that was found under the slates of a building at Hampton Court, which measured nearly six feet in circumference. He presented it to the museum of the Zoological Society. 'Nothing,' he writes, 'could exceed the extraordinary workmanship of this interesting specimen of insect labour.' It is while the queen is obtaining nesting material and searching for food that a sharp look-out should be kept for her, and her existence (if you are of the Peek School of thought) terminated, because she remains indoors after the workers take to outside labours.

Although I have been stung by bees on scores of occasions, and have come to look upon stings as rather pleasant mental stimuli and inexpensive exciters of eloquence, I do not know what the sting of a wasp is like, although I have a pretty good idea. People say it is more painful than that of a bee, and that its after-effects are worse. The theory has been advanced—and it seems to be a sound one—that the sting of a wasp is not so 'clean' as a bee's, because the former feeds largely upon animal food, whereas the latter subsists on the pure products of flowers. If I were asked to vote on the question whether the wasp or the honey-bee has the better temper, I would put my cross opposite to 'wasp.' If you arouse the animosity of a bee it will follow you about in a most determined way, and do something worse if you strike at it; whereas a wasp is not aggressive, unless you actually put your hand on it, or make an ineffectual attempt to dislodge it from your neck, or such other exposed part of your person as it may have chosen for a resting-place. It usually flies away at your approach, and will even put up with a good deal of handkerchief-waving and other forms of hysteria without taking summary measures.

Many years ago, dead-tired after climbing Snowdon, I lay on one of the lower slopes of the mountain and fell asleep. On awaking, I was surprised to see a score or two of wasps crawling on my clothes and exploring its various recesses and openings. Being an apiarist, and so understanding the temperaments of the bee and wasp tribes, I rose with great deliberation and walked at a funereal pace a few yards away. One by one the wasps took wing and flew to their nest, over the entrance of which I had been lying in peaceful sleep!

III.

After numerous experiments, Sir John Lubbock (Lord Avebury) was convinced that the favourite colour of honey-bees is blue; which is rather singular, seeing that the number of blue flowers is not large. Wasps, as one would suppose, are also capable of distinguishing colours, though, in the opinion of Sir John, they do not seem to be guided by it to the same extent as are bees. Dr Harold Wager, in a lecture to the Linnæan Society in 1919 on 'The Colour Sense of Wasps,' after explaining that he placed pieces of sugar on papers of different colours, stated that the wasps showed very little discrimination among the various colours, but, so far as could be judged, when they had a more or less free choice, untrammelled by their stronger instincts, they flew to the colours in the following order: yellow, black, red, blue, and white.

But perhaps the most interesting experiments in this regard were made by Mr and Mrs Peckham (authors of *Wasps, Social and Solitary*). They provided themselves with six sheets of stiff paper two feet square, coloured respectively red, blue, green, pink, and two shades of yellow, and cut in the centre of each a circular hole four and a half inches in diameter. The red paper

was placed over the nest so that the entrance was clearly exposed. 'The outgoing wasps dashed upward without noticing it, but great was the confusion among the home-comers. Thrown out of their reckoning, they clamoured about us in ever-increasing swarms.' Presently one, with rather more brains, or boldness, than the others, went into the hole, and one by one the rest followed. Three hours later they had become used to the change, and went in and out as usual. The red paper was left in position for two days, and then a blue one was substituted. 'Again the confusion, the swarming of fervent legions, the noisy expostulations, the descent of one after another; but this time they settled down to their ordinary routine in a little more than two hours. . . . As we tried new colours from day to day a few of the wasps became entirely reconciled to our interference, and paid no attention to the changes, while the others grew more or less accustomed to the idea of mutability, and were but little disturbed, although they still showed their consciousness of each alteration by making a few circles before going in;' and at last they looked for the hole itself, without relying upon the colour to guide them.

A Scottish bee-expert, not unknown in Edinburgh, told me of a very remarkable, but not pleasant, experiment that was made upon a wasp. The insect was busily engaged in sucking up honey, and while it was in the full enjoyment of its feast the experimenter severed with a sharp knife the slender 'waist' that connects the thorax with the abdomen. It went on imbibing the honey as though nothing had happened! The explanation, I suppose, is that the thorax is controlled by a set of nerves complete in itself, and the abdomen by another set; hence the wasp felt no pain or even discomfort in the upper part of its body when the lower part was lopped off. Happy creature! When working in my apiary, I have, on one or two rare occasions, accidentally rubbed off the abdomen of a bee, and shortly afterwards have seen the head end (to which the legs are attached) walking out of the hive. It was a painful, and yet an interesting, sight.

Wasps kill and dismember their prey in a very business-like and rapid manner. Last summer I closely observed the method adopted in dealing with a bee that had been discovered crawling on the ground. The wasp pounced upon the unhappy victim, and, having stung it, cut off its legs, wings, and head, and then (and this was the toughest proposition) bit through the waist. A few minutes from the beginning of the operations the wasp rose in the air, and bore away the bee's abdomen to its nest, there to be made into mince-meat for the youngsters. In a short time the same wasp (I knew it by one of its wings being a trifle frayed at the end) was back again on the prowl. This time it espied a young bee that was scarcely able to crawl. Without wasting good sting-poison on the infant, the 'murderer' proceeded to cut away the non-nutritive parts, and was in the act of rising with what was left, when down came my notebook with a well-aimed blow. Another wasp came along, alighted on its comrade's body, cut off legs, wings, and thorax in the approved style, and flew away with *its* abdomen as stock for the larder. 'Waste not, want not'—'Eat, and be eaten.' Nature abhors a vacuum—and sentiment! Blue-bottle flies are treated in the same way, and in the killing of them wasps render a useful service to butchers and housekeepers.

IV.

Although the diet of wasps consists chiefly of insects and other small and tender living creatures, they are very partial to honey. Indeed, bee-keepers look upon the wasp as the greatest enemy (in this country) of the honey-bee. Wasps have no chance against a strong colony of bees, but if they should discover a weak one they quickly overpower it, and steal every particle of its stores.

> Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
> And kill the bees that yield it with your stings.
> (Julia, in *Two Gentlemen of Verona.*)

Not long ago a hive of bees was included among the lots at a farm auction. 'How much for the bees and hive?' asked the man with the hammer. An inquisitive person removed the roof, when out issued a cloud of wasps. There was a precipitate retreat, and when the auctioneer, from a safe distance, again asked for bids, there was a dead silence. 'Anything you like, gentlemen.' 'Five shillings,' said a bee-keeper in the crowd. It was at once knocked down—a real bargain, for the hive was a good one, and the combs, though depleted of stores, were undamaged.

When wasps have discovered honey or syrup they carefully mark the spot, and return to it with unerring accuracy; and if the sweet be moved only a few inches their reckonings are upset for a time. Their perseverance and determination are most marked. Sir John Lubbock, in *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, gives a striking illustration of this characteristic. One of his wasps smeared her wings with honey, so that she could not fly. At first he was afraid that she was doomed. Then he thought he would wash her, and so terrify her that she would not return. He caught her, put her in a bottle half-full of water, and shook her up well till the honey was washed off. He then transferred her to another bottle, and placed her in the sun to dry. When she had recovered he let her out, and she at once flew to her nest. In thirteen minutes 'the brave little insect returned as if nothing had happened, and continued her visits all the afternoon.'

It would appear from some experiments carried out by Mr and Mrs Peckham that wasps are able to find their way home in the dark, in this respect having the advantage of bees. 'Our Vespas began to work an hour or two after sunrise, and did not stop until dusk. One cloudy evening when darkness fell early they continued to return to the nest, being able to fly to the right spot without any hesitation, although our vision did not permit us to see the opening without going down on our knees and looking closely. At last it grew perfectly dark, and we stuffed a handkerchief into the hole, with the result that seventy-five, coming home without a ray of light to guide them, were shut out, and were found clustered about the spot on the following morning.'

The industry of wasps is even greater than that of their cousins the honey-bees, their work beginning earlier and ending later. But all this labour leads up to a dénouement of disaster and tragedy. As autumn wanes and an occasional early night-frost tells of the coming of winter, the workers, following an apparently cruel but really a merciful instinct, destroy the young in the cells. There is no food in the nest, and little to be had outside. If not killed, the brood would suffer the pangs of hunger and a lingering death. It is better, therefore, that they should be put out of their misery quietly. As day follows day, the workers themselves become less active, till, numbed with cold and ready to depart, they pass painlessly out of life. 'The drama of destruction draws to a close with "the final catastrophe; the infirm and the dying are dismembered, eviscerated, dissected in a heap in the catacombs by maggots, woodlice, and centipedes." Finally the moth comes upon the scene, its larvæ "attacking the dwelling itself; gnawing and destroying the joists and rafters, until all is reduced to a few pinches of dust and shreds of gray paper."'*

Some weeks before this dismal ending, and in happy ignorance of it, the young queens took up residence in their winter retreats and began their six months' sleep, to be awakened to activity and motherhood when the rays of the Great Life-Giver shall fall more kindly upon the earth.

THE WIRELESS CALL.

PART II.

V.

THE *Bristol Maid*, under a full head of steam, drove fast to where the Algos Island lay, ninety miles to the south of her former course. True to the traditions of the sea, she was driven on her errand of mercy as she was rarely, if ever, driven on her own lawful occasions, and she was bowling along at near twelve knots before an hour had passed.

The S.O.S. call had ceased, and though Robins was continually transmitting their position, no reply came in return. Had the Greek steamer sunk before the rescuers were at hand, or was this proof positive of Stormer's baseness? No one could tell. But Tenniel had his suspicions, and ten times that night he was of a mind to put the *Bristol Maid* about and steer swiftly towards Palang Beit.

But, swearing, angry, suspicious, he held on. About an hour before dawn he went back to his cabin, giving instructions that he was to be called at once if anything was sighted.

Again he was subject to an early disturbance. He had hardly settled into an uneasy sleep when the look-out gave a hail, and the unsleeping seaman instinct brought Tenniel up on deck in a twinkling, to find Gideon searching the sea in the gray dawn until his telescope came to rest on something almost hull down on the horizon.

'Look at her, sir!' he cried excitedly as Tenniel came up. 'It's the *Polar Sun*, or I'm a sinner.'

Tenniel grabbed the telescope. 'It is, by Jove! But she's down by the head.'

'Then it couldn't be Stormer sent out that wireless,' said Gideon. 'He's in trouble himself, and not near where we expected to find the *Pharos*. We can't get both.'

Tenniel was perplexed, but he gave orders for the course to be altered towards the *Polar Sun*. 'It beats me,' he said. 'Why didn't Stormer call us, then? Funny two ships should have caught it at the same time, in a bit of a sea like this. But there's one good thing to it; we may pick up that cargo after all.'

As they closed the *Polar Sun* fresh light came to them. She was obviously making water fast, but no one was on the bridge, the wheel was deserted, and not a single seaman was to be observed on deck. She was waltzing aimlessly about on the ocean, masterless and helpless.

'Good biz, sir!' said Gideon, as the captain gave orders for the whale-boat to be lowered. 'This looks like salvage all right, if we can stop the leak, and she isn't too far gone.'

'I'm going aboard her to see,' said Tenniel quietly. 'Stand by to get a whip aboard, if I report it possible to tow. . . . I wonder what has become of Stormer & Co. They seem to have abandoned her.'

An hour passed before he signalled from the

---

* *Fabre, Poet of Science*, by Dr C. V. Legros.

Polar Sun. In the meantime he had investigated, and had found that there was four or five feet of water in the hold, the ballast had shifted, and it was fairly obvious that there had been trouble in the engine-room, where a cylinder-head had been blown out. So much for Captain Stormer's mad driving of an old ship, in his anxiety to beat his rival to Palang Beit.

Tenniel surveyed the damage, and quickly decided that it might be made good temporarily. He gave orders for repairs to be begun on this at once, got his men to work on the hand-pumps, since there was no steam to work the engine, and signalled to Gideon to have a tow-rope brought aboard. While he was waiting for that he walked into the wireless cabin, paused at the threshold to sniff the brandy-tainted air, and sat down at the operator's table, to drum idly with his fingers on the pad that lay there. He was wondering what had happened to Stormer, wondering if there was indeed another ship called the *Pharos*.

As he looked down presently at his fingers, his eyes fell upon some words shakily written on the pad beneath them, as if some one had made a note to assist his memory. He read the words with savage eyes: 'Greek Steamer *Pharos* N. by W. of Algos. Give position if asked.'

And the writing was that of Captain Stormer!

After the first flush of wrath Tenniel took it quietly. Perhaps Stormer was dead. In any case, he had abandoned his steamer, and left his ship to be salvaged by his rival. It was quite clear to him now what had happened. Stormer had sent out the lying call to detain him, to play on his better instincts, while he himself drove the *Polar Sun* rapidly on to Palang for the cargo of rubber. As for the *Pharos*, she was a myth he had invented.

The trick had been his undoing. Carrying on at a speed beyond the safe capacity of his old steamer, he had had trouble with the engines, he had bucketed her into the seas and strained a plate, and finally he had abandoned her. Perhaps that was the doing of the crew, a rough, insubordinate lot; but, anyway, the result was the same.

For the better part of that day the men worked liked Trojans, getting mats into position over the leak, pumping, improvising a dozen things, and, before evening, word was sent up that the level of the water in the forehold was lower, while the leak appeared to be efficiently stopped for the time being. Tenniel breathed relief, saw the tow-rope fixed, and went back to the *Bristol Maid*.

'I'll try a four-knot tow, Mr Gideon,' he said to the joyous mate 'If she stands that, we can open up a bit.'

Tenniel went on to tell Gideon of what he had discovered. The mate listened with a darkening face until the end. Then, 'The darned swine!' he roared. 'I'll scrag him if ever I see him again, the dirty dog!'

Tenniel looked thoughtful. 'We have seen nothing of the boats, Mr Gideon. If that bunch of lubbers handled them as they handled their ship, we mayn't see Stormer again.'

'I hope I may!' said the mate grimly.

Tenniel drew himself up. 'All right. Carry on. I've some leeway to make up in the matter of sleep, but call me if anything shows signs of giving. We don't want to lose her now.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' said the mate briskly. 'Carry on it is.'

VI.

The tow held, and through the greater part of that night the steamer kept on her way, tugging the reluctant *Polar Sun* behind her at a good four knots, breasting the heaving sea with goodwill. Towards midnight Tenniel came up on deck, refreshed by his sleep, and the mate's place was taken by the second, a young fellow called Haines. The hours went on. Towards dawn the look-out man again hailed, and this time their attention was drawn to a flare burned on their starboard bow, about four points off the course they were making.

'The boats!' said Tenniel, with an aspect of conviction, and smacked his lips, as he rang the engine-room telegraph to slow. 'I've caught the dog fair!'

They slowed, hoisted a signal-light, and stood by to pick up the boats when the first yellow light of day swam up on the horizon. Tenniel had dived down into his cabin for his pistol. As he came up with it bulging his pocket he saw two boats close in to starboard of the *Polar Sun*, and in the first boat the unmistakable figure of Captain Stormer. He ran aft at once, pistol in hand, and aimed at the boat, shouting, 'Sheer off, damn you! If you come aboard, it's this ship you'll board, Stormer.'

The boat held on. Tenniel fired, and the revolver-bullet made a splash near the bows.

'Stop your shooting!' yelled Stormer.

'Come aboard here, or I'll put the next through you!' yelled Tenniel savagely, and the boat altered course at once.

A ladder was let down as she came alongside, and, under the menace of Tenniel's pistol, Stormer came up first, and fronted his angry rival. 'What's the matter?' he said insolently.

Tenniel walked up to him and spoke. 'I've a good mind to shoot you, you swine. You sent us that lying S.O.S. to put us off our course, and you know what kind of crime that is at sea.'

'I don't know what you're talking about.'

'Oh yes, you do. I found your note in the

wireless cabin, and my operator knew your boy's call from the first. No, I've got you, and you'll lose your ticket over this; and I am salvaging your ship, and that'll cost you a pretty penny! Ah, I won't waste a bullet on your dirty carcass, after all. I've got you where I want you, without that. Call up your operator!'

Sullenly Stormer called him. The boy came up quaking, and fell on his knees at Tenniel's feet. 'He said it was a joke,' he blubbered. 'Filled me up with liquor he did, and said it was a joke!'

'Get for'ard!' roared Tenniel. 'I've no time for you.'

Stormer looked like a baited bull, glaring from side to side, helpless, ruined, as he knew, ready to end his life in his despair.

'I give in,' he said sullenly, and made one mad run at the bulwarks as if to launch himself over into the sea. That was, indeed, his intention, but Tenniel got to him in time, and dragged him back.

For all his hate of Stormer, his justifiable fury against the man who had tried to play him a foul trick, Tenniel had the heart of a man and a seaman, and perhaps the joy of his own triumph pleaded in him for the beaten and ruined rival.

'Stormer,' he said quietly, 'I can take your ship in to Palang and beggar you by claiming a whacking sum for salvaging her. I can get your ticket taken away, and leave you in the mud. That's what you would have done to me in the same circumstances.'

'Let me go!' said Stormer, pulling furiously. 'I'm better dead. Let me go, and I'll trouble you no more.'

Tenniel shook his head. 'You come near to being a brute beast, Stormer, but I hope I never shall. I'll make another bargain with you. I'll give you your chance. Your money's all in that ship, isn't it?'

'Every stiver I've got,' growled Stormer, wincing.

'And you'll be on the streets if I get you for salvage? Very well; will you take that on, or will you take a beating? Which do you value most, your money or your hide?'

A gleam of hope came into Stormer's eyes. 'What do you mean? Can I have my ship back? You don't mean that?'

'I do—under conditions,' said Tenniel. 'I propose to put you and your crew aboard, and deny salvage, if you'll take what you deserve like a man; but if you won't, I'll put you through it, and down you, like the skunk you are.'

Stormer's voice trembled as he replied, 'I did you dirty, right enough, Tenniel. I admit it freely. You're a better man than ever I was, or could be. I'll stand for whatever's coming to me.'

'Right!' said Tenniel briefly. Then he had all the crew of the *Polar Sun* sent into the fo'c'sle, and asked Haines to fetch his heavy malacca walking-cane from his cabin. Stormer stood like a rock, ashamed, still half-sullen, but taking with fortitude, as he had said, whatever was coming to him.

Tenniel gave him the thrashing of his life, threw the broken pieces of his cane overboard, and turned to the grinning mate. 'Captain Stormer and his crew will be put aboard the *Polar Sun* at once. When that is effected, you will cast off the tow.—Captain Stormer, you will oblige me by leaving my boat!'

. . . . . .

Three hours later and again the *Bristol Maid* was humping it over the seas, a good ten knots, her stem pointed towards the distant and invisible Palang Beit, and the *Polar Sun* lay far behind. And so it continued that day and the next, until one morning the *Bristol Maid* came into the half-deserted roadstead, and prepared to moor.

'Got a nice little cargo for you, captain,' said the agent when Tenniel went into his office on the wharf. 'Thought you or Stormer would be coming along sooner or later.'

'I'll take it with pleasure,' said Tenniel, and added with a smile, 'Stormer is, I understand, coming along—*later*.'

THE END.

THE CARAVAN ROUTE.

A LONG white track goes winding down to Bagamayo town,
Through green, mysterious forest-depths, and plains burnt bare and brown,
Where all the scorching, endless day the hot sun glints and gleams—
A hard track, a scarred track, a track of age-old dreams.

Long, long ago the Arab merchants passed here from afar,
Their copal and their ivory they bore to Zanzibar;
Who sought the wealth of Africa, its splendours, came this way—
This bold track, this old track, that empty lies to-day.

And sadder caravans went by beneath the burning sun:
The broken slaves who knew no rest when cruel day was done;
Chain-shackled, goaded ever on, they passed on through the years—
This mad track, a sad track of untold pain and tears.

Ah! many shadows linger here, the ghosts of other days,
But one walks solitary, bent, undimmed through memory's haze:
O Livingstone! when your great flag of God-light you unfurled,
This lone track—your own track—you chose to be your world!

MALCOLM HEMPHREY.

DARK STARS AND DOUBLE-STARS.

By Professor GEORGE FORBES, M.A., F.R.S.

I.

NEARLY a hundred years ago a great astronomer said with truth: 'We have no reason to suppose that luminosity is a necessary property of cosmical bodies. The visibility of countless stars is no argument against the invisibility of countless others.' He said this to dispel the opposite opinion then held by many astronomers. To-day, in 1922, the whole sky seems to be crowded with multitudes of dark stars, all discovered since that astronomer wrote his protest.

The story of their discovery goes a long way back, and is only one part of the greatest discovery in celestial dynamics, that there are innumerable *solar-systems among the stars*, governed by the same force of gravitation that we are accustomed to on our Earth, and in our solar-system.

II.

Solar-Systems among the Stars.—There are two incomparably fine pairs of stars, fairly wide apart, which always attract attention: one pair in the northern, the other in the southern, hemisphere. We, in northern latitudes, can always include among our friends the twin-stars Castor and Pollux, a magnificent golden pair of stars serving as two of the beacons beside that highway of the planets, the Ecliptic. Our friends at the antipodes, on their part, are captivated by the two still more brilliant stars, Alpha and Beta of the Centaur, pointing to the Southern Cross.

In neither case has any bond of attraction been found connecting them, like that which binds together our sun and planets. For the two stars are in each instance separated by inconceivable distances. These great pairs of stars are not what we call 'double-stars,' and are now mentioned only because, in each case, one of the pair is found to be a double-star and a prominent example of solar-systems among the stars. Castor itself, when examined with a small telescope, is easily resolved into two bright stars, one of the second magnitude, the other of the third, separated by a distance of six seconds of arc (equivalent to two inches, a mile away).

Castor is historically interesting because it was the first case of two stars found to be revolving round each other. Sir William Herschel (who died just a hundred years ago, August 25, 1822), in his great thirty-year stellar survey at the end of the eighteenth century, constantly measured double-stars, to get their distance apart, and the direction of the line joining them. In the course of these observations he found the configuration of the doublet, Castor, to be regularly changing. He came to the conclusion that the two stars formed a 'binary' system revolving in a period which he then estimated at over a thousand years.

This binary has become still more interesting of late years, for it has been found, by a most ingenious method of using a spectroscope, that each star of the pair is itself a pair of stars, revolving round each other, and making up a quadruple system of suns. The great pleasure we derive from Herschel's discoveries of the first-known solar-systems among the stars lies in the fact that, to all appearance, these stars are revolving, like our planets, under the influence of the same force of gravitation which, upon our world, gives weight to everything we handle. Newton had extended the influence of this force throughout the solar-system, and from Herschel's discovery it followed that the same force extended even to the distant stars, and might thenceforth be considered a *universal* force of gravitation.

An observer in the southern hemisphere can study Alpha of the Centaur in the same way as we can study Castor of the Twins. It is an easy double-star for moderate telescopes. The components are brilliant stars of the first and second magnitudes, and they revolve round each other in eighty-one years. Halley discovered its double character in 1689. Since then the distance and position-angle of the two stars have been measured through nearly three revolutions. So we know with some accuracy the orbit that is being followed, and astronomers can draw conclusions. The two component stars of Alpha Centauri are sometimes as close to each other as Saturn is to the sun—about a thousand million miles. Their greatest distance apart is three times as much. They are nearly the same size, though one is rather more brilliant than the other. The brighter of the two not only contains just as much matter as our sun, but shines only a little brighter than it, and the spectrum proves the star to contain the same materials, probably at the same temperature, as our sun.

It is a wonderful consequence of Newton's law of gravitation that we should be able to weigh the stars when a pair of them form a solar-system of their own. Generally it has been found that any two such stars do not differ greatly in mass, and, on the average, each is about equal to the sun. Some of them, however, may be ten times as massive. These results are derived from a rather limited number of binaries.

III.

It is easy now to understand the great interest of double-stars to a man who owns a telescope. Even before he has made any measurement, they interest him on account of the beautiful contrasts of colour often displayed by such a pair of gems. Moreover, the close double-stars form one of the finest tests for the performance of a telescope; and in this way amateurs get great pleasure in comparing the performances of rival telescopes.

Some double-stars can be seen even without the aid of a telescope. Mizar is the Arabic name for the middle star in the tail of the Great Bear. A companion star, called Alcor, can be seen close to it with the naked eye. Again, beside our bright-eyed friend Vega is Epsilon of the Lyre. Close to Vega two small stars can be seen, forming a regular triangle with it. Once recognised, they become a sure and useful sign that the bright star we are looking at is really Vega. One of these two small stars is Epsilon. When attention is fixed upon it there is little doubt of its being double. Even if the stars be not seen separate, they look like an elongated star, owing to the double character. An opera-glass will make this quite clear. A moderate telescope shows each of these two stars of which Epsilon Lyræ is composed to be itself double; and their revolution round each other has been proved. Here, as with Castor, we have a quadruple system of revolving stars.

Many catalogues of double-stars have been made, and, for large telescopes, none are included whose distance apart exceeds five seconds of arc. Using this standard, it appears, from the latest counts, that throughout the heavens about one star out of eighteen can be seen to be double. These have not all, however, been proved to be 'binaries,' a term applied only to those double-stars which have been shown to revolve round each other, thus establishing a physical connection.

IV.

The discovery of unsuspected solar-systems among the stars is one of the greatest triumphs of that marvellous instrument, the spectroscope. Its original purpose was for finding out the chemical elements contained in anything. Thus we discover that many stars certainly do contain hydrogen in their composition, and others helium, or calcium, or metals. Some contain titanium oxide, and those of one class are proved to have carbon in their atmospheres. The existence of these elements is proven when the light from a star is drawn out into a long rainbow-coloured line or spectrum by looking at it through a glass wedge or prism. For this coloured line is interrupted here and there by a missing colour; and the positions of these interruptions, or black gaps, in the spectrum indicate the chemical elements existing in the star's atmosphere.

It is surely a wonderful thing that the splitting up of a star's white light into its constituent colours by a prism should inform us of its chemical constitution. But there is an even greater marvel in the certainty with which a slight shift in the position of these black gaps towards the violet, or towards the red, end of the spectrum informs us whether the star is moving towards us or from us, and tells us the exact speed with which it so moves, actually measured in miles per second.

The information given to astronomers who study the motions of the stars by this astonishing power of the spectroscope altogether eclipses, from their point of view, its power of chemical analysis. The unexpected part it has played in the discovery of solar-systems among the stars, and of dark stars, forms one of the romances of astronomy.

The late Professor E. C. Pickering long ago earned the gratitude of all who care for the stars by the original and fruitful directions into which he guided the energies of Harvard College Observatory, U.S.A., from the time when he first assumed its directorship. One of his greatest discoveries was connected with our friend Mizar in the tail of the Great Bear. In 1889 he was able to announce that dark lines in the spectrum of the brighter of the two stars of which the visual binary Mizar is composed are periodically double, and in the intervals they are periodically single. The double spectrum proves that the light comes from two separate stars, so close together as to look like one. The relative displacement and duplication of lines in the two spectra, at regular intervals of time, proves that, at these times, the one star is approaching us and the other receding, compared with the middle point between the two stars. This could happen if the two stars revolve in a circle at opposite ends of a diameter. In that case, when one star is at its greatest distance from us and the other at its least, they would be in line, and neither of them would be either approaching, or receding from, us. At those regular intervals the double-star would show only one spectrum. Thus we understand the meaning of the fact that the spectrum-lines are alternately double and single.

Upon these lines of reasoning, it became certain, after observations had been extended over a longer time, that the brightest component of the visibly double star Mizar, in the tail of the Great Bear, consists actually of two stars, revolving round each other in a period of three weeks; that their distance apart is about the same as Mercury's distance from the sun; and, lastly, that their combined mass is twenty times that of the sun.

This wonderful discovery arose entirely from continued laborious and exact observations of the spectrum of the bright star Mizar.

Out of that discovery a new department of

astronomy soon arose, and numerous spectroscopic binaries are constantly being added to the list. By careful and long-continued observation of the displacements of dark lines in the spectra of a great many stars, evidence has been accumulated indicating in many cases a periodic character in these displacements, due to the binary character of many of the stars examined.

The very first stars in which the spectrum lines were found to be periodically doubled, after Pickering's Mizar, were our old friends Capella and her bright neighbour Beta of the same constellation, Auriga, the Charioteer. None of these spectroscopic binaries have been seen as doubles in the telescope. Quite recently, however, a new method for testing and measuring such close doubles has been entirely successful in the case of Capella, and every astronomer rejoiced at this confirmation of the spectroscopic evidence.

In all of the cases hitherto mentioned, the two stars of the system were *both* bright enough to show the spectrum with its lines. Not long, however, after the great discovery of double lines in Mizar, the spectroscope revealed to us a double-star wherein one of the pair was a black invisible star, giving no spectrum at all. Of course, whether the second star of a pair is bright or dark, the orbit is the same. And the spectrum lines of the bright star must be periodically displaced, to one side or the other, according as the star is approaching us or receding.

When both stars were bright, the duplication of the lines was an easy test. But it was found possible, even without this help, to measure the varying shifts of spectrum lines belonging to the single bright component of a pair. When those shifts of lines were found to vary periodically, and with perfect regularity, there was no room for doubt that the bright star was revolving in an orbit by the attraction of an invisible companion. Spica, the bright star in the constellation Virgo, the Virgin, was the first star thus proved, by the spectroscope, to be revolving round a dark invisible star. Spica is a light-house on the Ecliptic. Both Jupiter and Saturn are seen steering for it in 1922.

The discovery of a heavenly body, whose existence was unknown, by reason of its attraction upon one that is visible, strikes the imagination as a crowning triumph for astronomy and for the great law of universal gravitation. Every one felt this at the time when Adams and Leverrier indicated the exact position of a new unknown planet, Neptune, by the disturbance that its attraction exercised upon the outermost known planet in the solar-system.

To discover the dark companion of Spica did not call for the profound calculations that revealed Neptune to us. But it involved great delicacy in the instruments, as well as great patience in the observer. And we still feel the same thrill of admiration in the discovery of a dark star without seeing it.

The search with the spectroscope for new solar-systems among the stars, by the varying displacements of their spectral lines, has been carried out with a diligence that has brought its own reward. It is now estimated that every fourth star in the heavens can, with our present optical means, be proved to be a spectroscopic binary. There must, of course, be many binaries that do not approach and recede from us, if the plane in which they move be perpendicular to the direction in which we see them (the line-of-sight). So we are all the more astonished at discovering how great is the number of these binary systems already disclosed to us. Every time we look upon Mizar, Capella, Castor, Spica, or Beta Aurigæ, our mind recalls this marvellous power of research that has come into our hands, and is filled with wonder at the immense number of solar-systems among the stars already revealed to us.

V.

In the case of a bright star revolving round an invisible companion, it is not difficult to understand that the invisible one must have a powerful attraction, and must be very large, to produce the result observed. And it is equally clear that, in exceptional cases, the black star may, once in each revolution, lie between us and the bright star of the pair. And since the black star is large, we might expect to see a total or a partial eclipse of the bright star.

No *total* eclipse of this kind has ever been observed, but, a century before the invention of spectroscopes, periodical partial eclipses had been observed and attributed to their right cause—the revolution round each other of a bright and a dark star. A description of this occurrence must now be given.

Any evening towards the close of the year in our latitudes the W-shaped Cassiopeia can be seen overhead. The string of stars from Cassiopeia to the Pleiades cluster forms the constellation Perseus. The brightest star on that string of stars is called Alpha, showing a lovely field of view with a binocular, and there is another, called Beta, generally about as bright as Alpha, a little to the right and farther from Cassiopeia. This is one of the most marvellous stars that can be seen with the naked eye. Its extraordinary behaviour may possibly have been known to the old Arab astronomers, for they gave to Beta Persei the name of Algol, which means the Demon.

Ordinarily, Algol is a second-magnitude star. It remains so for two and a half days at a time. Then during three and a half hours it loses three-quarters of its brightness, remaining at a quarter of its normal light for twenty minutes, and in about three and a half hours it again reaches the second magnitude, which it retains

for two and a half days. Then once more it recommences its extraordinary performance. Any one can see these changes quite easily with the naked eye. The eclipse theory was shown to be a sufficient explanation one hundred and fifty years ago. But this was not accepted as being finally proven, until the spectroscopic shift of lines was found to be in accord with the changes of velocity in the line-of-sight, due to the revolution of two nearly equal stars, one bright, the other dark. Before the minimum phase, the spectrum lines of the bright star are shifted towards the red, indicating its recession from us. After the minimum, the shift is towards the violet, indicating approach. This has led to the general acceptance of the view that this type of variable star is due to its eclipse by a dark companion comparable to it in size. About a hundred variable stars of the Algol type have been discovered, indicating the existence of about a hundred large but dark stars. The number of dark stars forming spectroscopic binaries is far greater

VI.

The spectroscope has given to us a knowledge of a great many solar-systems among the stars, and also of a great many dark, invisible stars. It has done both of these things by showing up the periodic changes of approach to us and of recession from us in some stars. It takes no account of cross-motion—that is, of motion at right angles to the line-of-sight, of movements over the surface of the sky compared with other stars. The spectroscope cannot detect any motion except towards or from us.

Long before the spectroscope was known, astronomers had most accurate instruments for finding the exact position of stars, and their minute changes of position from year to year. The great star Sirius, when thus studied, was found to be moving at a certain average rate, in a certain average direction. But its movements were subject to slow fluctuations; and in 1834 Bessel discovered that the exact amount of those fluctuations could be accurately foretold upon the assumption that Sirius revolves round a dark companion-star in about fifty years. It was then that he expressed the opinion that there is no reason why cold non-luminous stars should not be as common as hot bright ones, if only we had the means of discovering them. It soon became possible to predict at any date the exact position where the invisible companion to Sirius would be found if ever our telescopes should lead to its discovery.

Then a startling discovery was made. A telescope-maker, Alvan Clarke, was testing the performance of a new and powerful telescope-lens that he had made. To do this he examined the star Sirius, and was surprised to observe a minute star close to Sirius in a certain direction from it. He did not know where the suspected companion was, and the world of astronomy was astonished and delighted to find that the little star discovered by Alvan Clarke was almost exactly in the predicted place.

After its first discovery, it has not been difficult to find the minute companion even with a telescope of six or eight inches diameter, when the stars are well separated. This is not always the case. The two stars recede and approach in alternate half-revolutions. Every fifty years for a short time they are only two seconds of arc apart, too close in the case of such a bright star as Sirius for the small companion to be seen. This happened in 1894, when the present writer had the privilege of a night with the great Lick refractor in California. He utterly failed in his effort to see the companion of Sirius, and was heartily ashamed of the falling-off, as he supposed, in his eyesight, not knowing the exceptional circumstances, as he had then been for some years occupied with engineering, and not astronomical, affairs. His relief later was great when he knew that the small star was then invisible, probably, to those with the best eyesight in the world.

His companion at the Lick telescope that night was Professor Schaeberle, whose discovery, with the same telescope, two years later, of a similar very minute attendant upon Procyon (the bright star to the east of Orion, above Sirius) caused a great excitement in the astronomical world.

For Bessel, when he announced to the world his belief in the existence of a dark companion to Sirius, extended his arguments to certain fluctuations in the proper motion of Procyon. Then, with the same confidence he had displayed in regard to Sirius, he announced that Procyon also is attended by an invisible companion. For many decades it remained invisible, until, in 1896, Schaeberle had the extreme gratification of discovering it with the great Lick telescope.

In both of these cases the feeble star has been proved to be nearly as massive as the bright star. Thus, in the case of Sirius, the bright star has a mass only two or three times that of its companion, but it sends out to us about thirty thousand times as much light.

It can now be understood how much more inspiring and beautiful the midnight sky becomes to him who has had the joy of reading about, and, still more, of beholding, the wonders revealed by the telescope and the spectroscope. For then he is able to see more in his mind's eye than is revealed to his unaided vision. This star, and that star, present to him vistas of solar-systems among the stars, and of dark stars that can never be seen by human eye. Mizar, Alpha Centauri, Spica, Algol, and Sirius become to him emblems of binary systems or dark stars revealed to him by the various processes that have now been described.

The existence of countless dark stars in the

sky startles us at the first announcement, but appears most reasonable and probable after a moment's reflection. It may be interesting to conclude by stating that, quite recently, two of our ablest mathematicians, who are authorities on speculative astronomy, have declared their belief that dark stars are about two or three times as numerous as bright stars.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN UNROMANTIC GENTLEMAN.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH: *Tells how Colonel Russell met Anne Beverley.*

'IMMEDIATELY the boat's keel grated on the stones, about three hundred yards from where I sat, the man in the fore part of the vessel, whose attire shewed him to be a fisherman, sprang ashore, and assisted the other occupants to land. Then he dragged his craft out of reach of the waves, and said something to his passengers, whereupon all three followed him to the village. I remained seated until they had disappeared among the houses grouped about "The Ship"; then rose and followed them.

'On arriving at the inn, I bade the landlord bring me to the room occupied by his guests, the which he did.

'I found Anne Beverley to be as beautiful as her portrait had suggested: more I shall not say, for I do profess to lack the ability for describing feminine charms. Ask me to describe a chemical reaction, or to discourse upon the theories of Mr Robert Boyle, and I shall do so with ease; but require me to expatiate upon a woman's physiognomy and figure, and I am as much lacking in words as any country boor. Each man hath his peculiar abilities, and a wise man recognises his natural limitations, as I do mine.

'Upon entering the room, where the young woman ate at one table, whilst her two companions, who were obviously servants, ate at another, I bowed, and said with a fluttering heart, "Madam, you are, I believe, Anne Beverley. I am Captain Hawtrey."

'Saying which, I handed her the signet-ring and the letter given me by the Lord-General.

'She stared at me in surprise for a few moments, then took the letter without speaking, and read it. Thereupon she smiled, and said, "You are heartily welcome, Captain Hawtrey. Pardon the suspicions with which I first received you. In such delicate business as we are engaged in, it is our duty to take no risks, and your attire does not suggest the loyalist."

'"I am in disguise, madam," I said glibly. "Love-locks, and plumed hats, and lace ruffles are a sure way of arousing suspicion and spite these days. Rather than risk falling under suspicion, and so losing this precious letter, and thereby endangering your liberty, I cut my hair, and dressed in this—this drab attire."

'The last few words nigh stuck in my throat.

'"I'faith! captain," said the girl, with a gay laugh, "you are a martyr to the cause to dress yourself in that hideous dress, and clip your hair as you have done."

'"Yes," said I, not over-pleased with her remarks. "And I must moderate my language to my attire."

'"At least you can speak freely when we are alone," she replied.

'"Not so," I answered. "'Tis not easy to maintain my assumed part, and if I permit myself to lapse into natural speech when we are alone, I may do it when we are in company, and so arouse suspicions, and endanger the success of our project."

'She laughed again, and said, "'Tis a dreadful part you have to play, captain. I trust you will not speak through your nose, as the crop-eared rascals usually do."

'It was not pleasant to hear my customary habits ridiculed, and doubtless my displeasure shewed itself in my countenance. Be that as it may, Anne grew suddenly serious, and said, "Captain Hawtrey, we shall, I presume, hasten to Beverley Hall. If we can manage to gain admittance to the house, I can shew you the entrance to the hidden passages wherein the king's treasure is concealed. You have means for getting it away, of course."

'"Of course," said I.

'"And then," continued the girl, "we must attempt the rescue of John."

'Heavens, thought I, what a headstrong, unwomanly woman! I answered, "He was never taken prisoner. I was mistaken in that matter."

'Her face lighted up with joy, and she exclaimed in a fervent tone, "Thank God!"

'Next she proceeded to question me concerning my plans for disposing of the treasure; and much ado had I, at times, to find ready answers to her questions. Little could I learn from the conversation, save that there was a treasure of some nature hidden at Beverley Hall, which the Royalists were endeavouring to ship out of the country, in order to finance another attempt at a restoration.

'All the while I was speaking with her my dissatisfaction with the part I was playing grew. Whilst I had thought of Anne Beverley as an intriguing woman, and one whom it would be difficult to circumvent, I had felt justified in deceiving her. But to trick a wench so ingenuous as not to have her suspicions aroused concerning me, who played the part of a Royalist conspirator with very indifferent skill, was

another matter. Then suddenly it flashed into my mind that perchance this innocence was assumed. Peradventure her suspicions had been aroused, and she was playing a part, too. Whereat I grew even more uncomfortable, and thought on the proverb, "Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein."

'At length, when she had finished questioning me, and had completed her repast, she suggested that we should start at once for Beverley Hall. So I paid off Ben Bewley, and settled my bill with the innkeeper, and then took the road with Anne and her servants.

'When we halted for our noon-day meal, Anne proved a most amusing companion, being blessed with much wit, and a sweet voice in which to speak her epigrams. Her cheeks being flushed with exercise, and her figure being well-proportioned, she made a charming picture in her riding-dress of scarlet and blue, trimmed with gold and silver lace; and I could not deny that she possessed in abundance those endowments which constitute a woman's strength—the charms wherewith she robs a man of his sanity.

'But although I am pleased with the sight of a pretty face and a neat figure—or even the glimpse of a well-shaped ankle—the sight of them does not intoxicate me, as it does most of my sex. I am too critical and thoughtful to be easily imposed upon by appearances: I seek to read a man's or a woman's character.

'I soon perceived that Anne Beverley was a woman of moods: now her brow was puckered up into a dozen wrinkles, to be smoothed away the next moment, as she smiled; her speech was rapid; sometimes she gesticulated; now she was serious of mien; now the smile that had been lurking in her eyes flowered into an infectious laugh; now she was pulling in the corners of her lips in an effort to be serious; now laughing unrestrainedly; now really serious, and making some shrewd remark; and now indignant as she touched upon politics. So the moods were intermixed like the rain, sunshine, sleet, and wind of an April day.'

CHAPTER THE SIXTH: *Tells of Captain Prosper.*

'HAVING finished our meal, we rested awhile, then continued our journey at a leisurely pace. As it began to grow dusk, we looked about for an hostelry where we might get lodging for the night; and presently perceived an inn, situated some little way down a side road leading out of the highway we were pursuing. Thither we went.

'After we had eaten, I retired to the bedroom which had been allotted to me, and refreshed myself with a wash. On descending to the ground floor again, I found Anne in earnest conversation with a man, clad in what had once been a very fine brown velvet suit. But now the suit was weather-stained and frayed, the embroidery tarnished, and the lace and ribbons with which it was trimmed torn and dirty. The stranger's broad-brimmed hat also shewed signs of hard wear, being soiled and bent out of shape; whilst the feather with which it was decorated was broken, and hung limply over the edge. In strange contrast to his suit and hat were his huge riding-boots of Spanish leather, which were in excellent condition, and accoutred with great gilt spurs, and his richly-ornamented sword-belt and scabbard. He was typical of many hundreds of broken Cavaliers, who still kept some traces of their old gaiety of dress, and earned a nefarious livelihood by high toby, or by playing the part of emissaries in Royalist plots.

'The Royalists ceased their conversation as I entered the room, and looked at me with serious faces.

'Then Anne said, rather coldly I thought, "This is Captain Prosper, Captain Hawtrey. He is a loyal man, like yourself."

'"An honour-loving cavaliero, who has been left little but his life and his blade by those canting, crop-eared Parliamentary knaves," said the Cavalier, sweeping off his hat, and making me a profound bow.

'I said that I was pleased to see him; then bluntly asked what his business with us was.

'The fellow, who had a weather-beaten face, scarred in two places by old sword wounds, smiled, and replied with an airy wave of the hand, "Nothing of import, sir. I did but chance to look in here for a glass of brandy before doing certain business which I have on hand this evening"—winking, as though to intimate that it consisted in robbing honest folk—"and happened to see Miss Anne, an old friend of mine, and took the opportunity to pass a friendly word with her."

'Then, turning to Anne, he bowed, and said, "I bid you good-night, madam. We shall meet again soon, I trust." Then to me, "Good-night to you, sir."

'He bowed to me, and left the inn, and I heard the clatter of his horse's hooves on the cobbled yard outside as he rode off.

'"Good-night, Captain Hawtrey," said Anne, and left the room without another word.

'Here is a strange acquaintance for an honest woman, thought I. 'Tis evident that he is a highwayman, spite his title of "captain." And 'twould seem that Anne Beverley desires to avoid me, lest I question her concerning her conversation with him. Has he said aught to lead her to suspect the deception I am playing upon her?

'For an hour, maybe, I pondered this problem.

'Finally I decided to study her demeanour closely on the morrow, and having come to this decision, retired to bed, and was soon asleep,

having got but little sleep the previous night, and being, therefore, heartily tired.

'I awoke feeling stifled, and throwing out my arms in alarm, found that a heavy cloth covered my head and shoulders. Before I could free myself, several hands seized my arms and held them down. Crying out in a terrible fright, I sought to release my limbs from the grip of my assailants; but they were too strong for me. For what seemed to be an eternity I gasped for breath, and strove frantically to tear my arms free. Then a pair of hands fastened on my throat; my windpipe was compressed; my chest seemed as though it would burst; vivid lights danced before my eyes—and I lost consciousness.'

(*Continued on page 469.*)

THE POND AND THE LOCH.

PART II.

V.

THOUGH the coot is closely allied in many ways, in character it is a very different bird from the moorhen. That it is more essentially a water bird is proved by the construction of its feet, for, while, like the moorhen, it is possessed of immensely long toes, these toes are further equipped with lobes or fins which serve to grip the water, and are yet another step in the direction of web-footedness. Complete webs would, of course, be a sore trial to any bird that was given to running about in woodlands—or, rather, any bird possessing complete webs would not run about in woodlands.

I have said that, while being a larger bird, the coot seldom frequents small areas of water, but prefers the wider sheets, where great numbers can often be seen floating and diving far out from the shore. (The moorhen seldom ventures far from the reeds.) It is one of the most pugnacious of wild birds, and though to a certain extent gregarious, there seems to be no harmony of opinion in the coot population of a given area. Early in the spring they agree to disagree, and forthwith proceed to do so till the severity of the next winter gives them something else to think about. They may be observed day after day chasing each other hither and thither across the surface, flying, alighting, scolding, cursing, working themselves and each other into a state of bristling fury, and, so far as the dull human eye can perceive, all about nothing at all.

Coots are well able to look after themselves. Over two centuries ago Sir Thomas Browne was condemned by many as an exponent of fiction when he recorded that these birds, on being attacked by a hawk or an eagle, at once gather into large companies, whereupon their enemy, descending upon them, is baffled and driven back by a maelstrom of water lashed into the air by the wings of the threatened birds. Certainly this reads like a fable from the fertile mind of the nature-faker, but we have it as fact of much more recent date from Lord Lilford, who on several occasions saw white-tailed eagles repelled in this way by bands of coots. They gathered into close formation immediately the bird of prey appeared, and effectively baffled the eagle's stoop by casting a sheet of water into the air to meet it. I have many times seen companies of coots speedily unite forces on perceiving the approach of a bird of prey.

Fishing one broiling-hot day from a boat in a reservoir in Northamptonshire, my companion and I noticed some dark dancing object on the shore a considerable distance from us. We were unable to make out in the quivering atmosphere what it was, and it ceased to hold our interest. Drifting in that direction, however, we presently obtained a closer view, and saw, to our surprise, that the mystifying object was a coot, desperately engaged in combat with a huge gray rat. They must by that time have been fighting for over twenty minutes, yet the coot was still going at the rat hammer and tongs, and, so far as we could tell, was depending chiefly upon its claws—striking with both feet as a young sparrow-hawk strikes at food thrown to it. The bird was also using its wings—possibly only to retain its balance.

We were anxious to see the finish of the fight, and I rather regret that we did not do so, for it certainly seemed that the rat was now entirely on the defensive. However, a very wholesome and praiseworthy desire to kill the rat prevailed, so, landing quietly, we approached from different quarters. Neither of the combatants saw us till we were within a few feet of them, whereupon the coot flew away in an apparently uninjured state, while the rat was caught in a landing-net and duly executed. The whole area was littered with feathers, yet no sooner had we left the place than we saw the coot fly back, intent on clinching the deal. Whether this was an exceptional example of ferocity on the part of this bird, or whether coots regularly indulge in such encounters, I do not know, but I have little doubt that the rat had been caught in the act of hunting the chicks of the bird involved, or that at any rate he was there for no good purpose.

I have heard many strange stories about the ferocity of moorhens, their destructiveness among other birds, particularly ducklings, and their cultivation of depraved tastes in the way of egg-stealing; but since I have no personal observations of this kind, I prefer to leave the

unpleasant characteristic alone. If, indeed, the moorhen is anything of a pugilist, besides being quarrelsome, the coot shares the same trait of character, and is undoubtedly a more formidable fighter.

I once watched a party of coots endeavouring to swallow a chub, which must have weighed at least a quarter of a pound. First one would endeavour to get it down, then another, quarrelling the whole of the time, and the chub, which was still alive and kicking, was experiencing a very exciting, not to say embarrassing, time of it.

The nesting habits of these water-fowl are very interesting. Each pair appropriate a small bay, which they consider their own private property, and from which they drive any other bird that endeavours to trespass. The nest consists of a huge raft of sedges. It is generally placed in shallow water, resting on the bottom; but should the water-level rise it floats in perfect safety, though the birds then take the precaution of anchoring it to the rushes, so that it cannot float away. In this manner they show considerable intelligence. Sometimes, but not always, the nest is anchored when it is built, this being done in such a way that it can rise and fall with the water.

I remember one spring brought a spell of extremely rainy and windy weather. One coot's nest which I had under observation was built on the bottom in very shallow water, and going out in a boat after the loch had risen, I discovered that the nest had drifted away. After a long hunt, I found it about two hundred yards distant from its original situation. It had drifted into a bed of reeds, and here the old birds had anchored it by cleverly working two or three growing reeds into the structure of the nest. So thoroughly was the work done, indeed, that one could not have released it without breaking the reeds or tearing the nest to bits.

Another nest I had under observation was on the windward side of the loch. This nest, with its cargo of eggs, was carried out into deep water. Quite a 'heavy sea' was running, and it was surprising that so comparatively frail a structure could weather such a buffeting. The old birds calmly proceeded with the task of incubation, apparently in no way disturbed by the unforeseen removal of their household, and for several days this nest travelled about, each evening finding it a considerable distance from the point at which it had started at dawn. Eventually I lost sight of it, and ultimately fine weather returned. Then one dark and cloudy evening, just before nightfall, I was out on the loch, when I noticed a coot's nest, probably the same one, floating in the centre of a quiet bay. As I rowed up to it the old birds began to call, but looking into the nest, I saw it was empty. I put my hand into it, and what was my surprise when three young coots wriggled from under the covering of chopped-up sedges which filled the nest, and swam off with all speed towards their parents! It certainly was not the first time they had left the nest, and I concluded that their parents, sensing the approach of the heavy thunderstorm which broke a few minutes later, had covered the chicks in the nest in order to shield them.

In the same locality I knew one male coot who built several nests for his own amusement while his mate was sitting her eggs. Exactly what his idea was it is hard to say; evidently the building-fever had taken a firm hold of him, and, having made a start, he could not stop. However, I fancy his wife would have turned up her nose at most of the nests that he built, for they were anything but remarkable for neatness. Certainly they required the finishing-touches of the feminine beak. This curious habit of building for the sake of the thing is common among birds of all kinds.

Coots migrate during severe winters, but few of them travel overseas unless the conditions are exceptionally violent. I remember one winter thousands of them took up their abode during a cold snap in the salt-water marshes of the Norfolk coast, and it is to be noticed that quite the majority of them leave our Highland lochs as winter comes. Many remain on the more sheltered lochs of the Lowlands; indeed, during a mild winter great numbers migrate from the north to these quarters and to the more sheltered lakes of Westmorland and Cumberland, though a long cold snap will cause them to forsake even these comparatively sheltered quarters, and to seek the coast.

VI.

We can hardly conclude this article without mention of one other bird, the water-rail. It is a very beautiful little bird, but it is so secretive in its ways that few people have ever seen one. The name water-rail is usually taken as another name for the moorhen, but the two birds are entirely different.

The water-rail is more often heard than seen. Like Wordsworth's cuckoo, it is little more than a wandering voice—far more so than the cuckoo itself. In disposition it has much in common with the landrail, but it does not migrate, except in the same sense as the word applies to the coot. I have heard water-rails flying in the skies at night-time, but though I have spent months on end in localities where they are extremely numerous, and heard them calling all day and every day, I doubt whether I have seen more than half-a-dozen in my life.

The first I saw was picked up in the back-yard of my own home one daybreak. It was found lying in the middle of the yard with a broken leg, though there was nothing at all to explain how the accident had befallen it. The water-rail might faithfully be described as

among the most timid and cautious of wild birds; but, strange to relate, this unfortunate specimen seemed to have not the slightest fear of the household. We doctored it as best we could, and it readily took food put down before it in the presence of human beings. Finally it flew away with its leg still in splints, though up till that moment it had made not the least attempt to escape. So far as I can recall, it was with us two or three days.

I have often wondered why such birds as the water-rail remain comparatively rare. They have extraordinarily few enemies—or, rather, they are extraordinarily well able to guard against such enemies as they have. Man makes practically no inroads into their numbers, for their habitat is such that he seldom comes across them. Their powers of multiplication would seem to be at least equal to those of other water-fowl which live far more exposed lives and are in no way so well able to take care of themselves—yet the water-rail remains rare while others increase and multiply. Why?

THE END.

THE CHARM OF LITTLE SHOPS.

By E. K. SMITH.

I.

WHEN I am tired of the quiet of Belford, and experience a longing for the wider life, I go to Miss G.'s for a pound of lard, some candles, and China tea.

Miss G. keeps the small general shop in Church Lane. That is a bald, almost an indelicate, way of expressing Miss G.'s position in life. I should rather have said, 'Miss G. is at home to her friends daily, at her establishment in Church Lane.'

Not that Miss G. is 'above' her shop—I would not affront her by the thought; but there is a poise, an air, a graciousness about her that is suggestive rather of the drawing-room than of the counter.

The shop itself is of no common rate. If you will bring your basket and come with me this bright summer morning I will show you the long, low, eighteenth-century house and the shop adjoining, with its old-fashioned window gently rounded, like the waistcoat of Miss G.'s papa in his latter, more prosperous, days.

As you step carefully over the shallow threshold, worn by generations of village housewives, you will be assailed by a concentration of smells—let us call it a bouquet—a bouquet, then, of the most diverse ingredients; the inimitable, unforgettable smell of the General Shop.

If the mingled fragrance of cheese and onions, spices and paraffin, and honest, home-made pickles causes you to wrinkle your nose and feel for your handkerchief—get you gone! You are no companion of mine, no fellow-captive to the charm of little shops, now, alas! fast disappearing before the advance of the multiple-shop magnates and the Co-operative Society.

Even in Belford this change has begun, and in the new Store in Queen Street you are served by a pale youth with deft hands and a soiled white coat. Gone is the old shop where sate deaf Joe Millar, slow and tremulously inefficient, regarding his untidy shelves with querulous inquiry.

'Where be, now, *where* be them nutmegs? I 'ad some, I know. Mrs Upton—'er as lives in 'Opkins' old 'ouse—sent 'er little servant-gel for some on'y las' week—plum-pudden makin' they was. . . . Darn their jackets 'ooever's put 'em out o' sight! Eh, *there* they be. Told yer I'd fine 'em. 'E! 'E!—must 'er put 'em there mysen—not thinkin'. Which 'll y' 'ave?'

The white-coated young man is quick and polite, and his goods are dependable. Joe was—painfully inefficient, and you had to risk the mice having been at the flour; yet he belonged to the village, and his wrinkled face and his coat, green with age, were as much institutions as the church with its ducal tombs. The Store's young man has jade socks and a cockney accent!

II.

But Miss G.'s shop is safe, at least during her lifetime. It is part and parcel of her, and she will never sell it, though she does not need to depend on its profits.

When she was a child, one of Grocer G.'s ten—'"Match them if you can," dear mother would boast, when my five brothers used to walk with us to church. Fine young men, my dear; every one of them over six feet!'—when she was a child, marvelling up at her tall brothers, whose heads seemed so dangerously near the pendulous flitches of bacon hanging from the rafters, she clambered on to the scarred old counter to make herself as tall as they.

As a young girl she waited on customers with her brown eyes full of dreams, and her ready tongue running on like a mill-stream.

At least it must have been so, for she has told me of her youth, and I have met one of the dear tall brothers; yet I like to believe that she never was a child at all, but stepped down one day from the painted front of one of her own tea-canisters.

That is what she looks like, with her opaque skin, faintly yellow like a tea-rose, her almond eyes, and her hair piled on the crown of her head *à la Chinoise*. Or, perhaps, since she is

thoroughly English in spirit if not in face, she has drunk so much tea from those rare blue china cups of hers that her person has come to take on a tinge of the right Bohea.

Certainly she is a very charming maiden-lady, and when you call on her do not plunge straightway *in medias res*. In Belford we have an almost Oriental dislike for vulgar haste in matters of business. Let us first satisfy the social conventions. 'Good-afternoon, Miss G. I trust you are well? And your sister, too? Delightful weather we are having.'

That is the formula. Now you may state your requirements. Do not be peremptory or hasty. Miss G. will be unfailingly polite with you, but, remember, she is no common shopwoman with an eagle eye to business, but a lady of refinement and culture. I doubt if she has ever been out of the village for any considerable time, but there is that about her that I have not found in any other I have ever known in Belford.

III.

The villagers, generally, are narrow, and their lives have little beauty in them; their women-folk chatter pleasantly enough, but they see life through the bloodshot eyes of the more lurid Sunday papers, and their only modern idea is one fostered by those ill-printed pages—that children are a nuisance—and an avoidable one. Dress and gossip, and the more revolting details of Society 'goings on' as reported in the Sunday papers, form 'human nature's daily food' for the villagers as a whole.

Yet Miss G.'s gossip is always good-natured; her very malice has kindness in it; and her voice has an accent rare in these parts.

Your wants have been smilingly supplied, and your groceries lie in a neat row on the counter before you, whilst the proprietress touches them lightly with her forefinger. 'Sixpence the mustard—a shilling, and the flour—that's two-and-four altogether, miss.' Now, if you are a mere customer, you must depart, taking your spoils with you. You walk out gradually, backwards, like a visitor at Court, smiling pleasantly the while, with a hasty glance behind in the direction of the door and its bell. It is most disconcerting to set that bell a-jangling, though Miss G. looks as if she hears nothing. That is the politeness of her.

But if you have the luck, as I have, to be well known to Miss G., the interview is not nearly so hurried. You rest your elbows on the counter, and coax her to tell you stories about the aristocracy. Watch her as she tells of the Countess of ——, who, in her dotage, was inveigled into a ridiculous marriage with her own groom. Mark the superb air with which she impersonates the outraged Mrs Midgeon, her ladyship's cook, when she learned the news in the servants' hall from the lips of the new master himself. 'You! Her leddyship married to you!—Minnie, girl, unfasten my apron-strings. Never shall it be said as Martha Midgeon took orders from one of the *lower* servants.—Devil take me if I'll cook dinners for the likes of you—Sir!'

How roguishly her lips round over the naughty phrase! How she slaps the biscuit-tins in her righteous anger! Did you ever hear of Lord X. and the parlour-maid? Do you know the rent-rolls of the Duke of ——, or what the Marquis of Granby said about his second footman's calves? Truly of Miss G. might the epigram have been made, 'To know her was a liberal education.'

IV.

Oh, gentle ladies who hold your court amid the crowded shelves of old-fashioned general shops, daughters of an elder generation before the 'hustling' ideals of our transatlantic brethren came to mar the quiet relation of shopkeeper and customer, your race, I fear, is doomed. Though the end may be delayed, that dreary day will come when the last sticky jar of acid-drops, the last home-cured ham, are taken down; when the scales are no longer polished with loving care in little shops on Wednesday afternoons, and the shutters are put up for ever.

And we, who have loved the little shops and their gentle owners, will sigh, as we stand at the unfamiliar counters of the Multiple Company shops, and hear the click of the mechanical catapult that shoots the cash to the young lady in the glass cage; and when the pale young man in the white coat slams our 'Sunlight' on the slab before us, with a violence that makes us start, we shall think regretfully of the leisured converse of Miss G. and her sisters in the villages and country towns of England.

METEORIC DUST.

A DUST-MOTE wafted by the noonday shaft of light
Sinks slowly to the table in my room
To lie, scarce noticed, for a little in my sight,
Then, swept before the busy housewife's broom,
To vanish.

Whither? Whence? Created for an hour,
And then annihilated when my eye
No longer sees? No. Guided by a greater Power
Than Man's, mayhap that speck has hurried by
The centuries, the million years, unchanged in all
Save only Time. From far-off star-hung space,
Impenetrable distance where the mighty ball
Of Deneb or of Vega has its place,
Or far beyond, maybe, this cosmic dust impelled
By unknown stellar energy has come,
For ever moving freely on, yet ever held
In thrall across the wide abysmal dome.

The mysteries of unfathomable depths of sky,
Beyond that limit human thoughts attain,
The universe on universe our eyes deny,
The glowing nebula, the comet's train—
Secrets sublime that wise men live and die to seek
This speck of dust might tell, if it could speak.

IAN DOUGLAS.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

FRIEDRICH EBERT, aged fifty, formerly carrying on the occupation or trade of saddler, and later of tailor, and also writer upon Socialistic subjects, but now of no settled vocation except that of being President of the German Republic, was the subject of a pleasant increase in appreciated eminence on its being announced that he would in all probability offer himself again at a new German presidential election, which in the early part of this year began to be discussed as desirable and imminent. Elections generally have been in the air this year, and it was felt that the resettlement of the presidency was due, which is doubtless the case, for much has happened since President Ebert was raised to office in the way of a temporary measure—not by the people, as is fitting, but by the National Assembly. It is felt that this business should be done more regularly now than it was in 1919, and that it is desirable to do it speedily. One of the features of the new Germany to make us think is this, that though there is political intrigue and machination there, as in all parts of the civilised world, and always will be, and though, as we have seen, the rarest spice is given to it upon occasion by assassination, some close foreign observers are inclined to the conclusion that in the Reich there is rather less intrigue and a little more loyalty and appreciation of effort and quality among party leaders and the like than is exhibited in some other countries that might be named. That is a point that might work for Germany's future rehabilitation if she holds herself straight, keeps the Kaiser out, and serves duty and honour better in the future than in the past. The causes may be the instinctive German discipline, along with a certain appreciation of the fact that in existing circumstances wrangles mean ruin for what is left of this once great and lordly country, still clinging to hope of future greatness. Thus, when the dignity of President of the German Republic might have been coveted by many as the end of the first term drew near, and one might have expected to hear all manner of complaint and sour criticism against the first President, whose period had inevitably been anxious and trying, there was instead a fairly general agreement, stated plainly in public places, that he had done well, and had exercised skill and tact during an epoch when they were essential and valuable. Men outside his own party often agreed upon this, and it was a triumph for Friedrich Ebert, the saddler, who—to think of it!—occupies the place at the head of the State that most nearly corresponds in the republic to that held by the Kaiser under the monarchy. Contrast! But not simply contrast, for this is such a clash of incongruities as to deprive us of power to realise that aught is what it seems. Conjure to the unwilling, forgetting senses, if you can, a speaking, moving picture of the All-Highest in the palace of Potsdam, intriguing throughout the outside world of emperors, kings, and governments, and writing down to his own people that at a sign from him they should step cheerfully to any indicated slaughter, while he, meanwhile, changing into one more glittering uniform, might commit blasphemy by thoughts and words upon his own condition. This imagined, take the substitute of a sort, President Friedrich Ebert, living in a palace and assuming a certain degree of democratic magnificence for the sake, as it may be, of assisting the prestige of his office, for high authorities and influences counselled on his election that it were well to have a master of ceremonies and a *chef* in his household; and even political opponents, perhaps not without cynicism, muttered in their newspapers that, if his appearance was not kingly, monarchists would not be entitled to jeer at him for that reason, since they had always been willing to pay homage to the most insignificant-looking individual only because, through some freak of fortune, he first came to light in a royal apartment.

* * *

This man has a round, well-fed, contented appearance; a rotundity at the girth, and a warm expansiveness on the countenance, which are considered characteristic of the successful Majority Socialist. There is commonly a suggestion of geniality, even to the point of smile, upon the swarthy face which, with a heavy moustache and the touch of a central spot of beard underneath the lower lip, the whole surmounted by a broad-brimmed hat, reminds us a little of the best Boers in their happiest times. Not long ago,

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

if one had set out to discover Herr Ebert at his home in Treptow, a working-class quarter of Berlin, the door, after the knocking thereat, would have been opened by Frau Ebert, with abundant signs that she was engaged industriously in housewifely labour. Ere she and her ascending husband were first translated to an official residence attached to the Ministry of the Interior she was the simplest German *frau*—and none the worse for that—described as being ready for any housework, even to the carrying of coals up from the cellar, and with a preference for dispensing with any sort of servant. She and her children at this first removal expressed a certain curious and pleased interest in their new home, but dreaded further and more upward changes that might bear them along to palaces. And such changes had to be. When Ebert was elected to the presidency, says his wife, they cracked a bottle of wine with some of their best friends of the old days, and a few letters and telegrams of congratulation and just one basket of flowers came to the house. The term of presidency began with no further celebration. It was a strange situation when Ebert was elected, receiving 277 votes out of 379; mystery and doubt abounded, though evidently the electors were sufficiently certain of their choice. But this saddler for the republican equivalent of the monarchical All-Highest! It was a thing to be got accustomed to, but the country soon perceived that it had gained. There is less fun poked at Ebert now than at the beginning, when one of the foremost journals, the *Berliner Tageblatt*, referring to him as the man who had been a saddler in his youth and now mounted a throne, said: 'It is not known whether this remarkable fate was prophesied to him or his parents, as was the case with the family of Napoleon. For the rest, Herr Ebert bears no resemblance to Napoleon I., though his beard perhaps resembles that of Napoleon III., being cut in a similar manner, but not so straight. One cannot say, of course, that Herr Ebert represents the highest cultural attainments or that he is an eminent statesman, but he has some very winning and very valuable qualities, above all the warmth of his character, which appeals to the people, and the deep honesty of his purpose. It is true that he is no shining genius, and he has devoted less time to study than many other people, but he is the embodiment of healthy common-sense. When he has finished his duties of State for the day, and, with his hands crossed, he sits at the table with a bottle of good wine before him, there is nothing arid about this man.' He was considered to be possessed of a fine tenacious perseverance, without which, even in times of revolution, such a man as this could not have become President, and it was urged that the trade unions of the country had not brought forth powerful individualities so much as clever, clear-sighted, critical spirits, and that from the new kind of German soil Friedrich Ebert was a very good plant indeed. But there was no enthusiasm at his election, which was chiefly made certain because there appeared to be no other good popular candidate available. At a big cinema-house in Berlin a picture of Ebert was thrown on the screen on the February night when he was elected, and there was a wreath around it with the words 'Germany's First President.' As a complement to other circumstances, the sentries outside the palace courtyard were ordered to carry hand-grenades in their belts as well as rifles, and at prominent parts of the city some machine-guns were posted. Such are the accompaniments of the most important elections at this advanced stage in democratic evolution, assumed to be the farthest advance in the grand march of our high civilisation. In truth, even while the bell of the Castle tolled to signify that a President was now in being, there was a little shooting being done, for those were the days of the Spartacists, whom we have almost forgotten, and rowdy elements were at work.

* * *

At the moment of his election, those who had set him up at the National Assembly praised Ebert's virtues. He took his office modestly, yet with fair justice to himself. Compare his declaration to the people with such as the All-Highest, the Great War Lord, sent forth thunderingly. 'I,' said Ebert, 'am a son of the proletariat.' (His monarchical predecessor, it may be recalled, associated himself by preference with the Deity.) 'I,' said Ebert, 'was brought up in the world of Socialist ideas. I cannot in any way be unfaithful to my origin or to my opinions. By electing me you have recognised the enormous importance of the working-class in the task involved in Germany's future. To-day the German people has removed completely from the political domain all privilege of birth. The same change has been made in the social domain. I shall endeavour, in so far as it is humanly possible, to secure the same starting-point for every one, and similarly to impose duties on every one in equal measure. Liberty can be developed in the most free order of State; it must be protected and revived where it has been struck at. Such is the first commandment for those who love liberty. We shall to the utmost oppose domination by force, from wherever it may come. We desire that our State shall be founded only on a basis of right, and on our freedom to shape our destinies at home and abroad. To give the utmost of my strength and of my devotion to protecting the liberties of all Germans is the vow I hereby make before the National Assembly. However harsh may be the lot threatening the German people, we do not despair of her vital forces. I am ready to carry out all the requirements, tasks, and

duties which may arise, in order to give you satisfaction, but we desire to devote ourselves in common to ordered work for the happiness and prosperity of the free German people and its sons. I invite you to salute with a threefold "*Hoch!*" the following cry: "Long live the German Fatherland and the German people!"' Some time later, at Weimar, when Ebert took the oath and the band played '*Deutschland über Alles*,' he said: 'This must remain to us if we desire to rebuild our Fatherland—a deep love of the Homeland and the tribe out of which each one has sprung; and to this must be joined sacred labour for the whole, and the placing of one's self in the Empire's service. The essence of our constitution, above all, shall be freedom, freedom for all our compatriots, but every freedom shared by several must have its law. This you have now established. Now we will jointly hold to it. It will give strength to profess and testify for the new vital principle of the German nation—freedom and right.' This sounds well, even if, to our ears, so keenly, and of course so naturally and rightfully, pan-German. Any man who honestly would take a hand to straighten out this sadly tangled world is to be bidden forward. Ebert may have wrought well, as he has meant well; but what if anywhere, and in Germany most of all, the values of men in these stricken days could be taken at their self-proposed value, if sincerity could be discovered and proved through? Ebert the saddler, with a gigantic salary, like many men and most Socialists, has had a speckled past, and as we pry into it horrid suspicion surges once again, as it always will surge through this generation, and until Germany through act and time has proved herself fair once more. When Ebert entered the Reichstag his advance was fast. In early times of peace he was severe in criticisms of army budgets, and proclaimed the views of his party. During the first two years of the war, when the victory of German imperialism seemed possible, little enough was seen and heard of the likes of Friedrich Ebert; but a little later, being then president of the Socialist group in the Reichstag, he became prominent, and, alas! none more willingly than he declared himself in favour of the unlimited submarine campaign and of the war *à outrance*. Yet in 1917, when he became chief of the Majority Socialist party, he suddenly abandoned this fire-eating posture, and declared himself ready to discuss conditions of peace. As the doom of Germany came swiftly on, he was more and more in favour of peace and an armistice, appealing for them in the Reichstag. Too late, Ebert! Too late! Here swiftly falls upon the Fatherland the fate allotted its enemies in that war *à outrance* for which you so bellicosely raged. The Kaiser was shivering, and the empire turning topsy-turvy, so that, with the hosts of right claiming their just victory, there was the strange spectacle of this man, Ebert, the Socialist, being called to the Chancellorship of Imperial Germany! But it was an empty title and office then, and a few days later he relinquished it. So Ebert has vacillated, as others have done. He may possibly now be a man for lasting peace, but all is not to be forgotten. How for sincerity here? And we are left wondering what would have been in store for Friedrich Ebert had Germany won the war.

* * *

'The shadow of death lies over a continent which should be the torch-bearer of liberty for the whole world.' Such is at once the simple truism and solemn statement of one of the greater Germans of the new period, who would have done well to be a prophet and a warner seven or eight years back. There is hardly a man in Germany who is apparently more bitter against such royalist and militarist reaction as occasionally asserts itself. He says fine things, which, for the sake of the world and life and happiness, one would like to believe come from the heart with full conviction. In such evidence as we may derive from the man himself, there is little to lead to any conviction that they are not promoted by truth and sincerity, with an origin in suffering, which is always a clarifier and often a changer of thought and view; but neither he nor any German in the political business can be detached completely in critical and judicial minds from the all-pervading suspicion which was established in 1914, and was confirmed again and again as the days of trial and anguish passed. Many innocent Germans, good people perhaps, must suffer for the sins of others of their kin; it may be hard and unfair, but if they are pure and sincere they will yet receive blessed consolation and satisfaction from their consciences. Meantime the altruist German is by force of human nature and worldly circumstance brought to comparison with that devil who, being sick, would be a saint. So may it be with this man, Dr Wirth, German Chancellor, of whose words and acts we read continually, a person of most account in the suspected nation. He seems earnest and sincere; evidently he acts well. If he is true, time may bring him a full reward, and he may be accepted as one who has worked well for the society of civilisation. At least he has courage and determination. He believes in himself, he suggests power, and indeed he suggests honesty too. Six feet in stature and broad of chest, he has a big, pleasant, unwrinkled face betokening the South German, a countenance very different from, far more encouraging than, that, say, of the wizened Bethmann Hollweg of the period of the beginning of the catastrophe. He is at his prime, forty-two years of age. Once upon a time he was a mathematical schoolmaster at Freiburg. For a short period he was Minister of Finance

in the Baden Cabinet at the end of the war, and became Finance Minister to the German Government two years later, succeeding to the Chancellorship last year, and being pledged on appointment to fulfil the conditions agreed upon with the Allies in the matter of the reparations. He bewails that the old German dreams have brought her to her ruin—which is obviously, terribly true. He says that Germany has learnt her lesson, and the world hopes it will not be forgotten, as many lessons are when that devil's sickness passes. Listen to him on the state of things in the land for which he strives: 'Germany welcomes with gratitude every voice that is raised in the cause of right, whether it comes from beyond the ocean or from the other side of the North Sea. Germany learns with thankfulness that wishes for the happiness and welfare of nations are once more publicly uttered by foreign statesmen. All moral forces proclaim to the world in stentorian tones, "Have a care for the ideas of self-determination of peoples, democracy, and freedom, if you do not wish to consign unhappy Europe to final perdition!" Seven years have passed since the unfortunate hour when that first ultimatum was delivered. Shall a new ultimatum bring further destruction upon Europe? It cannot be brought through another period of confusion. The confidence of Germany that she will have fair-play, the trust in European solidarity, and the idea of the common interests of peoples in a free democracy must not be disappointed.' He was haranguing with five thousand listeners at Bremen when he said these things. He protests continually that Germany intends to fulfil her obligations completely. Dr Wirth is a member of the Centre; he is not a Socialist. He is a man to be watched and well considered.

* * *

If Wirth is something of an optimist, Walther Rathenau, Foreign Minister, of whom we have already spoken, is perceived to be very different. He is in revolt against the age, has faith in scarcely anything, looks with gloom ahead. He sees humanity in madness, plunging recklessly amid evil circumstance of its own preparation. He, a chemist, blames machinery for the bulk of man's unhappiness; and though we may not dispense with machinery now, a multitude of philosophers would incline to agreement with him. The peoples have come together for an effort to disarm, and, such is their weakness in unmaterialistic cause, they have found it hard—too hard—for them. Perhaps in a thousand years, if little but bones and cinders then covered the earth, what was left of them might agree that war is bad and they had better disarm without further delay; and again, long after, when other conflict and different forms of unhappiness had wreaked devastation, there might be a conference of races for the abolition of machinery. Back and back the world will go now, not to rawness and barbarity, for something learned is right, but to nature and beauty, all that is simply good and fully lovely. Dr Rathenau does not say these things, but one suspects from what he writes that he would grunt some general and profound approval to any one who did. For machinery hurts his soul, and, out of office, one might hope to hear that, as an idealist turning to practice, he had thrown his secretary's typewriter through the window, and walked the streets in sacrificing preference to speeding along by taxi-cab. This is the mechanical age, and he condemns it utterly for its ugliness. He says that tending machines is mindless and soulless work, which no man can do with joy. He declares that by machinery productive work is made hateful, that it degrades the industrious man into a work-shy slacker, and that is why he wants shorter and shorter hours. But yet we are doomed to the use of machinery. So he feels that Germany must sink into squalid barbarism because the irresistible movement of civilisation is towards a dead-level of equality, which will be the death of civilisation. A great spiritual ascension of the whole people is alone what would yield recovery. When Germany is converted to a noble and self-sacrificing idealism, then, and then only, can she recover from the misery into which she is plunged. But he thinks also that other countries likewise have their fearful fate in store if they do not purify their souls and mend their ways. Such things as these, and many others, he writes in a book with the title of *Von Kommenden Dingen*, a book about the trend of men and circumstances through machinery to their unhappiness and their chances of future salvation, in which he pours out the doubts of his philosophy concerning this age of mechanisation, as he calls it, meaning not merely the machinery of iron and steel with wheels and cogs quite literally, but the mastery of the machine spirit, as in the organisation of all human effort that can be organised, a process he condemns as being wholly materialistic and anti-spiritual. And Germany is the land where this organisation has been carried to the farthest, the state in which it was conducted in fiendish intensity with the supreme object of conquering the world. It nearly succeeded; but in the failure was catastrophe, and now there are these searching reflections. He thinks that when posterity looks back upon our own time it will be aghast to note how intellectualist thinking attained its climax, and left behind as the token of its passage that mechanisation of the world. Only the rise of lower strata that had previously been enslaved may seem to our descendants to explain the base and negroid trails of our epoch, to explain the itch for gauds in women, and in men the prevalence of fear and hatred, the furious hoarding of the means of life, the instability of our valua-

tions, the lack of a standard morality, of responsibility, of self-reliance and solidarity. Just like the ages when feudalism was collapsing, like the age when the system of classical Greece was decaying, like the age when the Roman Empire was tottering to its fall, Germany's present epoch, he thinks, will be regarded as at once an end and a beginning. 'But the unprecedented merit of our generation will be recognised to have been that the rebirth was not the outcome of foreign conquest, but of an inward impulse of the will.' So says Walther Rathenau in the latest of several books in which he displays his meditations upon life. Many of these thoughts, striking as they are, might be said to be of a class to be expected from the keenest minds in Germany now. They are to be studied. Many, if not all, of the problems of Germany are still the problems of humanity as a whole.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN UNROMANTIC GENTLEMAN.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH: *Tells of a Theological Brawl at Beverley Hall.*

IT is necessary now to interrupt William Makepeace Russell's story, in order to relate certain incidents which occurred at Beverley Hall shortly after Colonel Jenkins arrived there.

At an early hour on the morning following the colonel's arrival, two men were seated in one of the rooms of the mansion, engaged in earnest conversation. One was Captain Barrett; the other, a sharp-featured little man, with grizzled hair cropped close to the head, and covered by a black silk skull-cap. He was the Reverend Nehemiah Standfast, a Presbyterian divine from Faversham.

'And what were those shocking events which occurred last night?' asked the clergyman.

'They were terrible, worthy sir,' answered the young officer, with a shudder. ''Twas as though a legion of devils from the nether world had been let loose in this ungodly house.' And he shuddered again.

'Yes, yes; but in what form did the Evil One manifest himself?' Nehemiah Standfast impatiently demanded.

'Thus, sir,' replied Barrett. 'I was undressing in my bedroom, when on a sudden the candle was extinguished, and a strong smell of sulphur pervaded the chamber. Also there was a distinct sound of low, devilish laughter, that curdled my blood. With difficulty, for my hands trembled with fear, Master Standfast, I relighted my candle, and looked about the room. I found but myself in the chamber. Accordingly, I determined to seek Colonel Jenkins's advice, and made my way to his room. I found the colonel in the act of relighting his candle, and he informed me that he had been awakened by the curtains of his bed being shaken with great violence, whilst the furniture of the room was hurled hither and thither. He sat up in bed, and felt for his pistols; whereupon he was dealt several cruel blows about the head, which knocked him backwards, half-stunned. Then the foot of the bed was lifted up much higher than the head, so that he thought to have his neck broken. Finally, it was let fall, and the colonel was shaken clean out of it. Thereat there was a loud bang and a muffled sound of demoniac laughter, and the terrible manifestations ceased. I lighted the colonel's candle with my own, which I had brought to light me to his room, and we examined the chamber. Much of the furniture had been smashed, yet there was no sign of human agency.

'Colonel Jenkins picked up his pistols, and then despatched me to alarm the guard, it being his intention to search the house. When I returned with four musketeers, I found him on his back on the floor, half-stunned, and covered with vile-smelling water; whilst there was a very plain smell of burning sulphur in the room. When the colonel was able to speak, he said that shortly after I left him the candle was extinguished, and he heard some one moving about in the room. Thereupon he fired both his pistols, and the flash showed him a horrible face, with horns growing from the forehead. Then he was knocked off his feet by a heavy blow delivered from behind. Fortunately he had enough breath left to conjure the devil to begone, and to quote the Scriptures, at which the fiend gave a dreadful howl and vanished.

'Even as Colonel Jenkins told us of these things there came a loud noise, like a clap of thunder, above our heads; following on which we heard a musket-shot. We hastened in the direction of the shot, and found the guard who had been placed at the top of the great staircase leading up from the hall bleeding from a severe cut over the nose. His attention had been drawn to the hall, he said, by the sound of something padding about in the darkness there, when suddenly he was startled by a loud laugh, which appeared to come from within a few yards of his left ear. He turned at once towards it, whereat an invisible hand hurled a wooden trencher at him, wounding him in the face. We found the trencher in the hall, covered with blood, and smelling, so said Colonel Jenkins, of sulphur.

'Scarce had we had speech with this sentry

when a great outcry began outside the house, and another shot was fired. One of the guards, placed just outside the hall door, had discharged his piece, we discovered. Questioned, he affirmed that he had seen a diabolical face peering at him from out of a clump of bushes; whereupon he had fired at it, and had distinctly seen a shaggy hoof kick up into the air ere the devil vanished.

'And so, worthy sir, throughout the night these unearthly disturbances continued. Two of the guards were drenched in filthy water, similar to that which had been thrown over Colonel Win-the-Fight; many others heard loud and hideous laughter in many parts of the house and grounds; and one worthy man, Hope-for-Bending Johnson, a man much given to edifying reading and theological disputation, and, therefore, doubtless specially hateful to the enemy, deposed that a devil, hoofed and horned, appeared to him, but that he confronted it manfully, and conjured it to return to the Pit. Thereupon it transformed itself, so he said, into a huge black hound, which fled from him with a mournful howl. It may be that Hope-for-Bending Johnson was mistaken, for we have since discovered a black hound, which belongeth to one of the keepers of the estate. But Hope-for-Bending contendeth, and it seems to me with much reason, that the devil did but assume the shape of the hound, intending to use its fangs to work him a mischief; and was only driven off by his godly quotations, and his threat to fire upon it.

'Another of our men had his piece suddenly snatched out of his hands, and was knocked over the head with it. Then the demon disappeared with a loud noise, leaving behind him much smoke and a smell of sulphur. It was found that he also had discharged the musket.

'We made a careful search of the whole mansion, without discovering any signs of human trickery, and I concluded, therefore, that we were certainly the victims of a visitation, and sent for you, worthy sir, feeling that the occasion demanded a man learned in theology.'

'You acted wisely therein, Captain Barrett,' said the Presbyterian divine, shaking his head; 'for, from what you say, I doubt not that there be many devils in this ancient house of wickedness. And to cast out these it requires more than one of those unauthorised preachers, who will, forsooth, preach and teach, and who blasphemously call us prelatists. For the combating of devils a skilled man, learned in the Scriptures, is required; even as men trained to bear corporal arms are needful to vanquish malignant Cavaliers.'

'Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?' asked a stern voice; and turning, the two men saw Colonel Win-the-Fight Jenkins, with a bandage round his head, and looking extremely haggard, standing in the doorway.

'Sir,' said the divine, flushing with anger, 'am I to understand that those words are directed against me?'

'And wherefore not, Jack Presbyter?' demanded the colonel, who was an Independent, and hated the Presbyterians only one degree less than he did the Anglicans.

'Wicked, impious man!' exclaimed the clergyman, springing to his feet; 'have you no respect for mine order?'

'Ay,' replied Jenkins with a sour smile, 'I have as much respect for the cut of thy cloak, or the cloth out of which it is made, as thou didst have for the bishop's rochets. Ye are, all of ye, blind shepherds that feed not your flocks! When that your sheep seek good doctrines, ye give them lean and flashy speech, that doth spread foul contagion and rot!'

'Man of Belial!' cried the divine, 'of a truth I now know why these demons are risen up among ye. Ye sectaries are the devil's own brats, and where ye are, there doth he appear! And what is all thy preaching but blasphemous and false doctrine, which can no more affright the Evil One than a charge of hailshot turn a troop of horse!'

'Sir Presbyter,' said Jenkins, ''tis well known that Satan doth hate those that bear in their bosoms the word of truth. Therefore have the devils ever swarmed about me. But I do defy them, and will trample them underfoot!'

'Ungodly man!' shouted the clergyman; 'thou sitteth in the seat of the scornful, and, even as Scripture saith, thou shalst perish. Though legions of imps trouble thee, I will not come to thy succour!'

'Though devils fluttered as thick about me as they did about St Anthony,' retorted the soldier, 'yet would I not call upon such as thou for help.'

The clergyman, who was well-nigh choking with rage, shook his hands above his head, and hurried out of the room without speaking again.

'Captain Barrett,' said the colonel when his adversary had disappeared from view, 'I would advise you not to have further converse with that false teacher, who is but as the old priest, even though he hath changed his title.'

And he too strode out of the room.

(*Continued on page 487.*)

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ADVOCACY.

VII.—THE LAMP OF FELLOWSHIP.

By His Honour Judge PARRY.

The Seven Lamps of Advocacy are *Honesty, Courage, Industry, Wit, Eloquence, Judgment, and Fellowship.*

I.

AN advocate lacking in fellowship, careless of the sacred traditions of brotherhood which have kept the lamp of fellowship burning brightly for the English Bar through many centuries; a man who joins the Bar merely as a trade or business, and does not understand that it is also a professional community with public ideals, misses the heart of the thing, and he and his clients will suffer accordingly.

Fitzjames Stephen wisely said of the English Bar that it is 'exactly like a great public school, the boys of which have grown older, and have exchanged boyish for manly objects. There is just the same rough familiarity, the general ardour of character, the same kind of unwritten code of morals and manners, the same kind of public opinion expressed in exactly the same blunt, unmistakable manner.'

The very title of Inns of Court is redolent of hospitality, fellowship, and even conviviality. How many glorious things have their beginnings at an inn! How pleasant it would be to investigate with the antiquarians the earliest origins of our Inns of Court! But to come to comparatively modern days, Sir John Fortescue, who was Chief-Justice of the King's Bench in the time of Henry VI., gives us a pleasant picture of their traditions of fellowship. These Inns of Court, or hostels, he says, anciently received the sons of noble men and the better sort of gentlemen, 'who did there not only study the laws to serve the courts of justice and profit their country, but did further learn to dance, to sing, to play on instruments on the ferial days and to study divinity on the festival, using such exercises as they did who were brought up in the King's Court.' There were Inns of Chancery, too, where the younger students learned the first elements of law before they were taken into the greater hostels, which were called Inns of Court. The expenses of the student were no less than twenty marks a year in Fortescue's day, and if he was attended by his servant, as most were, that was an added charge, so that only the sons of gentlemen could afford so expensive an education.

At this time a young fellow would come from the university, or perhaps straight from the grammar-school, and would learn the first elements of law in one of the ten minor Inns of Chancery, and would then apply for admission to one of the four houses or Inns of Court: Inner or Middle Temple, Gray's Inn or Lincoln's Inn. There they continued for the space of seven years, attending readings, moots—where cases were put and discussed—and 'boltings,' as the practice arguments were called, 'whereby,' as Fortescue tells us, 'growing ripe in the knowledge of the laws, and approved withall to be of honest conversation, they are either by the general consent of the benchers or readers (being of the most ancient, grave, and judicial men of every Inn of Court), or by the special privilege of the present reader there, selected and called to the degree of utter (outer) barristers, and so enabled to be common counsellors and to practise the law both in their chambers and at the bars.'

The whole social scheme of education and control in the exercise of professional rights and advancement was most carefully thought out. An utter barrister of not less than ten or twelve years' standing and 'of good profit in study' was chosen as reader to educate the students. At about fifteen years' standing he became a bencher, after which he might be appointed a serjeant, and go away to Serjeants' Inn, that important society 'where none but serjeants and judges do converse,' and from which alone could judges be chosen.

It was for this reason that the judges always addressed a serjeant as 'Brother.' I can well remember as a boy feeling a certain glow of satisfaction at hearing the judges in the Tichborne trial calling my father 'Brother Parry,' and it seems a pity that this fraternal greeting, this courteous link of fellowship between Bench and Bar, necessarily disappeared with the abolition of Serjeants' Inn. Yet, though the talisman is no longer spoken, the spirit of brotherhood will always be with us.

II.

In the old days education in the law was undertaken very seriously, but in a fraternal spirit. The reader would propound a case, the utter barristers would declare their opinion, the reader would confute the objections laid against him, and the students would eagerly note the learned points of the seniors. These readings took four or five hours daily, and were held in the halls. The moots and the boltings took place after supper, and at other times among the students under the leadership of a barrister.

But the whole term was not taken up with the dry study of the law. There were feastings, grand nights, and, greatest of all, the Christmas Saturnalia, at one of which, after a costly dinner, a pack of hounds was brought into the hall, a fox and a cat were let loose, and a mad hunt took place. Isaac D'Israeli gives an excellent account of these wild doings, taken from a rare

tract supposed to have been written in 1594. 'Supper ended,' he writes, 'the constable-marshal presents himself, with drums playing, mounted on a stage borne by four men, and carried round; at length he cries out, "A lord, a lord," &c., and then calls his mock court every one by name.

'"Sir Francis Flatterer, of Fowlshurst.

'"Sir Randall Rackabite, of Rascal-hall, in the county of Rakehell.

'"Sir Morgan Munchance, of Much Monkery, in the county of Mad Mopery.

'"Sir Bartholomew Bald-breech, of Buttock-bury, in the county of Break-neck."

'They had also their mock arraignments. The king's-serjeant, after dinner or supper, "oratour-like," complained that the constable-marshal had suffered great disorders to prevail; the complaint was answered by the common-serjeant, who was to show his talent at defending the cause. The king's-serjeant replies; they rejoin, &c., till one at length is committed to the Tower, for being found most deficient. If any offender contrived to escape from the lieutenant of the Tower into the buttery, and brought into the hall a manchet (or small loaf) upon the point of a knife, he was pardoned; for the buttery in this jovial season was considered as a sanctuary. Then began the *revels*. Blount derives this term from the French *réveiller*, to awake from sleep. These were sports of dancing, masking comedies, &c. (for some were called solemn revels), used in great houses, and were so denominated because they were performed by night; and these various pastimes were regulated by a master of the revels.

'Amidst "the grand Christmass" a personage of no small importance was "the Lord of Misrule." His lordship was abroad early in the morning, and if he lacked any of his officers, he entered their chambers to drag forth the loiterers; but after breakfast his lordship's power ended, and it was in suspense till night, when his personal presence was paramount, or, as Dugdale expresses it, "and then his power is most potent."

'Such were then the pastimes of the whole learned bench; and when once it happened that the under-barristers did not dance on Candlemas Day, according to the ancient order of the society, when the judges were present, the whole bar was offended, and at Lincoln's Inn were by decimation put out of commons, for example's sake; and should the same omission be repeated, they were to be fined or disbarred; for these dancings were thought necessary, "as much conducing to the making of gentlemen more fit for their books at other times."'

The details of the alliteration with which Sir Francis Flatterer and others are called into court have always interested me deeply, as on the Northern Circuit, when the crier at Grand Court calls in the absent ones, he has to do it in curious and measured phrases of alliterative abuse. When Fitzjames Stephen was made crier on account of his stentorian voice, his delicate mind revolted against the coarseness of his duties, and he sought to have the Circuit Court and its ancient, outspoken manners abolished, but fortunately he did not succeed.

For though some of this ancientry is better honoured in the breach than the observance, yet even the buffoonery, as Stephen called it, of Grand Court has its value as a link with the past.

III.

It is an excellent thing for the profession that in the same way as the lessons of advocacy in the past were learned by the young students from their elders, who sat at meat with them and shared their lives in intimate and homely fashion, so to-day the fact that we enter a common Inn, dine at a common table, join a common mess upon circuit, is evidence of the continuance of that right spirit of fellowship which, to my mind, is an essential of advocacy.

The fellowship of the Temple springs from its long traditions of brotherhood among the Templars. To turn out of the Strand into its quiet courts brings over your brooding spirit something of that sacred melancholy pleasure which one feels on entering the old school or dining once again in the college hall. But you are no longer actor, art and part, in the school and college life. Here in the Temple, though others are judges and benchers and fashionable leaders, you can still wander in shabby honesty in the gardens, pull down some of the old volumes in the library, and dine below the salt with your fellow-ancients.

Thackeray has a true insight into the pleasures of memory that the Temple possesses for those who have lived there, and pictures, as he alone can, its historic charm.

'Nevertheless,' he writes, 'those venerable Inns which have the lamb and flag and the winged horse for their ensigns have attractions for persons who inhabit them, and a share of rough comforts and freedom which men always remember with pleasure. I don't know whether the student of law permits himself the refreshment of enthusiasm or indulges in poetical reminiscences as he passes by historical chambers and says, "Yonder Eldon lived—upon this site Coke mused upon Littleton—here Chitty toiled—here Barnwell and Alderson joined in their famous labours—here Byles composed his great work upon bills, and Smith compiled his immortal leading cases—here Gustavus still toils, with Solomon to aid him." But the man of letters can't but love the place which has been inhabited by so many of his brethren, or peopled by their creatures, as real to us at this day as the authors whose children they were. And Sir Roger de Coverley, walking in the Temple Garden and discoursing with Mr Spectator

about the beauties in hoops and patches who are sauntering over the grass, is just as lovely a figure to me as old Samuel Johnson rolling through the fog with the Scotch gentleman at his heels on their way to Dr Goldsmith's chambers in Brick Court; or Harry Fielding, with inked ruffles and a wet towel round his head, dashing off articles at midnight for the *Covent Garden Journal* while the printer's boy is asleep in the passage.'

The Temple is full of ghosts—honest ghosts with whom it is a privilege to claim fellowship.

IV.

There are some who speak of the Bar sneeringly as a Trade Union—which it certainly is, one of the oldest and best unions. And if advocacy could be honestly described as a trade, then the phrase trade union might be accepted without demurrer. For the basic quality of a trade union, that which has made these institutions thrive against opposition, is the spirit of fellowship and unselfishness which is the ideal of its members.

We have seen how of old the senior members of the Bar trained up the juniors in the mystery of their craft, and throughout the practice of the profession it has always been a point of honour for the elders to assist the beginners in those difficult days of apprenticeship.

What could be more delightful and encouraging to a youngster than to be received by his genial, handsome leader in the presence of an admiring attorney after the fashion that Montagu Williams tells us of his first meeting with Serjeant Shee? 'I shall never forget,' he writes, 'my consultation with dear old Serjeant Shee. I knew very little about pleadings, and matters of that kind, and so the work naturally made me feel somewhat nervous. On going upstairs to the consulting-room to see Serjeant Shee, whom I already knew slightly, I had my briefs stuck under my arm, somewhat ostentatiously, I am afraid. The old serjeant patted me on the shoulder and said, "Lots of briefs flowing in, my boy; delighted to see it."

'When we had taken our seats, and the consultation had begun, he said, turning to the solicitor who instructed us, "Winning case—pleadings all wrong. That young dog over there smelt it out long ago, as a terrier would a rat, I can see—eh, Montagu Williams? You 've found it out; I can see it by your face."

'Heaven knows I was as innocent of finding anything out as the man in the moon. I sniggered feebly; and then the serjeant proceeded to put into my mouth the vital blots in the case of our adversary, which he alone had discovered.

'That was the way leaders treated their juniors then. I must leave my successors at the Bar to decide whether or not things are the same now.'

In the same way that great man and honest advocate, Abraham Lincoln, stretched out the hand of welcome and encouragement to the younger men who came along.

James Haines tells us the story of his first brief, The People *v.* Gideon Hawley. 'There were,' he says, 'thirty-two indictments against my client for obstructing a public road, and as the authorities were inclined to make an example, the case was somewhat serious. I retained Mr L. to conduct the defence, and after we had completed our preparations he said, "Of course, you will make the opening speech." I was surprised, for I had supposed that he would want to assume full control, and I said as much, adding that I would prefer him to take the lead. "No," he answered, and then, laying a hand on my shoulder, he continued: "I want you to open the case, and when you are doing it, talk to the jury as though your client's fate depends on every word you utter. Forget that you have any one to fall back upon, and you will do justice to yourself and your client." I have never forgotten the kind, gentle, and tactful manner in which he spoke those words,' Mr Haines continued, 'and that is a fair sample of the way he treated the younger members of the Bar.'

V.

No man ever attains a position at the Bar in which he can afford to despise the opinion of his fellow-men. The eulogies of public journals, even the praise and patronage of attorneys, are of no worth compared with the respect of the Bar. As a French advocate wrote: 'A solid reputation proceeds only from the Court.'

Charles Russell, who stood on a somewhat lonely eminence at the head of his profession, and dealt with the affairs of his fellows in a very rough-handed and independent manner, was at heart very jealous of the good opinion of the Bar.

He had, during the course of a trial, cross-examined a lady with great severity, and afterwards received an anonymous letter of a very abusive character, in which he was charged with having been guilty of conduct in his cross-examination 'which no gentleman should pursue towards any woman.' He thereupon sat down and wrote a letter to the counsel on the other side, in which he said, 'I should be sorry to think this was true, but I am not the best judge of my own conduct,' and asked for his learned friend's opinion on the charge.

The interesting point of the correspondence is that Russell felt that it might possibly be true. It reminds one of the celebrated line in a lively mid-Victorian comedy, where the servant-girl said, 'Really, ma'am, I'm that flustered that I don't know whether I am standing on my head or my heels.' To which Mrs John Wood used to reply with stern emphasis, 'No decent

woman ought to have the slightest doubt on a subject of that kind.'

Russell's learned friend cleverly evaded responsibility by telling him that the character of a gentleman was one 'we all know you eminently possess,' with which certificate of character the great man was soothed and satisfied.

It is curious to find any man of the world really concerning himself about anonymous letters. Maule J., when counsel were complaining rather childishly to him in court of having received threatening and anonymous letters, reproved them by saying with great dignity, 'Gentlemen, gentlemen, let us have no more of this. I, too, have received threatening and abusive letters of a very disgusting character, but it would ill befit me sitting on this bench to say what I did with those letters sitting in another place.'

With the decay of circuits and the passing of old customs and the silence of ancient convivialities, some of the spirit of fellowship may be lost. But we must remember that even the good old days were not without evidence of professional malice and uncharitableness. As far back as the reign of François I. it was a rule of the French Bar that 'advocates must not use contentious words or exclamations the one toward the other; or talk several at the same time, or interrupt each other.' These words might still be engraved in letters of gold on the walls of our own law-courts, for on occasion the lamp of fellowship burns so low that such things occur. Still, at the English Bar we may claim that we set a good example to other bodies of learned men by our real attachment to the precepts and practice of fellowship, and may, without hypocrisy, commend the rest of mankind to follow in our footsteps,

> And do as adversaries do in law,
> Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

For it is by keeping the lamp of fellowship burning that we encourage each other to walk in the light of the seven lamps of advocacy.

THE FLOOR OF THE OCEAN.

THE study of the floor of the ocean, both as to structure and composition, is an interesting branch of marine surveying. A knowledge of the nature of the bottom is required, not only for scientific purposes, but also for such work as cable-laying. Many valuable data are accumulated in the course of ordinary operations with the sounding-tube, both in shoal-water and in deep-sea sounding. Occasionally the tube may come up empty, but should there appear black-brown streaks on the outside, it may be assumed that oxide of manganese is present on the bottom, in the form of nodules, or stones, too large to enter the tube.

More definite information as to the bottom is secured by means of dredging. The dredge commonly used takes the form of a canvas bag, perforated at the bottom to allow the water to pass through. The mouth of the bag is held open by a rectangular iron framework, with wedge-shaped jaws. The dredging-hawser is attached to one end of the iron frame, the other end being fastened to the hawser in such a manner that the fastening will carry away if the dredge should encounter any rigid obstacle. The hawser is weighted by about sixty pounds, at five fathoms from the dredge.

On sandy bottoms a net is substituted for the canvas bag; whilst on rough ground, such as coral banks, the dredge is merely a triangular iron frame, from which are suspended three long swabs. In dredging, the ship is turned away from the wind or the current, and the dredge is dropped astern, with slight headway on, care being taken that the bag does not foul the mouth of the dredge. The hawser is then paid out to about three times the depth of the water, and the ship is allowed to drift for twenty or thirty minutes.

Modern scientific progress has now made it possible to photograph the bottom of the ocean. The camera is suspended in the centre of a square framework, at each corner of which there is a two-thousand-candle-power lamp. The focal length of the camera being known, the lamps are arranged to concentrate their beams on the area included in the field of the camera.

It is, of course, necessary that the apparatus be suspended in the water at the proper height above the bottom, so that the illuminated portion shall be correctly focused on the screen. This is accomplished by an ingenious arrangement, which, during the process of lowering, automatically gives a warning signal when the correct depth is reached.

Occasionally exposures are fruitless, large blotches or irregular patches appearing on the plates. No doubt the explanation is that the brilliant illumination attracts and dazzles fish, which swim into the field of operations during the exposure, and obscure the object.

Within about two hundred miles from land the composition of the bottom bears a strong resemblance to the nature of the coast. In the vicinity of volcanic islands gray or black deposits are found, consisting chiefly of pumice, scoriæ, and volcanic sand. Around coral islands the deposits are white, and consist of the detritus of the neighbouring reefs. Near land which is neither volcanic nor coral the dredge brings up

blue or green muds, which are formed of the scourings of rivers and the washings of the coast.

Different kinds of ooze are widely distributed over the bed of the ocean. Globigerina ooze is white or light brown in colour, and of a sticky nature. The microscope shows it to be chiefly composed of minute globular shells of carbonate of lime. It is usually found at depths of about two thousand fathoms.

Pteropod ooze consists of the shells of animals of that name, which are visible to the naked eye; whilst diatom ooze chiefly contains the silicious casts of minute plants. The latter has been found only in the Antarctic Ocean.

Another ooze, which exists solely in the Pacific and Indian Oceans, largely contains the skeletons of minute animals, whose beauty can be appreciated only through the microscope. This has invariably been found at depths greater than 2300 fathoms. At these greater depths red, gray, or chocolate-coloured clays abound. Besides pumice-stone and manganese nodules, such clays frequently contain sharks' teeth and the ear-bones of whales.

THE SAFE JOB.

By Charles Braithwaite.

I.

A RAILWAY dray from the goods-yard lumbered across the lines, and the tram-car pulled up for it to pass on its way.

George Winchester, glancing from his morning paper, saw below him the queue of listless men gathered outside the Labour Exchange in the drizzling rain. 'Poor devils!' he said softly.

'Ay,' agreed the man next to him. 'Any one who has a safe job in these days is lucky.'

Winchester nodded. The tram moved on, and the passengers returned to the perusal of their papers, but Winchester found it difficult to fix his attention on the news. He had a safe job, perhaps; but was he lucky? A clerk in a big manufacturing company on the outskirts of Ledford, he hated commercial life, and for years had kept steadily before him the day of emancipation when, an income secured from the practice of writing—and particularly a big play—he would be able to throw up his job. But the income was slow in coming, and Winchester lacked the courage to throw up his job and take the big risk. That he had it in him to do something big he was confident; but city-bred, thin-faced, and narrow-chested, Winchester was not the stuff of which are made leaders of forlorn hopes.

At the office there was discussion and uncertainty. The slump in trade hit even the big firms very hard, and they were overstaffed. The girls engaged in the temporary absence of service men still hung on to their jobs in spite of the return of the service men. Something was bound to give, and to give soon. It was rumoured that the manager was engaged on a scheme of reorganisation.

'If we could have a month off without pay in turn,' suggested some one. Winchester's eyes gleamed. His savings would cover him over that period, and in a month—— Plays had been written in three weeks. His writing was done in the odd half-hours of the evening, when, fagged out by a nine-hour day at business, he was naturally inclined to put his feet on the fender, light his pipe, and drowse over the evening paper.

Night after night he went home enthusiastic over some idea jotted down at the office, but by the time the children were in bed, and he had helped his wife in one or two odd jobs about the house, it was too late to begin serious work, and so very much easier to sit and talk about the things he would do. 'One successful play,' he would declare, 'and we're made.'

He read eagerly accounts of the money earned by successful writers, and contrasted them with his own position and prospects. 'A bald-headed junior clerk! It's tragic!'

Mrs Winchester, a plump little person, often urged him to take the risks.

'But if I failed?' he said. 'I'd never get another job even as good as the one I have now. I'm getting older all the time, and I've no special ability. There's you to consider, and the kiddies. The money isn't bad, and the job's safe—but, O Lord, one successful play!'

So the mere suggestion of a month's holiday filled him with excitement. He had not had a holiday for twenty years. The annual fortnight's vacation was not a holiday in that sense. Of late years, at any rate, it simply meant a frenzied rush to the seaside, stuffy and uncomfortable apartments, and aimless, loafing days with irritable children. But his hopes were smashed by the decision of the directors of the company to suspend all the single men. They went cheerfully, and, it being then early summer and glorious weather, came in at the end of a month, sunburnt for the most part and only slightly anxious. Their suspension was extended—indefinitely—and the anxiety deepened. Winchester and the other married men found themselves, bereft of juniors, carrying on. The heads of departments were nearly as numerous as the remaining staff, and had difficulty in appreciating the depletion. His spare moments became very scarce indeed, and at night he was thoroughly fagged. His wife suggested that he should apply for a month's leave of absence,

without pay, if necessary, but his cautious broaching of the idea brought him little encouragement.

'It isn't wise, perhaps, to let the heads think you can do without it,' counselled fellow-clerks; and Winchester, conscious that the emancipation which had seemed almost at hand was slowly slipping away from him, felt bound to agree.

II.

Summer waned into autumn, and autumn into winter, and the uncertainty, no less than the lack of time and greater pressure at business, militated against him. The big play remained unwritten, and all that he could manage was an occasional article. One of these, accepted by a leading daily, made his fellow-clerks aware for the first time that he wrote, and their quiet acceptance of the fact as something very natural and to be expected of him was balm to Winchester's sensitive spirit. He permitted himself to enlarge on his literary activities, and quite unconsciously gave the erroneous impression that he was earning an appreciable sum by his hobby.

The coming of the new year, as always, brought a revival of his activity. From his old manuscripts he took a play which he had managed to complete in the early days of his married life, and re-read it with growing enthusiasm.

'I believe it's jolly good,' he told his wife. 'I'll send it to a first-class agent.'

A formal acknowledgment of the play and an intimation that it would be read as soon as possible reached him a few days later.

'No mention of any fee,' he said jubilantly. 'Well, it wouldn't be worth these people's while to get a few shillings out of me. Why, on a successful play their commission would be a thousand or so.'

His knowledge of play-dealing and agents was gleaned entirely from press articles; but, then, Mrs Winchester knew even less, so, of course, he posed as an oracle.

He grew hopeful as the days lengthened into a week, and then a month.

'If it comes off we'll go to live in the south of England,' he told his wife. 'I hate the north. It's too cold and drab. It will make a tremendous difference to the kiddies if it comes off. As it is, Lord knows what we could make of them—labourers, most likely.'

'Roger would make a splendid labourer,' said Mrs Winchester with gentle irony. 'He is more like a doctor or an artist.'

'And that's what we will make of him. The play is good. I always knew it was, but it isn't any use sending it round to the managers. They don't read things. You've got to have an agent. If these people take it up it will sell right enough.'

'It would be just heaven,' said Mrs Winchester, her eyes glistening.

III.

And then one morning, just as Winchester was leaving for business, the postman handed in a bulky package. He was conscious of a sudden cold stab just under his heart, and the light seemed to disappear for a moment, but he signed the receipt with steady fingers. Mrs Winchester's eyes, wide with interrogative sympathy, met his for an instant across the table. He stooped down to the fire to light his pipe.

'Don't pity me too much,' he said, half roughly.

He hurried down the street, and Mrs Winchester's eyes filled with tears as she heard him trying to whistle a gay tune.

That night, after the children had gone to bed, he opened the package. 'It was too good to be true,' he said soberly, the first violence of his disappointment over. But the letter accompanying the play was much longer than the usual curt note, and as he read it his face flushed.

'They say they like the play very much,' he stammered, and Mrs Winchester raised the head which she had bent with rare delicacy over her sewing. 'It isn't strong enough for London production, but shows remarkable possibilities, and they hope I'll let them see further work.'

'It's nothing into their pockets to say it's good if it isn't,' he argued later. 'The plot was a bit thin—I always knew that—but the dialogue was good. I *could* do something big if I had a chance. What I've done in odd half-hours is nothing to go by. A man can't write masterpieces in spare minutes; he wants time to concentrate. I just get the grip of a thing, and then I have to knock off. If I could put in my six or seven hours a day just writing, you wouldn't recognise the stuff. It's practice that does it.'

He refilled his pipe, and resumed his pacing. 'Many a man has found salvation through getting kicked out of his job. The manager thinks he is doing me a good turn keeping me on at the works, and really he's spoiling my chances. The job leads nowhere. There's no prospect at all. Men don't leave yonder: they carry them out in coffins. I'm never likely to be anything but a junior.

'Of course, if I threw the job up I should have to treat the writing as a business; start immediately after breakfast in the morning, and stick at it. I'd get a footing; I know I should. You think so, don't you?'

'I'm certain you would,' agreed Mrs Winchester emphatically. 'I've always said so.'

'But it's throwing the job up in cold blood. If I got the sack it would be different. If I threw it up and then failed at the other, I'd never forgive myself. Lord knows what would become of us. I'd have burnt my boats with a vengeance. There would be no going back, and maybe I'd never get another job. Old clerks

are a drug on the market. There are too many girls nowadays.'

IV.

A few days later he came home half-anxious, half-jubilant. 'There is a proposal to sell the works,' he told her. 'Some American firm is negotiating. If that comes off it will mean——'

'Emancipation,' finished Mrs Winchester quietly.

The mooted sale fell through, however; but after a gallant struggle with the complete stagnation in trade the directors gave up the contest, and decided to close down entirely. Winchester was called to the manager's room.

'I 'm very sorry indeed that it has come to this,' said that gentleman, handing Winchester the formal notice of dismissal. 'I've been hoping and hoping that things might turn. The directors feel it very keenly, especially in the case of married men like yourself with children. If I can do anything for you I 'll be glad—very glad.'

Winchester thanked him stumblingly. Perhaps his face was grayer than he knew. In spite of his anticipation, the blow had finally come with stunning force. For the first time in his life he was to be out of work, and the sensation was a bitter one. He went out of the room, wavering a little in his walk, finding the door more by instinct than by sight. Among his colleagues he found a common sympathy in face of a common blow. That night he did not sleep. All his air-castles had collapsed, and life seemed extraordinarily gray and forbidding. He stood alone, puny and helpless against a world which had no use for him. The noise of the children at their play irritated him beyond endurance, and their childish disregard of clothes and furniture filled him with almost hysterical fury.

But gradually came the reaction. He began to look forward as a prisoner looks forward to the end of his imprisonment. Freedom and the great adventure awaited him. Among his gloomy and dejected colleagues he maintained a grave bearing, but at home fits of wild and exultant castle-building alternated with moments of extreme depression. The month of leaden days at last neared its end.

'In another three days you will be free to begin the play,' said Mrs Winchester one evening. 'I will take care that the children do not disturb you. They will soon become accustomed to your being at home in the day-time. You are bound to succeed. You 've got it all planned out ready to start, haven't you, dear?'

She looked up placidly from her sewing, but he got up from his chair, carefully avoiding her eyes.

'The manager called me in this morning,' he said, pretending to fumble amongst some papers on the dresser. 'It seems that he has been trying to get me something to do, and he has found me a job with a friend of his. I am to start on Monday.'

Mrs Winchester's mouth opened, but no words came.

'I couldn't refuse,' went on the dull, jerky voice. 'The hours are pretty long, and the money isn't so good, but—it 's a safe job.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A NEW FORM OF COMBINATION GRATE.

TO judge by the comparatively large number of sitting-room grates now obtainable which can be converted at will into ornamental cooking-ranges, these appliances meet a felt want. A recent invention in this direction to which particular interest attaches can be built in a wall between a scullery and a living-room, the construction being such that a fire may be maintained in either apartment as desired. In summer the cooking would naturally be done in the scullery, while in a small household it might be found advantageous to cook in the living-room in the winter. Either fire heats the hot-water boiler and the oven equally well. Moreover, the oven has a door at each end, so that, although the cooking may be done in the scullery, the viands can be withdrawn direct to the living-room, and *vice versâ*. Like other combination grates, this one is provided with a hot-plate, as well as with an oven and a hot-water boiler, and the fireplace in the living-room is rendered attractive in appearance by its 'surround' of ornamental tiles and its neat mantelpiece. The conversion from the cooking-range to the sitting-room grate (or the other way round) is quickly made by carrying out two simple movements.

A COMBINATION WASHER FOR CLOTHES AND CROCKERY.

Clothes-washers and crockery-washers have become so popular that it is unnecessary to descant upon their advantages here, but a machine which will perform both operations is, we believe, a novelty. This appliance consists in the main of a galvanised steel cylinder, closed at the top by a loosely fitting lid of the same material. At the centre of the bottom of the cylinder is a spindle which is provided with a chain-wheel on the outside, while on the inside it can be fitted with the various appliances to be described later. This spindle can be given a rotatory movement in each direction alternately by means of a very ingenious mech-

anism. A chain passes round the chain-wheel, and the two ends are attached to, and ride on, quadrants at the bottom edge of the machine. The upper ends of these quadrants are connected by steel cables to two points on a wooden lever, which works upon a fulcrum situated between the two points of attachment, one end of the lever being extended to form a handle. From the above description it is obvious that if the handle is worked up and down, the two ends of the chain will move with it. The effect of working the handle, therefore, is to rotate the spindle backwards and forwards through part of a circle. The machine is mounted on three light legs, and the lever and handle, being fixed at the top of the cylinder, come at a convenient height. When crockery is to be washed, it is placed in a circular galvanised steel cage furnished with three legs, which support it so that it is quite clear of the bottom of the machine. The spindle, it should be noted, has been previously fitted with a specially designed double-throw propeller. The effect of this propeller being turned backwards and forwards quickly under water, by working the handle up and down, is to splash the water violently upwards over the crockery. For a washer full of dishes six quarts of hot water are required, and as the hands are not wetted at all, strong soda can be used if desired. The greasy water is run off into a bucket, placed beneath the machine, through a valve, which is opened by a small lever at the top of the cylinder. After the greasy water has been run off, an equal quantity of boiling water is poured in, and the handle worked again for about one minute. This second water having been removed, the lid is taken off, and the handle is again worked, with the result that the crockery is fanned with hot air and quickly dried. The machine, therefore, acts also as a plate-rack, no wiping being necessary.

For washing clothes, the propeller is removed and a dolly is attached to the spindle. The dolly takes the form of a stout wooden shaft with two wooden pegs driven through it near the bottom at right angles to each other, and left projecting at each side. Both pegs and dolly are, of course, very carefully rounded and smoothed so as not to damage light fabrics. The upper part of the dolly is pivoted in a light steel bar in the form of a T which can be quickly fixed. The clothes are then washed as in the ordinary wash-tub, except that the dolly is worked in the manner described for dish-washing. A wringer is provided for this machine, and can be secured to the edge of the cylinder.

Another useful accessory is a portable copper geyser, which fixes on the top of the washer. This appliance is provided with a gas-burner and a tubular copper boiler, and is capable of boiling three gallons of water in fifteen minutes.

A REVOLVING CUPBOARD.

It will be readily admitted that a great deal of space is wasted in the ordinary cupboard. To avoid this drawback an ingenious revolving cupboard has been devised, which consists of an outer rectangular box with a door at one side, and an inner revolving part which carries the articles to be stored. This inner part, which has a vertical axis, and stands about six feet in height, is circular, and is divided by vertical partitions into four sections. One of the sections is without shelves, so that it can be used for long articles—for example, brooms and brushes. The other divisions are fitted with shelves varying in number, so as to give greater or less depth, according to the articles for which they are to be used. All the compartments are furnished with hooks as may be required, thus materially increasing the storage capacity. More articles can be stored in this device than could be conveniently done in an ordinary cupboard of the same cubic capacity, while each article can be found in a minimum of time. The revolving cupboard occupies only two feet square of floor-space, so that it can be placed in any suitable corner. It is obtainable in plain wood, stained, or finished in white enamel.

A SIMPLE ROTARY-PUMP.

Rotary-pumps, which have been with us for many years, usually take one of two forms, known respectively as the gear-pump and the vane-pump. It is only with the latter, however, that we are concerned in this paragraph. The vane-pump generally consists of a plain cylinder, inside of which is a smaller cylindrical drum. This drum is an exact fit at each end, and is so placed that one side is a water-tight fit against the inside of the larger cylinder. At each end of the drum a spindle extends through the cover of the main cylinder, and that at one end is fitted with a handle if the pump is to be worked by hand, or with a pulley for mechanical driving. A longitudinal slot is cut right through the drum, and exactly fitting the slot are two plates, or vanes, projecting at each side, and forced apart by springs between them. When the drum is revolved these vanes move in and out to suit the contour of the large cylinder; hence at one side we have a chamber which is expanding as the drum revolves, while the opposite chamber is contracting. If a suction inlet is arranged on the expanding side and a delivery outlet on the contracting side, water or other liquid may be drawn in at the former and discharged at the latter. It is difficult to imagine a simpler form of pump, but recently the number of parts has been reduced by making the two vanes in one. In order to do this it has been necessary to give a special form to the inside of the main cylinder. It is, in fact, given such a form that

the single vane is an exact fit in every position, and consequently there is no leakage. This pump has a large capacity for its size, and works with a minimum of friction. Being reversible, it can be run in either direction, and is adapted not only for pumping liquids, but also for the compression or the exhaustion of air.

A NEW WASHING-UP MACHINE.

Judging by the number of machines for washing crockery seen at the recent Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, these appliances have come to stay. One of the smallest bears some resemblance in appearance to a large coal-scuttle, but with a lid on the top instead of at the front. The front, moreover, is rounded to fit a drum inside, which is provided with four paddles on its periphery. This drum is rotated at a high speed by a chain at one side of the washer, the chain being worked by a sprocket wheel and handle. Across the middle of the machine is a wire rack for plates, and these rest at the bottom on two rollers, which are also rotated by the chain already mentioned, the effect being that the plates revolve. Racks and trays for cups and saucers and other articles are fitted elsewhere in the machine. After the crockery has been placed in position a gallon or more of hot water is poured into the machine, a little soap-powder is added, and the lid is put on. When the handle is turned, the paddles of the drum splash the water violently all over the crockery, every part of the plates especially being brought within the sphere of operations, owing to their rotation. They are rinsed in the same way after the washing-water has been got rid of. The complete machine is lead-coated inside and out, and is enamelled on the outside.

A NOVEL KETTLE.

Never has there been a time when greater efforts were made to increase the efficiency of cooking appliances, and many inventions with this object in view have been described in these notes. A novel kettle was to be seen at the Ideal Home Exhibition afore-mentioned, the inventor of which aimed at utilising heat which would otherwise be wasted—or perhaps it would be more correct to state that the heat from a gas-ring or other source is called upon to perform two distinct operations. The appliance consisted of a flat, shallow kettle, with the front half of its circumference continued upwards, so as to support a disc fitted with the usual handle. This arrangement, it will be seen, provides a hot space between the top of the kettle proper and the aforesaid disc, the space being enclosed half-way round, and open as regards the other half. In addition to boiling water, this kettle is utilised for heating plates or keeping food hot without drying it, as would be the case were an oven utilised for this purpose. These kettles are made in two sizes, the largest of which will take a dinner-plate; and they are constructed of tin or copper, or with a copper body and a tin top. The water-container is fitted with a very large spout, which is used for both pouring and filling. The device is likely to prove especially serviceable in the sickroom. If a patient is asleep, food or poultices may easily be kept hot until he awakes; by fitting the appliance with an extra spout, it can be used as a steam-kettle in bronchial cases. Care must be taken, of course, with this, as with other kettles, that it is not allowed to boil dry.

A TELEPHONE-CALL RECORDER.

Since telephone charges have been so greatly increased, the correspondence columns of our daily papers have contained numerous letters complaining of the faulty service given and the incorrect accounts rendered, the latter being almost always in favour of the postal authorities. Among other items, the number of calls charged for is often questioned; hence a recording device has recently been placed on the market with which a subscriber can keep a tally of the calls made. This appliance is made in three forms, but all are similar in principle. One form, which is placed within easy reach of the telephone, consists of a rectangular case containing a counting mechanism and a bell. Every time a button on the top is pressed down the bell is rung, and the counting-wheels are operated, increasing the total shown by one. Where a clerk is employed to make calls and to connect the various instruments in a large office, he or she has one of these counting devices beside him; but, as a check, each member of the staff with a telephone may have a smaller counter, which is worked in a similar manner. The total of the numbers registered by the smaller counters should, therefore, equal the total on the larger machine, and if this is the case presumptive evidence is afforded that the tally is correct, and valuable data are furnished with which to check the accounts received from the post-office. All the recorders register up to 9999, and then automatically reset themselves to zero; in addition, one of them is provided with mechanism by which it can be readjusted to zero at any time. Two of the three models, including that described, are intended for the desk; a smaller model, cylindrical in form, may be attached to a wall, the side of a desk, or other vertical surface. Each model is finished in black enamel or in polished nickel.

FRONT-WHEEL DRIVER FOR MOTOR-VANS.

That driving the front-wheels of a motor-vehicle instead of the back-wheels should have some advantages will come as a surprise to many of our readers. Yet such is the case, and this method has been adopted by a well-known French firm for propelling delivery-vans.

Effectively, the van has only three wheels, as, although there are two in front, they are close together and revolve upon the same axle. These wheels are mounted in a fork having a big hollow spindle above it, through which a vertical driving-shaft connects the change-speed gear with a toothed wheel on the front-wheel axle. By means of the hollow spindle the fork is turned to steer the van, and it is cushioned by a spiral spring at the top. The spindle is carried in a housing on which are mounted the motor at the rear and the change-speed gear in front. Of the four-stroke type, with inclined valves, the motor has two opposed cylinders. These are cooled by a current of air which is forced through aluminium jackets by vanes on the flywheel. Three speeds forward and a reverse are given by the change-speed gear, and the starting-handle is within reach of the driver without his having to leave his seat. The front end of the chassis is, of course, attached to the housing, and the weight being supported on ball thrust bearings, steering is easy. Half-ton loads are carried in these vans, and the motor is capable of developing 10 horse-power. One advantage is that, the back-wheels being clear of mechanism, low bodies can be used if desired. It is claimed also that these vans are economical in petrol, and can be made at a comparatively low price.

A NEW MOTOR FIRE-ENGINE.

Motor fire-engines have long since demonstrated their superiority over the older 'steamers,' but both are too costly for small fire brigades, which have had to content themselves with manual pumps. Efforts have been made lately to devise a small motor-pump, and one of the most recent is arranged for being carried by two men, for being trailed by man, horse, or machine power, or for being mounted on the front of the standard Ford chassis, or other variety of motor-car, where it is coupled to the motor. The pump is of the turbine type, and consists merely of a vaned rotor revolving at a high speed in a casing fitted with connections for the suction and delivery pipes. No valves are required; consequently the pump can be used for muddy water from any available pond or stream. Forming part of the equipment is gearing by means of which the speed of the engine is doubled, thus giving the pump an output of 200–250 gallons a minute at a sufficient pressure for two good jets. Supplied either with a Ford chassis and the usual fire-brigade equipment, or for attachment to any car, this pump, which in this form weighs only 90 lb., should prove ideal for country brigades. When it is supplied as a portable unit or for mounting upon a trailer the pump is made with a somewhat larger engine, which gives an output of 250–350 gallons a minute, or sufficient to supply three jets.

ELECTRICITY IN AGRICULTURE.

In our issues for July 1917 and December 1918 we referred to several ways in which electricity had been applied to agriculture, especially in the direction of increasing the yield of various crops. We now learn from the *North British Agriculturist* that Mr R. Borlase Matthews, of East Grinstead, Sussex, in an interesting paper read before the Farmers' Club in London, dealt with the application of electricity to another department of farm-work—namely, the ingathering of the crop. With regard to hay, Mr Matthews says: 'The test was made under the worst conditions, and took place in Scotland. The rick was the standard 5-ton cock of the district. The grass was cut green with the rain on it, and immediately stacked. A wooden duct was led into the base of the stack, and air blown in by means of an electrically driven plenum fan. Owing to the exceptionally wet conditions the hay-making took thirty hours, 60 per cent. of the grass weight having to be evaporated. The results were so successful that this year a standard 40-ton rick will be dealt with in the same way.' It is claimed that artificially dried hay looks better, and has a better aroma, than naturally dried hay, and that its food or nutritive value is greater. It is also noted that when artificial drying is adopted the process can be made a continuous one, instead of necessitating the concentration of a large amount of labour for a relatively short period. Another interesting development by the aid of electricity is the treatment of silage, with the result that the fodder is better preserved, as objectionable bacterial action is arrested before it has time to do any damage. The method of treatment is quite simple. Each silo has an earthed metal plate fixed at the bottom, and when the silo is filled another metal plate is placed on the top of the freshly cut green stuff, this plate being then connected to the electricity main. The time required for treatment is twenty-four to forty-eight hours, and from 130 to 200 units of electricity are required for ten tons of fodder.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (*a*) a reply post-card, or (*b*) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

For its return in case of ineligibility, a stamped and directed envelope (or postage-stamps) should accompany every manuscript.

To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

LUCK OF THE RIVER.

By R. W. BURGESS.

PART I.

THE land of Lorna Doone. Softly rounded hills and rolling moorland, where the red-deer roams free, amid heather and bracken; wooded valleys where oak and larch, fir and mountain ash, grow thickly on the steep hillside; craggy heights and open glades; before all, the very life of it, the river; tree-shaded pools of deep, clear water, tumbling cascades, and rippling shallows, changing, when Atlantic gales veil the moor in misty rain, to a surging flood of clouded amber; beautiful in all its moods.

. . . . . .

'When in doubt, try a coachman.'

The fisherman removed from his head his deplorable old cloth hat, shaped like a beehive, with a drooping brim, and searched through the collection of water-worn relics that disgraced it.

Not finding there the fly he required, he produced from the left-hand jacket-pocket (the right-hand pocket was no longer serviceable) a clutter of small tin boxes.

'I *will* get that pocket mended to-morrow; been like that for months,' he told himself. The coat, once Harris tweed, was now mostly darn, dirt, and tattered rags.

A good fish was rising against the opposite bank, under a willow, some distance above him. Standing as deep in the water as his patched and mottled waders would permit, he made the difficult 'interrogation' cast, the line falling in an up-stream bow across the swift water in the middle of the river.

The fly fell light as a snowflake, a yard above the fish, floating beautifully, dancing down over the ripples with well-cocked wings, no tell-tale strand of gut preceding it. The fish took it confidingly, and the creel was soon the heavier by a pound.

While he was playing the fish, a feminine voice hailed him from the bank: 'Will you tell me, please, if this is part of the Ravenscliffe Hotel water?'

As he scrambled up the bank the fisher was confronted by a water-nymph in tweed, with skirt tucked up to the knee, showing light brogues and waders beneath.

The girl was young—about twenty, at a guess. It was apparent that she was no skilled exponent of the art; her clothes were still unweathered, fresh and smooth from the tailor's iron; her fishing-gear was gleaming new, and her stout gut-cast was adorned with three egregious flies.

The interruption was most annoying. The cook up at the Hall wanted trout for the dinner-table that night, and he wished to propitiate her. Ladies who showed themselves on the sky-line and cast a shadow on the water, and who wore white-feathered hats, he mentally consigned to a region where fishing is unknown.

'No, it isn't,' he replied ungraciously; 'this is private water. You can cross this meadow by the path, if you like; there's a right of way.'

'Thanks,' she replied, her colour mounting. 'You are one of the keepers, I suppose; you need not be afraid. I'm not a poacher.'

She turned to go, then hesitated, and turned back. 'Perhaps you did not mean to be rude,' she said. 'This is the first time I have fished down so far. They told me there was a notice-board at the end of the fishing.'

As she faced him with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, half-defiant, half-apologetic, a whimsical smile replaced the frown, and his eyes twinkled as he took stock of her outfit.

'Sorry if I seemed rude, miss. The board was blown down. I didn't see you fishing, anyway, so there's no harm done. Hope you have had good sport.'

In spite of scarecrow clothes, he was a personable figure enough; a man about thirty, with a hint of military training in his upright bearing; his bronzed face, lined rather deeply for his years, had character. Just now it was crinkled up with humour.

Mentally Elsie Venner compared him favourably with the immaculate sportsmen of the hotel, who flogged the river daily with a team of flies, proudly displaying on a garnished dish, in the evening, a brace or two of six-ounce fish—if they had them—and always finished fishing in time to dress for dinner. She knew quite well that the correct thing to do now was to accept his apology, with perhaps a gracious smile, and retire with dignity; but somehow——

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

'No! I have *not*,' she broke out petulantly, 'and you know it. I saw you laugh when you looked at my flies just now; it was most insolent of you.'

He looked apologetic, and said no word, but his eyes betrayed him.

She half turned away, but again hesitated. 'Oh! what's the use of pretending I can fish?' she exclaimed, with a change of mood. 'Do you mind—I saw you catch that trout—how on earth did you get your fly out like that? . . . Will it matter if I stay here and watch you fish for a while?'

'I shall be charmed to have so fair a mascot,' he replied, with a sweep of his ragged hat.

She flushed angrily, and started off, head in air.

'Beg pardon, miss. Something they taught me in a play we did at the front—it slipped out, like. Hope it don't mean anything wrong?'

The corners of her lips were twitching, and there was no anger in the eyes she turned on him, as he hastily slid down the bank.

'No; it is complimentary, really. But you must not talk to me like that. Besides, you should never use words you do not understand. Now go on fishing, please.'

'No offence meant, miss; I'll remember my place.' Then to himself, 'It's going to be d—d difficult.'

'What's that?' she said sharply.

'Fish rose in a difficult place, miss.'

'Oh! I'm sure I heard you swear. You must be more careful of your language.'

She watched him catch and return to the water two fish that would have been decorated with garlands at the hotel, and finally stalk a big one that was rising near the bank, far in under the bushes that overhung the water.

She gasped as the long line rolled itself out across the river, missing the bushes by a hair's-breadth, and laid the fly, light as gossamer, almost on the neb of the fish. It was quietly absorbed.

Dignity was forgotten, and social barriers of no account, as she scrambled into the water, tearing an ugly rent in her skirt on a bramble that barred the way.

'What a beauty! *Do* let me land it for you!' she cried, making a grab for the net.

He laughed at her excitement. 'You'll do,' he remarked, unreproved. 'Now steady; don't scoop!'

Alas! the advice came too late. The edge of the net touched the fragile gut; the fish rolled over into deep water, floating on his side, turned right side up, and sailed slowly away.

For an awful minute there was a deep and impressive silence as they seated themselves side by side upon the bank. Mere words were inadequate.

Then she slowly turned her head toward him, and in a small but tragic voice said, 'Please swear!'

The tension was released, and they simultaneously broke into laughter. Then consciousness of the social gulf between them returned. It still yawned wide and deep, but mutual love of sport seemed to have built a narrow bridge upon which they could meet half-way. She found this strange young keeper most entertaining, and he—well, he found 'keeping his place' increasingly difficult. Reluctantly he rose to his feet, waiting for what might happen. Slightly embarrassed, she said, still humble, 'Sorry I muffed it.'

'That's all right, miss,' he reassured her; 'a mistake all beginners make. You should sink the net, and hold it steady until the fish——'

'Yes yes, I know. If only I could cast like you do! How did you learn?'

'Oh, I was born and bred to it. I go out with guests from the Hall, and if they don't catch enough fish——'

'I see. That's how it is you are fishing. I wonder—if—but—of course that's impossible.'

'What, miss?' There was mischief in his eyes, but she was not looking his way.

'Lessons. I seem to have been taught all wrong.'

He pondered the question. 'Well, I don't know. You see, Sir James——'

'Oh, bother old Sir James!'

'Certainly, miss, if you say so. Still, it's unusual.'

'What absurd nonsense I'm talking!' she exclaimed, jumping to her feet. 'Of course you can't. Thank you very much for allowing me to watch.' She took half-a-crown from her purse—and dropped it back again, without quite knowing why. Strangely enough, the gillie seemed relieved.

'Well, I'm not so sure,' he said slowly. 'You see, we was together at the front—pals, in a way. He was an officer in my regiment. He's a decent old boy—begging your pardon, miss. It might be wangled.'

'Oh, don't bother. It's all nonsense. I should never learn, anyhow.'

'Can't tell till you've tried. Let's look at your tackle.'

She submissively handed over her rod.

'H'm. All right in the spring, with heavy water; wet fly's no good now. Cast's too heavy, and line's too light.'

'It's what they sold me for this river at the best shop in London.'

'Yes, they would. Here, take my rod and feel the difference in balance. Much better, isn't it? Get out on to that rock and try it.'

She obeyed. He waded beside her.

'Hold it like this.' He arranged her fingers. It took him quite a long time to do so.

'Now cast at that leaf floating down to us.'

She cast. The line wavered uncertainly forward, and settled down in curlicues on the water, with the fly in the centre.

'My line is always doing that. Why is it?'

'Don't drop your point so far in the back cast, and give the line time to extend before you bring it forward. Now, try again.'

This time the fly fell clear of the coils of line. As she was lifting off the water the miracle happened; a fish, probably crossed in love, attempted suicide.

Startled, Elsie struck valiantly, using both hands, missed her footing on the slippery rock, staggered, and fell into the foaming torrent. The gillie, hesitating not a moment, plunged to the rescue—the water was fully twelve inches deep—gathered her into his arms, and carried her to the shore, six feet distant.

Again the strained silence; again the laugh broke through.

'Now you've saved my life,' she gurgled. 'My waders are full of water, my hair is full of weed, my heart is full of gratitude, and my skirt is torn. Oh dear! and I've been poaching after all; and I don't care!'

Just then the reel squeaked, and the gillie dashed to the rescue of his rod, which lay jigging on the rock where it had fallen, with the fish still attached. Feeling that he owed a debt of gratitude to this fish, he returned it to the water, and waded ashore.

'"After drowning his wretched victim, the villain resumed his sport,"' she quoted gaily. 'But, really, what's to be done? I can't walk two miles back to the hotel like this, and turn up like a resurrected Ophelia. Mother would have forty fits.'

'No. Neither must you sit on the shore, like a stranded mermaid combing seaweed out of her hair.'

This remark somewhat startled her; she was busy at the moment wringing river-water out of her hair, which had come adrift.

Suddenly realising, with a shock, that she—the daughter of the late Major-General Sir Vincent Venner—had been treating a mere gillie even as one of the elect, she sprang to her feet, her cheeks aflame. He had dared to chaff her about her appearance!

She would pulverise this presumptuous person with a stony stare, such as she had seen her mother use on tradesmen; she had never known it fail.

The idea was sound, but in this instance the 'stony stare' was a missfire—perhaps because he was not a tradesman; perhaps because he was not looking at her, but was standing in a perfectly respectful attitude, hat in hand.

She stamped her foot. This was a mistake.

Feminine foot-stamping is effective enough indoors, when the said foot is daintily shod, and there is a suitable stamping surface; but on a muddy bank, with the legs encased in brogues and waders, especially if the waders are full of water, the result is too squelchy to be imposing.

In the circumstances dignity was difficult to recover. On one side, her skirt was still looped up for wading; on the other, the fastening had given way, and it hung all askew; her sodden hat, which she had jammed on her head, flopped drunkenly, its jaunty white feather broken and drooping; while her hair fell in dismal rats'-tails. She was a young lady of spirit, however, and the fact that the fault was entirely her own made her the more determined to punish him as he deserved!

'You have been most insolent!' she flared out at him. 'Just because I—I—— Well, I shall report you to your master.'

'Don't do that, miss. I apologise. There's a cottage across the meadow; you could get your things dried there.'

'Whose is it?'

'Mine.'

'Then I shall not go there. I'll go back as I am, and perhaps get pneumonia, and die; then perhaps—— Who keeps house for you? Your mother? Your wife? Do you beat her?'

'Not yet,' he replied. 'I am not married. My old foster-mother lives there; my own mother died when I was born. My foster-mother sells teas.'

'Oh! That's different. I'm sorry your mother is dead. And I *don't* think you will beat your wife—if you ever get one. You never will get one if you call her a mermaid. What's your own name?'

A momentary hesitation. 'Jim Aubery, miss.'

'Well then, Aubery, go on in front, and show me the way, and don't dare to look round.'

He picked up both sets of tackle, and the procession started. The distance gradually widened between them, as Elsie's fingers were busy with her clothing during the march. The looped-up side of her skirt was dropped; by a sort of conjuring trick pins materialised, and the gaping rent was closed; with a twirl and a twist the thick mass of auburn hair was gathered up, and crowned with the wrung-out tweed hat, from which the broken feather had disappeared.

She now appeared thoroughly 'respectable' from an angler's point of view—one of the craft. She had passed through her baptism, and had come up smiling.

The cottage proved to be a quaint old house of mellow stone, part of a dismantled water-mill—rather more than a cottage, in fact. A decaying mill-wheel stood beside the door, smothered in crimson rambler; and where the wheel had once turned, a cascade from the old mill-leat fell into the river.

The gillie stood at the open door, talking to a cheery, buxom dame in the porch.

As the gate clicked, without looking round he stepped aside from the garden path and stood at attention, slowly revolving on his axis as she passed, presenting to Elsie's astonished gaze only a broad expanse of back and shoulder. He was faithfully obeying orders!

Her anger had evaporated. She reflected that these stalwart sons of the west were of an independent breed, accustomed to speak their minds without fear or favour. Besides, after all, what was it? A mermaid is not usually represented as repulsive to look upon.

At the entrance she paused, and he wriggled uncomfortably as he felt her eyes boring into him.

'Aubery!' He stiffened. 'Your coat is badly torn between the shoulders, and—and I *do* think,' she continued audaciously, 'you might have found a better match for that patch on your breeches!'

She vanished, and slammed the door. From the safe shelter of the curtains she watched him gather up his tackle, and turn, with a red but laughing face, to shake his fist at the closed door.

Elsie was comforted; she had had the last word.

(*Continued on page 500.*)

MY BUTTERFLIES.

By Albert G. Wain.

I.

WE all have deep need of beauty—pure beauty divorced from economic values. Butterflies have gone some way towards satisfying this need in my case. They do not wholly satisfy it. No forms of art or nature wholly satisfy one's thirst for beauty, because all pure beauty contains an echo of the transcendental, and fills the soul with a yearning for it knows not what. At the back of the outward and visible splendours of nature or art we seem to glimpse those hidden truths we would fain grasp, those divine felicities we would enjoy. Failing them, we cherish their symbols—pictures, music, butterflies, flowers—each the symbol he loves best. Dr Arnold, of Rugby, could never take any pleasure in music. 'But, on the other hand,' he said, 'there are many men who cannot enter into the deep delight with which I look at wood-anemones, or wood-sorrel.' Jean Paul Richter, by contrast, regarded music as a joy almost too keen to be endured. 'Away, away!' he cried; 'thou speakest to me of things which in all my endless life I have not found and shall not find.'

It is sometimes thought by those who prefer sentiment to science that in attributing beauty to irrefrangible law we destroy it for the imagination, and make poetry impossible. This has not been my own experience. About the time when the clouds of glory which lay about my infancy were beginning to fade, I chanced to read Tyndall's classic lectures on 'Light,' and once more the heavens and the earth were filled with magic for me. Colour became more intelligible, but not less mysterious. I spent a year or two in optical experiments, and I have not yet quite forgotten my sense of awe when I discovered the striæ of a mother-of-pearl shell under my microscope, and succeeded afterwards in impressing those striæ (and their attendant colours) on to a piece of black wax.

And so with butterflies, which have been favourite objects of my regard for thirty years—the more science I bring to them, the more conscious am I of their abiding beauty, and the more baffled in my attempts to understand their ultimate significance. The problems of metamorphosis, mimicry, and protective resemblance are more or less explicable by the evolutionary hypothesis. Nevertheless, when I look at the masterpieces of colour-combination among my tropical butterflies, or try to decipher the hieroglyphics on the wings of some of the British moths, I find in them something deeper than the science which would explain them. As with sunsets, pictures, statuary, or music, these exquisite miniatures from nature's brush tell me of unimaginable things, and are not without hints of the Universal to which my own soul answers.

It is indeed the inexpressible and unattainable which thrills us most in nature, and science, and art. As quickly as science brings a new set of facts within our grasp, it reveals a new and more alluring vista of recondite beauty; and, no matter how far knowledge may carry us, there will always be this halo of inexplicable glory beyond, and ever beyond.

As I write there comes into my mind a memory of the large Brazilian butterfly *Morpho cypris*. If you have never seen one, and I merely say (in an effort to avoid exaggeration) that its wings are bright blue, I cannot hope to convey any idea of the creature's dazzling magnificence. If, on the other hand (deciding to try hyperbole and risk the wrath of critics), I ask you to think of the most bewitching azure you know—an Italian sky at noon—some far-off tropic sea—the hyacinthine depths of your fair lady's eyes—I must still assure you that the wings of this butterfly differ from all these, and surpass them all! Yet *M. cypris* is but one of thousands of butterflies whose colours put man's pitiful vocabulary to shame. In our own familiar Adonis Blue (*Lycæna bellargus*) England itself boasts a little butterfly which, for unspeakable loveliness, is but a step removed from the giant *M. cypris*.

Now science can tell me the exact wave-length of the particular rays in the spectrum which produce that celestial colour on the wings

of *M. cypris* or *L. bellargus*, and science can produce a very passable imitation of it on a ruled diffraction-grating, just as I reproduced the colours of mother-of-pearl upon a piece of black wax by impressing the wax with the corrugations of the shell. But science and psychology are alike dumb when I ask why my very soul is irradiated when I look at the butterfly or the shell. Some of the patterns and colourings of quite common butterflies and moths have this unaccountable fascination for me; and to one interested in the graphic and decorative arts, even the plainest and most prosaic specimens will often yield a decorative suggestion—now a little spriggy pattern like a piece of early-Victorian printed cotton, now an Eastern arabesque, anon a bit of North American Indian bead-work, or the fragment of a drawing by Hiroshige.

One might suppose that familiarity would at last blunt the keener edge of perception for these miracles of artistry, that countless examinations would ultimately surfeit the senses; but it is not so. If I but open a drawer of my cabinet at random, my eye is invariably arrested by some old example which I have seen a dozen times before, but which again takes away my breath with all the surprise of a first discovery.

II.

But it is not merely their external appearance which one finds so intriguing. Their habits are not less wonderful and mysterious. Many butterflies possess the ability to float or plane, like birds, upon outstretched motionless wings. Among our British lepidoptera the 'White Admiral' butterfly is a good example. To see it sailing down one of the rides of the New Forest, a yard or two above-ground, as I have seen it many times, is a striking and beautiful spectacle. Its large size, bold black-and-white coloration, and fearless habits make it easy to watch. One cannot help concluding that the insect takes a conscious pleasure in this floating motion.

Then there is a little day-flying moth, the Speckled Yellow (*Venilia maculata*), which one may see in almost any woodland glade or clearing about mid-May. Its wings are of a rich chrome, inclining to orange, sprinkled with dark-gray markings in a very decorative style—not hard, characterless blotches, but each mark possessing the broken edges and individual touch of an artist working in a free style with a blunt charcoal or soft crayon. When you see this little moth in its native haunts, you might almost fancy it was conscious of its attractive dress and courted admiration, for in bright sunshine it has a coquettish butterfly habit of settling in the middle of the path a few yards ahead of you, and alternately opening and closing its wings over its back, as much as to say, 'Now look! How do you like my new spring-gown?'

If I were to give rein to all the odd notions that have passed through my mind about these winged fragments of beauty, I might soon lose myself in regions of mystical moonshine—at least it would probably seem like moonshine to the reader. It is so easy to outrun popular interest when writing of things one loves. But small as these creatures are, they must excite countless fancies in the mind of any one who will take the trouble to observe them.

One phase of butterfly-life, it is true, has seized the popular imagination from very early times. I refer, of course, to the butterfly's transformation from a caterpillar. This appealed even to the ancient Greeks, whose word *psyche* was applied both to the butterfly and the soul. Yet this transformation from caterpillar to butterfly, which poets and moralists have used since classic days as nature's most striking analogy for the Resurrection, is not more wonderful than the phenomenon of hibernation.

Let us give a moment's consideration to this business of hibernation, for it transcends human experience as completely as metamorphosis. One might deem it incredible that so frail a creature as a butterfly, usually associated in our minds with summer warmth and ephemeral flowers, should be able to survive through five or six months of winter, without taking a morsel of nourishment other than is already stored in the tissues and secretions of its own little body, and with no more shelter than it can find in the chink of a wall or the cranny of a tree. Yet such is the fact. With the first hint of October frosts (or even earlier), several of the finest butterflies of late summer, such as the Tortoise-shell, the Peacock, and the Brimstone, retire into hiding-places, and soon fall into a sleep which resembles death. But it is not death. Within those minute frames there survives an unquenchable spark of life, a spark that needs no adventitious aid, no warmth, no food, not even the vital encouragement of youth—for the insect is already full-grown; nothing in life for it, indeed, but the final functions of mating and maternity during a few brief sunny hours of the distant spring. For that consummation of its existence, and that only, nature keeps alight the sacred spark within those tiny bosoms. Let the cold be never so intense, winds never so unkind, hopes of spring never so long deferred, the spark continues to burn, invincible against the assaults of frost or damp, indifferent to the passage of time.

During this long interval of hibernation the patient little creature rarely stirs. To all appearance it is dead. A chance beam of sunlight may penetrate its retreat, moving it to a moment's uneasy joy; but it soon relapses into slumber. You may pick it up in your fingers, and it will show scarcely a sign of animation. But let the spring send its electrifying message on the first mild zephyr of February or March,

and, lo! the creature moves, its feelers are thrust forward inquiringly, its eyes begin to glow, its wings to tremble with returning ecstasy; it creeps forth from its living tomb, and is soon winging its way through field and wood with an energy which is an amazement to those who know of the thousand-and-one dark hours and dangers it has passed.

III.

The very circumstances attending the open-air study of butterflies—the crystal air of heaths and cliffs, the quietness of woodland paths by day and night, the tension of one's faculties, the glimpses one gets into other phases of wild life—all these prepare and stimulate the mind for speculation, especially for those half-mystical speculations one would never dare to send to a scientific periodical!

Only a few days ago I was tempted into one of these lawless flights of imagination by a very simple woodland episode. At the end of an afternoon's entomologising in the Cotswolds, a friend and I found ourselves in a wooded valley not far from the village of Hawkesbury Upton. It was about sunset, and climbing a green knoll, we sat down and watched the shadows creeping up the valley. The last butterflies of the day were flitting lazily to their resting-places, and the early moths were astir. An owl began hooting, and many nameless little sounds of awakening nocturnal life came to our ears. As we watched and listened in the intense stillness of the windless evening, we were constrained to admit how little we knew, in spite of all our research—and how little any one really knew!—of this underworld of Arcadia which the Greeks typified by Pan; this furtive, bright-eyed, primitive world, forsaken by man, and now given up to these little brothers of his, these elves and gnomes and sprites that live their strange sequestered life by wood, and mere, and meadow.

In the midst of these speculations occurred the little episode I referred to just now. We were both charmed into sudden silence by the appearance of a fox walking in our direction down the wooded acclivity opposite to us. He approached with slow, graceful movements, utterly unafraid. Now and again he paused to nose the track or peep into the thickets. At last he came so near that I began to wonder whether this was an animal which had stepped out of *Æsop's Fables*, and was coming to speak to us. But though he did not speak, he came up and looked at us so hard that we felt, for a few fleeting moments, as though we had been admitted to the charmed circle of the underworld. Then he quietly turned round and disappeared in the same leisurely fashion.

This was all that happened, but it brought a flood of unanswerable questions surging into my mind. What goes on in the innermost recesses of brute consciousness? We see the forms of animals, birds, and insects, but the springs of their conduct, the secrets of their being, their final destiny, remain unfathomable mysteries. This lower creation, which we see with our eyes, and in the midst of which we move day by day, is essentially incomprehensible to the human mind, in spite of all our science. To be, as it were, at the very centre of this world of dumb things—dumb so far as communication with mortals is concerned—and to know so little of it, struck me, in that vivid moment, as startling.

Do they think? Do they sin? Will they live hereafter?*

We eat the ox, and make his hide into shoe-leather; but is that really the end of him? Like us he knew thirst and hunger, love and hate, and had been the object of the most tender maternal solicitude. Was all this ordained so that *we* might go well fed and well shod? When our beloved terrier or spaniel stretches out his form in the throes of death, and nothing is left to us at last but an intricate mechanism of skin and bone, what has become of his fidelity and affections, which in life were so much to him and to us? To-day death claims the poor brute, much against his will; yesterday he would have died willingly in his master's defence. Has all that passionate love been futile? Has it all dissolved with his last breath? And what have I done to deserve such devotion?

I should like to place myself just once psychologically within the circle of sub-human beings. I cannot forget I have great affinities with them:

> I find I incorporate gneiss, coal, long-threaded moss, fruits, grains, esculent roots,
> And am stucco'd with quadrupeds and birds all over.

Would it not be a great adventure if I could let the current of my consciousness mingle again for one magic hour with theirs? An hour within the arcana of bird, beast, butterfly, and flower would compel me to revise the opinions of a lifetime. I should emerge with new opinions of God and man. I should know why bees are so industrious, and butterflies so beautiful, and dogs faithful unto death. I should find out what the ox thinks of my butcher, and what my dog thinks about me. And the knowledge might make me the wisest, but not necessarily the happiest, of men.

It is the hope—the vain hope, no doubt—of getting one privileged glimpse behind the veil that keeps me for ever prying into nature's laboratory, and invests every butterfly with mysterious significance. What immortal truth is it which lies behind those patterned wings?

If I could have divined the secret by taking

* William Howitt, a nature-writer of last century, first stated the problem in this quaint fashion. I cannot improve upon his pointed questions.—A. G. W.

thought, I should have known long ago all there was to be known. I have saturated myself in Darwinism; vexed my soul with forgotten controversies of Weismann, Spencer, and Romanes; delved among Lloyd Morgan's subtleties concerning animal instinct and intelligence; pondered long over Bergson. But when I see the 'White Admiral' sailing down the rides of the New Forest, or watch a fox as he roams the woods at nightfall, science and philosophy fail me.

I am beginning to think that the deeper riddles of nature will be solved, if they are solved at all, not by science (or not wholly by science), but rather by intuition—a faculty greater than understanding. Our subjective and emotional perceptions, which science has hitherto so rigorously excluded, may prove, after all, to be nature's own instruments, by means of which, when we have learned to use them, we may probe recesses where neither physicist nor psychologist can penetrate.

Sometimes, indeed, when I have casually opened one of the drawers of my cabinet, and a particularly brilliant group has caught my eye, it has brought something quite new, and strange, and lovely to the verge of consciousness; and pausing over my treasures with tingling expectancy, I have felt as though I were near to a great discovery; as though

> A hair, perhaps, divides the false and true;
> Yes; and a single alif were the clue—
> Could you but find it—to the treasure-house,
> And, peradventure, to the Master too.

But in a moment the vision fades and the shadows fall. I close the drawer, and sigh with Jean Paul Richter: 'Away, away! thou speakest to me of things I have not found and shall not find.'

Like the butterfly in his winter cell, we are but souls in transit from a forgotten summer to a summer still unborn. Beauty sends a beam ever and anon into our hiding-place, stirring vague memories and hopes. Of one thing only may we be sure: that the emotions thus aroused may be referred to some purer state of being which is the birthright of every living soul, and to which every living soul shall return.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN UNROMANTIC GENTLEMAN.

By W. H. Morris.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH: *Tells how a Witchfinder came to Beverley Hall.*

THE day following the wordy battle betwixt Colonel-Win-the-Fight Jenkins and the Presbyterian parson, Kill-sin Thompson left Beverley Hall, and strode off at a smart pace into Faversham, his mission being to learn what he could of the local malcontents. Arrived in the little town, he entered a respectable alehouse, much frequented by the Roundhead soldiers billeted in the neighbourhood, and ordered a pint of ale, which he carried to a table at which were seated half-a-dozen of his comrades, drinking moderately, smoking, and chatting. Kill-sin, who knew many of them intimately, greeted them soberly, and took his seat among them.

'Friend,' said one of them, 'what is this that we have heard, of the Evil One coming like a roaring lion to that place of sin called Beverley Hall?'

'A truly dreadful Satanic manifestation, Flydebate Martin, and one that I have come here to discourse upon,' replied the other. 'The enemy hath appeared in divers forms, and hath sought by terrifying manifestations to turn our hearts to water. But, praise the Lord! we have stood our ground firmly, and shall, I doubt not, send him howling out of the house by our steadfastness.'

'And what forms, Master Thompson, have these Satanic tricks taken?' asked another Roundhead, who bore the not very appropriate name of Meek Oxley.

'More, my friend, than the tongue can name,' answered Kill-sin with, it seemed, some relish, as though he took a pride in being connected with such phenomena. 'Candles have been mysteriously extinguished, though all doors and windows have remained closed; windows have been smashed, though our guards have seen none come or go; beds have been overturned; thunderous hammerings have sounded all over the house; bursts of horrible laughter startle us from our sleep sometimes; and the whole house smells, so some say who have a keener nose than I, of sulphur and brimstone, and of burning. Hope-for-Bending Johnson affirms that he plainly saw a hoof strike out a candle that he had placed on the floor for a moment. Alas! the fiend hath, I fear, prevailed with Hope-for-Bending, and hath taken possession of him, for he walks about with a naked sword in his hand, believing that the great battle of Armageddon is at hand, and that he is to be one of the mighty men of war in the fight, and thereafter one of the rulers of the land.* And suddenly in the night he will start up, and cry in a dismal voice that he can see legions of devils, hoofed and horned, and breathing fire, who gibber at us in the darkness, so that

*Such beliefs in the imminence of Armageddon were fairly common during the Civil War and the Protectorate. Those who believed that the reign of the Saints on earth (which was to follow on the battle) was close at hand were known as Fifth Monarchy Men.

it curdles a man's blood to hearken to him. Or he will stalk about the garden, sword and pistol in hand, calling upon Beelzebub, or some one of the heathen gods, to come out against him and meet him in single combat.

'The first evening that he so acted, Rejoice-O-my-Soul Barber, hearing his cries, and thinking that he challenged a mortal enemy, sprang out of bed, and staying not to clothe himself, snatched up a weapon, and ran, in his shirt, to his assistance. Whereat, it seems, Hope-for-Bending mistook him for a demon, or one of the heathen gods that he had defied, come to do combat with him, and lunged at him with his sword. Rejoice-O-my-Soul avoided the lunge, which, as Hope-for-Bending Johnson afterwards explained, caused him to imagine that his adversary was the Devil himself, possessed of no body that corporal weapons could harm; whereupon he dropped his sword, and knocked Rejoice-O-my-Soul down with a heavy, iron-clasped Bible that he always carries. He was seated upon his chest, striking him about the head, and crying, "The Lord hath broken the teeth of mine enemies!" when the guard arrived, and, with some difficulty, dragged him away from Barber, many of whose teeth he had, indeed, broken.'

Kill-sin Thompson paused and took a long pull at his tankard of ale. At this moment a slightly built young man, dressed in a plain black suit, came out from a corner of the room where he had been seated and said, 'Your pardon, worthy sir; I chanced to overhear what you just now said, and it seems to me that I can be of use to you. I am Jonathan Brightly, a witchfinder, and one who hath had much experience in subduing devils, and exorcising Satan when he assumes material form.'

The soldiers, somewhat startled by the suddenness of his appearance, stared curiously at the youth, and Kill-sin Thompson asked, 'And do you propose, Master Brightly, to come to Beverley Hall, and there wrestle with the Evil One when next he appears?'

'Even so,' the witchfinder answered. 'I will come to the Hall and drive the devils hence, even as I cleansed a house in Surrey of their presence, scarce a sennight ago.'

'It would be a great work,' said Kill-sin eagerly, for, although he would not admit, even to himself, that he had been terrified by the nocturnal happenings at Beverley Hall, he was, like most of his companions, in a state of terror each day as evening drew near. 'Will you come back to the mansion with me, friend, and speak with Colonel Win-the-Fight Jenkins?'

'Marry, I will!' replied the witchfinder.

'Sir,' said Fly-debate Martin in a stern voice, 'such oaths come strangely from one that follows your calling.'

Master Brightly seemed about to make a hot reply, but checked himself, and answered in mild accents, 'Tis a grievous fault, sir. But one cannot touch pitch without soiling one's self. These oaths are loved by the Devil, and I employ them when I am engaged in exorcising him. Sir, I do solemnly assure you that the demons swarm round me like flies about a honey-pot when I use such oaths.'

Most of the soldiers looked rather uncomfortable at this explanation, as though they feared that the demons might begin to 'swarm' in the ale-house; but Fly-debate was too much of a religious zealot to have any such qualms, and continued: 'And do you wear your hair of that length, like the besotted Cavaliers, in order to conjure up devils?'

'Yes,' answered the witchfinder, deliberately refusing to see the intended sarcasm.

Fly-debate Martin, who was a great talker, was just opening his mouth to make some further observation when Thompson, having finished his ale, said, 'If you will accompany me, friend, I will take you to Beverley Hall.'

Plainly relieved to get away from his interrogator, the witchfinder bade the Roundheads good-day, and quitted the ale-house with the soldier.

On their way to the Hall, Kill-sin Thompson closely questioned Master Brightly concerning his experience in laying ghosts and casting out devils; and the witchfinder gave him circumstantial accounts of his experience, thereby considerably impressing the superstitious soldier.

Immediately they arrived at Beverley Hall, Kill-sin took Master Brightly to Colonel Jenkins, and briefly related how he had met him, and repeated the offer he had made. The colonel, who believed every bit as firmly as his servant did in the existence of ghosts, demons, and devils, bade Thompson bring in the witchfinder. Having questioned the man, and being satisfied with his answers, he said, 'You may try your skill here. If you succeed you shall be well rewarded.' Then to Kill-sin Thompson, 'You have done well, sergeant. Captain Barrett did but this morning suggest to me that I should engage the services of a witchfinder. See to it that Master Brightly has a room placed at his disposal, and all that he requires.'

The news that a witchfinder had come to the Hall to cast out the demons by whom the place was haunted quickly spread among the Roundhead soldiers; and whilst Master Brightly was taking his dinner in the kitchen—which had been converted into a mess-room for the non-commissioned ranks quartered at Beverley Hall—he underwent much keen questioning by them concerning the methods he intended to employ for dealing with the devils, and his experience in such matters. To all questions in the first category Jonathan Brightly answered by saying that he would presently retire to the bedroom allotted to him, and there commune with himself regarding the means to be used to cleanse the mansion of the demons who had taken up their abode in it. In reply to the

other questions, he gave long, detailed descriptions of his adventures in various parts of England, and by the time the evening gloom was stealing into the kitchen had reduced the weaker-minded members of his audience to an extremely uncomfortable state of mind by his ghostly stories. As soon as it was dark the witchfinder bade the soldiers good-night, and retired to his bedroom.

Colonel Win-the-Fight Jenkins, hoping, maybe, that the presence of the witchfinder would prevent any supernatural manifestations that evening, and being sadly in need of a good night's rest, had retired to bed at an early hour. Just after 9 P.M. he was suddenly awakened by something with padded feet walking about his room. He called out, asking who it was, but received no answer. Although the colonel sincerely believed that he had to deal with superhuman enemies, his courage did not falter for a moment. Springing out of bed, he sought to strike a light. But the tinder-box was knocked out of his hands, he was thrown violently to the ground, and the bed overturned.

Whilst this was happening bursts of horrible laughter, groans, and yells resounded all over the house; and at length the pandemonium culminated in a loud roar, as though a number of pieces of cannon had been fired simultaneously. This proved too much for the overwrought nerves of the soldiers, and, almost to a man, they fled from the house in terror. Hope-for-Bending Johnson, however, satisfied that the great battle of Armageddon had begun, stalked about the house, a naked sword in one hand and a Bible in the other, calling upon Beelzebub, Mammon, Lucifer, and the other princes of darkness to come up against him, until a faggot of wood came hurtling through the air and stretched him senseless on the floor.

Colonel Jenkins also scorned flight, for he was the very embodiment of that stern, unflinching, and rather fanatical courage which made the Roundhead soldiers such formidable foemen. Hastily pulling on a few articles of apparel, he snatched up a sword and a pistol, and hurried out of the room, anxious to discover the cause of the explosion; and, being more or less convinced that a legion of imps were loose in the house, he fortified himself by chanting a stern military hymn, which he had often sung as he charged into battle. Scarce had the brave old soldier left his bedroom when he received a heavy blow on the back of the head, which struck him to the ground.

CHAPTER THE NINTH: *Discovers the Identity of Captain Prosper.*

WE must now return to Colonel Russell's narrative of his mission to Brighthelmstone.

'When I recovered consciousness,' he writes in his memoirs, 'I found myself in darkness. For a while I remained quiescent; then I endeavoured to sit up, and found that I was prevented from moving by cords which so tightly fettered my limbs that nigh all feeling had gone from them. I struggled a while with my bonds; but although I exerted all my strength, the ropes which secured my limbs were so tough, and the knots so artfully tied, that all I did was to lacerate my flesh. Pain forced me to relinquish the attempt to set myself free; and I lay still, and considered what had happened.

'Presently I fell into an uneasy sleep, from which I was suddenly aroused by a noise above my head. A long beam of light appeared a few feet above where I lay, and slowly broadened out as a trap-door was raised. When the trap-door had been entirely withdrawn, I was addressed by Captain Prosper, who said, "Hallo, master-spy! are your senses returned?"

'Offended by the appellation, I made no reply; whereupon the Cavalier cursed, and lowered the lanthorn he carried into the place where I lay, to the full extent of his arm. I perceived that I was lying on some straw in a large cellar, and was surrounded by barrels of ale and flagons of wine.

'Seeing that my eyes were open, the rascal grinned, and asked, "What! Sulky, master-spy?"

'Then he burst out laughing.

'"I warn thee," said I sternly, "that thou shalst pay dearly for this when I am at liberty again."

'The Cavalier stopped laughing suddenly, and answered in a sneering voice, "'When I am at liberty,' quotha! You are over-confident, master-spy. What if you never see daylight again?"

'"Then," said I, quite calmly, although my blood ran cold at this hint of murder, "there are those who shall bring thee to justice."

'"I'faith, now! are there?" sneered the Cavalier. Then suddenly his manner changed, and he said in a serious voice, "Sir, I shall be pleased to give you satisfaction, with pistol or sword, at a later date."

'I answered not, and after a short pause he continued, "According to several treatises upon the usages of war which I have studied, the private duel may be postponed without loss of honour when matters of high import concerning public affairs call for attention. When I have got His Majesty's treasure safely out of the country, I will return and set you at liberty, and give you all the satisfaction that a gentleman—which you are not—has a right to demand."

'"Who are you, and why have you treated me thus?" I asked.

'"Sir," answered the Cavalier, "I am Captain Prosper, even as I told you when first we met. But I have a second name—Hawtrey. I am,

sir, Captain Prosper Hawtrey, a cavaliero, who, since you canting, crop-eared, Psalm-singing rogues made this land unfit for gentlemen of spirit to live in, have wandered about Europe, selling the only thing Old Noll and the parliamentary sequestrators have left me—my blade. I fought for His Majesty at Worcester, and fled overseas with him when Old Noll worsted us.

'"Abroad His Majesty was desperately short of money. Presently there came a Sir Rupert Beverley, another stout Royalist, who propounded a plan for relieving the king's immediate wants. Before the king marched from Scotland to strike a blow for his inheritance, Sir Rupert Beverley had gone secretly to North Kent to prepare the local loyalists for a rising, and also to get together funds for the cause, for the king got little enow from the skin-flint Presbyterians of Scotland. 'Twas but a trifle he raised, for the war and parliamentary fines had left gentlemen of honour and loyalty with little beyond their honour. Most of the contributions consisted of family plate, and such-like bulky stuff, which Sir Rupert had no means of removing to Scotland. He therefore concealed it in Beverley Hall, which is honeycombed with secret passages. There the treasure has ever since remained.

'"Knowing of the king's monetary difficulties, Sir Rupert made several attempts, after Worcester, to smuggle the treasure away from the Hall, but without success, for the place was occupied by the parliamentary sequestrators. Finally, he was nearly apprehended by one of Cromwell's agents, a rascal calling himself Joshua Gunter, and had to flee the country.

'"His health being now broken down, he proposed that I and his son John should make an attempt to recover the treasure. To this I readily agreed.

'"But no sooner did John and I land near Faversham than Old Noll's ban-dogs were after us, and we were forced to separate. I fled to London, and thence wrote to Sir Rupert, informing him that his son had been arrested, and that I could make no further attempt to recover the king's treasure until I knew the secret of the labyrinth at the Hall. Sir Rupert replied that he was too ill to come to England himself, but that he was sending his daughter Anne, a stout-hearted lass, who would shew me the entrance to the secret passages, if I could but contrive to get her and myself into Beverley Hall.

'"Scarce had I received this letter than I was arrested and imprisoned in Newgate by Joshua Gunter—rot him! There I was visited by Old Noll, who sought, both by threats and by bribes, to force me to tell him the nature of the plot in which I was engaged. This I refused to do. Thereupon he informed me that he would have Anne arrested immediately she landed in England, and would use her as a means of forcing old Sir Rupert to reveal the conspiracy. A pretty plan, i'fakins! and one worthy of you Bible-thumping rascallions. Since you have a man of too much honour to be bribed into betraying his royal master, you concoct a foul plan for exploiting a father's natural love for his daughter. Anne's liberty in return for the betrayal of the king! Zounds! When I think of it, I am almost inclined to give you your liberty now, and seek instant satisfaction on your miserable carcass!"

'"It is true that I assumed your name," I said, "and meant to conduct Anne Beverley to the Lord-General, but I knew naught of the plan to use her as a means of forcing Sir Rupert to betray his master."

'"Nay, lie not," exclaimed Hawtrey in a contemptuous tone; "Old Noll revealed the whole scheme to me, just before I managed to break prison, with the help of a gaoler. I can waste no further time on you. You will be kept here until our plans have been put into operation; then I shall return and give you your liberty, and also seek satisfaction at the rapier's point for your insolence in adopting my name and, like enow, bringing me into discredit. And you need not waste time trying to corrupt the innkeeper; he'll not set you free, however you may bluster or whatever you may promise, being a staunch Royalist."

'"Captain Prosper Hawtrey—if you have a right to that title," said I—"you are a liar, and a man of little honour to have insulted me as you have done, and yet not give me a chance of taking satisfaction." This I said hoping so to provoke the knave that he would set me free; like my father, I have ever held the duel in abhorrence, and had no intention of fighting the Cavalier, unless he forced me to do so.

'"Od's zooks!" he burst out furiously, when he was interrupted by Anne Beverley saying, "You have a strange sense of justice and honour, sir. You would have deliberately betrayed a woman that placed her trust in you; yet now you demand instant satisfaction of Captain Hawtrey as though you were a gentleman. But let us waste no more time with this fellow, Captain Prosper."

'I angrily denied that I had been cognisant of Cromwell's plan, but my protestations were cut short by the trap-door being dropped into place, leaving me in darkness again.

'Several weary hours passed; I hungered and thirsted, and was cramped by the ropes that bound me; and, added to my physical discomforts, I suffered mental anguish as I considered what the cavaliero and Anne had said, and wondered whether I had, indeed, been unconsciously playing a dishonourable part.

'At length the cellar-flap opened again, and the sunlight streamed in upon me.'

(Continued on page 511.)

AN UNTAPPED CATTLE COUNTRY.

By E. Creighton Duff.

WHEN you steam round the great western shoulder of Africa, the only glimpse you get of the land is a low, dingy coast, with a creamy fringe of breakers flickering on a narrow rim of silver sands. Farther back is forest, swamp and forest, gloomy and menacing. One by one the steamy ports of call are reached and left behind, and you slide on over the oily sea ever farther east to Old Calabar, where the mangrove swamps send out their sullen challenge to the indifferent sea, and year by year wrest further ground to add to Mother Africa. Then you creep a little way down her flank, and you view the desolation of the River of the King, which the Spanish adventurers of old must have named in some biting irony on the Castilian princes of the day. Then we came, centuries after, and looked and left. Later the Germans took of our leavings, and made of them their once great colony of the Cameroons.

An hour or two more and you get glimpses of the volcanic peak of the great Cameroon Mountain. And as you get nearer, you may, if you are very lucky, sight a fringe of fugitive snow on the topmost heights. The intolerable mass of rock and forest presses down to the very water's edge and weighs on your heart, but the sky and the sea are a glorious blue, and the surf breaks now like milk on the jet-black volcanic sands as you anchor far out in the pleasant bay of Victoria. On one side of your ship lies the Island of Lepers, whence the miserable few who still live there continually try to escape to the mainland. Farther inshore is the old German beer-garden island, where thirsty Teutons were wont to quaff lager and drink to 'The Day.'

This is the port of what is now the British Cameroons, and forms the outlet of the great cattle country of the interior. A more unpromising outlook for cattle would be hard to choose. A dense and splendid tropical forest (we are well-nigh on the equator here) stretches almost unbroken for one hundred and fifty miles to the steep escarpment of the grass-clad tablelands. In the rains this road is cut every few miles by deep and dangerous rivers, for the most part unbridged, save for precarious liana-made rope-ways, swinging softly like cobwebs of overnight across the boiling flood underneath, which sucks and eddies as it sweeps past. But in the dry weather there is no hindrance to man or beast, and the succulent herbage in every clearing affords unsurpassed pasturage on the way.

The tablelands themselves are some sixty miles or more in breadth; the country is open grass, excellently watered, with a mean elevation of over three thousand feet, rising to more than six thousand in some places. The population is scanty, and large tracts of ideal ranching-land are available to settlers. But it is not here that the cattle are bred; one must cross the table-land and march another hundred miles north to where the innumerable herds of the interior breed in their millions. So cheap are the cattle that they can be purchased at under three pounds apiece on the grass uplands, only ten easy days' march from the sea. But by purchasing them at the breeding-grounds themselves, the price falls to a few shillings. It would be rash to make any estimates of the numbers that could be obtained, but were an assured market to exist at the port, the herds would come down in their hundreds of thousands. This route to the sea is the shortest and safest that exists in West Africa to the cattle-lands of the interior. The 'fly' belts are few and far between. There is excellent pasturage all the way, and half-way between breeding-grounds and port lie those delectable grass uplands, which might easily support vast herds of their own.

Farther west, in Nigeria, the cattle-lands are separated from the sea by several hundred miles, with dangerous fly-belts and great rivers to cross. True, there is a railway; but freights are prohibitive, and it could only deal with a tiny fraction of the stock.

To finance a scheme of the kind indicated would require large capital, if done on the great scale needed—if the Cameroons are to be treated as a serious source of supply of meat (live or chilled) for Europe.

But for the bold and adventurous spirits, with only a thousand or two of capital, a lucrative trade could at once be established with the great coast ports, with their teeming, meatless population. Headquarters would, of course, be on the uplands, from the foot of which runs a narrow-gauge railway to Duala, the splendid French port, which is only a few hours from Victoria. There, on the fresh, healthy highlands, one might settle with one's family; all European fruits, vegetables, wheat, barley, grow well. Sport, including the African buffalo and elephant—elephants are everywhere—is most excellent in parts of the uplands.

Horses are cheap—ten to twenty pounds—and keep in wonderful condition. Labour is cheap (sixpence a day), and abundant enough for all the settlers' needs. Mails from Europe are weekly, and now take under twenty days to reach Victoria; while telegraph-lines connect the two centres of the uplands direct with the outside world. It is a great and wonderful country, gaping for development, as wide as the maw of Europe gapes for its meat.

PRONGHORN'S CALL.

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN, F.Z.S., Author of *Habits and Characters of British Wild Animals*, *Tracks and Tracking*, &c.

I.

'WHOFF! Whoff!' One unfamiliar with the sound would have said unhesitatingly that it was the sharp yap of a terrier—a terrier hunting rabbits away up in the beech wood; yet what was a terrier doing at this hour and in this place—and why, why was the silence unbroken save for those two sharp yaps? It was just after midnight. At the foot of the wood the silver lake stretched off into the distance, and beyond that was a cloud-like effect of rolling hills. The little white-walled cottage, with its cleared acre of ground at the water's edge, looked wonderfully peaceful in the moonlight. Silence was everywhere, save for the persistent squeaking of a coot far out on the glassy sheet, or an occasional dashing of foam as a mammoth pike charged into the shallows in pursuit of the migrating salmon parr. A thin streak of smoke rose straight skywards from the cottage chimney, and the whole place was fragrant with the scent of roses clustering about the windows, and with the scent of moist earth, lovingly watered at sundown, after the heat of the early June day.

'Whoff! Whoff!' What was a terrier doing here at this hour? Possibly some passing tourist had left him behind to hunt for his living; yet why could one hear no crashing in the undergrowth to correspond with his excited yaps?

But wait—what was that? Something moved at the edge of the silver-birch grove that bordered the cottage clearing; something came stealing silently forth across the green turf, where brilliantly coloured mushrooms sprang from the radiant moss—a fairy form, a wraith of the moonlight, that drifted into the open, then stood erect, a shadow among the shadows. Surely this was the spirit of the silvern glades materialised, this dainty, tripping creature, which seemed to emerge from the very scent of the moist leaves, like a cloud of drifting vapour? But no, it was a roe-deer; and behind him silently followed his mate and a palely-mottled fawn.

They were a wonderful little trio—Pronghorn, his head proudly aloft in an attitude of sculptured grace; White Ear, his mate, standing close behind him, her huge, soft eyes wide with their usual alertness, lest some harm should befall her fawn; the fawn itself, so obviously an infant, standing at its mother's side, mimicking her alert attitudes, yet waiting impatiently for its parents to pursue their way.

Man often thinks his own children to be graceful and beautiful; and yet what clumsy, dough-like things they are compared with such elf-like children of the woods! Dapple, the deer fawn, was so slenderly modelled that it veritably seemed that a gust of wind might blow him away—his legs no thicker than the pen with which I write, while his delicately pencilled muzzle and huge, inquiring ears loomed from the forest foliage with a wonderfully vivid impression of furtive woodland life. And suddenly, tiring of all this caution, the fawn shot straight into the air a yard or more, and came back to earth as noiselessly as a falling leaf.

The stag moved forward again, the doe and the fawn following. And then it was assuredly proved that they were ghosts, for they walked straight through the high wire deer-fence that enclosed the cottager's garden—walked straight through it, as though it had never existed. (Had one closely examined the fence, however, one would have found that a single strand was broken, forming a loophole in the barricade through which even a small boy would have had difficulty in squeezing.) And thirty seconds later the three roe-deer were industriously nibbling baby lettuces, so tenderly watered by the cottager but a few hours before.

II.

How infinitely peaceful it all was! A woodcock flew by, grunting in the gloom, pin-wheeled between the pines, and vanished. Somewhere out on the lake a gull screamed, another answered, and for half-a-minute the whole distant air was alive with the screaming of gulls. Silence again; then a shattering, deafening report, horribly near at hand! It awoke a thousand echoes all up and down the wood; it fled into the heights, ricochetting from crag to crag; it rumbled across the lake, and smote the opposite shore, to come rumbling back again. A thousand gulls rose a-wing, screaming like two thousand devils, and the air was filled with the whistling wings of wild duck.

Slowly the shuddering echoes died, and the silence began to creep back. The cottager had fired at the deer from his bedroom window, but whether or not he had hit his mark he did not know. The little party of three had split asunder as though a shell had burst among them—split asunder and vanished, with only a slight shaking of the deer-fence, succeeded by a faint crashing in the undergrowth. And now, as the man listened, he heard that sharp 'Whoff-whoff!' high up in the wood.

The two adult deer had taken different directions, as roe-deer always do, in order to baffle

their foe; the fawn, of course, followed White Ear. Finding themselves unpursued, they reunited away up in the wood where the harts-tongues clustered among the boulders. The doe was trembling, but the stag stamped his dainty forehoofs and shook his little antlers, looking back towards the cottage. And now it was White Ear who took the lead, as she invariably did, except when special boldness was required. She turned frightenedly away, and with head held low, crouching as she ran, she dashed off noiselessly through the undergrowth by shadowy creeps and runways which looked hardly large enough to admit the passage of a hare.

So up towards the heather-line they passed, to the high boundary wall which encompassed the wood. The doe leapt lightly over it without touching; the fawn scrambled after her; the stag, with a somewhat blasé air, sought out a gap, twenty yards away, and crossed without exertion. Flattened out on the top of the wall crouched a yellow-eyed fox—a long-limbed mountain fox, who gazed after the fawn with wistful longing, and White Ear whistled at him by exhaling violently through her nostrils, then fled on.

On the other side of the wall, following the edge of the wood, was a sheep-track, deeply trodden through the heather, and this the roe-deer followed. Once a huge, square-shouldered ram, with curled and inward-sweeping horns, barred their way, but they darted round him and were gone; at which he took fright at their alarm, and dashed off into the heather.

And so from the moor into the stunted willow swamp they went. This swamp stood high, and the ground was so wet as to retain no lasting scent, while the undergrowth was sufficiently dense to hide a skulking form. It consisted, indeed, of a maze of roe-deer runways, a veritable jig-saw of crossed and criss-crossed scent-trails, and there were certain signs that indicated that it was used by more than one family of deer. Why did they come here, where there was so little food for them, while what there was was insect-eaten and unappetising? What part did this strange little three acres of waste land play in the lives of the roe-deer community of the district? Wait, and we shall see.

The three deer entered it, took different pathways, jig-sawed in and out, even the fawn leaving his mother, and united at the other side. Then they trotted on together through the silver gloom, but the doe seemed more at her ease. She did not hasten unduly—all her fear appeared to have gone. The fear of being followed, the outstanding, lifelong fear of all our wild deer, was no longer hers, for she knew that none could follow her through the willow swamp, which to man was waste and barren land, though to the deer it was a priceless harbourage.

Browsing now as they pursued their leisurely way, the deer arrived at length at the valley of Knocknarling, three miles from the scene of their escapade. The stag seemed listless, and disinclined to browse. Several times he looked behind him. They went by old familiar runways, every stone of which they knew. Knocknarling forest was their home, an infinitely lovely place; but though it was crossed and recrossed by many miles of runway—their own private paths—though they never ventured beyond its prescribed limits during day, they were at night-time given to wandering far afield on breathless exploits, as we have seen. The wood was theirs, but at night-time other deer often entered it, just as Pronghorn and White Ear trespassed on the ranges of their neighbours when the moon shone. Such is the universal law of the roe. Each has its home wood which is truly home, but each regards the world without as common property.

III.

So the short northern night came to an end and the silver dawn broke. White Ear and her fawn sought out the deepest thicket, and lay down side by side to rest. But the stag did not rest. He seemed ill at ease. He sniffed them over; then presently he turned and retraced his steps. The doe looked after him as though she wondered a little, but did not rise. He went back to the willow swamp and lay down in its damp recesses, afraid a little at the scent of blood about his coat, for to him the scent of blood was the scent of death.

Only till about ten in the morning did White Ear and her fawn remain in the sheltered thicket; then with the growing heat the flies sought out the shadowy nooks and became troublesome, and the doe left her retreat. Leisurely she made her way up the hillside to the bracken slope, breeze-swept of flies, and stretching herself luxuriously, she lay down again.

So, in the Knocknarling wood, White Ear and her mate had their retreats for every condition of weather and wind. They had hot-weather harbours and cold-weather harbours, and always they chose their beds with due consideration for the immediate conditions. Thus, when the old man at the mill saw the roe-deer high on the hillside at early dawn, he knew that a fine day was in store; if he saw them among the thickets of the burn-edge when he rose, he prophesied heavy rain before midday. And sometimes the old man was right, sometimes he was wrong. Anyway, he had endless faith in his own theories—which was something to be proud of. If the theories miscarried, it was the fault of the weather—not of the theories.

When sundown came White Ear dallied for a while for her mate to join her; but when he

did not come, she sauntered off into the damp recesses of the wood, where night-hawks fluttered hither and thither, apparently in mortal peril of colliding with the tree-trunks—which somehow they never did. Down to the foot of the wood she sauntered, nibbling a blossom here, a bud there; while Dapple, light as a thistle-seed, frolicked around her.

At the foot of the wood the keeper's cottage stood, surrounded by ferret-cages, pheasant-pens, and strange erections of wire-netting. There was also a rotten fence-end, from which, dangling by their scalps or any other portion of their anatomy, hung a very smelly array of weasels, stoats, magpies, and the like. The roe-deer knew well whom they had need to fear and whom they need not fear. They did not fear the keeper. They saw him daily with his gun, but he never fired at them. His dogs were obedient. The deer regarded him and his impedimenta merely as a natural part of the landscape, so now White Ear and her fawn boldly approached his dwelling.

IV.

Monarch was a disreputable dog. He belonged to an isolated farm away back in the hills, but in spite of the isolation of his abode, no dog in all the range was better informed as to the canine affairs of the neighbourhood.

Monarch was square of jowl and long of limb. His master worked him hard during the day, and never thought of feeding him. Thus Monarch had become a past-master in the art of foraging for himself. He thought nothing of a ten-mile lope to feast by moonlight on the carcass of a sheep, and he possessed an uncanny knowledge as to the whereabouts of such dainties.

Monarch knew that there was often dog-food to spare about the keeper's kennels, for the laird paid for the food, not the keeper; and besides, just at this time, Monarch had struck up a faithful friendship with one of the keeper's setters. Arriving that night, well after sundown, when the keeper's lamp was lighted, he was annoyed to find his friend securely sealed in the innermost shrine of a kennel of kennels. Moreover, there was no food lying about; so, having indicated his disgust by leaving the sign of his passing at the keeper's threshold, Monarch sauntered off into the wood in the hope of surprising the young rabbits with which the undergrowth swarmed at this season.

White Ear, tripping daintily through the undergrowth, instantly paused in her stride, one hoof raised, ears erect, her big eyes peering fearfully through the gloom. Dapple also froze, and for ten seconds they remained thus. Then the doe touched Dapple with her nose, and immediately the little fellow darted into the dense entanglement of meadow-sweet, threw himself flat, his head to the ground, and remained perfectly motionless. White Ear stole on a few paces, and suddenly broke cover under the very nose of Monarch, prowling like a wolf through the shadows, and led him away from the place where her fawn lay hidden.

Now the sight of anything fleeing from him was too much for Monarch to resist. He knew roe-deer of old, yet he pursued. And it was then, as she bounded off at breathless speed, that White Ear became puzzled, bewildered, afraid. She was literally surrounded by a twelve-foot screen of wire-netting!

As a matter of fact, it was only yesterday that the keeper had erected this new pen for his pheasant chicks, and by some whimsicality of fate White Ear had run right through the narrow entrance-gap!

Ordinarily, White Ear would have led Monarch safely away from her fawn, then she would have turned and beaten him off, in mortal peril of his life from her knife-edged forehoof; but the alarming discovery that she was thus trapped threw her into a panic at the outset. Thrice she turned, only to find her way barred by that unleapable wire screen, and as she turned again Monarch chopped at her flank. His fangs went home, and White Ear leapt—hurled herself headlong at the wire screen. It yielded to the impact; the supporting posts cracked ominously, but those posts were sound. White Ear was hurled back, to fall dazed and bewildered in the centre of the area, and Monarch, mad at having already tasted blood, threw himself upon her.

White Ear rose, shook herself, and, like an arrow from a bow, again charged the wire screen. Monarch leapt with her, and with her he was hurled back, hanging on to her shoulder in the most hideous fashion. The impact with the earth threw him off, to somersault through herbage, and rising, he saw White Ear again charge the fence, and again fall back.

Monarch was wise. No object in hastening matters now that he had her at his mercy. He drew in behind her, snapping at her hocks, forcing her to charge again and yet again, knowing full well that in this way she would spend herself and fall his helpless victim. And White Ear, falling back—limply now—for the dozenth time, uttered a desperate, bleating cry as she rose—a soft, yet penetrating, cry, which cannot be put into letters, for it was partly a bark, partly a bleat, and partly a whistle. Anyway it meant, 'Pronghorn! Pronghorn! Come quickly.'

And Pronghorn, lying in the swamp high up on the mountain-face, feeling sick and stiff, heard that cry. He darted to his hoofs like a steel spring, and in an instant was gone down the shadows of the mountain-side.

Thus it was that Monarch, harrying and torturing the deer in the enclosure, became suddenly aware of a second deer charging

the wire-netting towards him from without. Monarch bared his magnificent fangs at this new arrival, but otherwise ignored him. It would be time enough to deal with him when they came face to face.

Round the outside of the enclosure trotted Pronghorn. He was familiar enough with wire-netting erections of one kind and another, and his experience of them went to prove that there was always a way in—and out. So, diligently, frenziedly, swiftly, he sought that opening, and found it. There, in front of him, was the hateful hound, no obstacle between them. Pronghorn charged, and over and over fell Monarch, his flank gashed open. He rose, yelping and snarling, charging round the wire screen, seeking for the way of exit, but in his panic was unable to find it.

Penned in a corner, Pronghorn had his foe at his mercy. He charged like a battering-ram, and those cruel little horns went home. They traversed Monarch's body from flank to flank. They stove in his ribs against the corner post. He turned like a weasel, gnashing feebly, and then fell limp. And by the corner post, while White Ear led her precious fawn to safety, Pronghorn trampled the despot into the black and trodden earth, and tossed him contemptuously among the flowers.

V.

It was autumn now. Golden and russet the tints had begun to show along the borders of Knocknarling burn. The nights were chill; the days were short. The dawns broke wonderfully fresh and scented, with drifting strands of gossamer among the bracken. The swallows had ceased to be; the night-hawks were gone. Even the curlews, gathering in loose, badly organised packs, had departed from the heathered slopes, and no longer dallied about the wide river-levels. Aloft only the buzzard soared, or the raven filled the hills with its hungry croaking.

For a whole month the guns had banged away on the grouse-moor, when the gunners, becoming tired of burning cartridges, sought for new fields in which to exercise their prowess. A roe-deer hunt suggested the desirable diversion. The laird said he had never known roe to afford any sport worth having; but, anyway, they were far too plentiful, and were becoming a nuisance to the gardeners, so if any one could suggest a method of obtaining sport from them he would be grateful—always provided the method did not involve unduly disturbing the sacred pheasants.

Included in the party was an American gentleman, who had hunted in the Adirondacks and elsewhere, and he it was who outlined a scheme whereby dogs and guns might work together to achieve the desirable results. So the laird wired to his nephew to send him four trained deer-hounds, and these having arrived, the final arrangements for a day with the roe were speedily made.

The roe-deer, as I say, have recognised breaks and runways, to which they keep in coming and going, and the keeper, knowing every one of these, had by the late afternoon placed his party, with due respect for his expectations as regards gratuities, at every break from Knocknarling wood. Then, with his assistants and the hounds, he retired to a look-out station high in the crags, and got his glasses to work.

There, on the bracken slope directly below, where he had expected to find them, three roe-deer basked—a buck, a doe, and a half-grown fawn. The stag lay with his head across the doe's flank; the fawn lay half-way between his mother's forehoofs. It was a pretty little family gathering; yet the keeper, who had a reputation to maintain, wasted no thought on sentiment. Within five minutes of the 'spot' two shaggy deer-hounds were bounding towards the roe in great, mile-eating leaps.

In an instant the deer were up and away, heading for the dense timber, the doe in the lead, the stag, repeatedly glancing behind him, in the rear. One glance was enough to satisfy them that to-day they were up against foes swifter and more formidable than any they had as yet encountered. Pronghorn uttered a grunt which meant, 'Faster! Faster! Faster!' The doe trebled her pace, but still the hounds were gaining. Ere they had cleared the open bracken-bed the fawn was ranging wide, ready at any moment to break off in his panic, for the pace was too great for him. Then the doe turned, went to him, sniffed at his flank, and re-assured him. The hounds divided, warned by her flaming eyes and ready forehoofs. In a trice the fawn was at his mother's side again, while the buck, with horns ready, covered their retreat. Then Pronghorn bounded on in their wake once more, fast as the wind through the friendly forest shadows, and so through the rack in the boundary wall towards the ever-friendly willow swamp.

The doe was leading, the fawn at her heels. The buck broke into the open not three yards behind them, and not three yards behind him, the hounds—soft-eyed, lovable creatures where man was concerned, but veritable weasels among deer. They burst into the heather, and there was the crack of a rifle-shot. The stag faltered, half turned back, wheeled on his axis, slashed off the hounds, and broke on again in pursuit of the doe.

The latter, her fawn following closely, dashed into the willow swamp, and vanished. O beloved haven—thank God for all our wild kindred that there is always some such place at their command, otherwise man would possess the earth alone! The stag, forty yards behind, burst in after her. He entered with a confident leap, but even as he leapt a second sharp report

rang out, and he fell in his tracks. In an instant he was up, facing the hounds; then, as again they divided, he darted into the swamp, and was lost to view.

VI.

What happened within the swamp was heroic and beautiful. White Ear and her fawn made for the deepest thicket and crouched there, lying side by side, totally hidden by the rank and twisted foliage. Pronghorn made as though he would join them; then, straight in view of the hounds, he doubled to the left, and nobly led his pursuers off on his own trail—now unmistakable by its spots of crimson—that his mate and her fawn might live.

Back to the wood he led them, by secret and shadowy ways; across the burn, where he paused to thrust his burning muzzle below the crystal surface; through the dark fir patch, through the planting, back across the burn again, through the silver-birch grove, and so up to the old beloved bracken slope of that morning. His shoulder burned like fire; his head drooped. He longed only to rest—to rest! His heart throbbed; the russet landscape swung before his eyes.

The hounds were ranging alongside now. At any moment they might see fit to close. One call, he knew, would bring his mate to his side to take on the chase he could continue but little farther, yet he would not utter it. She was safe in the willow swamp—safe with her fawn. At the outset he had crossed his trail with hers, that she might live, happen what would to him. Of all the wild deer the roe sticks to his mate for life, and for life or death Pronghorn had made his choice. To this choice now, in the hour of his dire need, he meant to adhere.

Right away from the swamp he led those dreadful pursuers—over the boundary wall by a seldom-frequented rack, and so out into the heather. A gun spoke at long range, but it made no matter now. The face of Pronghorn was towards the heights. There, in a deep and lofty fissure, he saw a streak of white. He knew that it was snow. All his being longed for snow—cold snow, in which to lie. His hoofs, his eyes, his whole body burned, as though he ran through fire.

Up—up—up—faster, yet faster still, scattering the sheep like chaff, the hounds warming to the chase. Up—up—up—like a drifting summer cloud, into the realms of the blue hare, higher than the timber grew, higher than he had ever been before, raced Pronghorn. Into the realms of the ptarmigan—higher even than the August guns had penetrated, where the hills were bare and the rocks lichen-covered.

'A lunger!' said the sportsmen, but they did not know. They only knew that the deer was travelling faster now than at the opening of the chase. They did not know that only two savage, all-absorbing desires possessed him: the one to lead the hounds as far from the swamp as possible, the other to lie down in the snow and rest—rest!

Up a rugged fissure of the mountain-face, hidden now from the glasses of the watchers, Pronghorn bounded—then out against the skyline, against the white snowdrift, they saw him. They saw him turn, and in an instant Pronghorn faced the pursuing hounds. One of them wisely swerved, but the other, braver than it was wise, bore on. A lightning sweep of those bayonet-points and Pronghorn was bounding on again, but back into the glen there fell, limply ricochetting from boulder to boulder, something that looked like a cast-off garment.

There was blood on Pronghorn's brow—not his own blood. Here was the snow—the blessed snow! It filled a whole fissure of the mountain-face, a steep face of glistening ice that had withstood the heat of summer, the rains of early autumn. Pronghorn flitted across it like a drifting wraith; the hound followed; and the men, watching through their glasses far below, saw again a drifting shape, hurtling down the mountain-side like a falling cast-off garment—drifting, spinning, sliding, to come to rest at length among the crags, three hundred feet below.

And Pronghorn, looking round, also saw. He had gone where no hound could pursue—where few, indeed, could follow across that steep and glassy face. And he, too, saw the hound struggle for the foothold it had lost, and snarling towards him with a snarl of defeat, he watched it spinning giddily down the glacier-face, to come to rest at length among the broken crags.

VII.

The cool of the night came. Silence reigned everywhere. Alone, utterly alone amidst the cloud-banks, Pronghorn lay. And now, at length, a little wearily, he uttered the call that he knew she would answer.

Above the willow swamp, above the heather-line, above the purple tundra where the last mountain-ash sprang from between the crags, a roe-deer and her fawn drifted through the clouds. Constantly they paused and watched and listened, while the dripping mist-wreaths settled in jewels on their coats. And now at length, with the appearance of the moon above the lower strata, they found him, lying upon the glacier-face.

The doe sniffed his muzzle, then lay down beside him. Till dawn they lay thus together, both very peaceful. And when the silver light broke across the hills, with its world of sweet and faithful promise, the fawn rose, and tapped Pronghorn's flank with a delicate, gentle hoof, wondering—even as one might have wondered at his own radiant joyousness—wondering why his father slept so peacefully and was so still and cold!

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE ISLANDS OF THE FORTH IN WAR.

By Major-General Sir GEORGE K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.I.E.

PART I.

I.

ONE of the collateral results of the Great War, and that an interesting one to the student of naval and military history, is that it has restored to the Firth of Forth much of its old strategic value. For, although the reasons of this importance differ somewhat now from what they once were, the fact remains that an estuary—the largest on the east coast of Great Britain—has again proved to have special strategic value.

Since the union of England and Scotland, until recently, the Forth has not played much part in our national military life, because the principal enemies of the United Kingdom have either been situated at some distance from our shores, or else there have been other harbours nearer to them whence our navies have sailed. In the wars of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries Scottish harbours played no conspicuous part.

But in the earlier centuries, when Scotland was consolidating her people and her resources, settling down to the status of a kingdom, the Forth was the nucleus round which her government crystallised. In the early Middle Ages the people on the shores of the Forth were the only folk who really and without dispute owned the rule of the Scottish kings. The peninsula of Fife, between the Forth and the Tay, with its north-west boundary guarded and rounded off by a range of hills—the Ochils (which, though not a very formidable barrier, still present some difficulties to the passage of armed forces)—formed a base of operations which, even in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, was reasonably secure. On the opposite shore of the Forth lay the fertile plain of the Lothians, separated from the Borders by difficult hill country, and therefore the choice to English foemen lay either to attack the Lothian Scots after passing over that hill country with its drawbacks, or to attack by sea. The latter course never was adopted, as sea-power was then unknown or undervalued; and thus it came to pass that, whereas raids and fighting on the Border country were continual, the advance of English hosts to the Lothians was by no means so frequent; and, when it did take place, the Scots had the advantage of holding the sea in rear, and being able to supply their own needs from Fife, the distance being short and within the compass of their fishing-craft.

We see the effect of this state of affairs in that, while the south of the Forth was occupied by mediæval strongholds, such as Dunbar, Edinburgh, Linlithgow, and Stirling—the last of supreme strategical importance, owing to its being a bridgehead over the river—on the Fife coast we have a series of royal burghs, from Culross to Crail, all carrying on prosperous trade in comparative safety, and being able to supply their compatriots on the southern shore in time of need.

When the English made their principal invasion of Scotland under Edward I., Fife still remained practically intact. It is true that the English king harried the west districts and burned Dunfermline early in the fourteenth century, and apparently he hunted in the vale of Kinross, but he does not seem to have gone farther east. Fife appears to have been much attached to the old royal dynasty, which by Alexander III.'s tragic death had come to such a disastrous end. Noble families of Saxon or Norman descent attached to the Court had settled there, and some of their descendants still hold lands in the county. Both before and after the Wars of Independence there were royal residences and royal associations, as we see in such place-names as Kingsbarns. The ecclesiastical centre of Scotland was at St Andrews. One of the richest and most secure of the religious houses was the priory of Inchcolm, on an island of which we shall have something to say presently. So Fife remained, even during Edward I.'s régime, a base for Scottish nationality. That king may have had broad statesman-like views of bringing the whole of Great Britain under one Government, but he was premature. The development of Scottish national character was not complete, and without further national discipline it could not have afforded the valuable contribution it did later to the British nation. In the history of this

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

development the Forth played an important rôle. Part of this contribution to the partnership of the two nations was military, as all the world knows. What is perhaps not so well known is that the Scots were gallant seamen, and had measured their strength with the English by sea as well as by land.

II.

It was in the mouth of the Firth of Forth that the principal naval actions between the two countries took place. In 1489 five English privateers were cruising around the Forth, and had the ill-luck to fall in with Sir Andrew Wood, a tough old Scottish sea-captain, with two vessels, possibly better armed, but certainly better handled, than the English. Wood attacked with fury and skill, and with such success that he captured all the English vessels, and brought them in triumph to Leith. This exasperated the English king (Henry VII.) to such a degree that he offered a reward of a thousand pounds for the capture of Wood, dead or alive. Consequently, in the summer of 1490, one Sir Stephen Bull, an English captain, with three vessels, hung about the Isle of May on the look-out for Wood, who in course of time appeared with his two fighting-ships, escorting a convoy of merchantmen from Flanders. The battle lasted for the whole of a long summer's day, swaying with the tide between St Abb's Head and Arbroath, and, if the visibility was good, it must have afforded an exciting sight from the top of St Regulus Tower or the castle at St Andrews. With the night the fighting died down, to be renewed next morning; but by that time the English were exhausted, and Sir Andrew Wood again brought his prizes into port. Sir Stephen Bull and his crews were sent back to England by that very chivalrous king James IV., who took the opportunity to send a most courteous message to his English fellow-sovereign. After this Sir Andrew Wood flew his flag in Scottish waters without molestation. In his old age the doughty admiral settled at Largo, where his memory still remains. He had a canal dug from his mansion to the church, so that he might row in his barge to divine service. And the house looks out on one of the fairest scenes of the Forth, over the waters of Largo Bay to the Bass and North Berwick.

Many like him have gone from Fife in subsequent years to uphold the honour of their country at sea, though they have not all returned 'to enjoy the blessings of the land with the fruits of their labours.'

III.

In matters commercial the ports of the east coast of Britain were, until the discovery of America and of the Cape route to India, more prosperous than those on the west. The trade of the latter was obviously restricted, but the east coast ports had not only the local trade from countries bordering the North Sea and the Baltic, but the overland trade from the East brought in by the Venetians and sent northwards to Flanders and Holland. So every harbour on the east coast of Great Britain that was fairly sheltered was reasonably sure of trade. Even at the time of the Spanish Armada, the port of King's Lynn, at the spot where the Great Ouse enters the Wash, sheltered by its position, and commanding navigation into many inland counties in England, gave more ships for the national defence than any other port except London. Hull, in like manner, up the Humber, and with much traffic in the hinterland, was very prosperous. And so in Scotland, Leith, with its trade from France, Holland, Germany, and Scandinavia, was the most prosperous of Scottish ports, and, being fairly protected from storms, was the naval base of the kingdom. Moreover, it was in a sense the principal gateway into Scotland. Land journeys from the south were more perilous than those by sea; and thus it happened that, until the middle of the nineteenth century, practically every visitor of note to Scotland, including King George IV. and Queen Victoria, sailed to Leith. Many a gay assemblage of vessels has been witnessed in the Forth, when royal brides have come from overseas, or royal rulers have returned to exercise their hereditary sway.

After the union of the kingdoms, however, there was comparatively little either of this ceremonial show or of war-like preparation. A few old guns were mounted at Leith Fort. Another fort had been erected at Dunbar, and was allowed to fall into decay. Similar fortifications crumbled away on the Bass, and at Inchgarvie and Blackness. The pomp and circumstance of national defence had left the Forth, apparently for ever.

Then towards the end of last century a change came. Fifty years ago the waters of the Forth were untraversed by any ships of H.M.'s navy, except for an occasional visit of the Channel Fleet and for the presence of an old-fashioned guard-ship for recruiting purposes.

Yet in 1916 the Forth became the most powerful naval fortress—most powerful whether measured by armament, by garrison, or by any other standard—in the British Empire, and probably, therefore, in the world.

IV.

In this change the islands in the Forth played a most prominent part. In fact, the first requisite for a naval fortress of that description is to have islands. If they do not exist, they have to be provided artificially, if human ingenuity can possibly make such provision. There are two Spithead forts guarding the eastern entrance to Portsmouth, which are virtually artifi-

cial islands, and very costly ones, too. There are two similar works at the mouth of the Humber, and the building of these was a herculean task. But in the Forth the islands have been provided by nature just at the very places where they are required.

The starting-point of the whole scheme was not naval or military, but commercial and peaceful, in that half-way between North and South Queensferry is the little island of Inchgarvie. Its presence made possible the construction of the Forth Bridge. Without Inchgarvie as an intermediate stepping-stone, so to speak, the great bridge would have been impossible (so far as our present knowledge has advanced), or at least would have been postponed until science had made much further progress. The depth of the channel between the little rocky islet and the Fife shore is over two hundred feet, and the building of piers for a bridge in water of that depth is out of the question. Inchgarvie gave a foundation for the central pier of the bridge, which, even as it was, presented a difficult enough task, and demanded, on the part of its designers, not only the skill to devise a new departure in bridge design, but exceptional courage in execution, considering the fate that had overtaken the Tay Bridge in 1879. They achieved their task, however, in 1890, and their bridge remains still one of the greatest engineering triumphs in the world. The little islet which invited them to try their skill has the ruins of an old fort at one end, for it was, even long ago, an inviting position for defence of the channel. It is now, as every traveller who crosses the great bridge can see, smothered with fortifications; so that, looking down upon it from a height of one hundred and fifty feet, any one can notice its guns and other works, though it may be doubted whether the sharpest observer can count the guns accurately, or tell where the really vital parts of the work are situated.

v.

After the great bridge came the naval dockyard at Rosyth. It may be that the site was chosen for reasons unconnected with the bridge, but one may doubt whether the naval base would actually have come into being unless the great bridge had been in existence to provide connection with the big centres of manufacture, all of which lie to the south of the Forth.

Then the next step that followed in due sequence was the defence of the dockyard and of the naval anchorage connected with it. In pre-war days the railway traveller crossing the bridge and looking westwards would find his attention divided between the magnificent view of the Highland hills far away, and the possibly not less magnificent display of many of His Majesty's ships lying at anchor in St Margaret's Hope below him. On the east side of the bridge the view down the Forth is very beautiful, but prior to 1916 none of the fleet lay there. On that side, however, there was ample evidence that there were forts guarding the eastern waters. At Dalmeny Station, on the south shore, there was one work with its guns pointing across the water. There was Inchgarvie, covered, as we have said, with defensive works. On the Fife shore there were more guns defined sharply against the sky, occupying a promontory with the suggestive name of Carlingnose.

These were the inner defences of the naval fortress as it existed before the war. They were devised to resist, with their quick-firing guns and searchlights, attack by hostile torpedo-craft, &c., that might have escaped the attention of the outer line of defence some distance farther east. These outer defences consisted mainly of heavy artillery, designed to keep at a distance battle-ships or battle-cruisers which might endeavour to bombard the dockyard or the anchorage from a distance.

Such was the first defensive scheme constructed before the Great War. It was devised some years before the war by a committee of local naval and military experts, assisted by representatives of the Admiralty and the War Office. By a curious coincidence the representatives in question, an admiral and a general, were both great-grandsons of an old laird who, a century ago, was the owner of the land on which both ends of the Forth Bridge have been built, and was himself twenty-fifth in descent from the saintly queen whose name is associated with the anchorage. Owing to financial difficulties he had been obliged to sell his property, but it might have been some consolation to him to know that his descendants were to assist in applying it to useful national purposes.

After the Great War had been going on for about a year, the limited anchorage in St Margaret's Hope was found to be inadequate. A splendid anchorage lay to the east of the bridge, but it was unguarded. Thus it came to pass that the whole scheme of the naval fortress was revised and enlarged.

About four miles below Queensferry, and just visible from the Forth Bridge, if you know where to look, lies a chain of islands forming a most convenient succession of emplacements for guns and garrisons, and dividing the whole channel into a series of convenient passages. They are near the great anchorage, yet not too near. Equipped with guns and lights, they could be made to dominate the whole channel, and the fact of some of the intervening parts of the estuary being fairly shallow enabled the route of vessels passing in and out to be confined to one passage, the remainder being closed with booms and nets. These islands, from south to north, are named Cramond, Inch Mickery, Oxcar, and Inchcolm. Cramond Island, a round grassy mound, is near the Lothian shore, and at low water the intervening sand is often exposed.

About a mile of comparatively shallow channel separates it from Inch Mickery, a low-lying heap of boulders, with a steep western shore and some grassy mounds beyond. Oxcar is a rock with a lighthouse dominating the main tidal channel; and nearest to the Fife shore is Inchcolm, full of historical interest, about which more presently.

None of these islands is more than a few miles from Edinburgh, and yet they are comparatively little known, and it is doubtful whether one in a thousand of the citizens of that fair capital has ever explored them. This is partly due to the fact that on both shores the land adjacent is not only private property, but forms the 'policy' of a noble estate, and is, therefore, not open to the public. But more important than this is the fact that pleasure-sailing on the east coast is not a popular pastime. The winds are too boisterous, the places of refuge few, and the rocks dangerous. So one seldom sees yachts in the Firth of Forth, and the shores of Fife and the Lothians have bred golfers rather than yachtsmen from the holiday-makers that frequent them in summer.

(*Continued on page 516.*)

LUCK OF THE RIVER.

PART II.

I.

LADY MARY VENNER was seated with her daughter at her private breakfast-table in the coffee-room of the 'Ravenscliffe.' Many small annoyances had combined to ruffle her generally placid temper. Last night at dinner she had been served with the leg instead of the wing of a chicken; also, the salmon had disagreed with her. Then, this morning, the stupid chamber-maid had brought Ceylon instead of China tea to her bedside; the time taken to rectify this error had made her late for bath-room parade, allowing that odious Mrs Postlethwaite to slip in first, and she had used all the hot water.

'Once for all, my dear Elsie, I will *not* have you wandering about alone by the river all day. Unless Captain Moorfield, or some one responsible, is with you, I must insist that you keep to the hotel grounds.'

'Nonsense, mother. Fancy Bobby Moorfield being considered "responsible," even for his own actions, let alone mine! He's all right for poodle-faking in town, but——'

'My dear Elsie! What extraordinary language! What under heaven do you mean?'

'It's what Charley calls—— But here comes Bobby; he will explain.'

Before her mother could prevent her, she had signalled to a rather stout, red-faced youth, clad in wide Bedford cords and tight, yellow top-boots, with a white starched hunting-stock encircling his neck. 'Hello, Bobby! Top of the morning to you,' she greeted him when he reached their table. 'Mother says I must not go fishing any more unless you come with me and hold my hand! Hard lines, isn't it? She wants to know what "poodle-faking" means.'

'You little devil!' he muttered in tones too low to reach her mother's ears. Then louder: 'Oh, it's just a word we—I mean—some bally idiots—beg pardon, Lady Mary. It's—well—goin' out shopping with girls, an' carrying parcels—afternoon tea, and all that sort of thing, don't you know.'

'Indeed! We had a very different name for "that sort of thing" when I was young. But really, Elsie is most outrageous this morning; you must excuse her. It is from her brother she picks up these strange expressions. I was merely saying that she ought not to be out all day fishing alone. Do you not agree with me, Captain Moorfield?'

'Rather! Why, she might meet a mad bull, or a mad hatter, or something. But, I say, why not cut fishing to-day, and come with me to the meet, at Cuzzicombe Post, both of you? It's eighteen miles, so I sent the horses on yesterday, and there's lots of room in the car.'

'Oh yes! Do, mother. Bobby's car has lovely soft cushions, and you won't be bumped a bit. You know the doctor told you to take more exercise.'

'Really, Elsie, you are positively indelicate! What *must* Captain Moorfield think of you, child?—Personally, Captain Moorfield, I shall be delighted, but Elsie must speak for herself. Naturally, being only her mother, I have no authority whatever.'

Lady Mary was nervously tapping the table-cloth with her fingers. Elsie, contrite, leaned across the table and gave the quivering hand an affectionate squeeze. 'Don't be vexed, mumsie dear; I will do whatever you like. And you need not worry about what Bobby thinks. He never does. He has nothing to do it with. Why, didn't you know? He proposed to me three times last winter, and now he's going to marry Sadie Van Bean, that nice American girl.'

Her mother was speechless. Recovering her poise with difficulty, she replied, 'Well, my dear, the world moves too fast for me. In my day a proposal was not the pastime of an idle evening. However, "*Autres temps, autres mœurs*"; I still think the old way the best.—Your car is the large brown Rolls-Royce, is it not, Captain Moorfield?'

'That's her. I call her "Helen of Troy," because she's the fastest thing on the road.'

'Precisely. Er—Elsie, would you see if the post is in?' When the girl had gone out Lady Mary continued: 'You will think me dreadfully old-fashioned, I know, but—er—there is a gilt statuette on the front of your car—a nude female figure, poised for diving. Is it a fixture? If so, of course——'

Bobby was seized with a troublesome fit of coughing, as light slowly dawned on him. 'I'm afraid she's a brazen—er—brazed on, in fact, Lady Mary. I'll fix it, though, before we start.'

He drifted away to the bachelors' table, where he took his meals together with some half-dozen other unattached males; all the smaller tables were occupied by family parties, most of them to-day in hunting-kit.

Elsie returned with the letters, and there was a short silence, broken by exclamations from her mother: 'What a strange coincidence! Most kind! I shall feel so relieved!'

'What *are* you talking about, mother?'

'A most charming letter from Sir James Ravenscliffe. I certainly do remember your father speaking of a Major Ravenscliffe—but read it yourself, my dear.'

Elsie read:

'My dear Lady Venner,—I have just heard that you and your daughter are in this neighbourhood. Your husband, Sir Vincent, and I were in India together in '98, and I have no hesitation in saying that for no man had I a greater esteem. He was, in fact, my oldest friend. If there is anything I can do to make your stay more pleasant, pray command me. Your daughter fishes, I understand. Please consider my water, and my personal attendant, Aubery, entirely at your command. Aubery is a most respectable and intelligent young man, entirely devoted to my service, and your daughter will be perfectly safe in his hands. Will you consent to waive the ceremony of an introduction, and grace my bachelor establishment with your presence on Saturday, with your daughter? There will be tennis. I will send a car for you.'

Elsie flushed as she read, and her eyes were strangely bright as she handed back the letter. 'What an old dear he must be!' she said.

Her mother did not hear. She was in the clouds grappling with mental arithmetic. 'A bachelor,' she ruminated. 'India in '98. He need not be really old.' She looked at Elsie doubtfully.

'Match-making, mumsie?' Elsie laughed, divining her mother's thoughts. '"Better to be an old man's darling," eh? It's no good, mother. I expect he will give me a paternal pat on the head, and send me to play with the other children, while he makes love to you. Now it's time you got ready to be bumped; come along.'

The car was at the door, with Bobby standing beside it, when they came down. The start was not yet, however.

Elsie had an alarming seizure when she noticed that the exquisite little model of 'the diver' which adorned the radiator was draped in a two-piece bathing-costume, for which purpose Bobby had nobly sacrificed a red silk handkerchief. She made a bolt for her room, uttering strange stifled bleats, and returned in a few minutes with an extra wrap, still simmering.

Lady Mary was apologising for her daughter's dilatory habits, when at length they started. To her there seemed nothing incongruous or absurd in the idea of Venus in a crimson bathing-gown; on the contrary, she considered it a great improvement.

II.

The car made short work of the awful hills, and they arrived at Cuzzicombe Post in half-an-hour. The tufters, old experienced hounds, were already working the cover when they arrived.

'Do what you like with the "bus,"' said Bobby, preparing to mount. 'I shall ride back. Best leave it to Saunders; he knows the likely places to take you to see a bit of the run. Depends on what line the stag takes.'

Lady Mary's thanks were spoken to the empty air. The tufters gave tongue, the pack took up the cry, and the field streamed away over the brow of the hill.

As the thudding of hoofs and the music of the hounds died away, Saunders, the chauffeur, wrenched the car round, and sent her tearing down the hill and along the valley road at a pace that certainly tested the softness of the cushions, making for a gap in the hills where he expected the stag to cross the river. His judgment was sound. After a short wait, the stag burst out of the wood in full view, leapt the hedge, took to the water, and vanished on the far side of the river, making for the open moor.

A few minutes later the hounds followed, then the field, straggling through gates and gaps in the hedge. They saw no more of the hunt. Lady Mary wanted her lunch—they had a luncheon-basket in the car—and Elsie's sympathies were all with the stag; she had no wish to see the kill.

On the way home an idea occurred to Lady Mary. This was not a frequent occurrence. 'We might go back through Ravenscliffe Park, and leave cards at the Hall. It would be quite correct, don't you think, dear? Sir James's letter may be regarded as a preliminary call upon us.'

'If you like, mums. I don't suppose he will mind.'

'Mind! Don't be so absurd, Elsie.'

The car turned in through the big wrought-iron gates, and they arrived at the Hall in state; but Sir James was out, much to Elsie's satisfaction and her mother's regret.

The drive wound downward through woods of feathery larch and avenues of stately elm and beech. Across the valley, where the river lay like a silver ribbon, the hills shone purple with heather, or were cut into a mosaic of colour, sharply outlined by hedges. Newly ploughed fields glowed chocolate-red amid varied shades of green and saffron, softened by the blue haze of distance.

'There 's Jim Aubery!' Elsie suddenly exclaimed when about half-way through the park, and stopped the car.

He was coming towards them, carrying a basket of trout, evidently for the Hall.

'Aubery,' Elsie called to him, 'Sir James says I may fish his water, and you are to come with me. Meet me at the bridge to-morrow at ten, will you?'

Her mother sat stiff and rigid, a frozen statue of disapproval, staring straight in front of her.

Aubery touched his cap. 'I've had my instructions, miss. Shall I order tea at the cottage?'

'Yes, please. And, oh, I say, you might get me some flies like yours, if you can.'

'I 'll bring them. Anything else?'

'Not now, thanks.—Drive on, Saunders.'

With a little shiver, her mother came out of a sort of waking trance as the car moved forward. 'Elsie, you quite frighten me,' she moaned plaintively. 'How did you know his name, and what did he mean by "tea in a cottage," and all the rest of it?'

'It 's quite all right, mother. He 's the most wonderful fisherman you ever saw, and not a bit like a keeper, and his mother lives in a cottage, and sells teas, and dried my clothes for me when I slipped in the river. I 'm sure you 'd like her.'

Lady Mary tried to sort out this incoherent mass of explanation, and failed utterly. The situation was beyond her. Then came the recollection of Sir James's letter as balm to her wounded feelings. She extracted it from her reticule and re-read it. 'Sir James speaks very highly of him, so I suppose it is all right. I wish now I had looked at him more closely. You know how short-sighted I am. But what awful clothes! I wonder Sir James allows it. I *do* hope he will appear more respectable when he is with you.'

'Oh! Clothes!' Fierce contempt for the trappings of civilisation was expressed in Elsie's voice. Her mother was bewildered. Never before had Elsie disdained clothes; indeed, Lady Mary had been deeply pained by many a scathing criticism on the subject hurled at the heads of highly eligible young men inclined to be careless in their attire.

She relapsed into her trance, and remained in that state for the rest of the day, recovering sufficiently in the evening, however, to be able to eat a remarkably good dinner.

(*Continued on page 521.*)

THE GATEWAY OF THE FAR EAST—SINGAPORE HARBOUR.

By C. Wright.

SET in a large bay, walled in on the south by a chain of islands, sometimes, according to the shadows and the light, appearing to be miles away, at other times thrown up in bold relief, seemingly near; flanked on the west by a small chain of verdure-clad isles, forming a link like a series of stepping-stones across the shimmering sea between Singapore and the Dutch Islands; and bounded on the east by Tanjong Katong's palm-girt edge, is an expanse of water rightly termed the Gateway of the Far East.

In and out of this natural harbour come and go most ships that run East, displaying many different flags astern. This is the great radiating trade centre of all the territories lying between India and China, a truly great port, with a greater future before it.

By Tanjong Rhu there is a forest of masts of the Chinese junks lying in the bend of the bay. Queer-looking sailers these junks are, with their high raised poops astern—reminiscent of small Spanish galleons that sailed the Main in the good old days of Queen Bess. Many and strange indeed are the places these hardy Celestials journey to in the quest of the dollar.

To the Never-heard-of Isles that stud the emerald sea to the south; up the mangrove-fringed turbid rivers of Borneo, the land of the orang-outang and Dyak head-hunters; away to the dark, gloomy forests of Papua, the haunt of the birds of paradise and cannibals. Perhaps to the west, to the Andamans (long the convict settlement of India), and the Nicobars, or the swampy coast and rivers of Sumatra, up creeks and streams that know not the white man. Down to the Spice Islands, the Mecca of the Portuguese navigators of the fifteenth century, the Moluccas, and Celebes, where in quiet nooks and hidden places they meet the aborigines and barter with them, bringing their merchandise into Singapore to exchange for more gain.

Coming farther east, one enters the breakwater, wherein, lying tugging at their anchors, are a host of small steamers. Many there are, all shapes and sizes, ranging from three hundred tons to over one thousand. These little ships

are the island boats—the majority display the Dutch flag—the carriers of rich merchandise from Java, Sumatra, the Spice Islands, and all those little isles which stretch eastward from Java to the Moluccas.

Many and varied are the things they bring, and all day long, as the serang's whistle pipes, the clatter and rattle of winches is heard, and over the side, into great unwieldy Chinese and Tamil lighters, go bales, boxes, sacks, matting, encasing pepper, mace, cloves, cinnamon, cassia, coffee, tea, skins, dragon's-blood, jelotong, gutta percha, gambier, rice, tapiocas, sagos, and all the rest of the commodities that come through this port—the wealth of the Indies. Some of the filled lighters are towed up the river, and discharge their cargoes into a merchant's godown; whilst others are taken over to where the big ocean-going steamers, outside the breakwater, receive their load, to trickle later into the markets of Europe and the United States South America, South Africa, or Australasia, for this port is the hub of the shipping world, radiating out direct service to all corners of the globe.

In among these small ships one can pick out the blue, white, and black funnelled boats of the local Straits Steamship Company; painted white their hulls, with that curious accommodation built up over the bow, and one stumpy mast. But they have a very good name for being serviceable, practical, and thoroughly comfortable Under the red ensign also are comic little boats with great Chinese hieroglyphics painted on their sides; these belong to Chinese companies, and ply between here and Rangoon, Bangkok, Saigon, Canton, Swatow, and Chinese ports.

Fussy little petrol and steam driven launches poke in and around the busy shipping; and hosts of Chinese *sampans* too—each propelled by one coolie, standing up to his rowing facing the direction he is travelling—toss about on the sea, causing much whistling, hooting, and horn-blowing from the Malay crews of the launches. And desperately indeed does the Celestial gentleman, dressed in blue shorts, remainder of his pigtail bobbed up under his straw hat—a hat such as horses wear in London on hot summer days—ply his oars to escape a ducking that some scooting launch looks like giving him.

Outside the breakwater, in the open roads, are the long-distance, ocean-going steamers, hedged in with cumbersome lighters, *tongkangs*, *twakos*, and all the miscellaneous craft that one finds in Singapore waters. There they remain, well loaded down in the water, awaiting their turn to load on to the steamer. Cleaving their way slowly through the sea come a string of big, heavy *tongkangs*, towed by a puffing launch. Under the *kajang* (native rush matting) covering, one can see them filled with small wooden boxes of uniform size; these are cases of crude rubber outward-bound to London or New York markets, for this is the great rubber port of the world Out beyond the breakwater the red ensign comes into its own again; and sometimes a sleek, powerful-looking cruiser slides into moorings near by, here to day and gone to-morrow, proudly displaying the white ensign—no fuss, no noise, a typical representative of the great silent service to which she belongs.

From the point on the land opposite to the western side of the breakwater come the docks proper extending beyond the bend past the island of Pulau Brani, round the corner. Here the liners land their passengers There are plenty of sheds on the wharfs for the perishable merchandise that is discharged here, and the usual railways that go hand-in-hand with the wharfs.

Here berth the great eighteen-thousand-ton liners of the French mail. That boat a little lower down, painted white, with lines like a yacht, is the Dutch mail-boat that plies between here and Java—a regular service. Here come also the British India ships, always well represented; and in the lagoon dock still farther down the quays the Japanese—and every now and then some American boats—berth. Looking down the long row of ships berthed alongside the wharfs, one always sees at least four of the ubiquitous Blue Funnel boats of Alfred Holt.

Very busy always are the wharfs themselves. A living stream of lascar and Tamil coolies pours in and out of the neighbouring sheds, running two-wheeled barrows, or carrying all sorts of boxes to and from the ships' sides. The stalwart Chinese coolie is to the fore, man-handling enormous weights. Between the sheds comes another stream of dusky humanity to where a coal-dump lies over the other side of the road. Dirt-begrimed, running at their usual jog-trot, they empty their sacks or baskets of coal into the ship's side.

Lower down still, facing the island of Pulau Brani, where the smoke-stacks of the Straits Trading Company's tin-smelting works stand out prominently, the P. & O. have a private wharf of their own. Farther still come the dry-docks at Keppel Harbour.

Truly a great port this, with infinite possibilities in front of it still awaiting development.

CHINESE WISDOM.

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not—
Count him a fool, unworthy of thy speech.
He who knows not, and knows that he knows not—
Count him as one whom it were well to teach.
He who knows, and knows not that he knows,
A slumberer he, who but awakening needs.
He who knows, and likewise knows he knows—
Mark such a one, and follow where he leads.

C. H. Payne.

SALVAGE.

By Molly Thynne.

PART I.

I.

VERY slowly, nosing her cautious way through a dense, white blanket of fog, the Channel boat crept towards Dover. There was no motion save the rhythmical vibration of the engines below. From the outside world, set at an immeasurable distance by the wall of impenetrable vapour that hung between it and the ship, there came no sound; and, on deck, the little space on which one sat seemed like a tiny, remote oasis in which, tense and expectant, one waited for some undefined occurrence that should break the spell and restore things to their natural balance. The fog-horn, with its crude, incessant blare, played unbearably on nerves already strung to the pitch of exasperation.

To the old man huddled under the deck-shelter it seemed as though time and space had ceased to exist. He was not afraid, for he had reached that stage of life when death comes but as a natural sequence, but he dreaded discomfort, and felt uneasy at the contemplation of a fate that, at any moment, might fling him adrift in an open boat on the cold, shrouded immensity of the fog-bound sea. Only a week before there had been a collision under just such circumstances. The victims had been rescued after having 'suffered terribly from exposure.' He had read the newspaper report of the occurrence, and the words had an ugly sound. He bent forward to stare vainly into the blank white wall.

'A beastly crossing, sir.'

The voice at his elbow made him start. A man had evolved suddenly from nowhere, and stood leaning against the wall of the shelter. The collar of his worn overcoat was turned high about his ears. Under his hat only a beak-like nose was visible. Though muffled by the loose folds of the coat, he gave the impression of extreme boniness. The old man, who had his queer turns of thought, decided that his voice was bony too; high-pitched and nervous, but not disagreeable.

'Horrible, indeed,' he assented, glad of any human intercourse to break the monotony.

'We shall get there some day, I suppose, if something does not cut across our bows.' The stranger seemed to meditate. 'Ever been in a collision?' he asked abruptly.

The old man shook his head.

'I have,' went on the other. 'Not at all like the books—deeds of heroism, and all that. Rather prosaic and very uncomfortable. Everybody trying to save his own skin at the expense of the others, and trying to do it decently and unobtrusively. There's a regard for appearances that seems to cling——' His speech trailed off into meditation.

'You haven't a high opinion of the human race?'

He was aware of a swift scrutiny.

'I haven't. And no love for it either.'

'I am not with you there,' said the old man. 'I've been painting it for nearly fifty years, and a portrait-painter sees more than he puts on canvas. I grant you that during the war you younger men concentrated the experiences of a lifetime into a few years, but the very violence of the experience made for hasty and biased judgment. I wonder if you will say the same in ten years' time?'

The other turned on him with sudden violence. 'For four years my fellow-men did their best to kill me with every sort of diabolical contrivance the human brain could devise. And now that what's left of me has crawled out of it alive, it is my fellow-men who are trying their hardest to crowd me into the gutter! A bullet got my knee, and a man with a stiff leg does not get a job nowadays. Oh, and I've got one of their tin-pot little medals, too,' he added bitterly.

The old man bowed his head. 'I know. It is true and very pitiful. I could not fight, and I have no right to contradict you.—I beg your pardon!' he broke off as a woman entered the shelter and stumbled over his outstretched foot.

The young man caught her elbow and steadied her. She thanked him and slipped into a seat.

'It is getting cold outside,' she said. Her voice was low and very steady.

'This fog is like a wet bandage,' commented the old man, wrapping his coat closer.

'But it's exciting,' she answered composedly. She gave an impression of immense composure, sitting motionless in her shadowy corner, her gloved hands folded easily on her lap, the sombre gleam of her eyes visible beneath the brim of her dark hat.

'And you like excitement, even if it means danger?' asked the old man courteously.

'I do,' she agreed. 'Things happen, you know.'

'They do!' The young man's voice was grim. 'If we do hit something, you'll find yourself in touch with nature—that's the phrase, isn't it?—with a vengeance. Human nature, too, at its worst.'

'I know,' she nodded. 'I heard what you were saying. I was just round the corner, and voices carry here. You were wrong in one thing. Where you get human nature at its worst you also get it at its best. But only when things happen. That's what I meant. Normal, everyday life is like this fog, stagnant——'

'That's true.'

The old man had been quietly put aside. There was a bond between these two young people that excluded him. He was too old. The spirit of adventure had burned itself out, and he, too, was stagnant. But he had his memories, and he watched them with the benevolence of age.

'Yet you look as if life should hold something for you,' the young man added, his eyes on the soft luxuriance of her furs.

'If it does, I have missed it.'

She spoke quietly, as one stating a bare fact, but the listeners were conscious of a greater implication in her words. One of them, at least, began dimly to understand the secret of her apparent quiescence. She cared so much that she could not allow herself to care at all, and had taken refuge in acceptance. Perhaps, in the uncomplaining patience of his old age, he drew nearer to her in that moment than the younger man, whose eager and sympathetic interest was already discernible. The latter broke forth impetuously. 'There is nothing——'

The rest of his sentence was lost in the dull, grinding impact of the vessel against a vast shadow that loomed suddenly out of the fog. She poised, quivering and stricken, then slid back and settled, her decks at an angle that sent the young man headlong on to his companion, and left them both bewildered in an inextricable muddle of rugs, suit-cases, and deck-chairs.

II.

As though at the breaking of a spell, the hitherto silent ship woke to a prodigious confusion. As the two men righted themselves they heard the quick rush of feet on the deck, the harsh sound of men's voices strained to their utmost, the shrill cries and questions of frightened women. There came muffled shouts from the other boat; then she slid away, and was lost in the engulfing fog.

The young man steadied himself for a moment against the wall of the shelter, and disappeared into the turmoil. The girl, too, had risen, balancing herself cleverly on the sloping deck. She went to the help of the old man, who was stiffly and awkwardly trying to gain the door.

'Everything seems at an absurd angle,' she said, putting her lips close to his ear, for the noise on deck was becoming deafening. The cool detachment of her tone was so unassumed that he became irritably conscious of his own beating heart and trembling limbs. The knowledge that they were only the physical results of a sudden shock did not serve to restore his equanimity.

'We had better go and see——' he said vaguely.

The girl, supporting herself on his arm, bent down and began to search among the littered articles on the deck.

'Rugs,' she explained. 'If it is really serious we shall want them.'

The young man appeared in the doorway. His high voice carried above the clamour.

'I've got a couple of belts,' he shouted. 'It seems that it *is* a bit of a smash. They're lowering the boats. I can take you where there is less rush.'

He helped to adjust the lifebelts as he spoke.

'And you?' asked the old man.

'I don't need one. I can swim like a fish. Come on.'

He took the rugs from the girl and picked up a small attaché-case.

'Anything you want to take?' he asked.

The old man unearthed a bag. The girl shook her head.

'My things can stay,' she said carelessly.

'You sound like the sort that buys more,' was the young man's dry comment.

For answer she took his arm, touching her lifebelt lightly with the other hand. 'The worst side of human nature. Saving its skin decently and unobtrusively,' she quoted softly.

The arm she held jerked involuntarily. 'As I told you, I can swim,' he answered shortly, throwing his other arm round the old man.

Together they made their way painfully along the steep incline of the deck. The clamour had dropped. There was little sign of panic now that the first shock was over. People waited blindly, clinging to the rail or to each other, and the little party of three had small difficulty in reaching the boat that the young man had chosen as being least likely to be crowded.

He proved right, and they got away quietly and in good order. The passenger-list was small, the fog having scared away the usual crowd of returning week-enders, and the supply of boats was ample. The old man hardly knew how he left the ship. All through this rapid and unsettling sequence of events he had been acutely conscious of the protective attitude of the young couple. They had adopted him, as it were, and in his dazed condition he was vaguely consoled by the feeling that he was in their hands, for, in their different ways, they seemed reassuringly well equipped to meet any situation that might arise.

In a second the ship had vanished and the wall of fog had closed round them. At once the boat seemed very small and very lonely, and he was glad to feel the girl's hand slip under his elbow, and her fingers, warm and clinging, on his arm. He did not know whether the movement had been made in the interests of his comfort or her own, but it came, unerringly, at the right moment. He was to learn later that all her actions were graced with this quality of fitness. On her other side the young man sat, busily tucking a rug round her knees.

'We shall be picked up all right,' he was saying cheerfully. 'But with this fog it may be a

slow business. Better make ourselves as comfortable as possible.'

Gradually the conversation became general. Some of the women were crying, and the men made fatuous jokes in the attempt to reassure them. Some biscuits were passed round, and became the subject of mild humour. A party of Cockneys in the stern began to sing, and once they were hailed by one of their own boats that had come within hearing distance in the fog. Otherwise the time passed without incident, and at last the deep lassitude of boredom and unrelieved discomfort settled on the boatload.

III.

The old man fell into a broken slumber, from which he woke, stiff and shivering, to find that the girl had wrapped half her rug round his knees. He could hear the low murmur of her voice in conversation with her neighbour.

'It is a curious home-coming after five years,' she was saying.

The man was sitting forward, his elbows on his knees, and his voice carried easily.

'You will find things changed,' he commented.

'For the better?'

'Do things ever change for the better or the worse? They become different; that is all. Before it was the blind egotism of the top dog, too callous to see any point of view but his own; now it is the bitter antagonism of the under dog, inspired by class hatred, and intent on getting his own back at any cost. Neither is a pleasant spectacle.'

'You are very bitter,' she said, with a hint of wonder in her voice. 'Is it worth while to be so bitter about things?'

'I think it is the only thing that keeps me alive now. You don't know what it is to a man to be without friends or means with some one—a helpless woman—utterly dependent on him. Pray God you never may know.'

She sat, her chin on her hand, and pondered.

'Why did you say that?' she asked at last, the tired note in her voice intensified. 'I am one of a class you detest. Why should I be spared?'

'Because——' the young man began, with the sudden, headlong violence that seemed characteristic of him. Then he checked himself and went on more quietly: 'You are not like the others. You understand, and you have suffered.'

'Perhaps,' she put in indifferently.

'You like to pretend things do not matter. But they do, terribly; especially to you.'

'Do they?' she murmured. 'You are very discerning, on such a short acquaintance.'

'The circumstances help. One sees things, in a fog! Oh, the pose is good, and you hold it admirably, but I could break it!'

He spoke almost savagely.

'If it is, as you say a pose,' she admitted.

'It's a pose all right. You do it too well. It's too good to be true. I give you that piece of free criticism for future guidance.'

'You are generous—and rather daring.'

'I can afford to be daring. We shall never meet again. And you are the first woman of my own sort that I have spoken to for months.'

'Why?'

The question was dropped in so detached and impersonal a tone that it could hardly encourage confidence.

'Minx!' murmured the old man to himself; but, low as it was, it reached her ears. She turned to him at once with a very sweet smile.

'Listener!' she retaliated. Then, with a sudden change of tone, 'Oh, you are cold! I am so sorry!'

Indeed, so near the very surface of the water, the cold and damp were intensified, and the old man was shivering.

'No colder than you are, I expect, if the truth were known,' he answered. 'Go on with your talk.'

She crept closer to his side.

'It is cold,' she admitted. 'We will shiver in company. Is that nice?' she added childishly, as she slipped one end of the heavy fur she was wearing round his neck.

'Very. And it has a most seductive scent. Go on,' he whispered. 'You've got him on his mettle.'

She gave a little breathless laugh, and turned again to her companion.

'I said "Why?"' she repeated.

'I believe I will tell you,' he said abruptly. 'You will find it interesting, at least, if nothing more. You may even have to admit that you are interested.'

'I should be happy,' she said simply. 'This voyage is very long.'

'It will be longer. And I ought to warn you that, however much I may revolt you, you cannot cut me in mid-ocean. We are marooned together on this seat till Providence sees fit to release you.'

'Why not "us"?' she asked, with a mild curiosity that brought a smile to the lips of the silent listener.

'Because I do not want to lose you,' was the violent rejoinder. 'Though you will be only too glad to see the last of me. As I told you, one speaks the truth here. That is why I am going to barter my liberty for your interest.'

'It is a good beginning,' she admitted.

The old man leaned across her. 'I ought to tell you that your voice carries,' he said gently.

The young man looked at him as though he had only just remembered his existence.

'Thank you,' he said. 'It doesn't matter. I was lost to all considerations of that sort when I came on board. You are free to do as you think fit when I have finished.'

(*Continued on page 526.*)

GOOD SERVICES OF OUR COMMONEST WEEDS.

By HARWOOD BRIERLEY.

THE very commonest British weeds of all may be made to serve useful purposes. We will glance at some of them alphabetically, and head the list with the brazen yellow CHARLOCK, which is a 'brassica,' like all members of the cabbage and turnip tribe, and is known as 'brazzock' in parts of Yorkshire. Linnæus, Hooker, Bentham, and all botanists of rank have joined in the general condemnation of charlock as one of the worst corn-field scourges, for a large percentage of seeding-plants is often cut, carried, and threshed with the agricultural cereal crop. Yet this despised plant would act as a refertiliser of impoverished soils if only it could be mown and dug in while green. Those brazen mustard-coloured flowers, which aggravate the long-suffering farmer, certainly provide bees with abundant syrup for the basis of honey. Each one of the very numerous siliques (pods) is charged with six or seven spicy blackish seeds, which are as potent a condiment as ordinary white mustard, black mustard being stronger. Dodonæus says: 'This herbe of the late physitions is not used in medicine, but some with this seede doe make mustarde, the whiche they doe eate with meate.' Pigeons resort to corn-fields to feed off charlock-seed; linnets get many a good meal of them. The regular bird-seed collector, if he be a good workman, will gather a sackful of charlock or brazzock seed-pods for the benefit of captive finches.

CHICKWEED (*Stellaria media*) has soft evergreen mats which defy the allotment-holder and the gardener-in-general. There is, nevertheless, a beneficent side to its character. Although the idea may be scoffed at, chickweed has never been wholly expunged from the Materia Medica as a herbal medicine of the third order. Indeed, an attempt has been made to set it up as a superweed. It has demulcent properties, and is called a refrigerant, being therefore useful for abating or allaying heat when outwardly applied. The Gael of northern Scotland has long used chickweed for poulticing inflamed and even suppurated breasts. Nicholas Culpeper, the most frequently quoted of all horological herbalists, proclaims chickweed to be the right thing for inflammation of every description. 'It is effectual for swellings and impostures, for all redness in the face, wheals, itch, and scabs.' Further, as this humble weed undoubtedly makes a good unguent, Culpeper lacks no faith in it even for virulent sores and ulcers of the legs. The present writer has known it to be used in the lump—roots, stems, leaves, flowers, seeds—for recent rheumatism of an inflammatory kind. It may be applied either as hot fomentations or in poultice form.

The Anglo-Saxon name was 'cicen-weod.' Cultivated in France, masses of this succulent greenstuff of rapid growth are regularly hawked round Paris each morning for the benefit, chiefly, of canaries, of which one hundred thousand are—or were—kept in the French capital. Pre-war hawkers sold about a thousand pounds' worth of chickweed weekly. In my own aviary it is served fresh every morning to canaries, canary and linnet mules, linnets, goldfinches, bullfinches, budgerigars, &c.

COLTSFOOT, foalfoot, and cleats are identical with *Tussilago farfara* (which implies cough-meal). Tussilago means literally 'to expel a cough.' Farfara, another ancient name for coltsfoot, is from Farfarus or Fabaris, the name of a tributary of the Tiber, on whose banks it was found growing. (A river Pharphar is mentioned in the Old Testament.) Cleat refers to the value of this plant's root-stock for binding clay or ballast of new railroad and canal embankments. One leading forerunner of tobacco was coltsfoot root and leaf, smoked by Benedictine monks and others in times mediæval. The origin of the smoking habit seems to be explained by Dioscorides, a contemporary of Nero, who recommended that coltsfoot be burnt in a small receptacle, the smoke thereof to be drawn into the mouth through a straw and freely inhaled as a remedy for an obstinate cough. Galen, an imperial physician, and Pliny the Elder subscribed to this usage. Coltsfoot is still worth employing as the basis of a herbal tobacco. Cigarettes made of its powdered leaves, with or without either stramonium-leaf or *Lobelia inflata*, are sold throughout Europe for the relief of asthma.

This supreme curse of many cultivators used to be imported to England from Germany and Holland by the ton. It figures in the British Pharmaceutical Codex, and its market value in good condition recently was thirty shillings at least. Coltsfoot-leaf is an official demulcent, emollient, and expectorant; it is a preventive of chronic bronchitis and all kinds of chest ailments; and in country places it has always been regarded as a formidable rival of white horehound, whose proper place is the herb-garden. The large coltsfoot-leaves are rubbed to powder or meal in the hands, and this is used freely in the manufacture of coltsfoot lozenges and tablets. The wholesale sweetmeat manufacturer compresses it—with sugar and, probably, decorticated liquorice—into candy or drab-coloured, oddly moulded sticks known as coltsfoot-rock or 'bath-pipes.'

So prolific is DANDELION (*Leontodon taraxacum*) that more than a million seedlings may be

raised yearly from a single plant and its offspring. Happily, the cultivators of Europe and America can now do nothing to upset the firmly established medicinal reputation of this ubiquitous yellow-blossoming weed. *Dent-de-lion* in France and Belgium is always interesting to dapper hotel *chefs* and to families who look to the salad-bowl. Its 'tops'—flower-heads, stalks, leaves—also its brown tapering roots, are valued for making a botanical beer, to which burdock-root is often added. In America, Belgium, and France a two-year-old dandelion-crop, cultivated to perfection, will sometimes prove quite as remunerative as potatoes or market greens. There is a high commercial demand for long, fleshy, well-formed roots, which in a wild state can be turned up only where they have been left growing for a long time unnoticed or undisturbed. After the outbreak of war the price paid for first-class dandelion-roots rose to one hundred and thirty shillings per hundredweight, and later they might be worth ten pounds per hundredweight. The flower-heads or 'tops' recently were worth one shilling per pound dried.

At no time of the year are the properties of dandelion-root wholly inert, but it should be dug, dried, and stored between October and May. Sackfuls may be despatched straight to the wholesale manufacturing druggist, who produces essence of dandelion or taraxacum for use in homœopathic medicines and official preparations of the British Pharmacopœia. This essence is laxative, hepatic, diuretic, stimulant, and tonic withal. Dandelion-root may be roasted at home in a slow oven, crushed to powder, and used as a coffee-like beverage with or without chicory. The leaves are good fare for prize-rabbits in hutches; some cabmen and coal-hawkers carry a pocketful for their horses. Bird-seed collectors clip off and bag all the seeding silvery 'clocks' or deflowered tops while they are dry. They are afterwards stirred about in a bag with a stick till all the ripe seeds fall to the bottom, the harmless hairs being blown away. Administered by hand, the ripening heads soon reconcile linnets and goldfinches to cage-life.

Docken (*Rumex crispus*), the universally dispersed 'lesser dock,' is a fit subject of rural medicine. Every country child is taught to curl one of its cool leaves over a nettled finger, or over a bee-sting, in order to allay the acute smarting sensation. The herbalist and the homœopath recommend that the long tapering roots of docken, curled or yellow dock, be extracted whole during March and early April, when they are worth at least one shilling per pound. A broken root will be found to be the colour of sulphur, and have a somewhat bitter taste. Herbalists appreciate its value as a constituent of a spring-tide tonic-beer for cooling and purifying the blood. Its first action, in small dozes, is laxative; in strong dozes it becomes cathartic, deobstruent, alterative, and a corrector of the secretions. From these sulphury-looking roots the homœopath derives rumicin (from the generic term *rumex*), a valuable herpetic or medicine sold for simple skin diseases. The 'cuticrumex' treatment for simple cutaneous troubles called itch includes hot-water baths, followed by a rub down from top to toe with a liquor containing the goodness of several boiled docken-roots, and the application of mollifying home-made dock-salve. While dock-seed is still fruity, and of a good ruby colour before over-ripeness turns it bronze, caged bullfinches will revel in it. Probably all dock-seeds which do not drop on the ground and sprout during autumn are cleared off by small songsters during the winter-time.

Groundsel (*Senecio vulgaris*) covers unnumbered miles of well-worked land, and cannot be made to quit. One million seedlings are yearly raised from a single plant and the offspring thereof. Another member of the family is called *Senecio gracilis*, or life-root, from which we gather that senecio has some etymological affinity with senex, senior, senator, &c. In that case groundsel may belong to a class of graybearded seeding-plants which, when used medicinally, procure long life, ripe old age, or longevity. Taken inwardly it is alterative and diaphoretic; in strong doses it is emetic. Culpeper declared groundsel to be good medicine for colic, gravel, jaundice, and sciatica. *Quod erat demonstrandum.* Tender skins liable to pimple and freckle should be bathed in a lukewarm infusion of groundsel, which is good also for inflammations and for poulticing purposes. For a 'blast' in the eyes, or sore eyelids, a few green sprigs may be rinsed in hot water, put into a thin muslin bag or bandage, and applied for half-an-hour at bed-time.

The Stinging Nettle (*Urtica dioica*), although regarded as a symbol of ill-kept land, was cultivated in the past. Certain documents of five centuries ago show that it was tithed in the bulk along with grass, grain, hops, honey, and wax. Andrew Fairservice, in one of Scott's novels, raised early nettle-tops under hand-glasses for cooking and serving like prickly winter spinach and round-seeded summer spinach. By most judges of vegetable-fare these young nettles are voted superior to perpetual spinach and white orach. Nettle-beer is a famous old-time home-made summer drink; nettle-broth is bepraised by many whose chronic complaint is asthma or shortness of breath; while nettle-porridge is a more blood-enriching, blood-purifying food than 'parritch' of oats alone. Culpeper is so bold as to mention no less than forty-two maladies which can be cured at home by the stinging-nettle, but he overreaches the summit of common-sense by these numerous high claims. At the same time, nettles are recognised to be astringent, anti-scorbutic, diuretic, and tonic. In the absence of a professional man they may be used to advantage in cases of sore throat, nettle-rash,

stomach complaints, bladder disorders, pleurisy, internal bleedings, &c. Going on the old 'plant signature' principle, here we have the logical cure for nettle-rash, in which the cuticle of the skin is painfully inflamed and raised as with blisters. This rash may show itself by fits and starts on the chest, back, or other parts of the body. Usually it proceeds from a disordered state of the stomach or the bowels, the blood being impure on that account. Nettle-juice serves not only as a household remedy, but passes as a homœopathic medicine. It may be given in tablespoonful doses three times a day, the parts most visibly affected to be washed with such juice at the same time.

Common PLANTAIN is *Plantago major*, from *planta*, the foot-sole. This term probably implies 'the plant which comes up in places where mankind puts down the sole of his foot.' Accordingly, as being an emigrant to the United States with the Pilgrim Fathers, it has settled there with squatter-like determination, and is called by Indians 'white man's foot.' Its coarse rosettes sit at the feet of all pedestrians, working-folk, agriculturists, and gardeners. It squats in backyards, on dusty roadsides, and close to tar-rolled surfaces. Now this plant's juices possess an undoubted value in alleviating certain aches and pains of the human body. Plantain is astringent, and a nervine tincture can be made by macerating its roots, leaves, and flowering stems in alcohol, the same mixture being used to cure toothache or earache Its tall flower-stalks become spikes of bird-seed, resembling a stiff, cylindrical, wood-brown trimming-cord from the draper's shop Of considerable interest to the bird-seed collector are these herbaceous 'rat-tails' When dry they are snipped off with large scissors, the seeds being quickly stripped between finger and thumb, and put into paper bags. But whether green or ripe, the seeds are nutty, sweet, and mucilaginous, being much esteemed by foreign birds and small finches in the aviary.

The colour of our scarlet FIELD-POPPY ('red soldier of the corn' before khaki-days) is *ponceau* to the ever-artistic French milliner. The cultivator of wheat and barley detests this beautiful *ponceau* poppy, and is not willing to recognise the fact that its brilliant petals serve as a useful danger-signal to straying cattle. Bees wallow among its pollen to get propolis for caulking up their hives. The plant's worst parts are its pepper-pot capsules, which discharge thousands of fertile seeds. Yet titmice, sparrows, and other birds peck holes in the base of these capsules as they stand, thus letting unripe seed flow from the septa, which they pick off the ground. Manufacturing chemists employ men to pluck and bag the red petals, from which is expressed a sweet, narcotic, alkaloid colouring-matter, used in the Middle Ages for coughs, pleurisy, ague, &c. The real service of *syrupus rhœdos* (from the Greek *rhoias*, a poppy) consists in rendering agreeable to the eye or the palate any potion that might otherwise awaken a prejudice against it on the score of appearances. It therefore becomes a camouflaged vehicle for soothing-syrups and other children's medicines which, by their very nature, are objectionable either in taste or in odour. Country-people have been known to employ the petals of this wild poppy in the preparation of 'headache wine' for a simple opiate; and the uncleanly old habit of stuffing pillows with sappy poppy-leaves for insomnia is attested by Dickens's incidental mention of a 'narcotic bedstead' in the *Pickwick Papers*. Although the brilliant petals are too fugitive for service as a dye-product, a bland drying-oil useful to painters may be expressed from poppy-seeds. The opium-poppy (*Papaver somniferum*) is a very different plant, bearing huge capsules, which I have grown to perfection as a crop even in Yorkshire.

QUITCH, or COUCH-GRASS, is *Triticum repens*, which signifies 'creeping wheat.' It is quite wrongly described by a minor dictionary as 'a species of worthless grass,' although its tough, pearly-white, far-running root-stock behaves as a pest of the first order in fields, allotments, and gardens. The land-worker can perform a great public service by removing all get-at-able, entangled, jointed, yard-long rhizomes of quitch-grass with a digging-fork, and carrying them off for economic purposes in a wheel-barrow. This is probably the very grass from which far-seeing Egyptians in the days of the Pharaohs obtained an esculent grain; and some years ago the name Triticumina was found useful by the introducer of a patent cereal food put up in packets by a Castleford firm. A dog will resort instinctively to quitch-grass when ailing, two or three leaf-blades being often sufficient to act promptly as an emetic. Manufacturing chemists extract from these blades an essential oil which is used in homœopathy as an aperient, emetic, and diuretic, finding a place for it in certain renal compounds and medicines for lumbago. Prepared root-stocks, from which all fibres have been removed, and which have been cut into small pieces, fetch any price up to fifty pounds per ton. Wholesale drug-purveyors send out such *Triticum repens* to the pharmacies and the herbalists in packets, which are retailed for threepence each. Some country residents use crude couch-grass as a demulcent-diuretic for common backache, spine weakness, pains in the loins and lumbar region, kidney troubles, &c. Men and women who are compelled to rest their backs during the day-time have a notion that couch-grass is the best thing they can use, as being of the couch couchy; and in most cases it gives considerable relief. Readers who require a dietetic breakfast beverage in lieu of coffee or tea should rub to powder and thoroughly mix some oven-baked couch-grass and dandelion-root.

RAGWORT is a well-known, showy, yellow-

flowering weed of wayside and pasture. It is also a 'wort,' the old name for a beneficent weed in contradistinction to a 'bane.' *Senecio jacobœa* makes it the wort of St James; hence the monastic title of '*Sancti Jacobi Flos.*' The *senecio* plants, groundsel included, have gray-beard, fly-away seeds representing weed-types as ancient as Adam. Ragwort 'cleanseth, digesteth, discusseth,' says Culpeper, the leaves only being used; these are considered to be at their best when gathered in August. They are diaphoretic or sudorific, and they are detergent; that is to say, an infusion is excellent for washing sores and rinsing ulcerated mouths. As a vulnerary, a strong decoction of ragwort will heal many wounds by frequent application. An infusion may be drunk for sore throat, quinsy, and catarrh; an ointment serves well for chapped hands, as it is emollient; and the plant has some slight value as a disinfectant or antiseptic. In country places a strong liquor is often made for washing dogs which have got mange, or when rabies is prevalent, which accounts for the plant being called 'dog-standard.' 'Staggerwort' indicates its use to veterinary surgeons, cattle-doctors, or farriers.

Sorrel (*Rumex acetosa*) is known as sour-grass, sour-dock, sourock, &c. *Rumex*, from *rumen*, indicates that it is good for the throat, the alimentary canal, and the stomach. *Acetosa* suggests acid or vinegar and acetic acid, the succulent stems and leaves of sorrel containing oxalate of potassium, which gives to them at once a food value and a medicinal value combined. Although a ubiquitous weed, almost a 'public nuisance,' flourishing on pastures, road-sides, in hedge-bottoms, and on lawns, it remains a valuable grazing-herb, and, according to Pliny and Apicius, it was cultivated by the Romans as a pot-herb. In Italy, the hotels of France and Belgium, and among the French peasantry immense quantities of sorrel are used. It may be cooked (very quickly) along with spinach to serve on toast, being much esteemed on account of its vinegary flavour. One of the best common-using household salads that I know of contains lettuce, sorrel, chives, land-cress, and cucumber. In France sorrel-leaves, gathered in bulk, are boiled down and salted for winter use. Its acidity causes it to be most refreshing and wholesome as an anti-scorbutic. Seeds of certain improved varieties favoured by French epicures are regularly advertised in our own seedsmen's catalogues.

Let us take the Thistles as a whole. Their oldest and commonest generic name is *carduus*, from the Greek *kardos* (thistle). Their primary uses are indicated by such eloquent names as 'cardophagus,' for thistle-eater, donkey, or ass; 'carduelis,' the ornithological specific name for the thistle-seed-picking goldfinch; 'cardui,' the entomological name for the painted-lady butterfly, whose caterpillars feed on thistles; and 'cardoon,' a thistle-like vegetable related to the globe artichoke. In the case of Scotland's national emblem, heraldry appears to be satisfied with the representation of a rozel-to-purple-flowering conventional thistle, so that works of art and photographic prints are excused any vain attempt to be unequivocally precise as to species. The fact that there are at least sixteen kinds of extensively seeding and root-creeping thistles in Great Britain does away with the warrant for any listless folding of hands. Not by the most energetic co-operative labour could they be shifted altogether. Their true uses have been discovered in part only. From the roots and leaves of some sorts, including the handsome milk-thistle, can be expressed an oleaginous substance which the homœopath employs in making emulsions. Relieved of all prickles, peeled, and soaked, they boil well for a vegetable or go into a salad. Generally speaking, thistles are a bitter stomachic and a general tonic. Of the milk-thistle (a handsome subject in full bloom, as I write, at the end of my lawn) Culpeper speaks in this manner: 'It cleanseth the blood exceedingly, and in spring, if you please to boil the tender part (but cut off the prickles, unless you have a mind to choke yourself), it will change your blood as the season changeth, and that is the way to be safe.' Westmacott, writing in 1694, sings the praises of certain thistles, and laments those so-called good old times when they were 'as friends to the liver and blood if eaten with other herbs; but as the world decays so does the use of good old things, and others more delicate and others less virtuous brought in.' As regards the bird-seed collector, caged goldfinches, greenfinches, linnets, redpoles, siskins, and twites would regard him as a benefactor if they could but comprehend what trouble he has been at in thistleland on their behalf.

Yarrow (*Achillea millefolium*) is the Anglo-Saxon *gearwe*, from which came the Old English 'yare,' meaning prepared or ready to hand. Certainly the ferny 'thousand-leaf' yarrow is never far to seek. Science names it after Achilles the warrior, for tradition hath it that he of statuary fame was first to employ it medicinally—perhaps as a vulnerary salve—having been instructed concerning its good points by Chiron the centaur. Yarrow was a golden, or, rather, evergreen, specific for ages until mineral drugs were introduced by Paracelsus. And now it has come back to its own again, being saleable at the botanical stores to meet a steadily increasing demand. By co-operation it has proved marketable, fetching about twenty shillings per hundredweight in the dried state; yet further supplies have been imported from the Continent to meet all needs. One botanical doctor of somewhat limited views has asserted that no other single herb has done so much good as yarrow, and none was held in such high esteem by generations wiser than our own. 'It has prevented more disease, saved more doctors' bills, than all the books that have been

written on medical science' The qualities of this herb are astringent, sudorific, diuretic, and tonic Yarrow tea is imbibed primarily with a view to sweating a bad cold out of the system. The kidneys are benefited at the same time. the circulation of the blood is equalised, and obstructions are removed. We have known it to be recommended for *fluor albus* and hemorrhage of the bowels. By continuing strong decoctions of yarrow a feverish temperature can usually be restored to the normal Its dried flower-heads may be used as a cephalic snuff, to stop bleeding of the nose, and for improving questionable tobacco. In the *Imperial Dream Book* maidens, damsels, or spinsters who wish to work spells are told to gather white-flowering yarrow-heads from a grave in consecrated ground, make a wreath of these with herb-grace or rue, bind it around the head, and go to sleep. Yarrow in flower-language is a cure for heartache, and any romantic young lady sleeping upon it will dream of, or in vision behold, her future husband!

THE ADVENTURES OF AN UNROMANTIC GENTLEMAN.

CHAPTER THE TENTH: *Tells how Colonel Russell came to Beverley Hall.*

IT was about 10 P.M. when Captain Prosper Hawtrey and Anne Beverley visited Colonel Russell in the cellar. At dawn the following morning they left the inn, accompanied, of course, by Anne's servants. Before quitting the hostelry, Hawtrey bade the landlord hold the Puritan prisoner, no matter what threats he might utter, or what bribes he might offer, until he (Hawtrey) returned. The Cavalier gave the innkeeper five guineas, and pledged his word that mine host should come to no harm if he carried out the instructions given to him Hawtrey in his days of prosperity, before the Civil War ruined him had been lord of the manor in which the inn stood and fallen on evil days though he was was still held in high esteem by his old tenants Accordingly he had little fear that the innkeeper would disobey him

Scarce five minutes after the Royalists had taken their departure, Joshua Gunter—who, the reader will doubtless remember, was Cromwell's confidential agent—entered the inn, and demanded of the landlord, 'Where is the gentleman who came to this house last night, in company with the lady who has just left?'

Startled though he was, the innkeeper kept a stolid countenance, and answered, 'He left an hour ago, whilst it was still dark.'

'You lie, knave,' said Joshua Gunter sternly.

The landlord began loudly to protest that he had spoken the truth, when Gunter broke in, 'I am a servant of His Excellency the Lord General Oliver Cromwell, and if you try to fool me, sirrah, I will take you to a justice of peace, and have you hanged as a conspirator against the peace and safety of the Commonweal.'

The innkeeper's courage evaporated at this threat, and he said in a terrified voice, 'Fore heaven, sir, don't speak so. I'll show you where the gentleman is. Captain Hawtrey, the squire, bade me hold him prisoner until he returned again. Lackaday! in these troublous days one knows not whom to obey, for——'

'You will find it to your advantage to be a faithful pillar of the Commonweal,' said Joshua Gunter; then added grimly, 'Prosper Hawtrey will return here no more. He will soon deck the gibbet-tree.'

Thoroughly scared, the innkeeper said in a trembling voice, 'And I doubt not that he deserves it, your honour. A violent man, I know, and one that hath no respect for the Parliament. But, your honour, I trust that what I did under compulsion and threat will not bring me into trouble?'

'We shall see,' Gunter briefly answered. 'Now release the gentleman, but say naught to him concerning me. Tell him what you like, but, as you value your life, say nothing about me. And mark me, sirrah, I have means of learning whether you are faithful in this matter, even as I learned that Colonel Russell had met with foul play in your house. And if you do not obey me, you shall hang as high as Haman.' Which said, he walked out of the inn, and disappeared into a little wood which bordered one side of the road.

Having watched him out of sight, the innkeeper groaned several times, and then made his way slowly to the cellar wherein Colonel Russell was held prisoner. But the colonel can now speak for himself again. After relating in his diary how the cellar-flap was opened for the second time, he continues:

'The innkeeper dropped into the cellar, and said in a cringing voice, "I am about to set your honour free I trust your honour will not think ill of me for what has happened? I knew nothing of the attack made upon your honour, until Captain Prosper Hawtrey woke me up, and demanded the key of this cellar. Then I learned, to my horror, sir, that you had been half-stifled into unconsciousness, and that they desired to keep you prisoner in my wine-cellar. Well, your honour, what could a feeble, old——"

'"Enough!" I exclaimed impatiently. "Set me at liberty, and then make your excuses."

'"Have I your honour's word that you will do me no violence when you are free?" the innkeeper asked nervously.

'"Yes," I said, "provided you answer truthfully such questions as I shall put to you."

'And, in truth, I nourished no animosity against Captain Prosper Hawtrey and Anne Beverley for the trick they had played upon me, far less against their tool, the innkeeper. I had sought to fool them, but had myself been fooled. What, then, had I to complain of? If I felt angry against any one, it was the Lord-General, I think, for having sent me on such an errand. General Cromwell had admitted to me that he had concealed certain of his plans from me; although he had assured me that he had asked naught dishonourable of me. And knowing the Lord-General to be a man of integrity, I could not doubt but that he had spoken the truth. Yet Anne Beverley and Captain Hawtrey had both charged me with being privy to a dishonourable plot to force Sir Rupert Beverley to betray a trust, by trapping his daughter and bartering her liberty for her father's honour. And what reason had the girl and the Cavalier for lying to me? None, that I could discover. Who, then, was speaking the truth? Mayhap the Royalists had received a garbled account of the General's plans. Yet it seemed strange that his Excellency should have kept certain of his plans from me, whom he knew to be a man able to keep a silent tongue. All these considerations I had turned over and over in my mind whilst I had been a prisoner in the cellar, without, however, being able to come to a satisfactory conclusion. On one point alone could I come to a certain opinion. It was my duty to execute to the best of my ability the task given me by General Cromwell. Later, maybe, I might ask for an explanation.

'As the innkeeper was cutting me free of my bonds, I considered what my best plan would be. Should I go to the General and acquaint him with what had happened? That, I decided, after a little thought, would be to waste valuable time, since whilst I was finding his Excellency the Royalists might bring their schemes to fruition. I must go at once to Beverley Hall, I determined. Having warned the officer in command of the troops investing the mansion of the plot to carry off the hidden treasure, I might then seek out the Lord-General, and satisfy myself that the accusations made by Anne Beverley and Captain Hawtrey were false. For I felt deeply the charge of having acted dishonourably, levelled against me by the two Royalists.

'By the time I had come to this decision, the landlord had cut through the ropes that bound me. But it was only after much chafing of my limbs that I was able to rise and leave the cellar, the circulation of the blood having been impaired by the tightness with which I had been tied.

'When we entered the taproom, the innkeeper, in some trepidation, handed me my sword and pistols, which had been taken from me ere I had been lodged in the cellar. I put one or two questions to the fellow, and learned that the Royalists had left the inn together, scarce half-an-hour before. I then bade him saddle my horse, and when that was done left the inn, first warning the landlord to hold his tongue concerning what had recently happened. He declared that for his own sake he would keep silence regarding it.

'As I rode northward, I cogitated upon the recent events in which I had, I conceived, played a not too gallant or dignified part. Without doubt, the Lord-General had given me a wrong impression of Anne Beverley. Instead of the unprincipled adventuress I had thought to meet, I had encountered a spirited girl, who was taking great risks in order to do what she (mistakenly) thought to be her duty. Well, although it was my duty to the Commonweal to circumvent her plans, I would use what little influence I possessed to save her from harsh punishment. Of course, she must go into exile, I thought. And then suddenly I realised that I regretted the fact. Straightway there came into my mind a sage observation of my father. "William," he had often said, "love comes to a man with the suddenness of a petronel bullet; nor is there any mail proof against it."

'Whereat I touched my horse with my spurs, and rode at a hard gallop.

'I had some difficulty in finding my way to Faversham, and 'twas night ere I came to the lodge gates of Beverley Hall. There I was further delayed while the sentry called out the sergeant of the guard, and he, in turn, awakened the cornet, who, luckily, recognised me, and unlocked the gates, and sent a soldier to guide me to Colonel Win-the-Fight Jenkins, who was in command of the troops stationed at the Hall.

'We had come to within about a quarter of a mile of the mansion, which was silhouetted, a great, black block, against the sky, when suddenly the noise of a loud explosion came from the house. Following this came an irregular rattle of musketry, and then a number of figures came rushing out of the hall door, and fled wildly across the lawn and the gardens.

'"'Tis the devils again!" cried my guide, with chattering teeth.

'But I, knowing nothing at that time of the strange things that had happened at Beverley Hall, and perceiving that the fugitives were soldiers, suspected that the explosion had been produced by the machinations of the Royalist conspirators, that they might thereby distract the garrison, and escape with the treasure. Wherefore, I ran towards the house, calling upon the fleeing soldiers to halt.'

(Continued on page 518.)

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE SILENT PARTNER.

By ALAN SULLIVAN, Author of *Man's Work*, &c.

PART I.

I.

OLD Derwent had come into his own by hard plugging. So he claimed, and the world believed him. At sixty-five he was still formidable, with a crown of gray, shaggy, wire-drawn hair; hard, pin-pointed, bright-blue eyes; a reddish skin flecked with tiny white patches; and a general bearing of remorseless activity. For the rest of it, he was of middle height and square cut as to face and body. One could visualise Derwent pushing through life with volcanic impatience, sharp elbows at work, jaw projecting, his quick glance picking places ahead into which he might wedge himself. Now, even though he had achieved the first rank, his fund of energy seemed unexhausted. He was still the volcano, and sputtered irregularly through the strata of former eruptions.

Philip, his son, regarded him with affection and apprehension. As for Philip's wife, she felt much and said little. There yet lived in her memory the day when the old man, rebounding from the rage into which he had leapt at their sudden marriage, remarked with ominous self-control that, since Philip was a fool, the young people must live in the Derwent house and with its master. They would be surer, he had added cynically, of food and lodging. There had followed an instant protest, silenced abruptly by a flash of the hard, blue eyes, and thus was established the oblique triangle that gathered daily at the Derwent table. Picture them: old Derwent turning for a second from the stock reports to snap at his toast; Philip dwelling in the literary column till recalled sharply by an explosive inquiry which expected no answer, but demanded, nevertheless, what the devil had happened to Steel Common; Lucy Derwent presiding patiently, but catching at intervals voiceless and intimate signals from her husband. At other times the old man bored into business because he had mastered and loved it; Philip played with it because it baffled and repelled him; while Lucy strove heroically to banish from her mind recurrent reflections as to the average age of choleric merchants, and wondered what arterial sclerosis was actually like.

It was not till a year after her marriage that the girl rebelled, and by that time a fraction of old Derwent's doubts about his son had filtered into her own mind. She had never seen Philip entirely removed from the shadow of his father. Was he, she asked silently, strong enough to stand alone? Was Philip or Philip's father her real protector? Now and then there had come glimpses, swiftly transitory, of another old man, who lurked behind the obvious and truculent one. He had peered at her and vanished, seemingly with a sardonic chuckle, and she had turned to Philip's high-strung and sensitive face, wondering if ever the Derwent blood would assert itself strongly enough to satisfy the parental demand. Success—an up-and-down unqualified success in whatever he chose—that was what the old man demanded of his son, and as months slid by while Philip pottered ineffectually at the business into which his father had thrust him, Lucy felt a kindred ambition growing in her own breast. At last she spoke out, and Philip listened with just the gentle patience she had anticipated.

'You mustn't misunderstand me, dear,' she concluded tremulously; 'often I think it would be better if we lived by ourselves. Your father does things in his own way, but he is kindness itself, and he loves you, and——'

'Sure of that?' put in her husband whimsically.

She nodded with conviction. 'Quite; and, just because you are so different, you, at any rate, would find it easier.'

'Find what easier?' he countered.

'To do what he wants. Don't you think it's worth while?'

Philip grinned. 'I know! He wants me to clean up a few hundred thousands as an excuse for giving me two or three millions. He is looking for a scoop or a coup. That's in the Derwent blood—usually.'

She shook her head. 'It isn't that at all. It's the essential *you* that he wants—expressed by something definite. He's so—so concrete that——' Her voice trailed out appealingly.

'Exactly—just that, and I'm not, eh?'

She glanced at him wistfully. 'I wonder if you understand, Philip, that most women want

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

their husbands to be represented by something they've done. That has nothing to do with love; I think it's a matter of pride. They like to think of them as owing nothing to anybody. Perhaps it's selfish—is it?'

'Drive on,' he said genially.

Lucy halted between love and uncertainty. Philip's long, slack figure, the smooth and almost feminine curve of his cheek, the large delicacy of his eyes and brow, the suggestive immaterialism of his pointed beard—all bespoke the antithesis of Peter Derwent. It was true that he was in business, but it was a business organised by his father for the simple purpose of diverting Philip's mind from those subjective channels into which it had automatically turned. It was a business that seemed to run itself and carry him with it. He spoke of it but seldom. There came to her the thought that perhaps she was unfair.

'I don't want to be unreasonable,' she interjected with a touch of contrition.

At this Philip laughed outright. 'Look here, Lucy, would it cheer you up to know that I am infernally bothered about things at the present moment?'

'About business?' She brightened perceptibly.

He nodded. 'It's a case of make or break within the next month. We've either got to amalgamate with a competitor and lose a certain amount of identity, or else spend a lot of money in enlarging the plant to compete—and face additional risk.'

'You've told Mr Derwent?'

'No, I haven't. I'd like to do the thing off my own bat. You, perhaps, think I'm rather blind—but I'm not. If I took it to him, he'd straighten it out in five minutes—but——'

'Then you are going to see it through yourself?'

Philip Derwent fingered the veiled point of his chin. 'It works out like this. If we compete, we purchase an adjoining property and build on it. I've an option on that property for a month, by which time I've got to decide. It would buck up the governor like anything if I did it single-handed, and so far he knows nothing of it. I don't want him to know—understand? And I shouldn't half mind if, in about thirty days, I had demonstrated that I wasn't the variant from the Derwent type he thinks I am. Besides,' he added, 'I've had advice.'

'But I thought——'

'Not legal, and perhaps not business, advice—I went to a medium.'

'Philip!'

'It's odd,' he ruminated absently, 'but she got mighty near the truth. Told me there was a person I might consult, but that something was preventing me; then said it wasn't necessary, and to go ahead. Don't think I'm the only man who has tried it. Lots of 'em do.'

The new assurance which, after so many months, had begun to take shape in Lucy's brain tumbled like a house of cards. At this moment she felt one with old Derwent. Mentally she stepped across the no-man's-land that lay between father and son, and looked back at her husband with incredulity.

'You don't mean to say that that would affect you?' she protested. 'Would you play with the business?'

Philip frowned slightly. 'Don't run away with the idea, Lucy, that I'm making ducks and drakes of a good thing from a pure whim. I'm not. But if I can get hold of some of the things that are ordinarily left out of business philosophy, I'm going to do it.'

After which he drove leisurely to his office, with unaccustomed decision in his narrow and sensitive face.

II.

Old Derwent had gone off an hour earlier, his reddish visage puckered with a curious expression of mingled regret and amusement. A few yards from his house he had met Cronyn, his lifetime friend—Cronyn, the involuntary depository of other men's confidential affairs, who knew more and talked less than any one in the city. For a block or two they stepped out silently, till Derwent, with a sharp glance into the quiet features of his companion, burst out impetuously: 'It's working, Cronyn. By George! it's working. You got that Billsby stock?'

Cronyn's eyes twinkled. 'I had to take the whole block—they wouldn't part with less. It means you control by a comfortable margin.'

Old Derwent stared truculently at a passing motor. It did not occur to him to ask what Cronyn had paid. The fact that the stock had been actually secured made his heart beat a shade faster. 'It's all sewn up tight—I don't appear in any way, eh? You're sure of that?'

'It was a bank purchase,' said Cronyn diffidently.

'Billsby sent on that letter all right. I knew it by Philip's face this morning at breakfast,' chuckled the conspirator; 'and Philip won't come to me about it either. In a way I've made that rather difficult.' He tramped on a few paces; then, with a subtle change in his voice: 'By the great horned owl! he don't *care* about business—not enough to pretend to care. That's what puts me on edge. As for this Billsby game, it's fixed now, so that if the Billsby concern puts Philip out of business, or if it's the other way on—it don't matter in either case. Philip is on the fence at last, and I reckon he's got to get down one side or the other.'

They walked on a few paces, Cronyn cool and seemingly almost indifferent, Derwent palpably struggling against further utterance. Finally he burst out again.

'I suppose you think I like all this? But I

don't; I hate it. Last thing Mary said to me before she died was, "Take care of Philip—he's different. Don't be disappointed if he's not like you." She understood, did Mary; but, hang it, Cronyn! don't you see that if he bucks up and pulls this off he'll think he's the whole show, and so will his wife. By George! I'd have tired of her face across the table long ago if I hadn't felt she sort of sensed I was going to try on something like this, and was only waiting for it.'

Cronyn smiled. 'And now for the confession.'

'You can have it in any form you like. It's mighty hard to stick this out. I'd give half I've got to be able to say to Philip, "Look here, son, we've got enough for both, so let's both quit. It's poor practice to try to stuff more corn into the crib when it's running over——" But I can't stop. If he makes good just this once I'll speak up—just this once. And in the meantime, Cronyn, I'd have you know that it's all I can do to keep my hands off—understand?'

'Yes.' There was the slightest quiver of amusement in the voice. 'I suppose men like yourself are entitled to play this sort of game; but as a matter of fact——'

'If Billsby stock drops to ten cents I sha'n't care a hoot so long as Philip puts it there,' grunted Derwent stolidly.

They parted soon after that, Cronyn turning into his bank, while the old man trudged on toward the squat office building he had bought years before, when by some sixth-sense instinct he nosed out the business centre of the city. Three storeys it still remained, and the sky-scrapers that flanked it only added to the impressive simplicity of its dwarfed outline. Derwent, forging steadily onward, took little note of the crowds that seemed to part automatically at the approach of his broad, short, energetic figure. When he reached his private office he closed the door with unwonted deliberation, and stared absently at the neat pile of letters on his glass-topped desk.

Just now he felt strangely moved. He was full of thoughts of the girl who, while still in her teens, had married him, a man of forty, with success already stamped upon him. After that came ten years when, at any rate, he had been perfectly happy. Mary found her chief companionship with her boy, because Derwent was inextricably immersed in affairs of increasing importance. He wanted a million to lay at her feet, and pursued it so relentlessly that when he was fifty the trick was turned. Then, vastly to his surprise, he found that Mary did not want the million; and when, in blundering wonder, he asked what she would like instead, she had only caught Philip close and stared at her husband with great, wistful eyes, like those of a wounded deer. He had not understood then, and was hurt and disappointed. After that came other years; and at the end of these Mary slipped out of life, even while she told him that Philip was different.

He could look back at it all now without remorse, if not without emotion. His gifts had been the only thing he knew how to give, but as his own life drew on he began to wonder, whimsically, just how Philip would look back on him. This retrospect, he decided, would be more grateful, almost more filial, if for once Philip should have been nerved to exert all that was in him. As matters stood, the outward part of old Derwent, the part that Cronyn and the rest of them knew so well, was determined that this once, if never again, Philip should stand the test. But the other part—the one that Cronyn did not know—was tortured with a consuming regret for his own grim decision. Only the result, he repeated, could justify the experiment. It was too like vivisection.

Poised between memory and resolution, he questioned whether there had not come down to his son the sequel of those temperamental weaknesses which had once carried Mary from medium to medium, from séance to séance. He had joked about it then. Now the large appeal of Philip's eyes, the transparent delicacy of his skin, the elusive persistence of his presence, all spoke of an immaterial and spiritual something that evaded Derwent, as water might slide from his grip. This, and much more, went marching through his brain, till, with a sigh that sounded queerly unreal, he stabbed at an electric bell and jerked forward the pile of letters.

(*Continued on page 542.*)

THE ISLANDS OF THE FORTH IN WAR.

PART II.

VI.

THE outer line of defence of the fortress was possible on the same general principles lower down. The island of Inchkeith is analogous to Inchgarvie, which, as we have seen, furnished not only a foundation for the central pier of the Forth Bridge, but a central post for the inner defence of the original fortress. In Inchkeith a central position for guns, lights, and other accessories of the defence was provided in a most suitable manner.

Inchkeith is a familiar object in the landscape from many parts of Edinburgh. It is prominent in the view from the ramparts of the Castle. The Lord Provost, who is *ex officio* Admiral of the Forth, has it before him as he looks out from the windows of the City Chambers. Children

from nurseries in the New Town watch for the twinkling of its lighthouse on winter evenings. From the Fife railway it is, apparently, quite close all the way to Kirkcaldy. Yet it is probable that few of those who know the island from afar in this way have any conception of its loveliness. It is a wonderful garden of wild flowers above, of blue and green depths and rich brown sea-weed below. For centuries the abode of sea-fowl, its soil is evidently rich and luxuriant, and the carpet of flowers glows with colour at all seasons of the year. Deep crimson bells and stars of gold alternate with spotless white and delicate blue blossoms, but all are growing close to the soil, for the wind there is terrific.

The idea of fortifying it seems to have exercised the minds of Edinburgh citizens about forty or fifty years ago, long before bridges or naval dockyards were thought of at Queensferry. Among those who moved in the matter was Dr John Brown, author of *Rab and his Friends*. He and others took up the defenceless condition of the Forth, and moved the Government until something was done. The work carried out was the emplacement of a few guns on disappearing mountings, such as were considered the last improvement in coast artillery at that time, and the building of a pier on the west side of the island, so designed that landing could be effected under practically any conditions of wind and tide. Later on, when the first fortress work at the Forth Bridge was designed, rather bigger guns were installed at Inchkeith, as indeed anybody with a decent field-glass could see from shore. These were in use at the time of the outbreak of the war, but the enlargement of the fortress meant many additions to guns and lights and electric plant. The old gun emplacements were on sites well chosen, and were in themselves well built of solid stone masonry, for it was before the era of reinforced concrete, now so useful a material for the military engineer. They furnished good foundations for some of the new batteries, the magazines being enlarged, and the whole brought into line with modern needs. Searchlight emplacements were built on various spots, generally rocky promontories overlooking a wide sweep of water, and therefore difficult of approach in stormy weather. The path leading to one of them, indeed, has walls of some four feet in height on either side, for without this protection it would hardly be possible for any human being to reach the emplacement in safety when the wind is blowing hard, as it generally is in winter. There are some sheltered spots in the island, but they are not the places where either guns or lights are required, though in one of them, hidden from view, there is the electric-power generating installation.

The number of soldiers who lived there during the war averaged about three hundred. Of these there were garrison artillerymen, who manned the existing guns, landed and mounted the new armament, and generally were busy with weapons and ammunition. There was a company of sappers, who built the batteries, made the roads, and erected the huts. There were two or three companies of infantry, relieved periodically from Leith, who helped with unskilled labour, and were ready to resist any possible hostile landing. The gunners and the sappers never were relieved, but kept on at their work in winter and summer with the cheerful acquiescence of the British soldier. There was little to relieve the monotony of their work, and recreations were few. The men fished in sheltered waters, and poked about the rocks at low water for crabs and lobsters. They cultivated vegetables in garden plots, and the fertile soil amply repaid their toil. But for all ranks, and especially for the officers, some of whom, sent home at the outbreak of war from far-distant places, were breaking their hearts to go to France, the life was a hard and monotonous one. Yet they all worked hard and well, and thus the work proceeded rapidly.

VII.

The chain of islands from Cramond to Inchcolm, which gave such an excellent line of works for the inner defences of the fortress, is very varied. On Cramond Island, which lies at some distance from the main channels, there was not much fortification. Inch Mickery had a garrison of about one hundred marines in huts collected at one end of the island, so as to be out of the way of a line of guns emplaced on the main ridge, which, running north and south, with a grassy slope in front of it, affords an excellent position for defending the adjacent channels. Oxcar had already a beacon on it, and no room for anything else, so it played no part in the defence scheme. But Inchcolm was different. Situated between two deep channels, and with commanding height, it formed a most valuable position for defence. Geologically, this island is interesting. It now consists of two hills joined together by a low isthmus. These two hills in remote geological times were one, of many strata, bent upwards with disastrous results to those parts of the anticlinal layers on the top. The rocks at the top, either then or later, in any case long ages ago, have disappeared, some of them no doubt still lying detached in the sea-bed, and making the approach to the island difficult. The two hills which remain as the survivors of the original mass rise steeply from the sea at each end of the island, and then terminate in rocky declivities, leaving below a sheltered and fertile neck of land between them.

In this sheltered part lies a most interesting group of old-world buildings. There are the remains, still roofed in, of an old hermit's cell where, early in the twelfth century, King Alexander I. received hospitality from the

anchorite who then lived there. The king, who had found (as we often did, eight hundred years later) that the storms of the Forth are no respecters of persons, was so grateful for the shelter afforded that he founded a priory on the island, and made the hermit its first prior. Of this monastery there are many ruined remains, and one extant building, a chapter-house of octagonal form, with a beautifully built thirteenth-century stone vaulted roof. Close to it is a dwelling-house of much later date, probably sixteenth century, of architecture familiar to dwellers in Fife, with thick walls, small windows, winding staircase, &c. This was the officers' mess-house of the little garrison during the war. Huts for the troops lay at the back of the old priory.

What the earlier history of Inchcolm was can be conjectured from the name. It is the only one of the ancient religious houses in the east of Scotland (there are many on the west) called after St Columba, the apostle of Iona, and it seems not unlikely that the hermit who gave shelter to the king was not the first of his fraternity to retire to its comparative safety. In *Macbeth* Shakespeare alludes to a naval victory there over Norwegian forces, and subsequent war indemnity:

> Nor would we deign him burial of his men
> Till he disbursed at St Colme's Inch
> Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

In later years the monastery became wealthy, and it is said the English, in the fourteenth century, plundered it. But the stormy Forth came to the rescue of the despoiled monks, for the fleet, on its departure, was so overtaken by disaster that the survivors were fain to return and restore their booty.

The work of fortifying the island in 1916 was difficult. The slopes facing east were steep; the rock was of great hardness. The magazines had to be mined in the solid rock. Fortunately the sappers were mostly Cornish miners, and did their work of mines and tunnels admirably. Landing was, in almost any wind, difficult, and the supply of materials and food precarious.

On the mainland opposite Inchcolm lies a ridge of rock in a part of Lord Moray's park of Donibristle, which, sloping steeply from the west, and terminating vertically on the east, is evidently connected geologically with Inchcolm. The view from the top of this cliff is very beautiful. The slope leading to the summit is covered with noble beech-trees, but below, at the base of the cliff, is a forest of pines, among which herons built their nests, and one could look down into this heronry and there see the birds returning to and feeding their clamorous offspring. The herons have—not unnaturally—left a spot which became so unpeaceful, but it is satisfactory to know they have not gone far away. Beyond the heron wood lies the shore, flanking the slopes of the kingdom of Fife for miles to the comparatively narrow channel between Inchkeith and Kinghorn, the most important entrance to the fortress.

VIII.

The work of constructing this fortress began in the late autumn of 1915, continued through the wet and stormy summer of 1916 and the bitter winter following, and was finished in the spring of 1917. It was mostly carried on in winter storms and keen gales from the east and south-west, when at times landing on the islands was impossible. War was straining our natural resources, and materials were not easily obtained. Many of those concerned had to work with the agony of private sorrow gnawing at their hearts, for Scotland at that time was pouring out like water the best blood of her sons, and there were few families in the land who were not mourning. Moreover, there were not many skilled workmen left in civil life in Scotland, and those that remained were employed on aerodromes, munition-factories, &c., and no contractor would or could take up engineering work on the islands of the east coast. So the companies of sappers, under the supervision of their own officers and of the higher staff of engineers in Scotland, had to execute the work as well as plan it. The result was good work, swiftly carried out and at comparatively little cost.

From this fortress there issued, day after day, the varied squadrons of the Grand Fleet. We ought rather to have said 'night after night,' for it was under cover of darkness, generally, that they went forth, and the dwellers on the coast at Elie and North Berwick knew by the rhythm of the rollers on the shore that the great ships had passed in the night, though they saw them not. Back sometimes they came with the scars of battle and bearing their wounded; sometimes they did not return.

From the shelter of the fortress (in its outer part, from Granton) went the mine-sweepers, men whose peaceful work as fishermen had been stopped by the war. Over them was a retired admiral, conspicuous even among those of his gallant profession for the number of life-saving medals on his right breast, and his leading of the mine-sweepers inspired them with heroic efficiency. In storm and sunshine they cleared the road for the great warships, and made the approaches to the Forth a safe waterway.

Then at last, on a calm and somewhat misty winter day, watchers from Fife saw the culminating triumph—two lines of British fighting-ships, one on the Fife shore, one far off dimly on the Lothian side. They passed in slow and awe-inspiring procession, hour after hour of the winter day, and between them was the surrendered fleet of the enemy, a triumph such as no naval fortress had ever before witnessed.

The naval fortresses of the English Channel have their great traditions. They have the fine old flavour still of the wooden walls of England and the prestige of victory over Spain and France. They have also great natural beauty. The shores of the Solent and Spithead, with the fair wooded slopes and beautiful bays of the Isle of Wight and its lovely scenery, or the creeks and crests of Devon that neighbour Drake's Island and the green park of Mount Edgcumbe, are delightful, especially to one returning home after foreign sojourn. Yet the northern fortress, though its traditions are not of recent years, has its great history too, and it has much natural beauty. No longer confined to the Castle Rock, it is the wide estuary itself, with its great spaciousness of sea, with its batteries supporting each other from the shores and from the islands, a fortress on a larger scale than those in the English Channel, larger because modern warfare has demanded wider and greater operations.

In old Admiral Sir Andrew Wood's day the royal standard which he kept flying so gallantly was 'the ruddy lion ramped in gold.' So it is in accordance with the fitness of things that, while Drake and the *Golden Hind* are inseparable from the traditions of Plymouth, Nelson and the *Victory* from Portsmouth, the future fame of the Forth will always be associated with Lord Beatty and his flagship the *Lion*.

THE END.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN UNROMANTIC GENTLEMAN.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH: *Tells how Colonel Russell met Anne Beverley again.*

'IT was no easy task to rally the soldiers, for, as I later discovered, the worthy men believed that the Prince of Darkness had invaded the mansion. Happily, I encountered Sergeant Kill-sin Thompson, and several other men who knew me well, and these halted at my command and gathered their wits together. I briefly explained that there was a plot afoot to carry off a treasure hidden in the mansion, and then instructed the more trustworthy men to form a cordon about the house. I myself led a file of men to the left wing, and began to post them about the grounds.

'In the middle of this task I was amazed to see a portion of what I had thought to be the solid wall of the house swing inwards, and through the aperture thus formed a man step out, muffled in a cloak, and with a broad-brimmed hat, trimmed with a large feather, pulled well over his face. For a moment he halted, then took to his heels, and fled across the garden towards the park. I straightway gave chase, calling upon my men to follow me.

'My long legs enabled me to outrun my companions, but my quarry was swift of foot, and kept ahead of me for some time. Then his pace began to slacken, and I gradually overhauled him, until I could hear his laboured breathing. We had now left the gardens and open park behind, and were running through the wooded chase. The soldiers were out of sight. Suddenly the fugitive wheeled, set his back against a tree, and pointing a pistol at me, exclaimed in a strained voice, "Halt, or I will fire!"

'The cloak had fallen from his face, and the features seemed familiar to me. Yet I did not recognise him until he spoke again, in a more natural voice, being now less out of breath. "Colonel Russell," said the fugitive, "I might easily shoot you, and escape. But I have no wish to spill your blood. Give me your word to permit me to go without molestation."

'Then I realised that 'twas Anne Beverley, disguised as a man, that faced me. A medley of ideas chased one another through my mind. Should I arrest her, or permit her to go free? Duty said one thing, inclination another. As I considered, the sound of my companions' running feet came nearer, and the girl whitened, and said with a piteous little catch of the breath, "Quick, Colonel Russell."

'For a moment I wavered. Then, I am glad to say, my father's training prevailed; my sense of public duty conquered my private desire, and I answered, "Madam, give me your weapon."

'As I spoke I took a couple of steps towards her. Thereat she fired. The bullet pierced my left arm, and I staggered against a tree-trunk. At that the wench cried out in horror, and, casting away her pistol, ran up to me. Straightway I caught her with my right hand, and said, "Will you force me, then, to use violence to arrest you?"

'She struggled for a few seconds, then gave a scornful laugh, and exclaimed bitterly, "So you have tricked me again, sir. Well, what does it matter? Whilst you and your men have been chasing me, my brother has contrived to remove the treasure."

'"An that be so," said I in a passion, for my wound began to pain me, and her words angered me by their unfairness, "you will probably hang."

'"Doubtless, sir," sneered the girl, "you find it difficult to believe that any one should voluntarily speak the truth, being yourself a master in the art of lying."

'Her voice became fainter and fainter; a haze gathered about my eyes; I felt suddenly very weak; and next moment I lost consciousness.'

(*Continued on page 530.*)

REQUIEM.

By Lieutenant-Colonel C. P. HAWKES.

Es triste, pero es seguro
Que de los pesares viejos
Ni uno, si quiera, se marcha,
Miéntras no llega otro nuevo.

I.

THE little old Spanish gentleman is dead.

On the slopes of Campden-Hill, most westerly of London's seven unnoticed hills, there stands a little street of small 'William-and-Mary' houses, contemporaries of the neighbouring palace, and perpetuating with the same suggestion that fragrant early eighteenth-century atmosphere with which the relics of old Kensington still seem imbued.

It leads out from a road of more pretentious modern 'residences,' and seems, after a distance of some fifty yards or so, to have lost heart as a thoroughfare, and, with an old-maidish timidity, to have shrunk into a mere passage-way between two high walls of ancient rosy brick, overhung with spreading greenery. These are the garden walls of two of the old houses which, encircled by their lawns and shrubberies dotted with groups of elms and chestnut-trees, make Campden-Hill still rural, and soften to a distant droning the raucous clamour of the two great arteries of traffic which are its north and southern boundaries.

A tiny garden, set with bright-hued flowers and intersected by an uneven red-brick path, separates the little house from the street. The neat front-door, seldom seen open, and the six prim windows—the lowest barred, with singular appropriateness, by curved iron *rejas* in the Spanish fashion—seem, however dull the day, always to reflect a demurely smiling sunshine. Behind the house there lies another little garden, with nut-trees and high vine-covered walls.

Here, for the last quarter of a century, has lived the little old Spanish gentleman who now lies, inert in the calm immobility of death, within the small, darkened, first-floor bedroom. During all that time he was a familiar figure in the neighbourhood, in which he first arrived in 1896 or thereabouts, accompanied by his invalid wife, six cages of canaries, a little dog, and an old woman-servant. He and his wife knew no one, and seemed by their mode of life not so much to repel acquaintances as courteously to request that they might be left alone.

From the first they lived a life of uneventful seclusion, interrupted only by the death of the poor señora within four years of their arrival. Her small, pathetic coffin was borne away in an unostentatious hearse drawn by a single horse, and followed by her husband and the old servant in a cab.

After her funeral things went on as before, and the dwindling stream of the old Spanish gentleman's life trickled on in its accustomed channel; though, as he told my friend the doctor, he had lost a jewel brighter than any in the Apocalypse.

II.

He was very old—certainly nearly ninety—very deaf, and very small; yet the trim erectness of his figure and his dignity of countenance and carriage seemed to add cubits to his stature, and to subtract at least a lustrum from his age. His face, of a smooth, olive pallor and with regular features, looked lean and dark within its frame of dazzling silver hair, drooping moustaches, and neat Velazquez beard; and from beneath the deeper contrast of his jet-black eyebrows his old unsmiling eyes looked out with an inscrutable melancholy stare, as though they strove to pierce a veil which had been drawn across all memories and hopes.

He wore a hat of soft black felt or else a *Boina* (the Biscayan bonnet), and his clothes, sombre in colour, as became a *caballero* of the old school, were always of a scrupulous correctness. A long, thin, black cigar was ever between his lips, and his conduct of an umbrella or a walking-stick was as though it had been a 'clouded cane.'

He took the air twice daily, walking the streets and roads of Campden-Hill slowly and without movement of his head, in a sort of ambulatory trance, and humming a vague little tune like a *Malagueña*; his small dog at his heels.

On summer evenings he would sit in his little garden in a high-backed leathern chair, smoking and reading, surrounded by the cages of his six sweet-voiced canaries, which hung from the trees, the eaves of the small veranda, or from anything convenient, as in the *patio* of a Castilian house; and when darkness fell he would carefully cover up the birds and take them in.

Twice a week, and every Sunday morning, he attended Mass at the Church of the Carmelites, which stood near by, or at Our Lady of Victories in Kensington High Street. Every morning he bought the *Times* at the little paper-and-tobacco shop in an adjacent street, and in the late afternoon an evening paper, for which he asked the woman of the shop in stumbling broken English, but with a gesture such as might be used by one who craved a guerdon of a queen. Each Saturday the postman delivered a roll of Spanish newspapers—*La Epoca*, *El Nacional*, *El Correo Español*, and others; you could see the bold, black, foreign print of the titles, chequered with Spanish stamps.

He rarely went away, seeming to find on Campden-Hill all that was necessary for his hermit-like existence. Nor had he any visitors, save now and then a Carmelite father, and, after the señora's death, some ladies very fashionably dressed, who clattered up in carriages, one of which would seem, from the colours on the servants' cockades and its emblazoned panels, to have come from the Spanish Embassy. The only friend he made was the doctor whom he had called in for his wife's last illness, and who was afterwards to attend him in his own. To him he confided the details of his history, which, after his patient's death, the doctor told to me.

III.

Esteban Maria Diego Salvador, Duque de Vargasa, Conde de Agreda, 'Grande de España, Gentile hombre de Casa y boca'—so ran his name and titles. A grandee of Spain of immemorial Castilian descent, a Madrileño born, his father died while he was yet a child, and his mother when he was seventeen years old. As a young man he had had his way with life, and had been credited with many amorous adventures, and, no doubt, at least had had his turn at tinkling a guitar and whispering passionately through the bars of iron-grated windows. A '*pollo*'—'blood,' or, in our more trivial Georgian vernacular, a 'knut'—a bright star in the dazzling firmament of young well-born and wealthy fashionables of Madrid in the 'sixties, he had gradually become—from lack, perhaps, of something else to do—involved in the political disturbances which then distracted Spain. A friend and adherent of Prim, the great Catalan dictator, victor of Alcoléa—

En el Puente de Alcoléa
la battalla ganó Prim—

he had participated in all that led to the flight of Queen Isabel in 1863, and was a supporter of Amadeo of Savoy in '70. Disgusted at the anarchy which followed the failure of that disillusioned prince, who scorned to 'wear a crown on sufferance,' he had impulsively thrown in his lot with the Carlists, and by so doing effected his own political and financial ruin. When Campos had induced the young Alphonso to exchange a cadetship at Sandhurst for the unenviable throne of Spain, our Carlist fled across the Pyrenees, finding a refuge at St Jean-de-Luz, and since that time had never seen his native land again.

To the doctor he would talk for hours, in a quaint jargon of broken English and Castilian, of all his memories of those far-off stirring days: of Espartero and Narvaez, and of O'Donnell, Duke of Tetuan; of Isabel 'la Piadosa' and her Camerilla; of Pronunciamientos, Convenios, and all the corrupt hell-broth of Spanish political intrigue. Also, he took pleasure in describing the antique ceremonial of the Spanish Court; the Montero body-guard—in which his cousin was an officer—those stately sentries, pacing the anteroom of the royal bedchamber in silent vigil through the night; and how he had driven to the *besamanos*, or royal audience, in a state-coach drawn by eight horses, ostrich-plumes tossing on the fillets of their headstalls; and how the halberdiers would clang their pike-butts in salute as he passed to the Antecamera, which those of his high degree alone were privileged to enter—a Grandee of Spain. And the recital would conclude with an expressive gesture of the delicate hand and with a sigh: 'And so, señor—to this little house, in your Kensington!' *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

IV.

Then to this exile for a hopeless cause had come his life's romance.

At Pau, in the early 'eighties, he had married a homely Englishwoman, whom he had met there in a *pension*. She was of gentle birth, an orphan, no longer young, and with a little capital in home-railway stock. Neither pretty nor clever, she was but sweet-natured, quiet, and practically-minded. Which of those qualities in her attracted him, God knows; but he outpoured upon her all the intense, almost fanatical, devotion of an ardent nature chagrined and embittered by its disappointments, and no doubt slightly unhinged by too generous a measure of misfortune. On her side, she appears to have reciprocated it in her consoling, unimaginative way; at any rate, these two incongruously mated lovers had been devoted to each other, and spent some blissful years in little Pyrenean towns—Guétharry, Argelès, St Jean Pied-de-Port—distilling draughts of mutual happiness, their souls harmonious as the morning stars.

Suddenly came her illness, which had left her, after many months of suffering, hopelessly paralysed. She wished to die in England; so they came, and with their small savings bought the house on Campden-Hill. All his ambition and joy in living gone, and with old age creeping on, thenceforward he devoted every energy that was left to tending her. He waited on her literally by day and night, while an old servant whom she had discovered looked to the house and cooking, and helped her master-nurse.

When the blow fell at last, and the dark angel with severing sword dubbed him a widower, obstinate and inconsolable in his grief, he religiously preserved the same arrangement of every detail of the household as had existed in the lifetime of his wife, hugging his chains of agonising memories. Her very work-box lay as she had left it, for, though a cripple, her hands and arms were unaffected, and she had spent the long, quiet days in knitting, her only practicable occupation, a soothing anodyne of all her suffering. Her little dog was tended as its dead mistress would have wished; and when, in turn,

it died, another one appeared, identical to every seeming, and procured at Heaven knows what pains of search and of selection.

So the little Spanish gentleman's life went on, year after year, unaltered in its grief-stricken routine—nothing changed outwardly, nothing forgotten; and old age swallowed up his life gradually, remorselessly, and with the assured deliberation of some deadly reptile absorbing its powerless victim.

V.

And now, at last, the old man, in his turn, has gone. Death came to him quietly in his sleep, a gentle euthanasia; and the aged servant-woman, who had waited on him so long and faithfully, the other morning found him dead in bed, his thin fingers folded upon his breast, clasping his rosary; his features calm, as those of one who has at last dissolved the mysterious uncertainties of death. And at the bed-foot sat the little dog, with an air of easy insolence, as though triumphing in the fact that a lower animal, burdened for years with every symptom of extreme senility, had yet, by some caprice of Providence, been suffered to outlive its master.

Her service terminated, the old retainer has now no further task than to lay out the poor attenuated shell, stretched pitifully, between long lighted candles, on the bed in the little room with its vine-bordered windows, through which, piercing the chinks of the ill-fitting blinds, pale beams of languid London sunlight illuminate the faded Pietà over the mantelpiece, and the old, dim daguerreotype, that hangs beneath, of a young man in Carlist uniform, his hair a youthful black, his left hand resting on his silver-hilted sword; while, from their cages, hanging in the room below, the six canaries pipe a threnody.

Infeliz! He was a Grandee of Spain: may he sleep well!

LUCK OF THE RIVER.

PART III.

SWIFTLY the days passed, and, thanks to the fishing lessons, Elsie became the recognised authority on flies, tackle, and all things piscatorial. Twice in succession had she come in, damp and draggled, just as the dinner-gong sounded, and, demanding a lordly dish, casually tilted thereon four or five brace of half-pound trout—good weight, too; honest-to-goodness sixteen ounces to the pound. One fish, too, was over a pound! The scale-beam, after oscillating a bit, came to rest with a perceptible bias in favour of the fish. It was, therefore, 'about a pound and a half.' Later in the evening it was 'nearly two pounds.'

She became learned and abstruse in her conversation.

One rash youth, on asking with what fly the big fish was taken, was reduced to gibbering idiocy when loftily informed that it was the 'female *Bœtis Rhodani*,' and retired hurt when asked if he had noticed 'the big hatch of *Centroptilum Luteolum* at midday.' Poor fellow! he had been fishing with ordinary Olive Duns, of unknown sex.

Elsie developed an astonishing enthusiasm for the sport. Come rain, come shine, she was at the bridge by ten, to find Aubery waiting with the tackle.

On the first occasion they started on quite a correct footing—she all patronage and prickles, he the perfect gillie, respectful and silent, but ready with useful advice and help if called upon; also, he was dressed in keeper's new and ill-fitting velveteen cords, which annoyed Elsie exceedingly.

She had no use for a polite, liveried servant, but she *did* want her ragged instructor, perfect fisherman first, and gillie afterwards. She very soon sent him off to the cottage, with instructions to put on his old clothes, and bring out his rod. It was with a little sigh of content that she saw the already familiar scarecrow figure with rod and creel come across the meadow.

As the days went by they drifted into a sort of free-and-easy comradeship that would have horrified Lady Mary if she could have seen it.

It was nothing more, so Elsie would have honestly declared, if she had thought about it at all. The man was a nature-lover, and she was rapidly becoming the same. Already she loved the river, and he was an integral part of it—as much a part of it as the ancient willow that trailed its branches in the water, or the round-shouldered rock in mid-stream that sheltered the big trout; she could not visualise them apart. She had never been so happy in her life, and resolutely thrust from her mind the thought of 'Black Monday,' when she must leave it all. Friday came. The last day on the river—Saturday there was that horrid tennis-party—and for the first time she was early. Jim would not arrive for ten minutes.

She leaned over the low parapet, and looked down upon the river that she loved so well. But somehow she did not love it to-day; it looked cold, and dour, and dead—just running water. Why? It was the same as on other days.

For a minute she was puzzled; and then, suddenly, she knew! With knowledge came

humiliation, and she bowed her burning face to the cool stone parapet.

The reaction left her pale and fiercely angry.

Then she laughed, rather bitterly, perhaps, but she had the saving sense of humour, and it really was rather funny. Yes! that was it—funny! That she—she—oh! it didn't bear thinking about.

Just a common gillie—at least—no, he wasn't common, anyway—just a man who went out with the guests from the Hall, and perhaps took half-crowns, and touched his hat. Just a man—yes, there was the point. Just a man! And for a week she had been just a girl.

Well, that was done with. In future she would be the proud Miss Venner, daughter of Sir Vincent and Lady Mary Venner, cold and haughty, with a frozen heart.

That he should have dared—but he hadn't! There lay the sting. He wasn't hurt. No. And *she* wasn't, either. She wouldn't be. So there now!

With an effort she pulled herself together; Jim was coming across the meadow, and it was too late for flight.

'Good-morning, Miss Elsie. Sorry if I'm late. Come along down to the Wood Pool. You must practise that horizontal cast under the bushes a bit more. It's the most useful——'

'Thank you, Aubery. I prefer to select my own pools to-day—if I fish at all. And, by the way, I shall not require your services any longer. Your lessons have been most helpful, and I should like to pay you for them now, if you will——'

'Pay? What d'you mean?' Jim had gone a dusky red. 'Think I'm a footman, all pads and powder, whom you can——' He caught himself up. 'I mean, miss, Sir James would never hear of such a thing.'

'He will hear of it to-morrow when I see him,' she replied, as she stalked along the bank, with Jim Aubery relegated to his proper place, in the rear.

Secretly Elsie exulted. At last she had roused him; now he had come to heel, and she could crush him at leisure. 'How splendid he looks when he's angry!' she thought. 'I don't believe he ever did take half-crowns.'

It was no good. She wanted to cry. She could not go on fishing with Jim silent and glowering on the bank; she soon ceased to try, and sat down in the shelter of a clump of trees to think things out.

'Jim,' she broke out suddenly, 'suppose I was a dairymaid.'

'Why?' said Jim sullenly, with a face like a thunder-cloud.

'Oh, just because; and you were a duke.'

His face cleared, and the whimsical smile appeared again.

'Oh, I see. The Tommies' play again, that I told you about. Well, the Duke advances up centre, sweeps off his plumed hat with a stately bow, and says, "Sweet maid, queen of my heart, star of my soul, never have I beheld such transcendent loveliness, combined with . . ." —I forget what. "Wilt thou share my title and my vast wealth? I have little to offer, save the love of a poor but honest——" No, that's the shepherd. I've got the parts mixed. "Wilt thou—wilt thou——"'

'Never mind the rest. What did she do?'

'She "Wilted." Poor but honest.'

She was silent for a time.

'I wish I'd seen that play. Life's not like that.'

'No. We play for an hour before the footlights, the best actor king, be he captain or private. Then the trenches and the guns. Discipline and dirt—that's life for the Tommy. Plum and apple for him, strawberry for the captain.'

'Some officers *like* plum and apple.'

'Yes, occasionally, for a change. Would you be content with plum and apple all your life?'

She could not reply. There was a light in his eyes that she could not mistake, and she was unable to think clearly. It was as though, having taken one false step while fishing in deep and troubled water, the flood had overwhelmed her, and she was being swept away, whither she knew not. Unconsciously she turned to him, and stretched out her arms, like a drowning child. For one brief moment he held her to him unresisting. Then strength returned, and she freed herself; nor did he seek to detain her; it was all too hopeless.

'I think we are both mad to-day,' she said, as soon as she could find her voice.

'We're not. We are gloriously sane. It's the world that's mad.'

'Perhaps. But, mad or sane, we've got to live in it, Jim. The play is over, and the lights are out. It's all impossible. You must go back to the trenches—and the plum and apple—while I——'

'Nonsense! I won't. I'm going to plant strawberries.'

'They take a long time to ripen—that sort.'

'Mine won't!'

'Then they'll be hard and sour. It's no use, Jim. It's good-bye. Now shut your eyes.'

She kissed him lightly on the forehead. 'Make what you like of that. Now I'm going, and,' she added with a return of spirit, 'I hope you will be miserable all the rest of your life.'

In spite of Elsie's parting benediction, he did not look miserable. Rather jubilant, in fact. 'It's a d—d shame,' he said, and laughed.

. . . . . .

Elsie was in a catty, not to say tigerish, humour on Saturday morning. Bobby Moorfield she lashed with scorpions when he suggested a fishing excursion—there was no meet that day; and her mother she reduced to stony silence, and

knitting. This was always Lady Mary's refuge when her daughter was unreasonable.

Presently she ventured to ask Elsie what she thought of wearing for the tennis-party.

'Oh, I don't care,' Elsie replied. 'Sackcloth and ashes probably.'

'My dear Elsie, what *is* the matter with you this morning? I expect it was that mayonnaise at dinner last night. I am always ill after it. Perhaps one of my pills——? You will find them in the second little drawer on the left——'

'Pills! They 're no good to me, mother. It 's nothing, really. Midsummer madness, I think. There was a full moon last night.'

'So there was, my dear. If I were you, I should lie down quietly until lunch-time; then you will be fresh for this afternoon.'

To 'lie down quietly' between meals, with or without a pill, was Lady Mary's favourite prescription for all manner of ills; nor did she preach without practising.

Elsie did not take her mother's advice, but roamed the hotel grounds like the fretful porcupine — and was equally unapproachable. By lunch-time, however, she had so far reconsidered her original idea of a suitable tennis costume as to appear in a cool, white linen frock.

Lady Mary purred softly when she saw the car that Sir James sent for them—long and low, with a closed-in body that could be made quite airtight, and with deep, billowy-cushioned seats that invited repose.

At the Hall, they were met at the door, as guests of importance, by the butler, a stately dignitary who only needed apron and gaiters to become a bishop.

'Miss Ravenscliffe and probably Sir James are in the drawing-room, my lady.' Somehow he made of this announcement an episcopal benediction, and Elsie found herself listening for the organ, as he conducted them across the armour-hung, oak-panelled hall. Throwing open a door, in hushed and reverend tones he announced them.

Seated, with her legs crossed, by the high French windows was a tall, sharp-featured lady of uncertain age, anything from forty-five to sixty, wearing a short golf-skirt, thick plaid stockings, and heavy boots.

Although her face was wrinkled and permanently tanned, and her hair was gray, there was nothing aged about her; she was active as a girl. With her flat figure and lean athletic build, she seemed to be constructed of leather and whalebone, warranted durable.

Throwing her cigarette out of the window, she rose. 'So glad you could come early, Lady Mary. James is most anxious to see you before the others come. He 's got something or other to talk to you about.'

'Yes, we have much to say to one another. I was so sorry you were both out when I called.'

'I wasn't here. Only over for a day or two, to help him lay out a golf-course in the Park. Do you play? Fine thing to keep you fit.'

'No. My health does not permit. Do you know, Miss Ravenscliffe, Sir James was my husband's oldest friend, and we have never met?'

'Your husband's *what*? Forgive me, Lady Mary; you took me by surprise. It is strange indeed. He never told me anything about it.'

'Ah! Men are *so* reticent with their sisters. Such a mistake. Even a wife does not hear all. My own dear husband—but I have Sir James's letter in my reticule. Now where—ah, here it is.'

Miss Ravenscliffe's eyes twinkled merrily as she read the letter. 'Yes, *I* see,' she replied, with a cryptic smile, looking curiously at Elsie. 'Lady Mary, I will tell you a family secret. Sir James has never told a lie in his life, yet you cannot believe a word he says!'

'I—I—do not quite grasp——'

'No, but you will soon. It 's the wild Irish blood.'

A fine, upstanding young man, about thirty, clad in immaculate white flannels, burst into the room through the open window.

'I say, aunty, that bunker——' He stopped suddenly.

Miss Ravenscliffe rose. 'Lady Mary, may I present—your husband's "oldest friend," Sir James Aubery Ravenscliffe? Miss Elsie Venner, Sir James Aubery. Now, my lad, get out of the bunker best way ye can.'

Sir James was the first to recover speech. 'It 's awfully good of you to come, Lady Mary. I wish we had met before, as I remember your husband so well. My father—he died last year, you know—took me to India with him when I was a tiny little chap. I had no mother, you see. Sir Vincent used to take me on his knee, and tell me about his baby girl at home, and the beautiful lady. None of the other old men—they seemed awfully old to me—took any notice of me.' He lifted her hand to his lips.

'Well played, laddie,' whispered his aunt, who was thoroughly enjoying herself.

He turned to Elsie, and bowed. 'I believe I met Miss Venner on the river a few days ago. There 's a wonderful case of trout in the library that I should like to show her, if I may.—Play up, aunty,' he whispered.

'You might show her that portrait of your grandmother while you are about it. I will look after Lady Mary.'

Lady Mary, now quite placid again, graciously signified assent; she had never met so polite and charming a young man.

In the library, Elsie furiously demanded explanations.

She got none—in the ordinary sense. He knew a better way—took her straightway into his arms, and silenced all questioning in the time-honoured fashion.

When the 'explanation' was over, there was

a glittering ring on Elsie's finger that had not been there before.

'There's one thing I want to know, anyway, Jim dear. What did your aunt mean by "wild Irish blood"?'

'The family scandal, darling. My grandfather ran away with an Irish actress from Drury Lane, and married her. I'm said to take after her. There's her portrait on the wall. By Jove! We'll play *The Duke and the Dairymaid* at Christmas!'

'All right, Jim. And we'll have a glass case made for your old fishing-coat. Now let's go and astonish mother some more.'

Poor Lady Mary!

THE END.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE GAME-SHOT.

By A. W. THOMSON.

IF you take the whole gamut of games of skill, outdoor and indoor, vigorous and sedentary, Rugby to chess, you could hardly alight on one which seems to present so wide a latitude of inconsistency of personal form as that of game-shooting. In most other sports you may play a good game or an inferior one; but, generally, you should be fairly dependable for at least a useful game. If you are off your day, you can account for it with some truth and satisfaction to yourself. But you may one day go shooting and scarcely miss the most difficult shots, no matter how inconsequent you may be. And the next day you can scarcely hit anything, no matter how determinedly you try. This is a weakness of all game-shots, except perhaps those of the very first flight, whose inclination towards defection is indeed evident, but is confined within narrower limits. The highest flight of our game-shots is the only class that can claim even a moderate consistency.

It is a puzzling thing. But it is infinitely easier to find a reasonable explanation to account for the backsliding than it is to come by a true course of treatment to remedy it. The latter is an astonishingly difficult matter for poor mortality to tackle. You might, in a happy inspiration, decide that it is a question for your doctor. Yet it will take a very clever doctor, and one who knows your constitution as well as he does his own name, to tell you with truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth why you shot badly on Thursday, and knocked over every tall pheasant and forty-miles-per-hour partridge that came as 'possibles' your way on Saturday.

You can account for your off-days. You can diagnose the root of the trouble. Your eye is out, a trifle of indigestion, an unaccustomed brand of soda with your overnight whisky nightcap, or maybe a touch of lumbago, or perhaps a slight business worry that still impinges on your mind, and thereby the messages that mind sends to your physical performance. It is one of two things—a physical indisposition or a mental shadow. It is difficult to say which is the more hideous ghost of misfortune. Perhaps the mind trouble is more disastrous. For, if your mind is sprightly, alert, and in full action and vigour, it can quickly overcome some at least of the weakness of the body. But ultimately the one merges into the other in any case, on the principle of *mens sana in corpore sano*, and you are faced with a distinction without possibly a difference.

All this you will put forward, and doubtless it is the truth, and the finite truth. But what you can neither say nor do is to prescribe a remedy or obtain immediate relief. Nor could your doctor, nor your bosom wife, nor your valet, nor your keeper, who in all else is the friend in need and a friend indeed. Your mind is clear enough as to what you *should* do. You know to a hairbreadth how to take every shot that presents itself. Long experience has taught you the exact angle to take your quarry as the cleverest mathematician could not judge. So you go on missing, since you know so well what to do, but not how to do it—a very common predicament in life, and enough to take the conceit out of most of us.

Your next-door neighbour, the fellow on your right, or the idiot on your left (but an idiot who is on his day and wiping your eye) will, if he knows you well enough, thoughtfully venture to put you right. You are, he says, shooting low, or perhaps it is high, or perhaps behind, or maybe in front. Strangely enough, it is not likely to be the last, or, at all events, few shooters will believe it is. But, curiously and inexplicably, all the advice of all the finest shots in the world, and your doctor's thrown in to balance things, will, on these occasions of misery, do you not a tittle or a jot of good. If you can afford such a luxury, you will take the first train to town and get your gunmaker to prescribe a new fit of stock for you. And, in a faith that is greater than Mahomet's, you will start afresh; and still you will be variable and erratic—possibly more so than before. If you are a poor man, you will, metaphorically, go out in dark of night with a big spade and thankfully bury the entire day, and start afresh. You will probably still shoot badly; but quite as probably, next time you are out, you will be first marksman of the line—and with the same old gun—lock, stock, and barrels. It is very mysterious.

Game-shooting is different from most sports in this, that your opponent is a bird whose

tricks are all known to you, and whose intelligence is sharply limited. In the strictest sense there is another opponent—yourself, and your fluctuations of physical and mental state. In most games you are up against a fellow-creature. You do know some of their tricks, but the very depths of their guile are unknown to you, and scarcely calculable by you. And in these games so much depends on the first—you or the other fellow—who skilfully or luckily manœuvres a good position. In game-shooting you have, as it were, the ball at your own feet; so long as it comes within forty yards, so long is it possible for you to control it, so long is it in your power to checkmate your adversary and win the game. And this no matter if he have the thousand twists and darts of the snipe or the manifold tricks of the Indian juggler. You always stand to win; he always stands to lose. Yet, in spite of all this, in the one game in which the man, apparently trained in mind, eye, and experience, stands to win and ought to win, he is, forsooth! most uncertain.

The temperament of the game-shot is a wonderfully finely balanced thing. If you are too confident, you will miss; if you are not confident enough, you will likewise miss. But there are as many degrees of confidence as there are degrees in a semicircle. And that numbers one hundred and eighty—two right angles—no mean thing. To do your possible you've simply got to be precisely at ninety degrees, the exact angle of confidence. A degree too little, as eighty-nine, or a degree too much, as ninety-one, is going to down you so far as a very best day is concerned. To time and adjust yourself to this precarious balance is no slight task. Because, if you are in the veriest fighting condition, trained to a nicety, one glass of claret or an imperceptible whisky in your soda may bring your confidence up to ninety-one (at the least computation); while, if you determinedly 'be good' and do without, you may find yourself at eighty-nine. The same applies to an extra pipe, or an eleven o'clock sandwich too little, and to the weather and a hundred other factors. The trickiness of the thing is appalling.

Perhaps a species of steely calmness is your best practical endeavour. You must make some attempt to grapple with the fluctuations of the human system prior to tackling your bird. You want a brain-box enclosed in ice, that won't thaw until the shoot is over and done with. It is a difficult endeavour, with something of a negative quality in it. From your stand on the outside of the wood you perceive a tall rocketer coming of a sudden to you; and he is past and vanishing into the strange hiding clarity of a November day that swallows him up in a tenth of a second. In that space of fleeting time you've got to do something of a miracle—steadily eye your bird, make up your mind how you are going to take him, and keep the ice-box enclosing your brain from one single degree of thaw. The surgeon who has removed a hundred appendices may have learnt to accomplish this mind concentration and exact confidence in *his* job. But you are going to shoot a thousand tall pheasants before you can trust yourself to approximate to it in yours. The trouble is that you don't get enough time to do the trick without causing a degree or two of thaw in that ice-box. The very rapidity of action generates heat.

Worked down to its lowest algebraic formula, as it were, it is temperament plus experience, plus the mathematics of the thing, that makes the shot of the first rank. Eyesight has less to do with it. For we have all known really fine shots who habitually wore spectacles, some most atrocious and student-like goggles indeed, and who could do nothing without them either in the shooting-field or in the hundred and one daily duties that engross ordinary humanity from morning to night. It is a question of insight rather than eyesight, if we except the unfortunate individual who has to shoot from the right shoulder with a predominant left eye; and in his case neither insight nor eyesight is, as a rule, of very much good. You must think as the bird thinks, only faster. You must anticipate his angles of flight faster than he is flying, and that, at the lowest computation, is the speed of an express train. It requires some ginger, as you will perceive. A quick and accurate brain working on this flashlight basis can will the physical powers of normally strong men to respond with equal speed and accuracy. And the bird is falling almost before you realise the fact, if you have the upper hand of a few technical rules of gun-handling. These you will long since have mastered as one branch of your shooting mathematics.

It is in the space of time that elapses between the appearance of the bird and the full mind-conception of the shot that the psychology of the game-shot lies. It is comparable to nothing so much as to the photographer's plate. The mind of the finest shot is sensitive with the speed of the best and fastest snapshot plates; that of the second-rate fellow is like the ordinary plate, requiring a longer time to take the exposure. Hence it is that the very best shots are perhaps born, and cannot be made.

But by difficult gradients of stony paths of arduous practice an improved telegraphy can be instituted between eye and brain; a more harmonious and sensitive working can be obtained. And that is why there are so many good shots, although so few of the very best. So! that, although you may never be able to bring down four partridges out of a driven covey, two in front and two later, you may live in hopes of getting three. And should you never do that, you are not doing so badly if you are moderately sure of getting two.

SALVAGE.

PART II.

IV.

'HOW does one begin?' the young man went on. 'It seems difficult to make you see how desperate I was. You are so—secure.' He was addressing the girl now. 'When I left Ireland—I am Irish, you know——'

'Oh!' she breathed. 'Then I understand.'

'Yes!' His voice was fiery. 'I admit it! It explains a lot. We are most of the things you English call us. Don't think we don't know it. But you are wrong too. I am not one of the patriots. I fight for my own hand. When I went to France there was only one living soul I cared for.'

'A woman,' put in the girl.

'Did I tell you that? Yes, a woman. Not what you think. A penniless man, with nothing to him but a good name, keeps clear of that sort of thing. The woman was old and very helpless: my old nurse, the only friend I had in the world. All through the war she lived on my separation allowance. When I was discharged she almost starved, in spite of every effort on my part to get work. There is very little I haven't tried, either. I would have cleaned the sewers willingly to have kept her in comfort; but even for that they need able-bodied men. I struggled along somehow for a couple of years, and managed to keep her from actual starvation. Then I got an offer of a job in Paris. I left her with some decent people I could trust, and went over. The job failed. When I got there the firm had smashed, and the man I was to have worked for had flitted in the night, with what little he could lay his hands on. It was the only decent chance I had had since I left the army, and I can tell you I felt mad. I hung about Paris, doing odd jobs here and there, and getting nearer starvation day by day. Then I got a letter from the people who were looking after my old Nan.'

'Yes?' breathed the girl. She had slipped her hand once more under the old man's arm, and he could feel her fingers tighten on his wrist.

'She was ill—dying. Only an operation could save her life. They knew the conditions in the big hospital of the district, and had delayed sending her there until they heard from me, hoping that I should be able to pay for a private room. I did not know where to turn. I had exactly one franc in the world that day, and the money must be found at once to be of any good. Only I knew that I would not have her in the common ward. You see, I had been there myself.'

'Go on,' murmured the girl.

'So you are interested?'

There was a note of genuine surprise in his tone, and the girl gave a low cry and hid her face for a moment against the old man's coat. He alone understood how deeply she was wounded, and addressed the other gruffly.

'Go on with your story, sir,' he said.

The young man looked at him, surprised at his tone, and resumed.

'I want you to understand that I was desperate. It is difficult to make you see how I felt. You called me bitter. It was only then that I began to be that. Until then I had been convinced that, given time, I should win; that I had always stood a fair chance, but had not known how to take it. Time was all I needed in which to learn. And now time was taken from me! I tell you the ground was knocked utterly from under my feet. I had to have the money.'

He paused and looked at the girl. She sat erect now, her hands clasped about her knees, staring into space. The pure oval of her face looked very white in the shade of her hat.

'This, I am afraid, is where I shock you,' he went on with an assumption of carelessness. 'I had, as I said, to get the money. There seemed nothing else for it, so I took it.'

He waited, but the girl made no comment. Instead, she turned and looked at him thoughtfully.

'One of the big film actresses was passing through Paris. The papers were full of her frocks and her jewels. I knew one of the waiters in her hotel, and soon learned all I wanted to know about her movements. She was criminally careless, as all these women are. And, you see, poor though I was, I was utterly free from suspicion. The thing was childishly easy.'

She leaned forward almost eagerly. 'And you took——?'

'Some of the jewels and all the money—about fifty pounds in all. The jewels are in this attaché-case.'

'And then?'

'Then I caught the first train to England. But before I left Paris something happened. The kind of grim joke that I am learning to appreciate. Oh, I grant you, it was funny! I got a wire saying that my old nurse had died early that morning. At the very moment I was chucking away my last shred of self-respect, dishonouring the only thing I had left in the world, my good name—she was lying dead. There is an ugly humour about it, isn't there? I came away only because I didn't dare stay.'

'What will you do?' she asked.

'I don't know. I started without any definite

plan, and, until I met you, I did not care. That is the truth. It will do you no harm to hear it. I will send the stuff back, of course. I did not take it for myself. So far as I am concerned, I don't know. I may give myself up. In my own eyes, anyhow, I am a thief, and it doesn't matter much whether they catch me or not. They may be waiting now at Dover.'

'If we are picked up we probably shall not land at Dover,' pondered the girl.

'If we don't, it will be the first bit of luck I've had yet; and I don't want it,' he observed dryly.

For a time they sat silent. It was difficult to find words. To belittle his act would be to aim a direct blow at his self-respect; to give it its true value would be to wound most cruelly a man already crushed.

Suddenly the girl drooped forward and covered her face with her hands.

'Oh! I am so tired,' she whispered brokenly.

In a second the young man was all solicitude. His eyes met the old man's across her bowed head.

'Could you hold her?' he urged. 'Perhaps she could sleep if she leaned against you.'

He refrained scrupulously from touching her.

The old man tried to raise her gently.

With one hand still across her eyes, she groped blindly with the other for the young man's arm.

'If you would hold me for a moment,' she murmured. 'I am so stiff with leaning the other way. I am sorry. I shall be better soon.'

A wave of colour dyed the young man's face as he put his arm about her and raised her till her head sank back against his shoulder. She gave a little sigh, and nestled closer with a confiding, child-like gesture. Then, her hand in his, she lay passive, with her eyes closed.

v.

The old man dozed again fitfully. Occasionally he glanced at the young couple. She was still enclosed in the man's arm, her breast rising and falling gently. She seemed to be sleeping profoundly. The young man sat rigid, his head held high and his eyes fixed on the man in front of him. He might have been a sentinel on guard over her slumbers.

He must have been stiff and cramped before she moved and looked up at him sleepily.

'I am so sorry!' she exclaimed. 'You must be terribly uncomfortable!'

She shifted her position so that his arm could drop down on to the seat, but she did not draw away from him.

'I am glad you could sleep,' was all he said.

'I was so horribly tired; and then—your story hurt me. You see, I admit that,' she added gently.

He made a gesture towards the attaché-case at his feet.

'You have not forgotten that? You will still speak to me?'

She nodded.

'We can hardly take exception to each other,' she said, 'considering that we belong to the same fraternity.'

'No!' There was consternation and horror in the cry, and yet, in his eyes, as he stared at her, hope dawned faintly. The old man made an involuntary movement.

'You sold your honour for money,' the quiet voice went on. 'I did the same.'

She saw his face whiten, but she continued: 'There is little difference. I went to America, meaning to make my name. Within a month I was friendless and penniless in New York. The company I was acting with failed, and I could not get another engagement. Until I left England I had always fought my way honourably; by the time I had been in America a few months the desire for money had become an obsession with me—not for its own sake, but because money, to a woman, means clean, decent living and self-respect. At least so I thought when I sold myself, deliberately, to a man I knew, even then, I could neither love nor respect. I married him, honestly meaning to fulfil my part of the bargain to the letter. That was how I justified myself. And, after six months, I left him.'

The young man's hand closed over hers as it lay clenched upon her knee. 'Tell me. Why?' he urged.

'I had known the degradation of poverty. It was only when I married that I realised the infinitely lower depths to which one may sink. He was notorious even in the set in which he moved. I don't think any decent woman could have stood it.'

His hand tightened like a vice.

'Is that all?'

'Isn't it enough? I married a man I detested, for his money, and then left him rather than pay the price! Can't you see that I sold my honour as surely as you sold yours?'

'What happened—afterwards?'

'I went back to the stage. My husband had extensive interests in some of the film companies, and, soon after I left him, I was offered a good contract. I have done well ever since; but, you see, I owe even that, indirectly, to him—a man I loathe and despise. It's not a pretty story to tell of one's self.'

'Where is he?'

'In the States. For a time he tried to make me go back; then he met another woman, and I got my divorce. He's married now, and I am trying to forget—trying to feel decent again.'

'You make too much of it,' he said. 'It's easy to get morbid.'

'It's a matter of personal honour. My own standards are not very high, perhaps, but I failed to live up to them. Don't you understand?'

'I understand. But there is all the world between us.'

'Because the law can touch you, but it cannot reach me?' she flashed. 'What would you say of a man in my place?'

'It is different,' he insisted stubbornly. 'There's no comparison between the two cases.'

'There is this,' she answered. 'We both know the shame of having sold ourselves.'

The old man whispered in her ear, 'Bad logic. Woman's logic. But you've got him to his feet. Can you keep him there?'

Then, as she turned to him, a man's voice rose sharply: 'The fog's lifting!

Slowly the vapour rolled away, and soon, like a mirage, they saw ahead the white cliffs of Dover.

'So it is over,' said the young man, with a sigh.

'We have still to reach London,' she reminded him.

'Perhaps,' he murmured, glancing once more at the attaché-case.

She bent forward and picked it up. 'Considering I have left my dressing-case on the boat, I will borrow it,' she said. 'I cannot land empty-handed after all these years.'

He tried to take it from her, but she held it firmly.

'You shall have it on the train,' she conceded. 'If you try to take it now, I warn you I shall struggle.'

The old man interposed.

'If you have no other plans, may I offer you a bed?' he said, addressing the young man with old-fashioned courtesy. 'We have been companions for so long that it would be pleasant to wind up with a good dinner and a bottle of wine. These, at least, I can offer you.'

For a moment the young man could not speak; then, 'Thank you, sir,' he said, and trusted his voice no further.

VI.

They were picked up by a fishing-smack, and from her deck two at least of them watched the pier with anxious eyes. The young man alone seemed indifferent, and as they landed stretched out his hand once more for the attaché-case, which his companion still carried.

She shook her head with a little smile, and made her way, unhurried, past the officials to the train.

After it had started and they had gained the seclusion of an empty carriage she handed it to him.

'There is still the Customs,' she reminded him.

'I must chance it,' he answered. 'It is unheard-of that you should have risked this.'

She looked at him curiously, then turned to the window.

'Wouldn't it be better to return them now?' she suggested quietly, without looking in his direction.

He stared at her.

For answer she held out her hands, palm uppermost, in a gesture that was unmistakable. 'You see, I ran no risk,' she said.

He began to tremble. 'You!' he stammered.

She laughed. 'Didn't you guess?'

She smiled on the old man, silent and attentive in his corner.

'He knew. Didn't you?'

The old man took up the challenge.

'There must be few people who don't know you,' he said. 'If our young friend here had looked at the portraits in the papers when he was busying himself with the letterpress, he would not so lightly have made himself responsible for your safety. If he had failed in his charge, he would have had the entire picture-going public of two continents to reckon with.'

'As it is, he will know the intolerable sensation of being snapshotted by a dozen reporters at the most dishevelled moment of his life,' she answered lightly. 'We will see that he does not escape.'

'He will not try,' smiled the old man. 'It is his one bid for celebrity.'

She held out her hands again to the young man. 'Come,' she urged. 'As an actress about to be photographed, I demand my jewels!'

Her tone was almost mocking, but the old man could see the tears in her eyes.

The man she addressed did not move. He sat, his head in his hands, trying to piece together the shattered fragments of his world.

She rose, bending over him, and drew his fingers gently from his face. Their companion withdrew his gaze, and, in his turn, watched the flying landscape through the window. He hoped very sincerely that her instinct might stand her in good stead.

'You have made restitution,' he heard her whisper. 'I can never do that.'

The man did not move.

'Do you despise me so much?' she went on.

The old man heard a low, passionate cry, followed by the sound of impetuous movement, and was satisfied.

It seemed a long time before the touch of her fingers on his hand made him turn his head.

'Over your wine to-night,' she pleaded—'will you think of me, alone in a strange hotel?'

He caught an elfin gleam in her eyes.

'Would you come?' he cried boyishly.

She glanced at the young man, who sat as in a trance, the jewels, half-wrapped in a piece of old newspaper, lying unheeded on the seat by his side.

'Please,' she whispered; and, as the rich blush crept up her cheek, it seemed to the old man that he caught once more, for a fleeting second, at the flying mantle of his youth.

THE END.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

SECRET RICHES.

By G. DUNCAN GREY.

SOMETIMES when friends or neighbours die one is almost startled to discover that they were possessed of a vast deal more in the way of worldly substance than from their manner of living one had ever dreamed; in short, they had in one sense secret riches. On the other hand, the possession of goods and gear may be, and often is, the most significant evidence of poverty, because it frequently involves a sore dearth of the finer qualities of humanity, and a lack of understanding of who it is that is one's neighbour, and in what one's duty to one's neighbour consists. It may also betray an absence of knowledge of the real meaning and value of money, which itself is in truth worth having only for the purpose of the joy it gives in distribution, and the profit it earns in the exchange of lifeless coin for blossoming and fruitful happiness, and of mere paper for beautiful belongings.

So it comes that the man who possesses cultured taste and a true realisation of the abiding fragrance of the simpler and more wholesome pleasures of life is the owner, conscious or unconscious, of secret riches, the existence of which his fellows, who jostle past in the rush for purely material gain, do not suspect, or, if they do suspect, cannot understand. The foolish question—which may become a very wise one if uttered with a different accent—of 'How much is a man worth?' is often on our lips, and only by a few is it applied as a means of ascertaining in what the man's character consists, which is all that really matters. The inquisition of Inland Revenue authorities, equally with the appraisement of the common mob of folk, values a man entirely according to his bank balance and his material assets. Yet the most pertinent question that can be asked is that same question of 'What is he worth?' In other words, what are his secret riches in the higher and spiritual sense? In his journey from Jerusalem to Jericho, did he leave behind him all the precepts learnt in the precincts of the Temple, and under the shadow of Calvary; or did he carry with him that warm human sympathy and that kindly benevolence and that desire to save and serve his fellows that were so conspicuously absent from the professors of godliness in the parable? We all have our Jerusalem, the city of our best selves, but we descend from it, that high city of splendid ideals and heroic enthusiasms, to the Jericho of ordinary everyday life, from the atmosphere of serene thought and of compassions and piety to the sordid, utilitarian world, where the wayfarer may be robbed of his soul, stripped of his raiment of righteousness, and wounded almost to the death in his affections and in his self-respect. But peace and security for themselves, and the oil of comfort and the wine of encouragement for their fellows, can be carried by those who bear with them through the stony regions the remembrance of their Jerusalem, those to whom the sacrifice and sanctity of holy beings and holy things urge eloquently the following of the great ensample.

Those who tread the highway and tramp through the dust often take with them those unsearchable riches which no bandit, or brigand, or footpad can snatch away. As it is in spiritual things, so it is in other domains of human emotion and experience. To love and be loved confers wonderful wealth on the givers and on the possessors, and enables them to smile at trouble and hardship, sure in the knowledge that they hold hidden away from the multitude a treasure beyond the imaginings of commercial venturers, and outside the trafficking of hucksters and the bartering of marts; a treasure which use does not diminish, but enlarges.

There is a certain curious happiness in the mere secret that the knowledge of this miraculous treasure is sometimes shared by only one other soul in this wide world. And we can wonder, sometimes with merriment and sometimes with sorrow, at the restlessness and tumult of those who clearly have never made the great discovery, and have never entered on the great adventure.

So it is again that close intimacy with rugged hills, gleaming tarns, and laughing streams, kinship with the various moods of skies and seas, gives one a hoard of uncountable riches. Solomon in his glory could not outrival even the humblest flower of the field, and the gold of Midas was poor, futile dross indeed beside the brightly tasselled catkins on the budding hazels, and the beeches in autumn copses, and the daffodils in April valleys. Pomp and pageantry seem tawdry and trivial to the true appraisement beside the simple splendour of a

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

patch of gorse on the fellside, or the glow of the heather on far ridges.

The capacity to gather into one's mind all the poetry and the romance that centre in the yellow primrose by the river's side, in the swift green that touches the waking larches, in the mist of blue that the wild hyacinths spread under the chestnut-trees, in the sudden sweet call through the dusk of sandpipers following the silver heels of the retreating tide, in the glees and madrigals of mating birds in the thicket—the capacity to gather such joys as these constitutes far more valuable wealth than the possession of bullion, or pretentious mansions, or abundant War Stock. How strange, indeed, that the word 'wealth,' which means 'well-being,' should be used to denote mere cash! Who, for example, can reckon in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence the delight of being able to appreciate to the uttermost the perfection of craftsmanship in literature or art? How immense, too, the difference between price and value; between the costly useless toy, which is dear at any price, and the vision, free to all men, and dear, in quite another sense, of Derwentwater, with its pine-crowned isles and mirrored mountains; or Snowdon, with its princely peaks and proud ramparts!

Often one's eye is caught at a railway bookstall by a flaring title of a volume full of figures labelled *The Hundred Best Investments*. There is only one best investment, and that is, to find and keep unspoiled a tranquil heart full of love, a mind trained to realise that the deepest of all joy lies in simplicity. The lines of the most glorious buildings that the imagination of man has conceived appeal by reason of their extraordinary singleness of purpose, and by the absence of interrupting ornament, and they have a charm and an enchantment that never belong to the florid and magnifical palaces where truth is lost sight of in ostentation. So with character; so with conduct. What shall it profit a man if he become a multi-millionaire and lose, or never find, the secret of happiness; or part with, or never possess, that quality which brings light to the eye and laughter to the lips, and confers perpetual youth of mind?

THE ADVENTURES OF AN UNROMANTIC GENTLEMAN.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH: *Tells of a Conversation Colonel Russell had with Anne Beverley.*

'WHEN I recovered consciousness, it was to find myself lying on a bed in one of the rooms of Beverley Hall, with Colonel Win-the-Fight Jenkins—who was well known to me—seated beside it. The old soldier smiled as I opened my eyes, and said, "I am indeed glad to see that you have come to your senses, Colonel Russell. I believe your wound is but a flesh one, although it hath occasioned much loss of blood. I have sent to Faversham for a chirurgeon. Until he arrives my rough bandaging will suffice to stanch the flow of blood."

'I felt exceeding feeble, yet my mind was clear. My first thought was of Anne Beverley. "What hath become of the woman, Colonel Jenkins?" I asked.

'"She was found bending over you, binding your wound with a neckerchief, and was brought before me by my servant, Kill-sin Thompson," the old warrior answered. "The wanton is now under guard."

'"Apply not so hard a term to her, colonel," I said. "She might have fled after she shot me, and escaped. She cannot be a bad woman, else she had not risked capture in order to tend me."

'"Colonel Russell," said the old man sternly, "you had ever a soft heart. For that I do not blame you, where your private affairs are concerned. Therein you may indeed forgive your enemies, with merit. But in matters that affect the weal of this nation, it behoves every true man to harden his heart against the offspring of the twin beasts, Papistry and Prelacy. I have learned that this wretched woman did don male attire, and feign to be a witchfinder, that thereby she might gain admittance to this house, and assist her brother, a notorious malignant, to remove a treasure hidden here.

'"A worthy man, Fly-debate Martin, who was present when first the woman imposed herself upon Sergeant Kill-sin Thompson, had his suspicions aroused by the oaths she used, and followed her here. When she retired to the bedroom allotted to her, on the plea that she desired to commune with herself concerning the means she should use to rid this house of the demons who had taken up their abode in it, Fly-debate followed her. Listening at the bedroom door, he presently overheard a conversation between the supposed witchfinder and another person, who must have entered the room by a secret entrance. From what he heard, he gathered that the witchfinder was really Anne Beverley, sister of the malignant Cavalier who was seeking to carry off the treasure, and that the person with whom she spoke was her brother. She had, so he discovered, left a third conspirator, a certain Captain Hawtrey, in Faversham, whilst she came to the mansion to have speech with her brother. She told him that Hawtrey was making preparations for the treasure to be conveyed aboard a ship lying in the Thames, so soon as they could contrive to remove it from this house. Fly-debate further overheard the

two depraved creatures plan to terrify my men by a series of tricks, which should persuade them that Satan was risen among them, and so make opportunity for the malignants to escape with the treasure.

'"Unhappily, at this point Fly-debate was attacked by a savage hound, belonging to one of the gamekeepers, which sprang suddenly upon him as he was peering through the key-hole, in an endeavour to see the features of the woman's companion, and severely mauled him. This same hound, on a previous occasion, attacked another of my men, Hope-for-Bending Johnson. Fly-debate, being taken at a disadvantage, might easily have been killed by the brute, for, although he cried loudly for help, none of my men dared stir out of the kitchen, thinking that his cries were the shrieks of devils. But the noise he made attracted the attention of the wicked woman and her brother, and they called off the hound, and then, whilst the woman menaced Fly-debate with a pistol, her brother bound him hand and foot, and gagged him, and thrust him underneath the bed. There he was discovered scarce half-an-hour ago, and has just told his piteous story to me.

'"I charged the woman with her crimes, and she confessed that what Fly-debate Martin said was true. She further boasted that she assisted her brother in affrighting my men this night with various tricks, which persuaded them that Satan was loose in this house, using for that purpose secret passages with which the house is honeycombed. For many days past we have been troubled by strange manifestations, which we thought to be the works of the Evil One and his imps; these, the woman hath affirmed, were produced by her brother, who used the secret passages to come suddenly upon my men, after nightfall, and to persuade them, by the wearing of masks, and such-like devices, that devils had appeared to them. By burning sulphur the wicked man hath aided the deception. A few hours ago, so saith this modern Delilah, her brother exploded a quantity of gunpowder in one of the secret ways, the noise of which reverberated throughout the secret passages, and so terrified my men that they fled from the house. The woman's brother then proceeded to remove the treasure. But your timely arrival rallied my men, and the malignant had not time enow to complete his evil work. Therefore, said the woman, taking much pride in her wicked and unnatural conduct, she did run out before you, to distract your attention, whilst her brother completed his task. In this stratagem she seems to have succeeded. Wherefore, Colonel Russell, my heart is hardened against her, for, mark you, an this treasure be conveyed to the young man, Charles Stuart, he will employ it in a new attempt to overthrow the Commonweal. He and his nobles shall take counsel together, and say, even as the enemies of David said, 'Let us break their bands asunder, and overwhelm this chosen people.' And they shall gather together their bravoes and their hirelings, and descend upon this land once more, and cause more violence among our people."

'"Mayhap the Royalists have not succeeded in escaping with the treasure," said I.

'"Peradventure, they have not," answered Colonel Jenkins, "for by your timely arrival you rallied my men, and were as a tower of strength to them. Moreover, the woman by her stratagem did not long divert attention from the house, and it may be, therefore, that her confederates had not time to complete the removal of the treasure. Yet she hath boasted that it hath been removed through her cunning."

'"A natural boast, Colonel Jenkins," I said, "intended both to keep up her own courage and, mayhap, to deceive you."

'Then I told the old soldier all that I had learned concerning the Royalist plot.

'"So," he said when I had completed my narrative, "this woman shall reveal to us the entrance to the secret passages, and we will make careful search of the hidden ways. The Lord-General shall also be acquainted with what hath happened."

'He rose, and walking to the door, bade the sentry who stood in the passage without to go tell Corporal Grace-of-God Smith to come to him. Then he wrote a despatch for General Oliver Cromwell, and when the corporal entered the room, handed it to him, saying, "Ride at once to London, and hand this personally to His Excellency the Lord-General. And let your riding be furious, like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi, corporal, for you carry important news."

'As the colonel walked back to his seat, I asked, "Suppose the wench be recalcitrant? Suppose she refuses to reveal the entrance to the secret passages?"

'"Then means shall be found to make her speak," answered Jenkins in a very grim voice. "I am given plenary powers by the Lord-General, and if the woman refuses my request, she shall hang as a rebel and a spy."

'I stared at him in consternation a while, then said, "Colonel Win-the-Fight, let us proceed warily in this matter. My father's advice was ever, 'Act with expedition, but before acting, take counsel lest you act foolishly.'"

'"A wise saying, colonel, and one worthy of your father, of whom I have often said, as it is said of King David, 'He died in a good old age, full of days, riches, and honour.'"

'"I feel certain that if my father were here," I continued, "he would advise us not to resort to physical coercion, until we had tried other means. She is a spirited wench, and, like so many of the fanatical Royalists, will suffer torture, I believe, rather than betray her king."

'"Even so, colonel," replied Jenkins; "I myself have had much experience of the

fanaticism of these misguided people. They will fight and suffer for their evil cause even, as 'tis said, the Mohammedan will battle savagely for his heathen ideas. 'Tis strange to see how closely the Devil can impersonate the godly zeal of the true soldiers of Christ. But I have usually found that a few twists of the thumbikins will cast out the Devil from them, and cause them to see the errors of their ways."

'"Colonel Jenkins," said I, "I respect you well-nigh as much as my own father. Yet I must confess that I like not your proposals. Mayhap I am too soft of heart, as you say. Howbeit, if this woman be put to torture, I shall feel responsible for her sufferings. I feel, therefore, that it is my duty to do all I can to make such drastic measures unnecessary. Permit me, then, to speak with her alone."

'"It shall be as you wish," replied the old man. "Yet, might it not be better that I should wrestle in spirit with her, who am more experienced in the ways of the Evil One?"

'"I feel a personal responsibility in this matter," I answered, "and hold it my duty to exert all in my power to avoid the use of violence upon the misguided woman. I can feel some pity for her, too, Colonel Jenkins, for although she is a wilful young woman, and is full of guile, yet is she acting in accordance with the dictates of her conscience."

'"Verily it cannot be her conscience that persuadeth her to act contrary to the Word of God and the weal of this people," replied Colonel Win-the-Fight. "Yet I respect you, Colonel Russell, for taking your duty so seriously, and attempting to pluck this woman, like a burning brand, from the fire of prelacy."

'He walked to the room door, and gave an order to the sentry. Returning to my bedside, he placed a pistol close to my right hand, saying, "An the witch attempt to do you violence, fire at her. I and the sentry will be outside."

'When Anne Beverley was brought into the room between two soldiers, Colonel Jenkins said in a stern voice, "Woman, I would deal sternly, though justly, by thee, and hang thee as a rebel against the authority of the Parliament. But Colonel William Makepeace Russell is a gentleman, and nurses no animosity against thee for the violence thou hast done him. He desireth to see whether by reasoning with thee he can turn thee from thy evil ways. Listen well to what he saith, for in me thou shalst find a more strict accountant."

'Therewith he stalked out of the room, closing the door behind him. Anne, who had shrunk away from him, turned now to me with a white face and lips that trembled slightly, and seemed about to speak. Then, seemingly, she changed her mind, and threw back her head defiantly, and held her peace.

'I felt much pity for her, and said in a gentle tone, "Madam, I bear no malice against you. If your only offence were that of wounding me, you should go free."

'For a moment I thought that the kindness which I had expressed in my words and voice had touched her. Her haughty look melted; then suddenly her face hardened again, and she replied coldly, "Malice, i'faith! You betray my confidence, and seek to rob your king, and then have the hypocrisy to say that you feel no malice against me. An you had received your deserts, my bullet had killed you."

'This speech filled me with a silly anger. Mayhap the loss of blood had made me unduly irritable, and I said in a harsh voice, "What I am saying is for your benefit. Please to keep silence, for I am somewhat weak, and find it an effort to speak much."

'Strange wench that she was, her face softened again at these angry words.

'"You have confessed," said I, "that you have abetted your brother in the tricks whereby he persuaded the garrison that this house was haunted by devils, and have thereby helped him and the rascal Captain Hawtrey in their conspiracy to steal away a treasure from this house, to be employed by Charles Stuart in a fresh attempt at overthrowing the Commonweal. For this Colonel Jenkins would hang you—and rightly so. But, since I hold myself responsible for your arrest, I am anxious to save you. Tell me the way to enter the secret passages which you used for playing your tricks upon the garrison, and you shall escape hanging."

'"So you have called me hither," said the girl in a low voice, staring steadily at me, "to ask me to betray my friends and His Majesty?"

'"How can you do that, since, so you say, your brother and Captain Hawtrey have escaped with the treasure?"

'She made no reply, and I went on: "'Tis but feigning on your part when you declare that they have escaped with the treasure. Well, since they may still be in hiding, 'tis all the more necessary that a search be made of the secret passages."

'"Then find the entrance," Anne said with a defiant laugh. "Your men have sought for the entrance from which I came a while ago, without any success."

'Her speech fretted me, but I said in an earnest voice, "Girl, you do not appreciate the danger of your position. Forget your spleen against me and do as I advise, for surely, if you do not, Colonel Jenkins will hang you."

'"He cannot carry out his threat," said the girl in a tremulous voice.

'"He *can* and *will*," said I vehemently. "You know not how stern men's religious and political beliefs make them. For God's sake tell the colonel what he desires to know!"

'"I cannot risk the betrayal of my brother and Captain Hawtrey," said the girl; and I admired her for her courage and respect for principles.

'Natheless I urged, "You must take the risk, girl. Your brother and Captain Hawtrey would not wish, surely, that you should hang in order to save them?"

'At this moment the room door opened, and Colonel Win-the-Fight entered, followed by a soberly-clad man and a little boy carrying a basketful of surgical instruments and bandages and phials.

'"Here is the chirurgeon, Colonel Russell," said Jenkins. Then, glancing at Anne Beverley, "Have you prevailed?"

'I cast an imploring glance at the girl; but she replied in a steady voice, "Colonel Russell has not succeeded in persuading me to betray my friends."

'"'Tis even as I expected," commented the old man, with a shake of the head. "Sergeant Thompson, take her back to the guardroom. I will come there anon."'

(*Continued on page 549.*)

THE YAM PLANT OR VINE.

THIS tuber is cultivated in parts of the West Indies and Central and South America, and is essentially a tropical plant. It is widely grown in all such areas as come under the caption of tropics. There are many cultivated varieties, and the particular variety most suitable for any particular district will depend largely on climatic conditions, soil, and the care bestowed on the cultivation. The soil most suitable is a dark, sandy loam, well drained, and made and kept loose by deep ploughing. Clay or stiff soils restrict the expansion to the full of the tubers; this, however, can be minimised by a process of marling in addition to the usual course.

The system of propagation mostly practised in South America and the West Indies is by means of the top portion of large tubers; small underground tubers are also used. Both of these methods are efficient—more so if a few days be allowed to elapse, so as to reduce the moisture content in the fresh set. In some instances growers plant their sets in a nursery, and transplant to permanent positions when the plants get to about eighteen inches in height; but there is no advantage gained by doing this, except in cases where time is required to prepare and improve stiff or heavy clay soils. Systematic planting is done by setting the seed tubers in properly prepared holes, eighteen inches by thirty-six inches apart, and placing a stake, embedded securely with an above-ground height of ten to twelve feet, alongside of each plant. These stakes are bound together at the top in groups of the nearest four, forming, as it were, a pyramidal cone with a rectangular base. On this structure the climbing stems of the plants are trained. When the tuber has reached maturity (which will be in about eight to nine months) the leaves on the vine show signs of withering, and it is then time to harvest the crop.

In cases where it may not be convenient to follow the method of staking, dried scrubs may be laid on the open spaces between the plants, and the stems trained on these; for, notwithstanding what may be said to the contrary, in practice, if the vine is allowed to trail on the ground, the yield is appreciably smaller, and the soft, floury interior of the cooked tuber loses a large proportion of its particularly appetising flavour. As a general rule, in South America and the West Indies the vine is allowed to trail on the ground, but in cases where it is trained to run on something above ground the yield is in every instance greater. The practice of running the vine on the ground is followed in China, and is there adopted with a specific object in view. The trailers are at certain distances pegged into the ground, without severance. This method induces the portion of trailer so treated to take root, the result being that tubers are formed at each new point of growth. With such a method it is possible to secure a larger yield per acre of fresh tubers, but the individual tuber is much smaller, and as an appreciable portion of the yam is not treated as edible, it is rather questionable whether the procedure is worth while.

The yield per acre depends chiefly on the species or variety grown, and the nature of the soil, climatic conditions, &c.; hence it varies from five to ten tons of tubers.

The yam is preferred by many to the potato, and it is more nutritious than that vegetable.

Analysis of the yam gives the composition of the dry tuber as: fat, 1·02 per cent.; albuminoids, 10·87 per cent.; carbohydrates, 77·01 per cent.; fibre, 5·16 per cent.; ash, 5·94 per cent. The nitrogen content, it may be noted, is 1·73 per cent.

EVENING IN A GARDEN.

My pen, O Lord! I take
To praise Thee now;
Here, in this garden fair,
To Thee I bow.

The roses praise Thee
In their perfect bloom,
Roses and lilies white
Amid the oncoming gloom.

And evening stars they shine
Out of the heavens deep,
While all humanity combine
To worship Thee in sleep.

GRACE PONTIFEX.

TALES OF THE ESKIMO.

III.—A MAN-CHILD OF THE ARCTIC.

By Captain H. T. MUNN.

PART I.

I.

OO-TOOKI-TOOK had come to my house for the usual smoke—being temporarily out of tobacco himself—and, apropos of his neighbour's very troublesome child, I had given him a crude description of a white child's training, and the evil results of neglect.

The old man nodded sagely, and remarked it was the same with Innuits, unconsciously quoting the prophet's dictum about training a child in the way he should go.

'See O-parto,' he said; 'O-kito was his father, and if he had not taught his son when he was very young, both O-parto and Alook-ee, his wife, would have starved to death the winter after their parents were killed.'

'Tell me the story,' I demanded, as I pushed my tobacco-box over for him to fill his pipe, and took up my notebook. Oo-tooki-took's stories were always well told, and the gaps easy to fill in, given the technical knowledge of Innuit life.

II.

O-kito and his wife were a middle-aged couple, who, childless themselves, had always adopted children. Their present family consisted of O-parto, a lad of thirteen, and Alook-ee, a girl of twelve. The children were not related. Alook-ee, as a small baby, had been taken from her dying mother's hood by O-kito's wife, as capable a woman as he was a good hunter, and the boy had been adopted when he was about five years old.

With a party of Iglu-liut Eskimo, O-kito had been left at Southampton Island by a whale-ship, and towards spring he had gone with his family to the south-eastern end of the island for seals at the floe-edge, the edge of the land-fast ice. It was late in March. O-kito built his *igloo* off-shore—always considered a safe proceeding till late in May; but a north-west gale of great violence came away at the time of the March spring-tides, and though he had instantly loaded the dog-sled and started for shore, he was too late, and found himself adrift with his family on the floe.

O-kito believed they must certainly perish, for, so far as he knew, they were blowing out into the widest part of Hudson Strait; but the wind suddenly shifted to the north, brought down an immense ice-pack from Fox Channel, and the whole drove on to Salisbury Island, where it was crushed into fantastic ridges and masses before passing on.

The party of four made the land—by some miracle of luck, surely—an island about forty miles long by eighteen wide, uninhabited, and far from the track of whalers. Game, however, there was in plenty—deer and hares, and at seasons many polar bears, and seals and walrus in the bays. Things might have been worse, and although O-kito had only one hundred and twenty rounds of ammunition and some powder, lead, and caps, he had two rifles, and with O-parto was able to explore the island thoroughly before the snow left, leaving a couple of dogs and the spare rifle with his wife and Alook-ee as a protection against a prowling bear.

He found old stone *igloos*—remains of a now extinct tribe—at the south-east end of the island, and naturally at the best bay for seals; also, he found a large lake, and was sure salmon came there from the sea every autumn. The boy always accompanied O-kito, who, from habit and inclination, explained what he would do under varying conditions—educated the lad, in fact, as he had done from the start.

In late summer they were all camped some six miles inland at the fork of a river, getting deer for winter clothing, and leaving the meat under stones for food later on. O-kito and his wife walked up one of the branches of the river, where the sides were very narrow and precipitous, to fetch down some near-by meat. Fortunately it was so close that he did not take his rifle. As they passed the gulch a slide of rock suddenly descended, killing them both instantly. The children ran out of the tent in time to witness the catastrophe. The boy was then just fourteen, the girl thirteen years old, two small bits of humanity to face the bitter Arctic winter alone.

III.

After the first week of despair and grief, the boy quickly realised that their lives depended solely on his puny strength and resource; he even administered a small beating to Alook-ee—the first and last—to arouse her from her terror-stricken grief. His first thought was the old stone *igloos*, about ten miles south of their camp, for a safe refuge must be found for his little companion when he was away getting food. So there the children went, taking as heavy loads as their strength permitted, and packing the seven oldest dogs as well. Three journeys they made, returning hand-in-hand, the boy carrying the rifle, the girl the knife and the cartridge-bag. On each journey the dogs carried loads of thirty to fifty pounds apiece, and soon a small

store of food had been placed amongst the rocks near the old stone *igloos*.

The rebuilding taxed O-parto's strength and resource to the utmost, but by using the draught-power of the dogs, heavy whale jaw-bones were dragged into position for rafters, and covered closely with flat stones and moist earth, leaving a hole, two feet square, to the south for the ice-window later. The old tunnel entrance, about twenty feet long, had to be re-excavated with a cariboo-horn shovel, and covered with stones and earth. This passage was too small and twisting to admit a bear, and when the roof of the tunnel and the *igloo* were frozen and snow-covered, both were quite unbreakable, notwithstanding bruin's gigantic strength.

The stone lamp, the sled, and other camp equipment were brought over; but before returning the children went to the river-mouth, and the boy found, to his delight, that O-kito's surmise had been correct, for salmon were running up it on every tide. Half a mile up he found a suitable place, and made a salmon-trap by placing two rows of stones across, about one hundred yards apart, at a shallow place, leaving in the lower row a narrow passage for entrance, on both sides of which a pile of stones was placed, to fill the gap in quickly. When all was ready he waited three days, then filled in the gap, thereby imprisoning a couple of hundred good-sized salmon, most of which, after great exertion and wading about in the cold water, he got ashore. He had no salmon-spear, and the task was exhausting for a boy of his age. The fish were all buried under stones, to be fetched in the winter. The children slept on skins of deer the boy had shot during his labours on the salmon-trap, and lived on the—generally uncooked—meat or on fish.

The boy shot his first large bear at this time, returning from a short deer-hunt to find the dogs (which had been left to take care of Alook-ee) baying a great he-bear, while the terrified girl crouched behind a rock. To shoot a bear in the head with a 44·40 rifle under these conditions is not easy, and O-parto was a proud boy that night as he consoled his terrified little companion, but made light of his deed when they turned in under the deer-skins. Best of all, the bear had a good amount of blubber under the fine white skin, and the dogs dragged it and the hide back to the stone *igloo*. At last they had light inside at night. The meat was cut up and carried away by the dogs, to swell the food-pile for winter. Food for their own comparatively small wants gave the boy no uneasiness, but in winter the dogs required a great deal, he knew, and some of these he *must* keep alive. Matches he had none, but the primitive method of obtaining fire from two pieces of wood with a twirling bow-string was known to him, and now he was able to dry thoroughly some moss and use O-kito's flint and steel.

He had twelve dogs, five of which were half-grown puppies. These were more than he could hope to feed later on, so he hung three of the old dogs and two puppies, and skinned them. As soon as the ice-window was able to be cut and frozen in place, the children moved into their new abode, just before the first great storms came howling down from the north. A stone *igloo*, once snow-covered, and with a blubber-lamp going brightly, is a warm building. On the sleeping-bench immediately opposite the door were spread the deer-skins, and some of the late summer skins O-kito's wife had already worked clean and soft, and sewn into a blanket.

Thirteen-year-old Alook-ee began to enter on the woman's work with zest; grief does not last long with the young. As soon as the snow was fit for sleighing, the boy made daily journeys to the fish-cache, and later to where the summer-killed meat was buried, until it was all hauled down to the *igloo* and buried under the rocks near by. He built a small *igloo* near the living-place as a storehouse for his dog-harness, seal-lines, and meat for immediate needs. In his absence Alook-ee was enjoined never to leave the *igloo*, and the wisdom of this precaution was apparent when a bear visited the camp, walked over, and pawed at the frozen roof, bending the bone rafters under his great weight, while the poor girl shivered with fear inside. This incident gave her confidence, however, since she found she was quite safe, the tunnel being too small to admit the big visitor.

Blubber and dog-food were the two perplexing problems, for O-parto knew that without dogs a bear would sooner or later get him, stories being common enough of men being charged and killed by a bear they had failed to stop if no dogs were at hand to attack and divert him.

IV.

All that has so far been related of the boy's work may sound simple, but it was really a gigantic task for his strength, carried out, too, against time and the menace of fast-approaching winter. When the ice set on the bay, every day the weather was good the boy was away after seals. He would drive the dog-sled till the team winded a seal-hole. These breathing-holes for seals are covered with a thin cap of snow, in which the hunter first makes a very small hole, to see if the water is frozen or not, and thereby tell if it has been lately used. The dog-team lie down a short distance away, and the hunter takes his stand on a small mat, awaiting the faint sound of the seal when it returns to the hole for breath. He must never move his feet when once he has taken his stand, and O-parto, as he had often seen O-kito do, would tie his knees together to keep them from shaking in the bitter cold, if the wait was a long one.

O-parto used the harpoon in preference to the rifle, to save cartridges, for, old beyond his age

now, he knew years might elapse before a vessel came to the island, and every cartridge was of importance. If the seal was a large one, he would quickly withdraw the lance—at the end of which is the detachable harpoon—and sticking it into the hard snow at an angle, take a turn round it with the seal-line close to the snow. A grown man can hold a walrus in the same manner. When the seal came at last to the hole again for breath, it was killed with the lance, and the hole enlarged to enable the dogs to haul it out on to the ice at the end of the sled. Then the young hunter raced away for home, to skin and cut up the seal before it froze. It was always a very heavy task for the two of them to drag a large seal through the low tunnel into the *igloo* to thaw it out.

See, then, our young castaways, sitting in the warm *igloo*—for blubber happens to be plentiful—on the soft deer-skins; their clothes are stripped off, and the boy's mitts and footwear are drying on the rack over the stone lamp. A pot of seal-meat is simmering cheerfully, and the *igloo* looks cosy and home-like when thoughts fly to the howling norther blowing outside. They plunge a bent wire nail, lashed on the end of a stick—their only fork—into the pot, hook out pieces of meat, which are placed between them on the pot-lid, and with a knife and their fingers soon dispose of them. The boy takes a tin cup and dips it full of the savoury soup, which he noisily drinks, passing the cup—their only one—to the girl. Their little naked bodies and faces shine with sweat, and presently the boy says '*Ta-ba*' ('I have had enough'), and flings himself back contentedly on the deer-skins with a deep sigh of satisfaction. A primitive life, but from their view-point by no means an unhappy one.

Alook-ee's first efforts at making the boy's clothes were crude; her only pattern was his old ones, and her little fingers were not yet deft at cutting out with the half-moon saddlers' knife used by all Eskimo women. The skins had to be scraped, too—a long, hard job which the boy undertook—till, after repeated efforts, they were soft and white. The children could not use any of their dead foster-parents' clothes; these must always be thrown away, or trouble will be sure to come from the angry and offended spirits.

The boy's clothes consisted of two suits of deer-skin, the under one with the hair next the body, the outer and heavier one with the hair out. The lower garment took the form of short knee-trousers, the upper being a sort of jumper, with hood. Round his head he wore a band of neatly plaited sinew thread, to keep his long hair from his eyes. His footwear was a knee-boot of seal-skin, with the leg of deer-skin or of seal-skin, according to the season, and inside this seal 'slippers' and—next his skin—long stockings of warm deer-skin. Except for slight changes, the girl's clothes were now the same. When she became a woman she would wear a different upper garment, with a deep hood and a cunning bulge in the back for her own (or some one else's) baby to rest in, the baby being kept in place by a belt tightly drawn round the waist.

Occasional trips after deer were made, O-parto never firing at one unless he was sure of a hit; but sealing (as being more saving of cartridges) was his main stand-by in his first winter. He also shot five bears, but only those which were molesting the meat-piles, or had come—as twice happened—down on him when sealing. On these occasions he was compelled to cut the dogs loose, to divert the attack till he could shoot to kill. One bear took six cartridges to finish—a very large and savage old he-bear—and came within an ace of getting O-parto in spite of the dogs' frantic attacks. He knew that if he perished Alook-ee died also, and remembering this, he avoided all but necessary encounters with bear.

They weathered the first winter—the worst of all they spent on the island—sometimes cold and hungry and short of blubber, yet without a quarrel or, on the boy's side at least, a cross word; life was too serious a business for them to waste it thus. In May the seals were 'hauling out' on to the ice and sleeping in the warm sun, and O-parto stalked them assiduously. The dogs now stayed at the *igloo*, and little Alook-ee—never very far from the entrance—sat outside, and often watched the hunt. O-parto would crawl patiently on his side, on a piece of bear-skin, imitating a seal the moment his quarry looked up, talking 'seal talk' to it till it was satisfied this was only another seal come on a visit. When at last within striking distance the harpoon was skilfully thrown, and the hunter dragged his quarry back from the hole over which it had been sleeping, and despatched it. The boy became so expert at this that he only used his rifle to kill the great bearded seal, which weighs four or five hundred pounds, and whose skin is invaluable for boots, traces, whips, and seal-lines.

V.

O-kito had found a bay on the west side of the island, about fifteen miles from the *igloo*, with some small rocky islands, a few of which could be reached at low-water. O-kito had intended to go there for walrus, which in summer climb out on the rocks and lie for days basking in the sun. O-parto remembered this, and now he skinned four large seals from the mouth, instead of opening them from the head to the hind-flipper. With care the whole hide, flippers and all, was skinned off without a cut, and with strings of strong sinew rove round the mouth to draw it tight, he had thus four large water-tight bags, which would hold a lot of blubber cut up into small strips.

Early summer had arrived, and the two

youngsters went over to the walrus bay, packing on two of the dogs the seal-skin bags, a piece of skin tenting for a shelter, and deer-skins to lie on and put over them, but leaving the other dogs behind. By evening of the second day they reached the bay, the strong musky smell and the bellowing and roaring of the great brutes telling them they were there long before they looked down on the bay over the last ridge near the shore. The largest walrus were asleep and heedless, with the smaller continually fighting for possession of some vantage-point on the rocks till bigger walrus ousted them, pushing them into the water with a pandemonium of bellowing protestation on their part. It was a glad and inspiring sight to an Arctic hunter. The dogs were tied up lest they disturbed the walrus, and the situation was carefully reviewed.

At low-tide a large flat rock could be reached, on which four huge walrus were sleeping; to seaward it sloped steeply to the water, but the top was flat. The boy had often seen O-kito kill walrus with the little 44·40, and had been shown exactly where to shoot to find the small brain. Bidding Alook-ee signal when the tide turned, O-parto went warily out. It must have been a strange sight, the little fourteen-year-old lad attacking these great brutes, any one of which weighed over a ton, their long ivory tusks shining in the sun, their breath coming and going in grunting snores. Closer and closer he crept, keeping always down the wind, till he was near enough to touch the nearest two with his rifle. He fired, and one lay motionless, the others raising their massive heads at the report. Again he fired, and little Alook-ee, watching breathless from the shore, shrieked as she saw a great mass push itself quickly on its powerful flippers at the boy, for a walrus is wonderfully active for a short distance for so clumsy and huge an animal. O-parto sprang away beyond reach, and the two survivors presently turned and plunged bellowing into the water, soon churned to foam by a number of others disturbed from their sunny sleep.

For four days, between tides, O-parto cut off in strips the skin and blubber together, and floated them ashore on the incoming tide. Alook-ee removed the blubber, cut it up, and filled the seal-skin bags, first placing them in suitable spots to cover with stones. The bags full, strips of meat were packed ashore by the boy and the dogs, and put under rock-piles. Last of all the big ivory tusks were chopped out and laid away. By knowledgeable cutting the boy was able to do all this, working stripped to the waist; but both he and the girl were a mess of blood and blubber when the task was finished. A bath in a pool of warm water on the rocks was shared by the youngsters, and they afterwards rolled in the shining sand till their bodies were once more clean and white.

At last O-parto felt that, if the bears left his store in peace, he now had a stock of blubber to enable him to face another winter with equanimity. He found some drift-wood in the bay, the flotsam of a broken whale-boat, and this proved a priceless discovery, for there were some nails in it. Arrows, a new spear-handle, framework for the *igloo* drying-place, repairs to the sled, a fish-spear, and many other useful things were now within reach. O-kito's bow of deer-horn and his arrows had, of course, been placed beside his resting-place, but the boy made a lighter bow, and now, with plenty of arrows, he could get ptarmigan, duck, and Arctic hare, the latter of especial value for its warm fur for winter footwear.

VI.

Summer came, and the youngsters walked as far as the north end of the island, the dogs with them. They saw several bears, which the dogs soon drove to the water, for the boy would not waste a cartridge on them; they lived entirely on what was shot with the bow and arrow, the eider-duck being nesting and very tame. Several ships were seen this summer far to the south, but their smoke-signals were unheeded; nor did they greatly care, the whole adventure now becoming enjoyable. The grim spectre of starvation, which had haunted O-parto the previous autumn, was no longer feared.

Early September found them deer-hunting for winter clothing, and, to Alook-ee's great joy, the boy killed with his bow and arrows six fawns, which she had greatly coveted for their soft, handsome skins. Woman-like, she wanted to make herself the ornamental grown-up upper garment, with its strips of white hair cunningly sewn between the dark, the hood and the 'skirt' fringed with dressed leather cut in narrow strips. True, there was only O-parto to see it, but this was incentive enough. Did Eve in the Garden weave her fig-leaves into patterns? one wonders.

The youngsters went to the salmon-river, and the boy, sturdier than the previous year, and now equipped with a well-made salmon-spear, the curved outer prongs of springy deer-horn, with nails at the lower ends for barbs, was able to get ashore some four or five hundred salmon, and the problem of dog-feed for the coming winter was nearly solved.

The *igloo*, enlarged inside and more comfortable, was re-roofed, and on the first snow the bags of walrus-blubber were hauled home, and also several loads of now high-smelling but valuable meat for dog-feed. The priceless blubber-bags were put safely into the *igloo*, through the window-hole, and stowed away in a stone larder which had been added. The meat—salmon and summer-killed deer-meat—was all hauled to the *igloo*, and put under stones near by. Thus the young pair commenced their second winter.

(*Continued on page 553.*)

STARS THAT BRIGHTEN AND FADE.

By Professor GEORGE FORBES, M.A., F.R.S.

I.

IT is not every night that we see the stars in their full glory from the British Isles. There is often some cloud or mist, even in the open country. Anywhere near a town, the smoke and the artificial light in the streets dull the stars and obliterate the fainter glow of the Milky Way. Perhaps this makes us all the more appreciative of an exceptionally bright starry night, oftenest experienced in winter. Those of us who can recall clear nights spent on the higher Alps, above the gross, dust-laden lower strata of the atmosphere, or those who have experienced the still clarity of the desert-air, do certainly envy the lot of the old Arab astronomers, who, every day of their lives, could look forward on any night to a certain and clear view of any stars they desired to examine, or whose brightness they wished to estimate.

Yet it has been found by astronomers that the telescopes of Greenwich Observatory, on a good night, are favoured with a more tranquil medium in their own atmosphere than in many more vaunted climates, and are to that extent in the most favourable condition. So our climate is not so very bad for astronomy, as its history can well testify.

At first it seems almost incredible that we never can see at one time, with the unaided eye, more than about two or three thousand stars. Of course, we have only half of the stars above the horizon at once, and near the horizon faint stars are dimmed. Still, the number two thousand does seem to every one an underestimate. The explanation of this was first given by the late Principal Forbes when, as a boy of sixteen, from under Italian skies, he sent an anonymous letter to Sir David Brewster in Edinburgh, who published it in his *Philosophical Journal*. The fact is that the middle part of the retina of our eyes is less sensitive than other parts to the light from a faint star. Hence in a casual glance at the stars we see a great number indirectly, which disappear when we look straight at them to make sure, before counting them. This is the reason why, without clearly seeing them, we really do get a glimpse of many more stars than the two thousand or so that we can count.

The brightest stars are spoken of as being of the first magnitude, and the faintest seen by most of us are called sixth-magnitude stars. Those of intermediate brightness are second, third, fourth, or fifth. This scheme was adopted by the ancient Greeks, and is still used. In order to give it more precision, we now say that each magnitude is two and a half times brighter than the next following; or that, when one star is one hundred times brighter than another, there is a difference of five magnitudes between them. If the number two and a half be multiplied by itself five times, it gives nearly a hundred. So the two statements are almost the same.

The smallest star that can be detected with a very large telescope is of about twenty-first magnitude, a difference from a first-magnitude star of twenty magnitudes. Now, if two and a half be multiplied by itself twenty times, the result is about 100,000,000. So a first-magnitude star is a hundred million times brighter than the faintest recorded star. Specialists distinguish differences of a tenth or even a hundredth of a magnitude. About twenty stars are generally spoken of as first-magnitude stars. The star which is the nearest to being of first magnitude, exactly and no more, is Aldebaran. Vega is a whole magnitude brighter, and is properly described as being of zero magnitude. Sirius is so bright as to have a negative magnitude $-1{\cdot}6$. The sun's brightness is the negative magnitude -26.

Almost all the first-magnitude stars are probably known to the readers of these lines. Capella, Arcturus, Rigel, Procyon, Altair, and Betelgeuze all lie, in magnitude, between Aldebaran and Vega. People in the southern hemisphere have, in addition, the brilliant Canopus, reaching the meridian at nearly the same time as Sirius; also Alpha and Beta of the Centaur, the 'pointers' to the Southern Cross; and Alpha, the brightest star of the Southern Cross; besides Achernar, in Eridanus—all brighter than the first-magnitude star, Aldebaran.

The principal stars in the Plough and in the Great Square of Pegasus are second magnitude. Those in Orion's belt are third magnitude, and most of the stars in the Little Bear are fourth or fifth.

Nineteen stars are generally included in the first magnitude, 59 in the second, 182 in the third, 530 in the fourth, 1600 in the fifth, and 4800 in the sixth. In fact, there are about three times as many stars of any one magnitude as there are of the next brighter magnitude. Down to the fifteenth magnitude there are altogether about a hundred million stars.

This distribution in number and brightness is not very far from what we should expect if all the stars were uniform in size and in temperature, and were all scattered at equal distances apart. But, on examination, it is found that they are not all of the same size; nor are they at the same temperature. On the contrary, some stars, such as Rigel and Sirius, seem to be white-hot, while others, like Capella and our own

sun, are only yellow-hot, and are not so shining. Some stars, like Aldebaran, though only red-hot, are so enormous in diameter that they seem to us as bright as some of the white-hot stars that are at the same distance from us.

Betelgeuze, in Orion's shoulder, already, to all of us, a familiar star, introduces the special feature of the present article, for its magnitude is uncertain. This peculiarity of certain stars is one of the most marvellous phenomena in the whole of astronomy. Betelgeuze brightens and fades in an average period of eleven months, but its variations and period have no perfect regularity. In 1915 it was for some time much fainter than usual, decidedly feebler than Aldebaran of the Bull. In September 1919 it was brighter than Vega of the Lyre, or any other star in our sky except Sirius the Dog-star. For some months its brightness then lay between Rigel, in Orion's leg, and Procyon, to the left of Orion and above Sirius. In December 1921 it was about equal to Aldebaran.

Readers of this statement will notice that, without any knowledge of astronomy, an eager watcher of the stars might have made for himself these comparisons, and so have convinced himself that Betelgeuze, the reddish star in Orion's shoulder, is a 'variable.' He may have noticed the same fact about Algol, in Perseus, whose variations, however, are perfectly regular. By merely taking note of what he sees, any one might find among the stars some that brighten and fade, regularly or irregularly.

Standard catalogues of star-magnitudes have been made by careful comparisons. Thousands of stars were thus compared in relative brightness with Polaris. All other stars are compared with stars in these standard catalogues. They then become new standards, with which we can compare the changes in brightness of a variable star like Betelgeuze or Algol.

In this way a new field of work upon the stars has been opened up during the last half-century. In this country by far the most valuable results have been due to a group of amateurs, members of the British Astronomical Association, who publish the wonderful, surprising results in their journal and reports. These marvellous up and downs in the light of some stars still baffle the human intellect. This only whets our appetite to observe and to learn more about their extraordinary behaviour.

II.

New-Stars, or Novæ.—Of all the variable stars, there is none that approaches new-stars in the magnitude and suddenness of their brightening. (Their performances have already been briefly described in one of these articles.*) There is a general resemblance in their antics, though with occasional diversities.

One of the most useful undertakings of Harvard College Observatory, U.S.A., is the exposure of many photographic plates all over the sky on every clear night. Thus, when a new-star bursts forth, photographs of that part of the sky, just before, can usually be found, and the star's brightness can be estimated. These records inform us that generally a new-star, like Nova Aquilæ (3), which suddenly appeared to us in 1918, increases its temperature to such an extent as, perhaps in twenty-four hours or even less, to shine a million times more brightly than usual. It is true that the sun is a star, but we may be thankful it is not a star of this kind. The oceans would evaporate, the forests would be in cinders, and life be destroyed.

After such an outburst a new-star cools down and fades, fast at first and then slower, much as a red-hot poker cools. It takes years to return to its original brightness.

This normal procedure in the outburst of a nova has been attributed by some to gas-friction, when a star in its movement traverses a nebula (whether bright or dark does not matter), just as a meteor shines by friction with our atmosphere. This theory may be quite wrong, but still it explains some of the facts better than any other theory.

The normal procedure may happen when a star penetrates a small nebula in twenty-four hours or so, and then loses its heat according to the ordinary law of cooling. If, however, the nebula be an extended one, with patches of denser stuff, this would pretty well account for all known departures from the normal procedure; the occasional increase of light during the descent; and the proven fact that many a star, before and after its outburst as a nova, is a variable star, shining with more or less heat as it traverses outliers of the nebula.

Irregular Variables.—When the nebula is so extended that the star is never quite free from its resistance, then the star, in passing through strata or patches of denser gas, may exhibit to us a life-history of irregular spasmodic changes of brightness. Stars of this sort, whose outbursts are not so violent as novæ's, are spoken of as 'irregular variables,' and most of them lie in regions where nebulæ are bright and visible. The most marvellous of all can be seen by people in the southern hemisphere, and is called Eta Argûs or Eta Carinæ by different astronomers. At present a telescope is needed to find it, because it has not been shining brightly for a great many years. But those who have a telescope can see it beautifully situated in the middle of a wonderful cloud-spot or nebula, which is spread out into a map of strange forms of glowing gas. They can watch, from year to year, its varying brightness, and recall that it was a fourth-magnitude star in Halley's time—1677—and of the second magnitude a century later. Sir John Herschel, at the Cape in 1837, saw it suddenly

* See *Chambers's Journal* for February 1922.

brighten, almost like a nova, threefold, and get still brighter for two weeks; then fainter; until again, in 1843, it burst forth almost equal to Sirius, the brightest star in the sky. Such behaviour is truly astonishing. Heat arising from friction in passing through a nebula might be the cause.

If we had been quite sure that new-stars owe their light to the friction of a star passing through a nebula, then we might be pretty sure that, for centuries, this star Eta Argûs has been entangled in some of the dense concentrations of the 'keyhole-nebula,' with which it seems in the telescope to be associated. Thus novæ and irregular variables would be ascribed to the same cause. This conclusion would be confirmed by what has been discovered by help of the spectroscope. For Eta Argûs and new-stars exhibit a very peculiar spectrum, the same in each case, implying a very exceptional and similar constitution.

There are many of these irregular variables, without any regular period from one maximum to the next, such as is shown by other types of variable stars. So much do they resemble novæ that it is sometimes difficult to say whether a star that has brightened suddenly is a nova or an irregular variable.

But we must remember that this gaseous friction explanation of the brightening of some stars is only a hypothesis, and that, hitherto, it has not accounted for some of the facts about novæ. For this reason, the hypothesis must be looked upon with the greatest suspicion by every true astronomer.

A meteor one hundred miles up in our atmosphere, where the air is at least a million times less dense than at the sea-level, experiences resistance enough to heat it up in a second of time to incandescence, though it be travelling only at twenty miles a second. A star travelling, as some new-stars seem to do, at over fifty times that speed would meet a resistance two thousand five hundred times as great in that attenuated atmosphere. After acting for twenty-four hours, instead of a second or two as with meteors, a terrific heat would be generated. But we do not know the density of the gaseous nebulæ, so we cannot draw positive conclusions about the heat generated in the case of a nova.

III.

Long-Period Variables.—The class of variables that next comes before us is perhaps the most interesting. It is one to which brotherhoods of amateur astronomers devote themselves with splendid energy in several countries scattered over the world. And at the same time the finest spectroscopes in the world are engaged upon this class of variables. It includes all the fluctuating stars that were first discovered centuries ago, except Algol. It is remarkable that, as a rule, any star of this class can be immediately detected as a variable by its spectrum.

When the spectroscope was first pointed to the stars, Father Secchi took notes of the spectra of all the stars. He then found that they could all be included in four separate classes. In one class hydrogen is most conspicuous; in another, calcium and the metals; in the third class, titanium-oxide; and in the fourth class carbon compounds predominate.

The long-period variables now claiming our attention are, all of them, of the third class, showing titanium-oxide. Moreover, this class has a subdivision; for a considerable number of these titanium-oxide stars show also *bright* hydrogen lines in their spectrum, in addition to the usual dark lines of star spectra. The astonishing thing is that every star of this subclass is a long-period variable star. Some people call Secchi's third class 'M-stars,' and the subclass—that containing glowing hydrogen—they call 'Md.' Every Md-star, without exception, is a long-period variable, and 85 per cent. of the long-period variables are Md-stars. If astronomers ever discover the true reason for this surprising fact, they will then understand why these stars vary in brightness, and also perhaps the meaning of glowing hydrogen being shown in the spectrum of any other star.

These long-period variables have a period, between their times of maximum brightness, varying from eighty to five or six hundred days. The usual period is about a year. All other variables that are not irregular have periods of a few days, or less than a day.

The stars that were first found to be variable were generally long-period, Md-stars. By far the best specimen was discovered by Fabricius in 1516—Omicron, in the constellation Cetus, the Whale. It is generally spoken of as Mira Ceti ('The Wonderful'). It is near the celestial equator, a good deal to the right of Orion to us in the northern hemisphere, and rising three hours earlier. It is usually invisible to the naked eye, but is bright for three months in the year, and sometimes rivals Aldebaran. Its date of maximum cannot be exactly foretold, nor can the maximum and minimum brightness. Betelgeuze in Orion is another striking example of fluctuations like those of Mira Ceti.

The behaviour of Mira Ceti is typical of the whole class, of which 363 members had been discovered by 1911. Only fifteen of these are ever visible to the naked eye. Many of the enthusiasts who possess even small telescopes are now engaged in estimating their brightness, on every clear night, through all their changes.

Meanwhile the astronomers who use the greatest telescopes in the world have been examining the spectra of these stars. One of their most remarkable results, certified by all of them, is that there must be two bodies shining. For the glowing hydrogen, giving bright

spectrum-lines, is approaching us, compared with the mass showing dark lines of titanium-oxide, &c., on a continuous bright spectrum. The velocity is about thirteen miles a second. The glowing hydrogen is intensified at maximum, just as in a nova. There are new spectroscopic discoveries being made every year about these wonderful stars. One of these variable stars in Aquarius, the Water-bearer, has certain bright lines in its spectrum, which prove the presence not only of glowing hydrogen, but also of glowing 'nebulium,' a constituent of nebulæ, but unknown hitherto in the sun, the stars, or our own planet.

IV.

Short-Period Variables.—These take us out of uncertain speculation into a region of comparative certainty, because one of the two classes into which they are divided is caused by eclipses, when a bright and a dark star revolve round each other. These are generally called 'Algol variables,' because a variability of this kind can be easily noticed in the case of the bright second-magnitude star called Algol, or Beta of Perseus. In Perseus we see a string of stars between Cassiopeia and the Pleiades; Algol is just to the right of that string of stars. It really consists of two stars, one bright, the other dark. And every three days the bright star of the pair is eclipsed by the dark one, which is about equal to it in size, and its brightness is reduced to one-quarter. The whole eclipse is begun and ended in a few hours, and is repeated after nearly three days with the utmost regularity. This class of variable was described in an article dealing with dark stars.* Astronomers are able, from the observer's measures of the brightness in different phases, to deduce very complete information about the orbit and dimensions of the two stars.

There is still one more type of variable star, one more puzzle for astronomers. It, too, has a short period. If, when looking up at the W-shaped constellation Cassiopeia, on a clear night, we examine the stars visible between that constellation and Vega, the first small star to catch the eye is Delta, in the constellation Cepheus. This star is representative of a large class of short-period variable stars. Its greatest brightness is a little less than third magnitude, which it attains at intervals of five days eight hours. Its brightness then falls off by one magnitude, gradually during four days, after which it rises, rather suddenly, to full brightness. In this performance it is quite regular, and it keeps as perfect time as any Algol variable. But it differs from them in the want of symmetry between the rising and the falling brightness. The 'Delta Cephei variables' have a variable velocity to and from us in the same period as the light, as have the Algol variables. The spectroscope tells us this. But there is an important difference. Algol approaches us most between maximum and minimum, a necessary consequence of its orbit causing an eclipse. But Delta Cephei, on the contrary, does so when the star is brightest. These two differences of behaviour make the eclipse explanation, which succeeds with Algol, utterly useless with Delta Cephei.

There is a large number of these puzzling Delta Cephei variables; and they are found mostly in the Milky Way—which is another puzzle. Altogether the tricks and performances of all classes of variables are like those of a clever conjurer whose marvels we try to explain. And although guesses in plenty have been hazarded, there has not yet appeared any satisfactory explanation except in the case of eclipsing variables like Algol.

Perhaps the most wonderful of these conjuring-tricks are those performed in certain globular clusters of stars, where Delta Cephei variables are found in swarms. The clusters are complete museums, full of those extraordinary performers among the stars.

At the beginning of this century Bailley took a large telescope to the southern hemisphere and watched the innumerable minute stars in that marvellous globular cluster Omega of the Centaur. When he announced the result the whole astronomical world was astounded. It was not merely that in this small portion of the sky, one thirty-thousandth of the whole sky, he discovered nearly as many variable stars as all those previously known. But he was able to tell us that their periods, between times of greatest brightness, were all very much the same—for the most part, only about half a day.

We have been puzzled at the erratic behaviour of new-stars and irregular variables. We have been puzzled by the yearly outbursts of long-period variables, and by their minor irregularities; also by the glowing hydrogen gas by which they are accompanied, and the huge difference in velocity between the star and its glowing hydrogen. We have been puzzled by the Delta Cephei, short-period variables, their sudden brightening and gradual fading, and their varying velocity from maximum to minimum brightness. Here was enough to set us guessing and speculating. But what are we to say about closely packed clusters of stars (for Omega of the Centaur is not alone among clusters in this respect) in which hundreds of stars, varying in brightness after the manner of Delta of Cepheus, all perform their extraordinary conjuring-trick of brightening and fading, in the same interval of time, a fraction of a day.

We can only wait in hope of further light, humbly confessing that, up to the present, man's speculations, though based upon the

* See *Chambers's Journal* for July 1922.

highest knowledge yet attained about the forces of nature, are mere gropings and guesses concerning those astounding phenomena, the brightening and fading of variable stars. This is a humiliating position, but it acts like a great incentive to all true star-lovers to accumulate all kinds of observations that ere long may be expected to unravel these mysteries.

THE SILENT PARTNER.

PART II.

III.

PUNCTUALLY at one o'clock old Derwent stepped out of the building, but instead of walking toward his club, turned—it seemed rather aimlessly—toward the river. At midnight he had not returned.

Three weeks later Philip was still battling with the realisation that the most stable factor in life had been obliterated. His father's disappearance was so swift and silent that he seemed to have been picked up by a huge invisible hand which, poised over the city, had suddenly descended and plucked him out. As the days passed, it was not so much his father's absence as the things which demanded increasing attention that pointed his loss. The automatic insistence of the process appalled his son. It was as though, in some queer way, he had pushed his father aside and stepped into the old man's shoes. The reason for the suicide—it could, he decided, be nothing else—was even more mysterious than the deed itself.

Gradually the event began to lose its sharp and poignant distinction, and in the numb period that succeeded the blow there drifted into Philip's brain the resolution that, before entering or even inquiring into his new duties, he would round off those he had already assumed. In the forefront stood the Billsby matter. He reverted to this, talking as before to his wife, but now with a new undertone in his voice.

'The easiest thing would be to drop the thing altogether,' he said slowly. 'There 'll be enough to attend to without it. But I've a queer feeling that that affair has resolved itself into a sort of votive offering. The governor knew about it—I 'm sure of that now.'

'How?' she demanded, startled.

'Can't just tell you—but he did know. Look here, Lucy, I 'm perfectly certain he 's aware that we 're discussing it at this very moment. It 's a curious sort of arrangement,' he added, his eyes half closing, 'but we can't hurt or vex him—that 's absolute. Don't you understand?—he knows it all now, and since he does I can't back out.'

Lucy Derwent shivered a little. 'Please, Philip, don't. And'—she hesitated—'is this nearly as important as many other things? Why not turn it over to Mr Cronyn to decide?' She glanced involuntarily down the length of the great drawing-room. In its subdued light the furniture took on ghostly suggestions of harbouring impalpable forms. She began to trace a familiar outline in front of the fireplace, then jerked herself back as Philip's tones came in again.

'I've a curious idea,' he was saying, 'that now father and I are going to be somehow much closer than before. You see, Lucy, he wanted to help all he could, but his earthly personality simply smothered me. He was a sort of walking evidence of the things into which I wasn't making myself.'

'Did you always feel that?' she put in curiously.

'No; but latterly I've been conscious that there was another personality in him that he more or less flouted and scoffed at, though it was the very expression I wanted. It wasn't tenderness or affection, but a sort of unquestioning kindredship that was bigger than business, or money, or success, or anything else; and, don't you see, he knows that now, so we 're going to be excellent friends—at last.'

'But he'—she paused, and went on with a touch of uncertainty—'he didn't believe in manifestations of any sort. Do you think that——'

'They are possible in his case? Certainly, if he desires them. I take it that that 's the first essential—the very first.'

'In which case,' answered Lucy quickly, 'I 'll say good-night.' Then, with another long, piercing glance down the room, she vanished.

Philip did not move, but sat for an hour in profound spiritual abstraction. The last vestige of sound died in the big house, and there throbbed in his ears the tiny and high-pitched hum of perfect silence. Presently he felt quite assured that if he put out a hand it would pierce something which, though quite invisible, represented nevertheless, in its tenuous identity, the wraith of his father. At this he experienced not fear, but a certain breathless relief, an exalted assurance that the mysterious friendship on which he had dared to count would produce in him just those reactions which Peter Derwent in the flesh had so ardently desired to bring about. It was, therefore, of tremendous importance to proffer nothing which might disturb this *entente*. His brain must be ductile enough to be guided by his father's newly achieved omniscience. And just then the Billsby matter projected itself silkily into his imagination.

Quite automatically he concentrated on the subject. A little later he became conscious that the thing which was now his father had turned away, as though diverted by some viewless agency. The impression left with Philip was that the old man would be at hand when needed, and his son was in the meantime free to make what business analysis he desired. It was for all the world as if Derwent had stepped for a moment into an adjoining room.

Thus liberated, Philip began a careful letter to the Billsby Company. It admitted that competition should, if possible, be avoided, and after stating the capacity and product of his own plant, concluded with the desire for a meeting at which profitable amalgamation could be discussed. He read this over carefully, dwelling with a touch of unction on his own phrases. Never before, he thought, had he expressed himself quite so well. A dignified and politic document was this letter, and he signed his name with undisguised satisfaction. The result should be a matter of financial progress.

But almost before his pen lifted from the paper, there swept over him an unassailable conviction that this votive offering would be unacceptable. His father, it appeared, had strolled back, and now stood either beside or behind him, his brows pulled down, a wraith in protest. With nothing visible to guide him, Philip waited till he was strangely moved to write once more. As pen touched paper there trickled into him a mysterious infusion of combativeness. Amalgamate! Why amalgamate? It was in this case another term for surrender, and the simile roused a slow antagonism in his blood. At that he began to write furiously. Then once more he looked up.

A few moments later he rose, and noiselessly commenced a search. The thing had removed itself. Philip walked the room's length with invitational pauses, during which the fine hammering in his ears maintained its thin treble note, and the two letters crackled faintly between his rigid fingers. He was quite determined to cement this ghostly kinship, and what was there that would serve better than the Billsby matter? Since Derwent senior was out of the world, there was no reason in it why he should not co-operate, but he must evidence himself in some understandable manner. And Philip was convinced he would do this were the question only put fairly to him. Opening the door of the library once favoured by his father, he found that which he sought.

In a chair by the great, flat-topped desk sat a figure, human, yet imponderable, the translation of old Derwent into something whose outlines suggested reality, while its intangible substance seemed nevertheless prodigiously unreal. It leaned forward just as Derwent used to lean, and, as Philip entered, glanced up at him from beneath just such tufted brows as once overhung the old man's piercing gaze. There was nothing inimical in the stare. It held a suggestion of the one-time quizzical truculence, but this was now veiled—and Philip recognised with a gasp the subjective Derwent, the hitherto dissembled man, the other father whom Lucy had sometimes caught peering at her, and who had forthwith disappeared with a chuckle. Simultaneously he caught a subdued murmur of voices, as of people who conversed in undertones and unaware of his presence. At this his own body seemed to lose all sense of mass or weight, and something within him projected itself forward.

Presently he caught his own voice. It was reading the first Billsby letter aloud. This time it sounded curiously vapid. He was able to move away from it, and get it, so to speak, in perspective; and while he read he was conscious all the time that his abstract father was listening intently. At the concluding paragraph Philip lifted his eyes expectantly.

In a flash he saw that that which he had read was ill received. The brows bunched themselves into shaggy hillocks, and a look of utter disappointment spread over the tenuous face. At the same time the figure shifted with an acutely familiar movement of protest.

At this Philip turned hastily to the other letter—the one written in furious haste. No sooner had he begun to read than the change communicated itself. As he went on, flinging audible defiance at the Billsby Company, his own tones rose in tremulous triumph, till, glancing again for the verdict, he caught a transformation in the mysterious face. Now it was the real old Derwent, the fighter who loved a fight, the hard-bitten, the commercial sportsman who knew the game. The wraith-like lips broadened into a smile, and, in the cold light that streamed through the window, the spectral head nodded on those impalpable shoulders. Then Philip, his throat and tongue becoming suddenly dry, and with terror prickling on his scalp, swayed and dropped limply to the floor.

IV.

It was not till some days afterwards that he was able to speak of it at all. Coming to himself, shivering and with oppression still upon him, he had automatically destroyed the first letter and dropped the other into the post-box near the door. This appeared the natural resultant of all that had preceded it. Lucy, noting his changed appearance next morning, had questioned him fruitlessly. Solitude, and that only, he craved, and in solitude managed to grasp at enough wherewith to pull himself together. The thing happened on a Tuesday. On Friday, sufficiently poised to unfold the story, he reconstructed the scene for his wife in the library itself.

She listened quietly enough, the tenseness of

her eyes alone revealing her emotion. Philip, obviously, was utterly convinced. No protest, no shattering analysis of her own, could, she felt, ever shake his assurance. At first she was alarmed; but as the tale went on there came to her a curious thought, that perhaps out of very confidence in this abstract presence he would build himself anew. Hope dawned within her as he proceeded to the conclusion with which he stated he was now faced.

'The principal thing is,' he was saying, 'that father is undoubtedly dead. That's without question.'

'Why?' she ventured. 'There's no actual proof.'

'Because,' came back Philip steadily, 'this other self could not have appeared if he were alive. It cannot be visibly separated from the living person—that is, unless the person himself passionately longs for it. But father was violently opposed even to considering anything of this kind, and his opposition would make it all the more impossible. It's odd,' he went on, 'but I seem to know him much better now than ever before. It's all tender and companionable, and, well—intimate. He's off the fence, and he's climbed down on my side. He's the silent partner.'

'And if all this had not happened?' she said nervously.

Philip shook his head. 'I don't know—I should probably have just jogged along. For instance, I could never have written that Billsby letter. You see, now I've got a kind of phantasmal backer, and am full of a sort of insolent confidence. It's in me now to cut a wider swath than even father did, and I am going to cut it.' His voice lifted into new dominance and his dark eyes dwelt upon her, brilliant with mysterious presage.

Lucy peered at him, fascinated. Confidence rang in his tones. The firm's name danced through her brain, just as the flashing letters of an electric sign pulse vividly athwart the sky. Derwent & Son it would continue to be, and the latter, having achieved a nebulous alliance with the late senior partner, would eclipse his father's reputation. Her former doubts took on accusing shapes. She now saw in Philip a super-man, animated by amazing faculties which already began to be reflected in voice and gesture. Overwhelmed for an instant, she turned away and stared silently out of the window.

Suddenly, with a start, she shrank back. The colour fled from her face; and, grasping the curtain convulsively, she leaned a little toward her husband, her lips moving almost without sound. 'Philip!' she gasped, cowering. 'Philip!' She seemed stricken with swift and abject terror. Her body began to tremble.

He sprang up and came to her quickly. 'Lucy, I'm sorry. There's nothing to be frightened about.'

She clung to him desperately. 'Philip, look!'

He looked. Sturdily up the wide path moved the figure of Peter Derwent. He came briskly, head erect, cheeks redder than ever. Seemingly he had just returned from his office, with nothing ghostly in his short, broad person. Nor was there anything particularly spiritual in the grin that had settled on his bulldog features. He glanced straight ahead. The next instant they heard a familiar bang at the hall door, the rattle of a stick, and the slightly stertorous breathing of an energetic but well-fed elderly man who has done some fast walking.

Philip's eyes rounded with amazement and instinctively sought those of his wife. For a second they held each other, while through them both stormed a medley of emotions. There were no words, but of all that she experienced in this amazing pause Lucy in after-days remembered most distinctly that Philip appeared to wilt back into something from which he had just emerged. It was grotesquely like losing a second husband, and discovering at the same time that the first one was still alive. Simultaneously a throb of protest surged up in her breast. And just then the door of the library was opened.

On the threshold stood Peter Derwent, a mischievous twinkle in his hard, blue eyes. He did not speak at once, but regarded the two with a mirth that seemed sinister. Without speech he reassumed his leadership, and re-established the old triangle. From its apex he surveyed those who, quite automatically, were sliding back to either end of the domestic base. The silence lengthened into something portentous. Philip's throat was dry. He tried to force out words, but succeeded only in uttering an unintelligible jumble that appeared to be vexing rather than acceptable. Lucy, conscious of all the numbing readjustment that was going on, felt about in an empty brain for that which would fill the gap. It was fearfully obvious that the master's return was more than unexpected.

'Well?' he snapped. 'Nice welcome home, eh? What's the matter with you two? Can't a man go away for a few weeks without being received back like a funeral?—Philip, you look as if you'd seen a ghost.'

With a violent effort Philip recovered himself, and stretched out a long, lean arm. 'Last Tuesday,' he said shakily.

Derwent grunted. 'What about it?'

'Last Tuesday I saw you—you were here in the library. You appeared to me.'

'Appeared! Appeared as what? I take you to be confoundedly personal, young man.'

'If you were not in the library last Tuesday about midnight—where were you?' Philip's tones were almost a wail.

'Library! Tommy-rot!' snorted his father. 'I was in Birmingham.'

THE END.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

THE Einstein Theory has been touched upon many times in nearly every newspaper—rarely more than touched upon, being considered as dangerous stuff. Yet upon occasion several columns at once have been devoted to it, and here and there it has been treated in the manner of a sensation. Once or twice we have even seen the most popular evening newspapers placing their little articles upon this subject alongside the special feature of the day, which is commonly either a mystery of crime or one of those affairs of law which were classed two generations back as scandalous, but are now considered good human records of life that is fast and romantically lived. It is true that the Einstein Theory has never been yielded a prominence like that which is given to these other domestic and public affairs, because an instinctive respect, a fear for that which seems superhumanly great, such as seizes the old journalistic hands, held them back from a great display of headlines of the flashy kind. This subject, dealing with infinity and space and time, daring to probe farther into the grand secrets of the universe than ever before, appears to fall into a class that is only a little less than sacred. I do not think that even Professor Leacock, who did not hesitate to attempt, in the manner of his own special and peculiar humour, to conjure a sensation out of our old and once most impressive Euclid with such proposed headlines as 'Horrible Disaster—Complete Bisection of a Triangle—Fullest Details,' would dare to set his pleasant art to play upon this Einstein Theory. Euclid, indeed, he may trifle with the more freely for the Einstein Theory, since the truth and the reason of that old geometry are now assailed as not before. It may seem difficult to some who have not comprehended such subtleties as the Fourth Dimension and the tremendous thoughts of Professor Einstein to realise that a straight line is not that which lies evenly between two points. And some have partly understood that clocks do not tell the truth of time, and never have—even the best of clocks; and some have read that light does not move straight, but bends; and some have heard that space—that seeming infinite beyond our sphere and all the other spheres—is infinite, and yet is bounded, finite, which seems a tremendous circumstance and passes their understanding. So there is fearing respect for the Einstein Theory, which appears neither intelligible nor recreative like the crimes which figure so prominently in the newspapers, and cannot be drawn like them into subtle sympathy and communion with the popular mind—just as, when Einstein himself came to London, some months ago, and was welcomed in high enthusiasm and awed admiration by British savants at the college in the Strand, it did not seem the same to some, did not look so splendid, as when Mr Charles Chaplin came, and was accorded a grander, louder, more fervent reception than that given to any hero coming home from the war (though indeed Mr Chaplin, as some remember, did not come home to his native England from America during the war). The arrival of Mr Chaplin, darling of the screen, is clearly a matter for a page of newspaper, with many pictures, if ever there was one since the twentieth century was fairly established on its wild and tumultuous way. So that is how it comes about that though, as we say, the Einstein Theory has been at least mentioned many times in all the papers, few people have been attracted by it. They have respected it from afar, they have even admired it in some way of distant detachment, but they have shrunk from any idea of intimate acquaintance, for they have come to realise that it is beyond them and their capacities for thought, even the best of them. An excellent human intelligence is distressed in difficulty when it comes to speculate upon the ideas and possibilities of infinity, space, time, and the first causes and beginnings. It is realised then that the human mind which may be increasing in strength is still far too weak for such enterprises as these, and had better hold away. Better, it is thought, to take for granted such as may be, and leave it all for settlement to the further and higher development of mankind. Einstein, it might seem, is one who has developed ahead, before the proper time of life and the world. He has been able to see farther and to understand more, which is to be what is called a genius; and he is trying to bring the others on, and make them understand, but they can hardly grasp the signs.

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

It is often enough, and truly, said that the fault of the people in these doubtful days is that they do not think, and have almost forgotten how to think, and that from this neglect and careless inability several sorrows of the world have directly sprung. Then here is an exercise in thinking for them, the most desperate and baffling, the most elusive and impressive, and the most enormously important with it all that can be set to them. Einstein has reached a distant point in thinking; how near can he be approached? From the point he has reached he is looking over the back of beyond and witnessing the most amazing things—bending light, warped space, new time, infinity made finite, the sun and the stars behaving contrarily to the manner which has been taught, and many other most remarkable things. And, seeing them, he can deduce from them and build up new theories and philosophies, and probe some way farther into the awful secret of the universe and how it works; which, when fully discovered, if it is, will indicate the completion, the millennium, of the mind. But we cannot get as far as Einstein, even though he points the mental way; minds are not big enough. Some are nearly, and many have approached an understanding close enough to be able to discuss and argue, and some even with a fine conceit to dissent; but Einstein is farthest on. The pity of it is, as it appears to the multitude of quite clever people who have striven to comprehend, that this is not an affair of the mind and of feeling that, like some faiths, may be simply absorbed. Established by a daring and powerful penetration, it has now a function for disturbance, for stirring doubt, for overthrowing easy confidence. One may accept the results of Einstein's reasoning, and see how remarkably they have been confirmed by eclipses observed in South America, and in other ways; and in the event of failure to follow the argument of the theory, that is nearly all that can now be done. It is, at least to those who fail, the most enormous test of what is called their thinking power, which becomes an old phrase with a new meaning after a little course of Einstein. Such as think they can think, and try to think, discover here some most tantalising limitations. It is an impediment also that, as they are made aware, they must have had a certain special educational training, and must be hardly less than masters in the higher mathematics, before they can presume to enter upon this study. It is like the case of a person who would study a foreign literature. He has some other special and preliminary and not simple learning to do first; he must learn the language. That is the difficulty and the failure of so many well-meaning persons who have set out to write new books explaining the Einstein Theory in the simplest language they can apply to it. Not long ago an important scientific journal in America offered a prize of five thousand dollars—which in the better days used to be worth a thousand pounds—to the man who should best and in the simplest way, and within the space of an article or essay, explain this theory. The winner was an Englishman, Mr L. Bolton, of the Patent Office, and his admirable essay, an introduction, as it might be considered, to this Einstein Theory of Relativity, is itself a test. It cannot be doubted that this is an excellent explanation, and yet how fares the non-mathematical mind when, searching for what may appear as the germ of the argument and something that may be most fully comprehended, it must consider and assimilate this proposition: 'Lengths and times, therefore, have not the absolute character formerly attributed to them. As they present themselves to us they are relations between the objects and the observer, which change as the motion relative to time changes. Time can no longer be regarded as something independent of position and motion, and the question is, what is the reality? The only possible answer is that objects must be regarded as existing in four dimensions, three of these being the ordinary ones of length, breadth, and thickness; and the fourth, time. The term "space" is applicable only by analogy to such a region; it has been called a "continuum," and the analogue of a point in ordinary three-dimensional space has been appropriately called an "event." By "dimension" must be understood merely one of four independent quantities which locate an event in this continuum. In the nature of the case any clear mental picture of such a continuum is impossible; mankind does not possess the requisite faculties. In this respect the mathematician enjoys a great advantage. Not that he can picture the thing mentally any better than other people, but his symbols enable him to abstract the relevant properties from it, and to express them in a form suitable for extract treatment without the necessity of picturing anything, or troubling whether or not the properties are those on which others rely for their conceptions'? Is that simple? It should be simple, or—in parts—perhaps comparatively. Euclid was simpler. Some will perceive, or think that they perceive, that the crux of the problem for their own understanding and enlightenment lies in their grasp of the idea of the Fourth Dimension. We people have surveyed and measured things, do it every day and time in the simple and sensible way of trade by three dimensions—so many feet long, so many wide, and so many deep—and then the object is all complete and ready for consignment and to be paid for. But not so in the higher world of mathematics. You could never come to understand the universe, or guess at it, through the medium of a case of stuff that was consigned per the railway company in our intelligible three dimensions.

The fourth takes us higher, gives us time to measure by as well, and it is the preliminary test of thinking as we take up the Einstein Theory of Relativity. The professor endeavours to prepare, or encourage, one for an assault upon this mystery by employing an ingenious illustration of the idea of a world of two dimensions—not three—by supposing black beetles to inhabit the surface of a sphere, and then reflecting on the difficulties which such creatures would find in considering our world of three dimensions. Length and breadth have the black beetles, but depth besides have we. In a larger and advanced intelligence we should go on to the Fourth Dimension, and Einstein, per the beetles, indicates the direction our thoughts must take when we endeavour to pass from a world of three dimensions to one of four, to which in some manner we are led by his theory. None, one, two, three dimensions—you have them indicated in order as the point, the line, the square, and the cube. Six squares bind a cube, and it is supposed that eight cubes would bind a four-dimensional figure, which would appear right-sided and symmetrical to the independent perpendicular directions which exist in the four-dimensional space. We, as we are, can look inside a square or a circle, by our three dimensions, as the two-dimensional observer—like the beetle—could not; and it is an inference that the inside of cubes and spheres can be seen by intelligences in four-dimensional space. How this is concerned with time, and how it is all involved in the Einstein Theory, are other stories, the book of which you may buy and proceed to think upon.

* * *

Professor Albert Einstein, then. What manner of man may be this of whom Lord Haldane, when introducing him in the lecture-hall of King's College, London, on a summer afternoon, said: 'You are in the presence of the Newton of the twentieth century, of a man who has effected a greater revolution in thought than that of Copernicus, Galileo, and even Newton himself'? That morning Einstein, in full modesty and humility, unobtrusively and almost surreptitiously, and not in the manner of kings and princes who pay official and most public homage, went to the tomb of Newton, and upon it, as one pupil in science to another, earnest gropers amid the grander mysteries, striving in time and space, he laid a wreath. The circumstance did not come to be reported in the papers. What kind of man, outwardly, is this amazing revolutionist, of whom another said that he is the greatest genius the world has produced for five hundred years? Before he came to London for a few days he visited Manchester, and at the university there, when the honorary degree of Doctor of Science was conferred upon him, Professor Dixon, Professor of Chemistry, in presenting him for the degree, said it was not over bold to predict that Einstein, as mathematician and physicist, by transforming the law of gravitation and unifying it with the law of inertia in a single conception, would be numbered in the company of the world's greatest inquirers, more potent for the world's progress than statesmen or conquerors. What of this man, who assuredly does not advertise himself, who is the gentlest revolutionist of them all, a veritable dove among a noisy company of system crashers, though he indeed smashes up the mental structures that were made of all space and time, flings the infinite to limbo and sets up the finite in its stead; casts down Euclid, lays Newton out to disbelief, and does not merely change the politics of a people, as do the revolutionists in whose honour the monuments are raised, upon whose adventures the most romantic pages in the books of history are written? Seeing so much farther than other men, being so profound, so enormous in the power of his mind, understanding things that are sometimes beyond the intelligence, the conception, the elucidation even of minds that are keen and well trained in science, such a man as this, one would say, must be fairly advanced in years, as much advanced as would be consistent with retention at full strength of his remarkable faculties. But though he looks somewhat older, he is only forty-three. As he leans forward to address us in a gentle, mellow voice, in an easy, conversational tone, as one who is setting forth to interest and to please us by stirring tales of daring explorations in the unthinkable realms of warped space, travelling by bended light with clocks of arrested time—this is no withered ancient, warped to match his scientific pieces. He is not bent and creaking, nor does he speak with a croak. He is a pleasant man; the trait in him you first catch upon is his serenity, constant, immutable, as it seems. His eyes at times will light with humour; he loves a jest at proper time, and he can make a few. He came on to England from the United States, and some one asked him how many American students he had known of who quite understood—just understood—his theory. Einstein, reflecting a moment, answered laconically, 'One; possibly two.' Yet I wonder if there might not be half-a-dozen spread between Philadelphia and San Francisco, for I find in a bookshop even in our dull London some eight or ten new volumes by British writers professing to explain in somewhat simple language, in a popular way, the meaning of what Einstein has set forth. (But the 'simple' and the 'popular' are here rated, so it seems, upon a lofty scientific standard, beyond the reach even of mortals who may be geniuses in other fields of mind. I have looked at some of these simple explanations—space and time for babes, as is the idea in a comparative sort of way—and it seems that the genius of another school might soon be lost in such

labyrinths of theory and complexity, and that for an explanation, so far as a feeble mind might gather any, one would rather take the advice of a friend, a senior wrangler, who, expounding the notion of the Fourth Dimension, as we sat out one night beneath the stars in Norfolk—to be 'popular,' he indicated the North Star as being some 'twenty yards or so' up there above the Plough—said that, after all, if we were to grapple with Einstein we must 'think a bit' and be prepared to think; and that being so, why not seek for our own little light in the smaller and semi-popular treatise that the professor himself has produced upon the subject, as plain and popular as he dare make it—which is not at all to say that it is really plain and popular? It may be a little easier for an ordinary man to comprehend this theory so magnificent than to visualise in detail the back of the beyond. But it cannot be much easier. There is this consolation through Einstein, however, that apparently there is no back of beyond. There is only the finite unending.

* * *

So this pleasant man, so serene and suave, leans forward to talk nicely with those who listen to him about his toys, which are Light and Relativity, Space and the Universe, the primaries which are so much neglected by us poor materialists, who are most concerned with repairing the multiplicated devastation caused by a war that some were tempted to suggest might have some influence upon eternity. Wars of men come not within the scientific contemplations of the professor; the greatest war has no dimension in the scheme of space and time. He is of about medium height, thick and strong in figure, solid—stocky, as one might say. This body is not the lean and wiry frame one might expect in a prince of scientists; it would be the thing exactly for a farmer or for the foreman of a factory. In another way his appearance makes deceiving suggestion. Great scientists, in imagination or idealism, might present a variety of appearances, but surely none of them would be that of musician. That, however, is the occupation for Professor Einstein that would be guessed at by those who did not know. Upon his head is a bushy, irregular mass of black hair, turning to gray—this is musician's hair. There is dreaminess, something, indeed, of a certain poetic languor, roomy imagination in his brilliant eyes, keenly attractive as they are. An utter and absolute scientist should surely see from sharp and piercing eyes, something needle-like to prick the gaze on points of atoms. Yet a scientist for the comprehension of the finite and unending, the warped space, the bended light, must surely be the dreamer too, the visionary, the poet whose eyes in their fine frenzy soar from a simple plane to the vagueness of the Fourth Dimension. Sometimes a tired look spreads itself about the eyes; there are lines on the forehead, too, that seem to tell of the strain of his tremendous thought. These looks are true; they tell of the man exactly. In point of fact, Einstein is really a musician, and if space and time and light, and all that with them are, had not in their own direction drawn him from the material world and given him fame, music would have led him happily away to her own delicious realms, and—as it is thoroughly believed by those who know and understand—would for herself have raised him to the heights. He is a violinist. Lord Haldane and others assure us that he has the technique of a first-class professional. Beethoven and Mendelssohn, Mozart and Schumann, Bach and many more, he has a passion for their melody. Sound also is laid by scientists on their dissecting-tables, and is cut up like light and all the beauties into cold formulæ of italics; but, whatever he may do with space, sweet and harmonious sound in its loveliness is sacred to this man. With it his spirit wanders free beyond even the unthinkable limits, towards the Cause controlling all, knowing the truth of all the mysteries of the universe. When he lectured at King's College, and his distinguished admirers were exalting him, placing him in the company of Copernicus, Galileo, and Newton, foremost in such a company, Einstein appeared little interested; he seemed to be thinking of something else. Then his music, his playing of the violin, was mentioned; he lit up instantly! His countenance beamed; he showed delight as at no other time. Surely the study of this remarkable man, peer among the geniuses of centuries, one who can think more and perceive farther than the best of other minds, is a strange and fascinating thing. We have him like a Samson of science, wrestling fiercely with all the mighty force-problems of the universe, tearing from space her secrets, snatching the mask from the infinite and displaying her as but a sort of finite after all; then, after such magnificent adventures, coming here to London to tell us of it all. And we imagine him also, precisely like some famous figure in a novel of character and mystery, alone in a little room of his own, high, away in a quiet corner, isolated, and there in the late hours making music with his violin, streaming the sweetness of Mendelssohn through his soul, and, his theories being nothing now, linking his being to an eternity.

* * *

There is another aspect of this remarkable man that should be, must be, considered. Do not shrink in horror, do not flee in fear, from these curious contemplations, but accept it that Albert Einstein, whom our universities were honouring but a summer since, whom our authorities agreed is the greatest genius known for ages, is reckoned as a German. It is, no doubt, an awful thing, but, to an extent, it is really true. How came Providence to play such tricks with us? Beethoven, Wagner, Einstein—Germans all. In

Bayswater it may be thought that this is a sorry jest. The Germans used to be much disturbed in a similar way upon the case of Shakespeare until spiritually they naturalised him, and tried thenceforth to forget that in the flesh he had his birth at Stratford, thus finding no difficulties in patriotic principle in producing *Hamlet* in Berlin while the guns were roaring on the Somme, though *Die Walküre* was strictly taboo in Paris and in London. When Einstein came to London, it was formally and vigorously proclaimed that 'Genius knows no frontier.' He was the first German of distinction to be welcomed in England since the war; indeed, one might say that he was the first German of any kind to be sincerely welcomed. The great audience at King's College, men and women, people of distinction and discrimination, beamed upon him in kindness and admiration. And when Einstein spoke, he said earnestly at the very first that it gave him a special pleasure to lecture in the capital of the country from which the most important and fundamental ideas of theoretical physics had spread throughout the world: Newton's theories of motion and gravitation, and the proposition of the electro-magnetic field upon which Faraday and Maxwell built up the theories of modern physics. But—as Bayswater again might say—he is one of the better Germans. It may be remembered that, in the early stages of the war, men of science in Germany issued a manifesto declaring themselves in favour of Germany's part in the war. Against this was issued in Germany a contra-manifesto by another body of scientists, perhaps a minority (and minorities, of course, are always right), protesting against the first declaration. Einstein was with this minority, and later he signed an appeal in favour of the German revolution. By some he is described not as a German, but as a Swiss Jew; those who thus describe him do so in the manner of insisting with a certain vehemence. Professor Einstein himself has made a little pleasant play upon this point. So much depends upon time and circumstance and the point of view. To a German now Einstein is German enough; to various others he is better as a Swiss Jew. But a time is conceivable when it would all be different. Anyhow, he was for a period professor of mathematical physics at the Polytechnic at Zurich, and later professor at Prague. Then he was nominated as a member of the Kaiser Wilhelm Academy for Research in Berlin, with a salary of eighteen thousand marks a year, and no duties, so that he might be able to devote himself to research work entirely.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN UNROMANTIC GENTLEMAN.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH: *Tells how Colonel Russell and Captain Prosper Hawtrey met again.*

'THE chirurgeon made a careful examination of my wound, and announced that the bullet had missed striking the bone, and that the wound was but a flesh one, and in no way serious. Then, having dressed it, he took his departure, promising to come again on the morrow.

'It was now just beginning to grow light, and after the leech left me, I lay a while on my bed, watching the gray, misty dawn stealing over the sky. Nature woke to life, and I heard the sparrows twittering in the eaves, and the distant lowing of cattle driven to pasture, and the faint, far-off bark of a shepherd's dog. And I considered, in sorrow, how man, spite all his knowledge and achievements, is in some respects the inferior of the dumb brutes, that take delight in innocent pleasures, and plot not the one against the other, nor fight, save it be for food or, as I am told, for a mate. I sighed heavily as these thoughts passed through my mind; then rose, bathed my forehead, and made my way downstairs, where, with the aid of an orderly, I made my ablutions.

'At first my walk was tottering, like that of a drunken man, and my head felt very heavy. But I was a powerful man, in the prime of life, and had in no way abused my constitution—except during the war, when I had often slept in the open, in wet and muddy fields, or trenches—and by degrees my feebleness and my headache passed away, and my wound gave me no trouble, save that it burned greatly, and ached, and caused me to suffer sharp pangs when I moved too quickly or suddenly.

'I spent most of the day in the library of Beverley Hall—a large room, full of choice volumes, which, I doubt not, the roistering Cavaliers had never opened from one year's end to another—where I made pretence to read, that I might be left undisturbed, to think how I might help Anne Beverley.

'Late in the forenoon Colonel Jenkins came to inquire about my wound. He told me that he had caused a careful search to be made all over the house, and in particular in the neighbourhood of the place whence the woman had emerged, in the hope of discovering the entrance to the labyrinth. But the search had been in vain. "I have given the woman until midnight to reveal the entrance, and if she persists in her refusal to tell me what I require to know, I have pledged my word that she shall hang," he concluded. Having said which, he quitted the room.

'It was clear to me that unless I could either

persuade Anne Beverley to confess, or contrive her escape from the house before midnight, her life would be forfeit, since Colonel Jenkins would certainly keep his word. I had little hope that the girl would make a confession, for she came of a stubborn stock. Moreover, as I realised, it was her duty, from her mistaken point of view, to refuse to give Colonel Win-the-Fight the information he desired. At the thought of her being hanged I shuddered, for I am not a violent man, even though I have been a soldier; and I felt that I should be directly responsible for her death. And so I resolved, after much anxious cogitation, that I would endeavour to contrive her escape, an she refused to purchase her life by giving Colonel Jenkins the information he demanded.

'With a copy of Francis Quarles's *Emblems, Divine and Moral*, open before me, I stared out of the windows, across the weed-grown garden and the open park, to the gloomy woods which encircle the house, racking my brain for a plan of rescue of the girl. Many plans I turned over in my mind, but rejected as being impracticable. At one time I thought of trying to steal the woman out of the house, and to ride with her to General Oliver Cromwell, to throw ourselves on his mercy. But this plan I rejected, fearing that, even if we escaped the pursuit that would be made after us, His Excellency the Lord-General would bear me no goodwill when he heard what had happened. Then I thought of carrying her to Dover or some other port, and sending her overseas again; but I had not enough money for the passage, and should certainly not have time in which to obtain it. So this plan was rejected.

'And thus I considered scheme after scheme all the forenoon and afternoon, until the autumn day began to draw to a misty close, and the sun shewed blood-red through the woods, looking like a great glowing fire seen through the fire-bars, where the tree-trunks stood out against the glow.

'And then a plan suggested itself to me which promised success. I carefully examined it in every detail, and finding no serious flaw in it, left the library, and walked upstairs to Colonel Jenkins's room. I found him engaged in writing a despatch to General Oliver Cromwell, and did but exchange a few words with him, and left him, satisfied that he would be too occupied for some time to come to interfere with my plan.

'As soon as it was dark I made my way to the room wherein Anne Beverley was held prisoner. It was a small room—small, that is to say, as rooms went in the spacious mansion—with two windows. Seated on the window-seat of one of these, and looking with a white, drawn face through the open casement into the misty night, was the girl. By the door were seated two soldiers, engaged in a sober discussion of the nature of the Trinity. I dismissed them, bidding them wait at the end of the passage until I should call them. Then I seated myself beside the young woman, and feeling much pity for her, said in a gentle voice, "I have a plan for your escape to-night. Do you know of any secret entrance to the labyrinth besides the one by which you left it yesterday?"

'"Yes," she answered; "there is one not far from this room."

'"Then," said I, "I will conduct you thither, and you shall enter the labyrinth, and so escape. I pledge my word that I will not reveal its existence to Colonel Jenkins, or any one else. But I shall hold myself free, and shall, indeed, conceive it to be my duty, to endeavour to find some other way into the secret passages. Your life will not be endangered should we discover our way in, for, whether your brother and Captain Hawtrey are still in hiding or not, Colonel Jenkins will no longer have any reason for treating you with violence."

'The wench began to thank me in a shaky voice, but I cut her thanks short by saying, "Where is the secret entrance?"

'"In the room at the end of the passage," she answered. "There is a panel in it which opens into the secret passages. But, colonel, you are very good. God knows I misjudged you when first I heard who you were from Captain——"

'"'Tis every gentleman's duty," said I, in some embarrassment, "to assist a female in distress, if he can do it without loss of honour, and without neglect of duty."

'As I finished saying these words, something cold pressed against the back of my neck, and a low voice said, "Sit still, Colonel Russell, if you don't wish to have the back of your neck blown into your throat. I have my pistol against your carcass."

'Amazement alone made me sit still; but the girl turned towards the open window, and said, "Lud! You, Captain Prosper Hawtrey? Take away that pistol! Colonel Russell has proved himself to be a very fine gentleman, and one of my truest friends." (I remember to this day with what a foolish satisfaction this speech filled me.)

'The cold pressure on my neck was removed, and Captain Hawtrey said in incredulous tones, "Your friend, Anne? Od's wounds!"

'I turned towards the window, and saw Captain Hawtrey with one knee resting on the sill, clinging with his left hand to the ivy which covered the wall outside, whilst in his right he held the pistol with which he had just threatened me.

'He gave me a far from friendly glance, then scrambled into the room. Anne briefly explained to him what had happened, and our plan for her rescue; at which he said, "Split me! I had intended to carry you off, and have

a couple of horses waiting in the park. But this plan is a safer one, methinks."

'I was about to reply to this when there came a loud shout from beneath the window: "Ho! What is this? Grace-of-God stabbed to death!"

'"Zounds!" exclaimed the Cavalier, with an evil smile. "'Tis the knave I had to stiletto. I had not thought he would be discovered so soon."

'"You have murdered the sentry?" I asked in horror.

'"I gave him three or four inches of steel," said the dissolute wretch carelessly. "I should not be here, otherwise, for he was on guard immediately beneath the windows of this room."

'Glad was I to see that Anne Beverley regarded the murderer with abhorrence. I gave him a stern glance, beneath which his eyes dropped, and said, "Master Hawtrey, I shall conduct Anne to the secret panel which will give her admittance to the secret passages, and shall then arrest you for murder."

'He flushed with anger, and, placing his hand on his rapier-hilt, replied in furious tones, "Sir hypocrite, you shall give me satisfaction for those words!" Then suddenly his tone changed, and he said in a sneering manner, "But zooks! methinks your ban-dogs will have us all before Anne can escape, or you and I cross swords."

'From below came a great shouting, one man crying, "'Tis the work of the devils!" another, "See, some one hath ascended by the ivy—'tis all pulled away from the wall, here!" another, "The chamber of the Amalekite woman is above. Peradventure she hath escaped down the ivy, and stabbed Grace-of-God." Finally, I heard Kill-sin Thompson shout, "Run, Black and Jones, to her room, and see what hath happened! You remain here, while I go acquaint the colonel with what hath occurred."

'"Come," said I to Anne Beverley, crossing the room, "you must fly before they come to this room. I shall deal with that murderer anon."

'As I laid my hand on the door handle, I heard the tramp of feet in the passage without, and the voice of Colonel Win-the-Fight Jenkins saying, "Maybe 'tis the work of the Prince of Darkness, but methinks 'tis more likely one of the wretched woman's accomplices."'

(*Continued on page 575.*)

LONGEVITY.

THAT human life can be prolonged to a very great age is evident from the more or less authenticated instances on record.

A Norwegian sailor named Drakenburg, generally known as the 'Old Man of the North,' lived 146 years. He was born at sea, in the year 1626, and lived for over a hundred years on the sea, following the vocation of a sailor, and died in a fisherman's cottage on the edge of the sea in 1772. Until a month before his death he enjoyed good health and was in full possession of his faculties.

A somewhat similar case was that of an old Irish lady—Catherine, Countess of Desmond, who lived 148 years. This famous centenarian was a daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, of the ancient House of Drumana, in the county of Waterford, and was the second wife of Thomas, thirteenth Earl of Desmond, who died at Rath Keale, Limerick, in 1534, at a great age, being well over one hundred years. There is a portrait of the old countess at Muckross, and beneath it is the following inscription: 'Catherine, Countess of Desmond, as she appeared at ye court of Our Sovereigne Lord King James, in thys present yeare A.D. 1614, and in the 140th yeare of her age. She was married in ye Reigne of King Edward IV., and in ye course of her long Pilgrimage renewed her Teeth twice. Her principal Residence is Inchquin, in Munster.' Fynes Moryson states in his *Itinerary* (published in June 1617) that 'in oure tyme the Irish Countess of Desmond lived to the age of 148 yeeres, being able to goe on foote foure or five miles to the market towne, and using weekly to doe so in her last yeeres.' As a matter of fact, the old lady was well and active till a few weeks before her death, when she sustained internal injuries through a fall when gathering cherries.

Another well-known case of longevity is that of the famous Thomas Parr, a native of Shropshire, who, it is recorded, worked on a farm for one hundred and thirty years, near the place of his birth, and died in London, aged 152 years. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, by order of the king, who took a great interest in the old man, and a tombstone still remains to his memory, on which the date of his death, 5th November 1635, and his age, 152 years and 9 months, are inscribed. This centenarian lived a very regular life, and did not leave his native village till his one hundred and forty-first year, when he took a 'trip' to London to see the king, who showed him every courtesy and kindness. He married his third and last wife in his one hundred and twenty-fifth year, and lived happily with her for twenty years. The king once said to him, 'You have lived much longer than other men; what have you done more than other men?' 'I did penance when I was a hundred years old,' was Old Parr's somewhat ambiguous reply.

A still greater age than 'Old Parr's' was attained by a Yorkshire man named Henry

Jenkins, who died at Ellerton-upon-Swale, 8th December 1670, aged 169 years. An account of his life was written by Dr Tancred Robinson, F.R.S. Jenkins, like many other centenarians, lived all his life in the open air, and was alternately labourer on farms and roads, and fisherman on sea and rivers. He had to work hard all his life, and seldom had a holiday. His food was of the coarsest, plainest kind, and was as small in quantity as poor in quality. Comfort and luxury were far removed from him, and pleasure he seldom knew. He was exposed to all kinds of weather, drenched by rain, and wet through by constant wading in streams and rivers, yet he never caught cold or suffered from rheumatism. Even after his hundredth year he often swam across rivers, and performed unusual feats of strength and endurance. Old Jenkins had a clear recollection of the battle of Flodden, which was fought in the year 1513, when he was twelve years of age. On that occasion he was sent to the army at Northallerton with a horse-load of arrows. In his one hundred and fifty-seventh year Jenkins appeared as a witness in a law case, and a copy of his deposition is still preserved in York Castle, as recorded in the *Yorkshire Archæological Journal*, which begins: 'Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton-upon-Swale, in the county of York, labourer, aged one hundred and fifty-seaven, sworne and examined,' &c.

Luigi Cornaro, the well-known Italian centenarian, lived 130 years. Cornaro was a wealthy man, born of wealthy parents, and of aristocratic race, and had all that this world can give in the way of luxury and comfort. Up to the age of thirty he had led a wild life of dissipation, which had a very injurious effect on his health and constitution, and it was then that he decided to alter his mode of life entirely, and really went to the other extreme, observing great carefulness as to diet and hygiene. His food was of the plainest kind, and taken in very small quantities, but the quality was ever of the best; and the wine he drank was also the best obtainable, though he was very abstemious in his use of it. Cornaro believed in taking a number of very small meals of the lightest description, instead of the three heavy meals usually consumed during the day. In his eighty-third year he wrote his first essay on regimen and diet (*Discorsi della Vita Sobria*, del Signor Luigi Cornaro), and he produced three others during the subsequent twelve years. His object was to show that with increasing age and diminishing powers, a corresponding decrease in the quantity of food taken must be observed, so as not to overtax vitality and digestion. It was a mistake for old people to take large and hearty meals, he declared, as old and feeble stomachs cannot digest large quantities of food, where a greater expenditure of nerve-power is required for absorption than the system can supply. For a hundred years this centenarian did not know what pain or disease was, and his death, which occurred whilst he was sitting in his arm-chair (at Padua), was absolutely painless—as peaceful and happy as going to sleep.

Soured milk (chiefly goat's) appears to be the secret of longevity amongst the Bulgarians, who are noted for their long lives. Eminent doctors who have examined the Bulgarian *yahourth*, or sour milk, in the Pasteur Institute (Paris), state that it contains a very powerful lactic ferment, termed the Bulgarian bacillus, which has the effect of arresting putrefaction. The lactic acid which it contains prevents putrefaction in meat, and has the same effect on the human body. The peasants of the Caucasus Mountains are noted for their robust health and longevity, and they live chiefly on soured milk, cheese, and rye bread. As an instance of longevity in that region, the following was reported in a Tiflis paper, the *Tiflussky Liskok*, of 8th October 1904: 'In the village of Sba, in the district of Gori, there is an old Ossete woman named Thense Abalva, whose age is stated to be one hundred and eighty years. This woman is still quite capable of looking after her domestic duties. She rises early, spends most of the day in the open air, helps in the cooking, and does a little sewing. Her diet consists almost entirely of barley bread, skim milk, and cheese.'

Another old woman, a French peasant named Marie Priou, died in the Haute Garonne in 1838, aged 158 years. She, also, had worked in the open air all her life, and subsisted chiefly on rye bread, cheese, goat's milk, and the *vin ordinaire* of the country. In her later years she took to smoking a pipe, and found tobacco a great solace.

Haller, a Swiss physiologist, who made a study of the laws governing human life, was of the opinion that human beings should, under favourable conditions, live one hundred and fifty years. Buffon considered that man should attain one hundred years in the enjoyment of good health and unimpaired faculties, and that natural death should be no more distressing or painful than going to sleep. Another celebrated physiologist came to the conclusion that the secret of longevity 'is something intrinsic in the constitution.' As an instance of the painlessness of death at a very advanced age, M. Brillat Savarin, the famous French gastronomer, relates in his *Physiology of Taste* that when he attended the death-bed of his great-aunt (who passed away in her ninety-fifth year) he found the old lady in full possession of her faculties and in quite a cheerful mood. Just before the end came she asked for a glass of wine, which M. Savarin handed her, and after drinking it with considerable relish, she said, 'Thank you, my dear, for all your kindness and attention to me. If ever you reach my age, you will find that one wants to die, just as one desires sleep—and now good-bye!' and lying back with closed eyes

and a smile on her face, she peacefully passed away.

In the records of longevity are to be found cases where long-lived people were by no means temperate or careful of their health; in fact, they broke all the laws which most centenarians lay down as essential to good health and prolonged life. For instance, a French butcher, named Jean Gascogne, of Frie, Hautes Pyrénées, who died in 1768, aged 121 years, was a habitual drunkard and smoked incessantly; and Catherine Reymond, also a native of that region, who lived 107 years, was addicted to intemperate habits the greater part of her life. A Scottish Parisian, named Ross, who won a prize in Paris for longevity, and who departed this life in 1897, aged 103 years, was intemperate in the use of tobacco, being seldom seen without a pipe or a cigar between his lips. 'Tobacco is my food and drink,' he would often say, when admonished for his incessant smoking.

There was a case in Ireland of a centenarian named James Brawn—a sporting gentleman of the old school—who boasted that he consumed more alcoholic liquor than any other man in the south of Ireland, and caused an inscription to be put on his tombstone to that effect. He enjoyed robust health to well over a hundred years of age. A French writer, named Victor Durieux, who died at Nancy, aged 115 years, was a great smoker and coffee-drinker. It is stated that he consumed as many as forty small cups of black coffee a day. Voltaire was also a great coffee-drinker. A doctor remonstrated with him once on the excessive amount he consumed, stating that coffee in such quantities was deadly poison.

'Well, my dear doctor,' replied the savant, 'I have been poisoning myself for eighty years!'

It is evident from such cases as these that no hard-and-fast rules can be drawn with regard to the conditions governing longevity.

A MAN-CHILD OF THE ARCTIC.

PART II.

VII.

I WILL now bring the story to the fourth winter our castaways spent alone on the island. Let us have a look at them as they sit in the warm, well-lighted *igloo*.

Father Time seems to have realised their urgent need, and it is a young man and woman we now see. O-parto is stripped naked, working hard at a deer-skin to prepare it for sewing into clothes. Lithe and active, the muscles of his arms and back are rippling and shining with sweat as he works; he has the strength of a man now, and his dark eyes show self-reliance, confidence, and thought. Whatever he does, he puts all his energies into the task, and all his mind on to how it may most efficiently be done. Not a man to scamp his work, this, or half-do it. Presently he finishes, dashes the sweat from his forehead, and flings himself back on the soft deer-skins with his naked arm behind his head and his legs crossed, a fine subject of primitive life for a sculptor, for he is of beautifully balanced proportions, hard, but smooth and graceful. He is going for some deer-meat to-morrow, and Alook-ee asks to come too, but he says 'No.' The load will be too heavy, and the sleighing is bad, so it is better he goes alone. She acquiesces contentedly, and continues her sewing. This man is evidently master in his own house, but the collar does not gall.

Alook-ee sits on her feet, which are crossed, with her legs tucked under her—no white man or woman could possibly get into this posture, much less remain so for hours. If the boy has grown, the change in her is even more startling; nothing is left of the weeping, terrified child of four years ago. Like her companion she is also unclad, for the *igloo* is warm. Judged by civilised standards she may not be pretty, but her brown eyes are bright and smiling, her cheeks rosy, and her face a happy, contented one as she hums a little song of about three notes in plaintive thirds and fifths while she sews. Her head is covered with a profusion of coal-black, fine hair, and is well set on her shoulders; and her well-developed, ample breasts give a promise of generous motherhood for the future. Her hands are small and beautifully formed, and she plies her needle skilfully, but very carefully, for the stock of needles is low now, and she cannot afford to break one.

Presently Alook-ee puts her work on one side and unplaits her hair, which is done up in three plaited rolls, one at the back, the others at each side of her head. With a much-worn comb she combs it carefully, kneeling upright to do so, and the fine silky hair falls in a dark cascade over her bare shoulders to below her waist. Replaiting it and tying it up, she slips on her footwear, and steps off the bench to cut up some meat from the pile lying behind the stone lamp. The graceful lines of her young figure are startlingly evident, and with O-parto reclining behind her, the pair would make a noble study in the nude for the sculptor or the painter.

The blubber-lamp is trimmed till the 'wick' of moss burns brightly for the whole length of the straight edge of the lamp—which is nothing more than a shallow, hemispherical stone dish; the cooking-pot is hung over the flame, and

Alook-ee pulls off her footwear and resumes her seat on the deer-skins.

O-parto now begins some work unfamiliar to civilised folk. He has pulled on his under deer-skin 'shirt,' and has a piece of seal-skin on his right hand like a sailmaker's palm; in the other he holds a smooth piece of walrus backbone. With a small lump of flint held in the right hand, he presses the edge of it into the bone with the grain, and as he bears down on it heavily, a piece of flint flies off with a faint click. This process is continued till, in about twenty minutes or less, he has a neat flint arrow-head in his hand, shaped, pointed, and ready to be lashed on the shaft of the arrow. So worked Neolithic man thousands of years ago.

VIII.

Before the ice became thick on the salmon-lake the two went there for salmon, which they obtained with a spear. A walrus tooth, clean and white, was lowered through a hole and jigged up and down. A salmon would come at once to see what the white object was, and be swiftly speared, the two springy curved outer prongs closing over its back, and the barbs holding it. The two young Eskimos, equally skilful, soon had a load of fine salmon ready for the sled.

Seal had been scarce in the bay the previous winter, and O-parto decided to go over to the west side and try for walrus at the young ice—perhaps the most dangerous hunting in the Arctic. From the shore, for about three miles, the ice was snow-covered and thick; and from there to the open water, four miles away, ran the young ice, wet, black-looking, and dangerous to any one but an Eskimo. The walrus, feeding sometimes close to, sometimes two or three miles from, the solid ice, would push their heads through the young ice for breath, and after a short rest dive again. O-parto had made a walrus harpoon, the head of walrus ivory filed to the proper shape, the point a bit of old saw sharpened to a keen knife-edge. The great risk in this hunting is a sudden gale, which will break up the young ice so quickly that the hunters are drowned before they can reach the solid ice.

On a clear morning O-parto and Alook-ee drove down from the *igloo* they had built ashore to the edge of the solid ice. The sled was tied there, and O-parto started for where the walrus were feeding, a mile away. His heaviest seal-line—of bearded seal—to which the harpoon-head was attached, was carefully coiled round his neck, the shaft being a separate affair from which the head came away. In his left hand he carried his rifle. Presently a great black head was thrust through the ice near him, and, with his harpoon now ready fitted and grasped in his right hand, he ran swiftly and silently up, and plunged it into the body behind the shoulder. Laying his rifle down, he slipped the coil of seal-line over his head, drove his lance through the tough young ice, and took two turns round it close to the foot, holding the lance sloped back at an angle with the left hand and the line in his right, and bracing his feet against the lance. For a time the strain taxed all his strength, but gradually the huge brute tired, and as it came slowly up for breath O-parto took in the slack deftly, till presently the fierce-looking head and great tusks emerged from the hole with a loud grunting cough. His rifle ready, he aimed at the fatal spot at the back of the skull, fired, and the big walrus was his.

Signalling to Alook-ee to come, he at once started cutting the walrus in the water, a cold and difficult job on such thin ice, but by skilled work he soon had large pieces of skin, blubber, and meat hauled out, which Alook-ee would drag back to the solid ice, O-parto helping as soon as his work was finished. The blubber was at this season two inches or more thick, and meant light and warmth for a long time. They continued this work for a few days, till the lowering clouds over the hill-top told O-parto wind was coming, and he ran, just in time, for the solid ice, leaving half his last kill on the young ice. Ten minutes after the gale struck the young ice was gone, and the dark waters were being lashed into foaming white caps. The result of this hunting-trip gave the young couple blubber for all winter, and ample dog-feed.

IX.

But O-parto's ammunition was at last running low, although he had used bow and arrow—a strong bow now, like dead O-kito's—as much as possible. This, their fourth winter, landed a large number of very hungry bears on the island, owing probably to prolonged north-west winds driving the ice-pack down, and O-parto shot thirty-five, but it nearly exhausted his slender stock of ammunition, and very often now he thought of Alook-ee, and gazed longingly over the yet ice-bound straits to the south. He had two hundred and fifty fox-skins stretched, dried, and sewn up in waterproof bags, and also seventy-two prime large bear-skins. All these furs, he knew, meant wealth, if only a ship would come to his smoke-signal. On a warm day of early July, O-parto put up a little skin tent near their larger one, working at it in a state of suppressed excitement for one usually so calm and unemotional. That same day Alook-ee entered it, O-parto passing in to her a blubber-lamp, deer-skins, and food, and sitting outside all the twilight night till the sun was again high in the heavens, talking to the spirits, and telling them that no law he knew of had been broken, and now Alook-ee—his well-loved playmate and

companion Alook-ee—desperately needed their help.

At last there came from the little tent a small, wailing cry, and O-parto, coming close to the side, said softly and eagerly, 'Oh, Alook-ee, it's a boy? Say it's a boy.'

After the prescribed number of days—tribes vary in this—Alook-ee came out of the little tent, a small baby boy in the hood on her back, and drew him forth, naked, and kicking lustily. O-parto gravely pressed his nose against the baby's tiny button one, and then against the proud young mother's. The baby's name, of course, was O-kito, because, without any doubt, O-kito's spirit had been reborn in him. The pair duly repaired to the resting-place of their kind foster-parents—as they had done every summer—and told them all about it, and their hopes and expectations for the new arrival, leaving little titbits of meat for the spirits' delectation. Maybe O-kito's kindly spirit was watching over his sturdy, self-reliant son, and the foster-mother's over Alook-ee. Who knows these things? It is a pleasant fancy at least.

That summer at last came a vessel, which, seeing the smoke-signal, put off a boat for the castaways. It was bound for Fullerton—the tribe's headquarters—and O-parto gravely asked the captain for a passage there free, if he traded his fur with the station; but he was careful to say nothing about his long stay and his keen anxiety to get away. From which it would appear that O-parto had the makings of a business man, as well as being a notable hunter.

. . . . . .

I have told this story as simply as Oo-tooki-took told it to me, filling in the gaps here and there to complete the picture. I have had to omit very much he told me, as the tale is already over long. And also I have had to omit many frank, quaint, and highly interesting details because—well, they are too Neolithic for this twentieth-century's refined taste.

THE END.

THE CAT-IN-CHARGE.

By C. J. B. GASKOIN.

I.

CERTAINLY Augustine had a grievance, yet he did not know it. At last the grievance was for a moment removed—and of this it was lucky that he did not know. For the event that brought the grievance to an end, and Augustine himself to a more than parochial fame, remained in his memory only as a shameful lapse from the long and honourable traditions of his line. And an honour thus won would have been to him, had he known of it, as terrible as a decoration to a lucky bungler, secretly conscious of deserving not distinction but disgrace.

The grievance was this. The notice-board outside the south door of St Martin's bore, in Gothic lettering, the names of almost all the church officials—almost, but not quite. There was the Rector (and Rural Dean and Surrogate), J. Septimus Bernard, B.D. There were the 'Assistant Curates,' Thomas Lamb Bayfoot, M.A.; Brian Jasper Crawshay, M.A.; Arthur Cookson Dearmer James, M.A.; and (the baby of the company) Robert Herring, B.A., better known to profane persons as 'Bobby.' There, too, were the Churchwardens, Sir John Plowden, Bart., and Sir Joseph Bolus (Kt.); half-a-dozen Sidesmen; the Organist, William Grayson, Mus.Bac.; the Verger, Andrew Waggett; the Clerk and Sexton, Jethro Fitz-Harris; even the Caretaker, Mrs Blore.

If less in official dignity than the clergy, their lay colleagues might yet boast against them the superiority of a permanent to a temporary staff. For, by long tradition, St Martin's Rectory was merely a halting-place on the way to a palace, or, at the least, a deanery, and the sombre black of Mr Bernard's present hood—being but a prelude to the scarlet glories of a Doctor of Divinity—seemed to be winging him already for his flight. The curates, too—as well chosen as they were well trained—were always marked for swift promotion. But churchwardens and sidesmen were reappointed year after year; and verger and organist, clerk and caretaker, had grown gray, and (if anything they did might be considered fast) were fast growing white, in the service of St Martin. Yet not the oldest and hoariest of them all held office by inheritance. That proud prerogative belonged to one church-officer, and one alone, and he was the very officer whose name was absent from the notice-board. It belonged to Augustine, or—to mark in fitting fashion his hereditary right—Augustine Fitz-Dinah, the Cat-in-Charge.

Ever since he was old enough to remember, Augustine had taken a part in the charge of St Martin's. All the years of his life he had stood—tail erect—at his saluting-base, the Gothic notice-board, as the congregation streamed out of the church after Matins and Evensong on Sunday, and courteously acknowledged a universal homage. All those years he had surveyed the smaller week-day congregations from his place inside the building—sitting bolt-upright on his tall red hassock, and blinking slowly and solemnly as they came in, almost as if each wink registered the presence or the absence of some

regular worshipper. And now for six years he had enjoyed a crowning glory as the real, if not titular, president of the annual Easter Vestry.

For was not he, alone of all the assembled company, privileged to take his seat actually on that vestry table which from time to time displayed the only contribution that his means allowed towards 'the maintenance of the fabric of the church'—the little tale of misguided mice who had ventured to profane his province? Did not his loud purring and ecstatic clutching of the table-cloth during Sir John Plowden's sonorous rendering of the rector's accounts give the lead for the votes of approval and thanks which invariably followed? And, on the very last occasion, was it not his tail, lashing a violent protest against the unseemly snortlings of Lady Bolus's pug outside the door, that swept aside a pen already poised for action, and so saved the rector from anticipating, instead of merely recording, the inevitable re-election of Sir Joseph Bolus as People's Warden?

Yet, admirably as Augustine performed his office, for the most part he but carried on the tradition of his mother. For Dinah, too, had been Cat-in-Charge. She, too, had taken the salute on Sundays, and counted the congregation on week-days, and presided annually over the Easter Vestry. In early days Augustine, the child of her old age, had appeared in public only in her company—a Prince of Wales attendant on Queen Victoria—learning under her eye to stand firm and stiff against sudden puffs of wind on Sunday, even before he could quite reach the bottom of the notice-board with the tip of a too tremulous tail, and to mount the week-day hassock with becoming dignity even while it still appeared to him a towering precipice, many times the height of man. His very costume, built of the glossiest black fur, with white trimmings, was, in cut, in colour, and in style, a gift of inheritance.

He had, indeed, made one innovation on his mother's practice. He had shifted the presidential seat at the Easter Vestry, substituting the table for the western end of the beam that stretched from just above the east window to the opposite wall, which held the safe. But even this change was indirectly due to Dinah. For Dinah, though in her time she launched uncounted families on the sea of life, was in temperament near akin to 'The Cat that walked by Himself.' In all the interludes between her nursery cares, she jealously resented the presence of any rival. And, though she reared her children with decency and skill, she was always eager to thrust them out into the world as soon as possible. Happily her eagerness was matched by an equal eagerness of the public to welcome her descendants, and thus each furry, sooty little tribe in turn was scattered abroad in comfortable callings within, at the most, two months of its appearance. When, however, Augustine was born—a solitary kitten—the rector, fearing that the old cat might not live much longer, insisted on his remaining at St Martin's, to be trained as her eventual successor. It was, indeed, only after many months of patient watching for his disappearance that Dinah sadly recognised in him a life-companion and a colleague; but when at last the bitter truth dawned upon her, she endured her fate with dignity. She tolerated Augustine's presence, and, though she was careful to teach him his place, she also taught him his profession. But, while everywhere else—even at the notice-board and on the hassock—she admitted his unwelcome claims to partnership, she yet reserved to herself one private spot, a sole, inviolable sanctuary.

The vestry beam remained hers, and hers alone. Far enough from the floor to be out of the way, far enough from the roof to catch the southern sun, it was an ideal retreat for one old enough to prize peace and warmth above roast-rabbit, yet not too old to love a wide and varied view. And so determined was her fight to maintain her monopoly, so painful were the sensations of Augustine as she bowled him bodily off the beam, or with grim gusto combed his scalp and ears when he hung on desperately with aching, straining paws, that at last he conceived an unconquerable horror of the place. And thereby came about both his misfortune and his fame.

II.

For six years after Augustine began to reign alone, the beam was unvisited by mortal cat. But, though the Cat-in-Charge neglected it, it was not therefore quite deserted. The organist, hard pressed to house a growing library in cupboards and desks, presently began to build up little piles of supernumerary psalters and hymn-books at the western end, for the books were but seldom wanted, while the beam was easily accessible at need by means of a stool or a low chair. From psalters and hymn-books he presently advanced to great volumes of organ music, jutting out far beyond the beam on either side. And, as he piled up his obsolescent stores, Mrs Blore in her daily dustings arranged—or disarranged—them. As far as the scanty space permitted, she sacrificed convenience on the altar of art, constructing tapering edifices of melody and devotion, with each storey set elegantly crossways to the one beneath it. Year by year the pagoda-like structures grew in stature and number, and, had Dinah been still alive in the summer that brought her successor fame, she would have found her view of the vestry grievously obstructed, and her approach encumbered by obstacles that challenged the leaping powers of a flea to vault them, the balance of a Blondin to traverse them without mishap.

To Augustine, however, with his old-time horror still upon him, these things seemed as naught. And yet, in that seventh summer of

his reign, they brought about the fulfilment of his fate.

Early in June the organist, minded to repair the most tattered of the many broken books in his collection, secured a great jar of paste, and this jar, when out of use, he placed on the very spot beloved of Dinah, just above the door of the safe. Presently the existence of the jar became known to one of those few heroic mice who, braving all the terrors of Augustine, still sometimes ventured within St Martin's walls. And in no long time the existence of the mouse, and its recurring visits to the jar, came to the knowledge of the Cat-in-Charge. Once he was just in time to see the tip of a long tail whisk away under the heavy locked door that connected the vestry with the south transept. Once, as he sprang to attention from his accustomed sleep on the cushioned sill of the east window, he became aware that the visitor had scrambled or jumped from the beam above his head before bolting again for the door. But on the third occasion he grasped the whole situation on the instant, and took his measures acccordingly.

III.

It was St James's Day, and the numbers at Evensong, which was both late and choral, in honour of the Apostle, had been more than on an ordinary week-day. Augustine had counted the people in and watched them out; he had bidden the clergy good-night with a courtly wave of the tail; he had gone the rounds with the verger, as was his wont. And when the verger had let himself out at the south door and locked it behind him, the Cat-in-Charge had retired almost at once, by his own private way, over the screen between the vestry and the choir, to his supper and his bed.

Perhaps the length of the day's labours had made him more than ordinarily tired, for he slept as soundly as the justest of his kind, and to the end of his life remembered nothing—as he had heard nothing—of the dark preliminaries that must have ushered in the night's catastrophe. Perhaps, indeed, it was the sense of smell rather than of hearing that warned him at last. At all events, just before the clock struck eleven, he woke suddenly and completely, with the unmistakable odour of mouse in his nostrils, and the sounds of a small but busy body ringing in his ears. And the sounds came from Dinah's seat, where the brilliant moonlight shone full on the big white jar beyond the dark and twisted piles of Mrs Blore's building.

Aroused instantly to the absorbing interest of the chase, Augustine crept with murderous noiselessness from his bed—a long, sinuous object, stiff-tailed, soft-footed, shining-eyed, his gaze fixed immovably upon his goal. Thrilled through and through with the earliest and strongest instinct of his race, he was as one blind and deaf to all beside—oblivious even, for the time, of his own ancient but less deeply rooted fears.

Thus it was that he neither saw nor heard another crouching figure—on the floor of the vestry, just below Dinah's seat—a figure as stealthy, as intent, as eager as his own. Thus it was that he vaulted nimbly on to the forbidden and detested beam and began to creep—cautiously, indeed, but without a shadow of hesitation—over its unmapped mountain-ranges, towards the jar. And thus it was that—when, miraculously past the first, and the second, and the third, and the fourth towering pile without misadventure, he came to the last—the sight of a small gray body in the act to flee drove him to cast all caution to the winds, and, leaping to the death, ruin the record of seven blameless years, in which, like his fathers and forefathers, he could boast that not so much as a saucer or a china salt-spoon had perished through his fault.

For, even as he sprang upon his prey, the paste-jar reeled before him, while—behind—the last high-reared pagoda tottered to its fall beneath his spurning feet.

The cracksman on the floor was in the very act of emptying the safe when, in simultaneous onslaught, a jar smote him on the head, a score of books hurled themselves upon his heels, and a dozen sharp claws were driven into his shoulders by as many pounds of falling fury that vanished instantly, a mad thing of ruffling fur and flaming eyes, through the unlocked door into the church. Small wonder that, startled for the moment out of his professional calm, he vented one swift, loud, wild, intolerable cry! Yet that cry, though uttered in strict soliloquy, proved his undoing, so prompt, and so effectual, was the response.

Thus it came about that, just for one Sunday (people put the deed down to 'Bobby,' but credited the rector himself with contributing a wink as large and Churchman-like as Augustine's own), the list of church-officers on the Gothic notice-board ended no longer

Mrs Blore . . . . . Caretaker,

but

Augustine Fitz-Dinah . . Cat-in-Charge.

And so the fame of the bold and triumphant Cat-in-Charge spread throughout and beyond the domain of St Martin. But the bitter grief of the shamed and baffled Cat-in-Charge only the Cat-in-Charge knew.

A WESTERN ISLE.

SEA, and sky, and the fringing sands,
Dark brown rocks when the tide is low,
Grassy dunes where the kittiwake bands
Call to the monks of long ago.
Calling, and calling, and calling, they:
Awake, old monks; 'tis the break of day.

Golden glow of the sinking sun,
Fluty note of a lonely bird,
Night winds sighing when day is done,
Whisper of grasses faintly stirr'd.
Whispering, whispering, whispering, they:
Sleep on, old monks; 'tis the close of day.

E. J. F.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

TARRED ROADS A MENACE TO FRESH-WATER FISH.

THE strong opinions expressed by anglers and riparian owners that the washings from tarred roads were extremely destructive to fish led to the appointment, in May 1919, of a joint committee, representative of the Ministry of Transport and the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, 'to inquire into and report on the risk of damage to fisheries by rain-washings from tar-treated roads, and in particular to ascertain if, or in what circumstances, actual rain-washings from a tarred carriage-way, under traffic conditions, were harmful to fish in their natural environment and to other stream life.' Having carried through a series of interesting experiments in two specially prepared ponds at Alresford, in Hampshire, the joint committee has now issued an interim report, in which are recorded the conclusions definitely reached by the committee up to the present. These are: (1) Rain-washings from a water-bound granite road surface are not in ordinary circumstances injurious to fish or fish food. (2) The first rain-washings from such a road surface which has been recently tarred (say within a week) will certainly be injurious to fish and fish food unless mixed with at least an equal volume of unpolluted water, and may be injurious unless mixed with a considerably larger volume of unpolluted water. They will not, however, be injurious to fish or fish food if diluted with at least ten times their volume of unpolluted water. (3) Subsequent rain-washings from such a tarred road in the early stages of its life are not injurious to fish or fish food provided they are mixed with at least an equal volume of unpolluted water. (4) Filtration through freshly cut turf reduces to an extent not yet precisely ascertained the injurious character of rain-washings from such a tarred road. (5) Storage of rain-washings from such a tarred road reduces in some respects their poisonous character. (6) While food vegetation appears to be uninjured by rain-washings from such a tarred road of which the surface is unbroken, washings carrying salt from such a tarred surface which is breaking up damage water-cress. (7) Rain-washings from such a tarred road in process of disintegration will certainly be injurious to fish and fish food unless previously mixed with unpolluted water to an extent not yet ascertained.

The committee hopes by further experiments to ascertain the effect of tarred road-washings on spawning fish, as compared with those in a normal state. 'In view of the extreme precautions which are clearly necessary to avoid damage to fisheries by the washings from tarred roads at certain periods in the life in the surface of such roads,' it suggests 'that highway authorities should give a preference to asphaltic bitumen, free from tar products, for treatment of roads draining *directly* into fishing waters.' The Ministry of Transport evidently attaches considerable weight to the findings of the committee, for it has forwarded a copy of the report to all the road authorities, and has drawn attention to it, especially to the last paragraph, by means of a covering circular.

A NEW ADJUSTABLE WRENCH.

Almost all men, and not a few women, are amateur mechanics in these days of motor-vehicles on land and water and in the air. The repair or adjustment of the motors involves the use of tools, prominent among which is the wrench or spanner used for turning hexagonal nuts. Naturally, a spanner which can be adjusted to fit several sizes of nut is deservedly popular, and those forms of it in which the adjustment is instantaneous meet with more favour than others, in which an appreciable amount of time is occupied in screwing the jaws closer together or farther apart. Examples of the former kind have been described in these notes recently. Another has recently made its appearance, which is at least equally good. Most of us are familiar with the ordinary adjustable screw-wrench, which closely resembles the solid, single-ended spanner, but has a sliding jaw moved by a screw. The new device is similar to this appliance, except in the means adopted for adjusting the sliding jaw. This jaw has teeth on its under side, which engage with corresponding teeth in a half pinion, the other half of which is extended to form a handle. When the handle is moved in one direction it closes the jaws, while they are opened by movement in the other direction. Placed over the nut so that movement of the handle for turning in the desired direction closes them, the jaws take a firm grip, which becomes tighter the harder the handle is pulled. This spanner will turn not only hexagonal nuts, but also smooth, round objects, such as pipes, saw-teeth being cut in one jaw to give a better hold.

AN INGENIOUS COAL-SEPARATOR.

After being brought out of the mine, coal is dealt with in various ways to remove the slate, shale, and other incombustible matter with which it is mixed. A very ingenious contrivance is being introduced into this country for taking out these foreign bodies. It is based on the varying degrees of friction generated when coal and other substances slide down an inclined plane. Coal slides more easily, and therefore faster, than slate or shale. If the inclined plane were straight this fact would not help, but by giving it a spiral form, inclined towards

the centre, centrifugal force is brought into play. On such a spiral plane, the coal, moving faster than the impurities, owing to the smaller amount of friction, goes round so quickly that it is thrown off the edge by centrifugal force into a collecting-trough. The slate and the shale travel down to the bottom of the spiral into a separate receptacle. If desired, the impurities themselves can be classified by an application of the same principle, lumps which are partly coal being removed from the useless matter and sold at a low price. Holes in the plates forming the spirals, and ribs upon them, improve the results by promoting friction and directing the coal towards the edge. Different qualities and sizes of coal require different spirals to ensure the most effective separation; minor modifications are made by means of adjustable plates or wings, the slant of which can be altered. Each spiral can pass 8 to 12 tons an hour of bituminous coal. Tests show that only from 1 to 2 per cent. of refuse is left in the coal after passing down the spirals. One of the outstanding advantages of these separating devices is that they require no power to work them. Thousands are at work in the United States, and a small plant has been installed in South Wales.

A CIRCUITOUS VOYAGE.

Visitors to the remote islands of Spitsbergen are almost invariably struck by the large amount of driftwood cast up on its western shores by the currents from the Atlantic—the currents which so greatly modify the severity of the climate of this portion of the group. Some time ago a brief sojourner there picked up at the head of one of the openings a sheet of rubber, which showed by its stamp that it had formed part of the cargo of a vessel torpedoed in the Mediterranean during the war. The sheet had been carried, say oceanographers, out through the Straits of Gibraltar, thence by the North Equatorial Current across to the West Indies, and had been caught up by the Gulf Stream, as it is commonly called, and borne to its landing-place in the far north.

A CURE FOR SMOKY CHIMNEYS.

How difficult it is to cure a smoky chimney is amply demonstrated by the number of devices which have been invented for this purpose. These were to be seen in profusion at the last Building Exhibition in London. One, of unusual appearance, was being sold on the 'no cure, no pay' basis, so confident were the makers of its efficacy even in the worst cases. The main portion of it is a plain, rectangular zinc chimney-pot about three feet in height, fitted at the top with a broad cone to keep out rain. Obviously, so simple a form of cowl offers no obstruction to the sweep's brush—an important feature. About a third of the way up the cowl there spring from it, on opposite sides, two horn-like tubes. These are rectangular in section, and gradually increase in size, the outer, open end of each being large and almost square. As the tube curves round in a semicircle towards the cowl, however, the passage becomes narrower and narrower, until where it actually joins the cowl it is little more than a tiny slit opening upwards. It will be evident from this description that air entering the wide, open mouth of the tube will be given an upward direction as it passes into the cowl, and will thus tend to carry the smoke upward. To help the action, a baffle, in the form of a cross, is fitted in the open mouth of each tube, and projects upwards for three or four inches. These baffles cause wind from all directions to enter the pipes, and as the passage narrows towards the inlet into the cowl the air increases in velocity, until almost a jet is blown upwards at each side into the ascending smoke. At about the middle of each pipe, on the lower side, is a very narrow slot, which allows rain-water to drain away. Where a chimney is shut in by buildings, and gusts of wind are liable to be deflected upwards, curved lips, fitted to the mouths of the pipes, catch the air and direct it downwards.

A NOVEL FOLDING TABLE.

Folding tables have their distinctive use, and few homes are without one or more of them. For caravans and camps they are indispensable. The requirements for a satisfactory folding table are lightness, strength, and rigidity. These are fully met in a table of ingenious design which has lately made its advent. When extended, the frame, which is separate from the top, takes the form of a hollow rectangle supported by four upright legs, and it is upon this rectangle that the table-top rests. The end bars of the rectangle are each in one piece; the side bars are in two pieces, pivoted in the middle, and are made rigid by spring catches. These catches operate automatically as soon as the two sections are in line, being afterwards released for folding purposes by means of a push button. From the bottom of each leg to a point on the nearest side bar of the hollow rectangle, not far from the middle, runs a strut, hinged at the bottom, and fitted at the top with a brass pin, which springs into a hole. This combination of leg, strut, and bar, forming, as it does, a triangle, is very firm in one direction. In the other, rigidity is secured by diagonal struts at the top corners, and by cross-bars fixed between each pair of leg-struts. It should be further mentioned that the joints between the bars forming the rectangle and the tops of the legs are pivoted. To fold the table, the tops of the leg struts are sprung clear of the side bars, and the struts are folded up to the legs. The spring catch in the middle of each side bar is then released, and the sides fold downwards, allowing the two ends to come

together. Table-tops fit over these folding frames, the legs of which project slightly above the side and end bars. Both frames and table-tops are made in various styles and of various woods. Undertrays, to rest on the cross-bars, also form part of the equipment. Not only are these appliances useful as tables, but the frames form excellent substitutes for clothes-horses, while for use in camp canvas basins are supplied for converting them into washstands, on which table-tops may be put without removing the basins. Extension pieces can be fitted in the middle of the sides for lengthening the table, in conjunction with an extra leaf for the top. Furthermore, a child's canvas cot may take the place of the table-top on the extended frame. Any table-top may be hinged so as to fold, when it will stow away between the two pairs of legs in the folded frame.

IMPROVED STAIR-RODS.

We have all suffered at some time in our existence from loose stair-rods. Many of us have performed the irksome task of sliding them endways into position. Improvements in design and methods of fixing have long been overdue, and a type of stair-rod lately introduced bids fair quickly to supersede the older pattern. Triangular in section if of wood, or in the form of a shallow trough if made of metal, the new stair-rod lies snugly in the angle between one step and the next. The rods are held in position by means of a novel and ingenious arrangement. Each rod has in it two holes, so placed that they will fall just outside the margin of the stair carpet when it is laid. To fix the rods, corresponding holes are bored in the angle where one step meets that above it, and into each hole is driven a screw which has riveted into a slot at the top of it a small lever, which swings on the rivet-pin as on a pivot. When the carpet is laid, therefore, all that is necessary to fix the rod is to turn up each lever so that it is in line with the screw, slip the rod over it, and turn the lever down, when the rod is held firmly in position. Owing to their cam shape, the levers have no tendency to turn up, and thus to allow the rod to become loose. Only one hole is required for each screw, and a simple tool is provided for turning it. The screws may be made to suit any thickness of carpet by screwing them farther in for thin material and less far for a thick fabric. Finished in polished brass, Florentine bronze, antique oxidised copper, or antique silver, the brass stair-rods take up so little space that the boot-toes of persons ascending the stairs do not come in contact with them, and they retain their new appearance for an indefinite period. The oak rods are light, dark, or Jacobean, with either square or ornamental ends, as may be desired. Carpets 18, 22½, and 27 inches in width are provided for by stock sizes; longer and heavier patterns are made to order. With these fastenings it is the work of a few seconds to remove or insert the rods, and as they come out upwards no clearance room is needed at the ends.

AN ILLUMINATED HANDBAG.

The small bag which forms one of the ordinary items in every woman's equipment when she goes out for the evening not infrequently contains, besides the indispensable handkerchief, a powder-puff, letters, chocolates, cigarettes, matches, and last, but by no means least in importance, a latchkey. Any one of these articles may be wanted in the dark, when it is not always easily found. A bag with a tiny electric lamp inside, which lights up automatically when the bag is opened, completely obviates this source of worry. The lamp is fixed to the lining of the bag, and is fed by a small battery of the torch-refill type, which is tucked away in a special pocket. In addition to discharging its ordinary functions, the catch of the bag also does the work of an electric switch. The bag is opened by pressing a knob, and if the pressure is then removed from the knob, the catch springs up and makes contact, thereby switching the current through the lamp. In the day-time, however, or when no light is wanted, the knob can be kept pressed down while the bag is open, thus avoiding the wasting of current in giving useless light. The insulated wires which connect the switch and the lamp to the battery are concealed by the lining. At the battery end the wires are fitted with spring clips, which grip the brass contact strips forming the terminals; and these can be detached in a moment when a refill is inserted, and placed in position again just as quickly. When the bag is closed, a pin on one side of the mouth opposite the catch causes the switch to open independently of the knob, thus shutting off the current from the lamp. Ordinarily the light is directed downwards, and illuminates the contents of the bag; but if so desired, it may be turned upwards—on to the face, for instance—by pressing the outside of the bag. Bags with lamps inside are made in all styles, and their appearance is identical with that of the usual patterns.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (*a*) a reply post-card, or (*b*) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

For its return in case of ineligibility, a stamped and directed envelope (or postage-stamps) should accompany every manuscript.

To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

SPOTS.

THE STORY OF A PANTHER.

By Lieut.-Colonel GORDON CASSERLY, Author of *The Elephant God*, *The Red Marshal*, &c.

PART I.

I.

A JAGGED line of white-clad crests, the line of the eternal snows, the summits of the loftiest mountains in the world, towering up into the everlasting, unchanging blue. Beneath, tumbled masses of rugged peaks fall lower and ever lower in Titan steps to rounded, jungle-clad foothills thrusting up from the strangling clutch of the primeval forest at their base. Thus do the Himalayas descend reluctantly to the plains of India, to the land that they have guarded throughout the ages.

In the cold, remote world of their supreme altitudes there is no life. No animal moves; no bird flits; no insect flies or crawls. Below, the higher regions are given up to the eagles and the great horned sheep that climb among the dizzy cliffs where the foot of man cannot follow. Lower down begins the realm of the dangerous beasts; and the snow-leopard stains the purity of his white fur with the blood that drips from his cruel jaws. And still lower, in the deep ravines of the foothills his gayer-coated kin abide by day, to prowl at night down the steep slopes into the gloomy forest, and scorn to give way to the bigger but fainter-hearted tiger when they meet him there.

In a dense tangle of matted bushes a yellow-skinned panther lay, lazily licking his paws, and thrusting out and in his sharp, curved claws, like the big cat that he was. His far-off cousin, the cheetah, in southern India, chasing black buck like a well-trained hound to make sport for Mahratta rajahs, could not do as much; his claws are not retractile, for he has a dog's foot and toe-nails. But this panther on the lower hills of the Himalayas sheathed and unsheathed his scimitar-like weapons, and, to clean them thoroughly, rose languidly and forced his way through the tangled bushes to a small, soft-barked tree, down the trunk of which he drew his claws, just as the domestic cat does on the legs of chairs and tables. The brilliant sunlight shone on his yellow hide with the rosette-like groups of dark spots over it everywhere except on the spine and near the extremities, where his markings showed as separate black dots. He was a graceful animal, eight feet in length from nose to tip of tail, with muscular forelegs. His fur was close and short, of a paling shade that showed him not to be young.

When his claws were freed from the meat and dirt that clung to them from the overnight meal, he lay down to bask in the sun, yawned once or twice, stretched his limbs luxuriously, and began to lick and clean himself, washing his face with a wetted paw like any tame cat. His toilet finished, he stood up again, walked to a heap of small bones under a bush, and sniffed at them discontentedly. For he had thoroughly devoured the dog that he had carried off the night before from the Bhuttia village close by, a young, headstrong pariah so full of conceit and belief in its own knowledge that it would pay no heed to the counsels of older dogs, which warned it that the darkness outside its owner's bamboo hut was fraught with danger to their kind. It refused to believe that prowling panthers and leopards would regard it as a toothsome morsel. And now its slayer scattered its skeleton with idle paw, and, lying down, began to gnaw the thigh-bone.

While he was thus engaged a distant bugle-call disturbed the peaceful silence of the hills. But the panther was not alarmed, and only growled over his bone, for the sound was not strange to his ears. He had been born within sight of the little frontier fort from which the call had floated up through the still air.

It was the lonely outpost of Buxa Duar, in which two hundred sepoys and a couple of British officers kept watch and ward over the peace of the border. The bare and rugged slopes of the high hills on which the panther and his brothers and sisters had tumbled and played in their cubhood looked down on the three white picket towers crowning the dominating points within rifle-range of the low buildings enclosed by an irregular stone wall that constituted the fort. Human sights, sounds, and scents were familiar to the daring animal. Many a night he had prowled around

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

the fort and the officers' bungalows in a search, often successful, for the inhabitants' dogs. Day after day he had heard the rattle of musketry on the rifle-range; so the occasional shot fired vainly at him during some of his raids did not scare him. The sharp words of command rapped out on the parade-ground and carrying far in the silence of the hills, the shouts of the sepoys playing hockey near the fort, had accustomed him to human voices. The constant sight of the soldiers in the little outpost, and of the Bhuttias in their hamlets on the mountain-side, had deprived him of the wild animal's usual fear of men.

II.

And so he haunted human abodes at night, took toll of the goats—ay, and worse, of little children, if he could—in the bamboo villages in the hills, and even dared to jump the wall of the fort and carry off the sepoys' dogs. He was well known to the swift-succeeding generations of British officers of the outpost, who in turn vainly sought to compass his destruction. They found a pet name for him, and regarded the pursuit of him as a staple recreation of the lonely post. He might almost be said to be on the ration strength of the troops, seeing how regularly he fed on their dogs. When the garrison stationed at Buxa Duar was being replaced by a double company of another regiment, it became the custom to include him in the 'List of Government Stores to be transferred to the Relieving Detachment.' The officer commanding the outgoing party would generally end his enumeration of these stores to the new commandant of the fort something in this fashion: 'Targets, frames, iron, 4. Trollies, target, 2. You've seen those on the rifle-range. Picks, 100. Shovels, 100. There they are. That's all. No, one thing more. Spots, 1.'

The puzzled new-comer would carefully scrutinise his copy of the list, and say bewilderedly, 'I don't see that here. "Spots, 1." What on earth's that?'

'Oh, Spots, the One and Only, is our tame panther.'

The new arrival would look about him with interest. 'Really? Where is he? Where do you keep him?'

'We don't. He keeps himself—and to himself,' would be the airy reply 'And yet we do keep him—in dogs. Fact is, Spots is a *janwar* [animal] that haunts this station and seems to subsist chiefly on the sepoys' *pi*-dogs.' '*Pi*-dog' is forcible Anglo-Hindustani for the nondescript Indian pariah cur. This in parentheses. 'His task in life is to provide us with the amount of excitement requisite to prevent our stagnating in this dull and depressing hole. You will soon know more about him. He loves new detachments. They aren't up to his ways. They furnish him with a fine selection of unwary dogs, used to the security of life in peaceful cantonments. I observe, by the way, that your men have brought with them the usual crowd of mongrels. I foresee that friend Spots will grow fat.'

'What! have you let him grow thin?'

'Yes; we've run out of dogs lately. When you hear—you will soon—yells, barks, howls, and general pandemonium in the fort at night, don't think that a mutiny has broken out. It will only be Spots collecting his rations. If in the dark hours you hear shrieks from any of those Bhuttia huts on the hills around, it's only Spots varying the monotony of much *pi*-dog by carrying off the Bhuttia's goat—if he can't get the baby. If ever you hear something padding along your veranda at night and sniffing at your door, it is only the inquisitive Spots trying to discover if you've got a pet terrier inside.'

'Good Lord! Why doesn't some one shoot the brute?'

The outgoing officer would smile indulgently. 'Oh, we all shoot *at* him—if we can. But no one ever hits him. I suppose there is a disinclination to deprive this quiet station of the chief interest in life—the circumventing of Spots. That is, perhaps, why he is always missed. But the truth is, he never gives you a pot shot. Much too wily. I've sat up night after night—we all have—over a goat tied up for him. The cunning beggar will not come near the bait. He knows that there's a man behind a gun somewhere about. Fellows of previous detachments have all tried over and over again, for he has been a standing dish for years. No luck. The Bhuttias are always endeavouring to trap him. Equally useless.'

Perhaps it would happen that the incoming officer was a skilled *shikari* (hunter), and had laid low many a big cat, spotted or striped. He would smile condescendingly, and say with an air of assumed modesty, 'Well, I've managed to bag a few panthers in my time. I'll have a go at Master Spots. Perhaps I may be luckier——'

'Oh no, you won't,' the departing commandant would break in rudely. 'We all think that at first. It's the invariable rule. Each of us, when he arrives, fancies that the other fellows can't have known how to go to work. But he does; and he'll show them. So he buys a goat, ties it up, and sits over it, waiting for Spots to come along and be shot. There's hardly a tree for a mile round here fit to bear a man's weight that hasn't the remains of a *machan* rotting in it.'

A *machan* is a platform of bamboos or stout sticks built among the branches of a tree over a living bait for a tiger or a panther, or over the half-eaten carcass of some animal recently killed by a beast of prey. On it a sportsman sits, screened by leafy boughs, and watches in the afternoon, or at night if there is a moon, for

the big cat to come to kill—or, if it has already done so, to return to feed again.

'But has no one ever got a shot at him?'

'No one who ever sat up to do so. But occasionally some fellow, who heard his dog being carried off at night, has rushed out and had a hurried snapshot at him without result. Sometimes a native officer or two in the fort have blazed away into the darkness at nothing in particular when Spots jumped the wall and helped himself to a *pi*-dog sleeping near the cookhouse. No one has ever succeeded in hitting him. The natives all believe he's a *shaitan* or a *bhut*.' These are two varieties of Indian devils or ghosts.

The discussion would usually end by the incoming commandant saying, 'All right. We'll take Spots over.' And they would pass on to the checking of less interesting garrison stores.

III.

In truth, there was need of some excitement to give zest to the solitary existence of the one or two British officers in this lonely little outpost. They were very far from social gaieties, or even from any companionship of their kind. Their nearest white neighbours were occasional tea-planters fifteen or twenty miles away down in the forest below the mountains. In the long monsoon season, which lasted nearly five months, during which two or three hundred inches of rain fell, they were cut off from the world and left to their own devices.

Yet for scenic beauty few of Britain's far-flung outposts of empire could rival Buxa Duar. Two thousand feet up on the face of the Himalayas it nestled in a jungle-clothed hollow in the hills, a secluded recess running up to the foot of a steep peak towering precipitously over it. Sinchula was this peak named, the 'Hill of the Misty Pass,' which thrust down encircling arms to shelter the fairy glen.

Shaded by giant mango-trees and wide-spreading banyans, bowered among the drooping plumes of the bamboo, half-hidden by tall bushes flaming with the vivid hues of bougainvillæa and poinsettia, were a few unpretentious bungalows —the Mess House and the Officers' Quarters. They were fenced in by hedges of wild roses or stone walls covered with orchids growing from every crevice. They stood well apart, divided by deep ravines crossed by wooden foot-bridges. From them the hill sloped sharply down to the parade-ground, a stretch of a few hundred yards of artificially levelled soil, beyond which rose a square knoll, which on the other three sides fell precipitously several hundred feet. On the flattened top of this knoll the fort was built, a loopholed stone wall—two entrances through it closed by sliding iron gates on wheels—running irregularly around a group of one-storeyed, iron-roofed stone barracks, shaded by a few monster rubber-trees.

From the edge of the steep precipice on the side farthest from Sinchula, the eye ranged southward over thirty miles' breadth of forest to the plains of Cooch Behar and eastern Bengal. South-east on clear days could be seen the Garo Hills, in Assam, fifty miles away. But east and west beyond the range of vision the forest ran, the great Terai Jungle, stretching through Assam and Bengal, and sweeping up the mountains to Nepal.

The one link with civilisation was the steep, winding road that zigzagged up the foothills, here curving sharply round a rocky shoulder, there running perilously along the brink of a cliff, with a clear mountain-stream tumbling over rounded boulders a hundred feet below. This road came from a little wayside station, six miles away, on the toy narrow-gauge railway through the forest. Arrived at the little outpost, it shrank to a mule-track, and then climbed the steep face of Sinchula to the unmarked frontier of Bhutan, miles away, and six thousand feet above the sea.

IV.

A mile below the fort a Rajput sepoy of the garrison, a young recruit, tramped wearily up this road, balancing on his head a heavy bundle. He was unarmed, for the *Pax Britannica* held the borderland, and there was nothing to fear. Although it was afternoon, the sun was still hot; and the sepoy, though clad in the cool, white undress of the Indian Army, which approximates to the comfortable native garb, perspired freely. Unlike the generality of western Rajputs, he was fat and soft; which was the very reason why his company commander, Subahdar Ranjit Singh, had selected him to tramp down to the railway-station to fetch the parcel. The twelve miles' walk and the fifteen hundred feet climb would help to harden the muscles of this plump youth, Pem Singh.

They had certainly made him puff and blow; but, as he mopped his streaming face with a loose end of his *puggri* (turban), he felt that his troubles were nearly at an end. Only another mile and a few hundred feet more lay between him and his evening meal, which the company cooks would have ready by the time he arrived. He had a healthy appetite, had Pem Singh; and in anticipation he gloated over the steaming piles of hot *chupattis* (flat, thin griddle-cakes), with dabs of freshly made curry to give them a relish. As a true Rajput should, he would wash himself and put on a clean *dhoti* (a cotton cloth draping the body and lower limbs from the waist) before taking his place with his caste-fellows in the *chauka*, or space marked out on the ground within which they should feed, according to Rajput ritual and custom. And then he would eat his fill.

But as, with such pleasant thoughts, he toiled

on, and looked up to where the buildings of the fort already showed, perched high above him, he gasped suddenly and stopped. For not a hundred yards ahead, on the zigzagging road, stood a large panther staring down at him. Pem Singh was no *shikari*; he had never sought to disturb the peace of any ferocious beast in its native jungle. But he had a vivid recollection of the havoc wrought by such an animal in his native village in far-distant Bikanir, a panther which had plagued the unfortunate inhabitants for many months, taken toll impartially of their goats, dogs, and children, and slain the village hunter and mauled two other men when they interfered with it.

So one glance at the terrifying vision was enough for Pem Singh. Down went the parcel on the ground, and the sepoy clambered up the nearest tree with the agility of a monkey, never reflecting that a panther could climb better than he could.

He did not stop until he reached the highest point that would bear his weight. Then, in terror, he looked below. The panther had watched his movements with an interested eye, and it now walked slowly, with drooping tail, down the road to the foot of the tree in which the sepoy had taken refuge. There it calmly seated itself, raised its head, and gazed at him. Wild animals, as a rule, do not look up. But this panther happened to be Spots, and he was an exception to all zoological rules.

The distracted Pem Singh, who feared every moment to see the savage beast spring up the tree after him, looked around for help. He could see plainly the fort and the short stretch of ground between its back-wall and the precipice on the south side. He shouted loudly to attract attention; but there was no one in sight, nor did his cries elicit any response. It suddenly occurred to him that his yells might infuriate the animal on guard beneath; and he looked down in terror. But Spots still sat calmly gazing up at him, with a rather bored expression. Pem Singh, much relieved, began to shout again. Then he took off his *puggri*, which consisted of a broad strip of white cotton cloth, nine yards long, wound round and round his head, and waved it wildly. There was no one to see it. The fort seemed deserted, and no one appeared in sight up or down the winding road. Pem Singh glanced down at his warder. Spots had given up all pretence of interest in him, and had lain down at full length, resting his head on his paws.

For two hours, which seemed years to him, the wretched sepoy clung to the tree-top and shouted himself hoarse. Once a man came out through the back-gate of the fort on the narrow strip of ground, looked up at the cloudless sky, and gazed meditatively in the direction of Calcutta, three hundred miles away, but never cast his eyes down to where his miserable comrade perched between heaven and earth. Pem Singh shrieked frantically and waved his *puggri* madly. But all in vain; the man turned away and strolled casually back into the fort.

(*Continued on page 588.*)

TWO EDINBURGH LITERARY HOMES.

I.—SIR WALTER SCOTT'S.

By ROSALINE MASSON, Editor of *I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson.*

I.

TO some people—artistic people—Edinburgh is a picture—many pictures; to others, of historic or romantic turn of mind, it is a story—a succession of stories. But to the intelligent resident or wayfarer possessing, to lesser or greater degree, both artistic and romantic sympathies, Edinburgh is—is *Edinburgh*, our own romantic town; our beautiful, cold, castled city; the capital of Scotland, the home of Scottish tradition and pride, through which generation after generation of Scottish life has passed, and, passing, left every stone and every vista rich with memories and romance.

To such a wayfarer or resident, when walking down the Mound on a winter's afternoon and looking at the gray outline of the Castle and the descending rock seen against the red glow of sunset; or when hurrying along Princes Street in the dark, and looking up to the northern front of the Old Town, 'starred irregularly with window-lights from its base to the serrated sky-line,' the imagination is at once fixed on the Edinburgh of the seventeenth, or the Edinburgh of the eighteenth, century; on the heroic times of the early Jameses, or the couthy days of George III.'s reign, when Edinburgh, no longer the home of Scottish royalty, was, as described by Robert Chambers in his *Traditions*, 'a picturesque, odorous, inconvenient, old-fashioned town, of about seventy thousand inhabitants,' and was the scene of tea-drinkings and tavern suppers, of stately hoops and learned lawyers.

But, walking along Princes Street on a sunny morning, and looking from the gray and green of the Castle and the Gardens to the thronged street with its one fashionable pavement, sometimes one thinks of the many who have gone who once paced that street, to whom Edinburgh belonged in their day as it does to us in ours, who also looked up at the Castle and the Old Town

with pride and knowledge, and, among the passers-by in Princes Street, greeted their friends in the warm sunshine, and stopped to talk the politics and interests of the hour, the gossip of the moment, to whom it was all so familiarly possessed; and now they are passed into silence. Even of those we remember, associated intimately with Edinburgh life, so many have one by one vanished out of sight in our daily lives, the clever faces gone from our streets, the kindly voices silent. Their place knows them no more, and another generation walks east or west in the same sunny street below the grim, inscrutable Castle, and thinks that Edinburgh belongs to it. Perhaps it does; and will to other generations, each in its turn, as they succeed.

But the great dead are not forgotten in our city; and perhaps among them all the one best remembered, and the one whose name is most associated with Edinburgh all the world over, is that great and good soul, Sir Walter Scott.

He was born in Edinburgh; his school-days were passed there, his boyhood and youth, his days at Parliament House, his days of prosperity and fame. It was in Edinburgh he made his friendships; it was in Edinburgh, in Greyfriars Churchyard, that Walter Scott met his first love.

All the houses in which Scott lived in Edinburgh are still extant, with the exception of that in which he was born, in College Wynd. Robert Chambers tells the story of how Sir Walter, during one of their walks together, pointed out to him the site of this house, and said his father 'had received a fair price for his portion of it.' Robert Chambers's apt reply was that more might have been made by it had the house been preserved and shown to the public as the birthplace of Scott. 'Ay, ay,' replied Sir Walter, 'that is very well; but I am afraid I should have required to be dead first, and that would not have been so comfortable, you know.'

It was at the house to which his father removed, 25 George Square, that Scott's school-days and youth were spent. Here he had a den of his own in a sunk basement, in which were too many books for his little shelves, and where a print of Prince Charlie had a claymore and a Lochaber axe crossed over it. It was in this little den in the basement that, when both were young, and both members of the immortal 'Speculative,' Scott received his first visit from Jeffrey, that great Edinburgh Whig, who was afterwards to write so slashing a review of the still greater Edinburgh Tory. It was in this George Square house also that Mrs Scott, Sir Walter's mother, had her curiosity aroused by a mysterious, cloaked stranger, who, night after night, arrived in a sedan-chair, and remained with her husband long after the rest of the household had retired to bed. One night very late she boldly entered the business-room, carrying two cups of tea, and made the hospitable suggestion that, as they had sat so late, they might be glad of them. The stranger rose, bowed, and took the cup offered him; but Mr Scott, without introducing the guest to his wife, refused the tea and turned aside, and later, coming back into the room after having seen the guest out, took the cup from which the stranger had drunk, threw open the window, and threw the cup out into the night, with the words, 'Neither lip of me nor mine comes after Murray of Broughton's!'

So Mrs Scott had her curiosity satisfied. The richly dressed, mysterious visitor was he who had been Prince Charlie's secretary, and afterwards gave evidence against the Jacobites.

II.

The first house that Scott occupied as his own was No. 10 Castle Street, to which, after a short time spent in lodgings in George Street, while their house was being got ready for them, young Walter Scott brought his little, half-French, dark-haired, vivacious bride. They soon removed to another house in the same street—No. 39, which Scott bought. This house is now perhaps the most famous literary home in Edinburgh, for it is the house in which Walter Scott lived for twenty-four years, from 1802 to 1826, from the time when he was thirty-one until he was fifty-five; it was his home through all his prosperous, busy, happy years, the house in which he lived his domestic life, and saw his children grow up, and entertained his friends—Walter Scott, first the young advocate of literary tastes, then the poet, the sheriff, the genial, hospitable, influential citizen, a familiar figure presiding at public functions, or limping along Princes Street, or up and down the Mound on his way to and from Parliament House. And all the time he was writing, writing, writing in that study behind the dining-room, making for himself a position in literature that puts him among those of the highest rank in literary annals; writing, writing, writing, first as the Great Unknown, then (after the great Theatrical Fund dinner on 23rd February 1827, when, amid a scene of wild enthusiasm, he avowed his authorship of the Waverley novels) as the Wizard of the North, courted and honoured and adulated all over Europe, and, as much by his own character—his benevolence, charitableness, tolerance, high integrity—as by his genius, endearing himself not only to his associates and contemporaries, but to Scottish hearts for all time to come. In this house he lived through nearly all this; and it was from this house, at seven o'clock on a January morning in 1826, that he sent for Skene of Rubislaw, and when he arrived greeted him with, 'My friend, give me a shake of your hand: mine is that of a beggar.'

To-day, when we turn out of gay and sunny Princes Street, cross the cold dignity of George Street by the statue of Chalmers, there it is,

at our right hand, at the top of North Castle Street. There are the stone steps, worn and mended, that he must so often have limped up and down, in sad or merry mood; there is the front-door that admitted him, and so many besides him—and that closed on him when he left, a broken man. The house, different from any other in the street, was probably designed by William Adam, father of the more famous sons, Robert and James Adam. Its rounded front, with wide bow-windows, carried right up from basement to cornice, flanks the central feature of the façade of four Corinthian pilasters supporting in turn their entablature and straight pediment above.

Inside, the house is a solid, substantially built, dignified house of three storeys and a basement, its rooms not very large, but beautifully proportioned. The dining-room and the drawing-room, above it, have each a rounded end towards the street, filled by a deep bow-window. Looking sideways to the right down North Castle Street, one can see, especially from the drawing-room, the Firth of Forth and the coast of Fife.

From the study window one can see the little patch of what we call in Scotland the 'back green,' where, just below the window, about ten years after Scott had bought the house, he and his wife and family all stood, with tears in their eyes, while the old bulldog 'Camp,' the first of Scott's famous dogs, was buried. Scott was to have dined out that night, but wrote excusing himself, on account of the death of 'a dear old friend.'

George Street runs at right angles with Castle Street, and the backs of the George Street houses and the back of No. 39 look at each other across the angle. In one of these George Street houses lived William Menzies, a lawyer; and there, one evening in June 1814, the son of the house entertained a convivial gathering of young men friends, chiefly advocates, in a library at the back of the house, with one large window. The young host's eyes became fixed on that window. 'There is a confounded hand in sight of me here,' he told his guests, 'which has often bothered me before, and now it won't let me fill my glass with a good will. . . . Since we sat down I have been watching it—it fascinates my eye—it never stops. Page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of MS., and still it goes on unwearied, and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. I can't stand a sight of it when I am not at my books. . . . I well know what hand it is. 'Tis Walter Scott's.'

It was in the evenings of three summer weeks during that June that the two last volumes of *Waverley* were written.

In this study Scott's life was once threatened. He was sitting at his desk, writing, and opposite him a young German, whom he had befriended on account of his scholarship and his poverty, sat transcribing. Scott had had occasion to remonstrate with the young man about his drinking habits. On this afternoon Scott looked up suddenly from his writing, and found the German's eyes fixed on him. 'Weber, what's the matter with you?' he exclaimed. The man rose, told Scott he had insulted him, produced two loaded pistols, and demanded a duel then and there. Scott quietly suggested that Weber would not wish Mrs Scott and the children to be alarmed, and that it would be better to put the pistols into a drawer until after dinner, and then go out like gentlemen. Weber consented; and Scott, putting both pistols into the desk of his writing-table, locked the desk, and managed to despatch a message to one of the man's intimate companions, before bringing Weber in to join the family dinner. The companion arrived as dinner ended. The German rushed out of the house on seeing him, was pursued by him and overtaken, and had that same evening to be put into a strait-waistcoat. The man, whether Scott had realised it or not, was mad; Scott had been alone in the room with a homicidal maniac with a loaded pistol. Weber lived on for about five years, a hopeless lunatic—supported to the end of his days by Walter Scott.

When Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, paid his famous visit to Scott in Edinburgh, the story goes that Mrs Scott, in delicate health, was lying on the drawing-room sofa, and the simple shepherd, feeling, as he afterwards explained, that he could never do wrong to copy the lady of the house, lay down at full length on a sofa opposite hers. Scott was always genial and hospitable, and the convivial Hogg 'dined heartily and drank freely,' and 'with jest and anecdote and song afforded plentiful merriment.' As the evening passed the merriment must have increased, for 'Mr Scott' became first 'Shirra,' then 'Scott,' then 'Walter,' and finally 'Wattie.' But the height of hilarity and good feeling all round must have been reached when Mrs Scott was addressed as 'Charlotte'!

III.

Memories of that hospitable house recall many names. Joanna Baillie paid a visit of a week or more at No. 39; Crabbe stayed there; in that dining-room Kirkpatrick Sharpe has told many a scandalous tale, enlivened many a dinner-party with his caustic wit. Here Bozzie's son, Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchenleck—afterwards killed in a duel—has talked books with his host, and sung his ballad 'Jenny Dang the Weaver.' Here, at informal Sunday dinners ('without the silver dishes,' as Scott used to say), were welcomed old and dear friends like the Skenes of Rubislaw, Mrs M'Lean Clephane of Torloisk and her daughters—who had themselves selected Scott for their

guardian, and delighted him by their love of their native Celtic music and poetry. Clerk was a constant guest, as were Thomson, Sir Alexander Don of Newton, William Allan the artist, Terry, Ballantyne, Constable, and—perhaps most frequent of all, most welcome of all—the much-loved Erskine.

Sir Henry Holland, one of these Sunday visitors, has left a graphic account of Scott and 39 Castle Street in early days—about 1806.

'The society of Edinburgh,' he says in his reminiscences, 'at this time was not surpassed by that of any city of similar rank in Europe. . . . Walter Scott, at that time known to the world at large only by his poetry, but well recognised in the society of Edinburgh, even by his political adversaries, as one of its most agreeable and accomplished members. I still hold in happy memory the little suppers (a meal now lost to social life) at his house in Castle Street, of which he himself was the soul and spirit; his countenance, heavy in its ordinary aspect, kindling suddenly into life and merriment at the racy Scotch stories. . . . Frequently, too, at this period I saw him when listening with enthusiastic enjoyment to "Lochinvar" and other of his ballads, set to music and sung to him by Miss Clephane (afterwards Lady Northampton), with the fine accompaniment of her harp. This made a picture in itself. It was the poet revelling in the musical echo of his own poetry. These are my early recollections of Walter Scott in Edinburgh.'

It was not, however, on a Sunday evening that Maria Edgeworth was startled and bewildered by the entertainment offered her. On the evening she and her sisters arrived in Edinburgh on a visit, Miss Edgeworth found a letter from Scott awaiting her at their lodgings—a letter full of hospitable invitations (had not Scott proclaimed that it was from Miss Edgeworth's Irish stories he had taken his first suggestion of novels, and sent her a copy of *Waverley* when it first came out?)—with a postscript: 'My wife insists I should add that the Laird of Staffa promised to look in on us this evening at eight or nine, for the purpose of letting us hear one of his clansmen sing some Highland boat-songs and the like, and that if you will come . . . you will hear what is perhaps more curious than mellifluous. No party; none but all our own family and two old friends. No dressing to be thought of.'

Miss Edgeworth's account gives a picture of Castle Street and Scott in the year 1823.

'Ten o'clock struck as I read the note; we were tired—we were not fit to be seen; but I thought it right to accept "Walter Scott's" cordial invitation, sent for a hackney-coach, and just as we were, without dressing, went. As the coach stopped, we saw the hall lighted, and the moment the door was opened, heard the joyous sounds of loud singing. Three servants. "The Miss Edgeworths" sounded from hall to landing-place, and as I paused for a moment in the anteroom, I heard the first sound of Walter Scott's voice—"The Miss Edgeworths *come*."

'The room was lighted by only one globe lamp. A circle were singing loud and beating time. All stopped in an instant, and Walter Scott in the most cordial and courteous manner stepped forward to welcome us: "Miss Edgeworth, this is so kind of you!"

'After naming us, "Lady Scott, Staffa, my daughter Lockhart, Sophia, another daughter Anne, my son, my son-in-law Lockhart," just in the broken circle as they then stood, and showing me that only his family and two friends, Mr Clerk and Mr Sharpe, were present, he sat down beside me on a low sofa, and on my saying, "Do not let us interrupt what is going on,' he immediately rose and begged Staffa to bid his boatman strike up again. "Will you, then, join in the circle with us?" He put the end of a silk handkerchief into my hand, and others into my sisters'; they held by these handkerchiefs all in their circle again, and the boatman began to roar out a Gaelic song, to which they all stamped in time and repeated the chorus . . . with prodigious enthusiasm. . . . The boatman's dark eyes were ready to start out of his head with rapture as he sang and stamped, and shook the handkerchief on each side, and the circle imitated.

'. . . Supper at a round table, a family supper, with attention to us, just sufficient and no more. The impression left on my mind this night was, that Walter Scott is one of the best-bred men I ever saw. . . . As I sat beside him at supper, I could not believe he was a stranger, and forgot he was a great man.'

Perhaps the most brilliant and dramatic scenes of all in Castle Street were those during the August of 1822, when George IV. paid his state visit to Edinburgh—a visit whence dates the impression—and in this Sir Walter is not wholly free from blame—ineradicable in the minds of so many English people, that Scotland is the land where men wear kilts, Gaelic is the national language, and the bagpipes are the national instrument. During that vivid fortnight Scott was in the seventh heaven of ecstasy and enthusiasm, of loyalty, patriotism, and fervour. He donned kilts of the Campbell tartan (two of his great-grandmothers were Campbells, Jean Campbell of Silvercraigs, who married 'Beardie'; and her cousin, Janet Campbell of Northwoodside, who married Thomas Haliburton). Scott was the centre of all the royal celebrations, and 39 Castle Street must have been a mixture of the Scottish Office and the greenroom of a theatre. Was it in the drawing-room or the study that Scott, returning from having boarded the *Royal George* in Leith Roads to welcome his sovereign, with the glass in which the king had toasted him—in Scottish whisky—carefully

treasured in his deep coat-tail pocket as a memento, found Crabbe the poet unexpectedly arrived for a visit, and, ever hospitable, welcomed him warmly, sat down beside him—sat down on the glass, and smashed it to atoms!

Only four years later Scott called himself a ruined man. Whether it was necessary—whether Scott was involved as far as he considered that he was—never can be judged. Scott himself judged from the highest pinnacle of chivalrous honour. Offers of help poured in on him from all sides. 'This right hand shall pay it all,' he said. 'So farewell, poor 39. . . . I return no more.'

The house in Castle Street was sold. All alone to lodgings, in North St David Street, and a day or two later he heard of Lady Scott's death at Abbotsford. Next winter, with his youngest daughter, in a furnished house in Walker Street, then to 6 Shandwick Place—working to death to pay his debts, or the debts for which he believed himself responsible.

'So farewell, poor 39. . . . I return no more.'

(*Continued on page 584.*)

THE THIRD KISS.

By Charles Siddle

I.

MALCOLM INGLEBY was as far from sainthood as any average young man of his age and opportunities, and the bachelor-party held in honour of his thirtieth birthday, at his rooms in town, was not exactly a Dorcas meeting. By no means! And yet it was not in any sense vicious. Hughie Corinth was young enough to make a fool of himself over the wine, and had to be put to sleep on the Chesterfield; Jock Poynsby was a trifle boisterous and inclined to repetition; and Phil Carruthers was fumbling a trifle in his rendering of the accompaniments to his own songs. Malcolm himself was at that stage of excessive suavity which denoted in him a slight loosening of control. In fact, they would all have done well had they left the last bottle unopened. But, after all, they were young, and the occasion justified exuberance.

Towards twelve-thirty Malcolm grew weary of the noise and artificial excitement. He found himself nodding drowsily. His cigar had no flavour, his eyes were smarting a little, and the atmosphere of the room was thick with tobacco-smoke. He wondered why he did this kind of thing. A bachelor-party nearing the dregs of enjoyment is pathetic; a binge on its last legs demands decent burial.

'Beg pardon, sir,' said Wilkins, entering discreetly and whispering to Ingleby. 'A young lady, sir, asking for Mr Corinth.'

Malcolm looked across at Hughie's diminished head, and shrugged his shoulders. 'No good, Wilkins,' he said; 'can't be done. You see where he lies—none so poor to do him reverence. Tell her he's not here. Say he has gone home. Say anything you like, but get rid of her.'

'Very good, sir,' said Wilkins, and vanished as discreetly as he had entered.

Two minutes later the door opened, and a very determined girl pushed her way past a very distressed Wilkins, and stood, coughing a little in the thick air as she tried to discover the object of her search. Ingleby, with a startled cry, stumbled to his feet and walked towards her. Then several things happened all together. Carruthers, at the piano, turned round, saw the girl, and staggered to his feet, knocking the piano-stool over as he yelled a thick 'Tally-ho' and lurched across towards the vision. Poynsby, his mouth open to accommodate the syllables of the song he was singing, kept it open in an imbecile grin. The girl, her eyes pausing in their restless search, lighted on the figure of Hughie Corinth on the Chesterfield—and then Malcolm Ingleby reached her side.

'Permit me,' he said, laying his hand on her shoulder and piloting her out of the room in spite of her protests. He closed the door carefully behind him, and turned the key, just in time to rouse a howl of baffled protest from Carruthers.

'I am desolated, madam,' said Malcolm, with the exaggerated politeness of semi-intoxication, 'that the exigencies of the situation compelled me to—ah—disregard your feelings. The room we quitted so suddenly is at present no place for you. I am sorry. Pray command me, and I will endeavour to retrieve my position.'

The girl looked at him with steady eyes, whose deep blue was troubled by an anxiety he could not fathom. 'I want Hughie,' she said. 'He must come with me at once.'

Malcolm shook his head gravely. 'You distress me unspeakably,' he said. 'To refuse you anything is a painful task, but if you will demand the impossible——' He shrugged his shoulders. 'Mr Corinth is at present—ah—incapacitated. However'—his eyes ran over her face and figure approvingly—'as his host and friend, I am very willing to deputise—and I'm sure he won't mind.'

He took her hand, bent down with exaggerated formality, and kissed it. Then, before she realised what he was doing, he drew her to him and kissed her full on the lips. 'Per proxy,' he said, smiling, and then flushed suddenly as a

little hand caught him a stinging blow on the cheek.

'You cad!' she said.

The shock sobered him. Slowly he exercised his will-power in the effort to master the fumes of liquor, and he succeeded. The flush deepened into a real shame as he recognised his position, and then in a low voice he spoke. 'I—I am sorry,' he said. 'Will you tell me what I can do for you?'

The girl was still furiously angry. 'You can do nothing,' she said. 'Nothing. I thought I was in the house of a gentleman! Please open that door again, and I will take my brother away from here.'

Malcolm bent his head to the storm. 'Your brother!' he said. 'Then you are Miss Corinth. You leave me nothing to say. I have insulted you, and as his host I am in a sense responsible for Hughie. He—he is indisposed, but as soon as possible I will deliver your message.'

The girl's eyes flashed with angry scorn. 'Indisposed!' she said. 'Do you think I am a child to need lies to comfort me? I know what his indisposition amounts to, but it is you who are responsible. Poor boy—he—oh, I think it is hateful! And—and his mother is so ill——' She suddenly lost her insecure hold on her control and burst into violent sobs.

Malcolm was now quite sober and helplessly embarrassed. 'Oh, I say,' he said feebly. 'Don't cry like that, Miss Corinth. It's jolly rough luck and all that, but this is only a binge—just a jolly old bachelor-party. Your brother will be as right as anything in about ten minutes. Just leave him to me. I'll set him on his feet in no time.'

Sylvia dried her eyes, but the look she gave Malcolm was not softened by her distress. 'No doubt you are experienced in these matters,' she said coldly. 'Please don't waste time. Every moment is important.'

Malcolm winced at the implication contained in her acceptance of his offer, but realised that protestations would be wasted. 'If you will wait in the library a few minutes,' he said quietly, 'I will send Hughie in to you.'

The restoration of one very much shop-soiled specimen of humanity occupied all Malcolm's attention for the next quarter of an hour. At the end of that time Hugh Corinth was able to stand on his feet and understand what was wanted of him. He was a very subdued young man, sick and ashamed, but he went in to join his sister and take his medicine like the little man he was. Malcolm did not intrude. When they came out into the hall again he could see that the news Sylvia brought had shocked Hughie into activity.

'I say, can your man get a taxi, Ingleby?' he said. 'We've got to make a dash for it——'

Malcolm searched the eyes of Sylvia for any sign of relenting, but she walked right past him without recognition. He sighed gently. 'My car is at the door, Corinth,' he said. 'I gathered there was urgency——'

'Oh, thanks,' said Hugh; 'that's awfully decent of you. It's my mother. I—oh, I wish to God I had been there!'

The girl said nothing, but her eyes were eloquent. She would have refused the offer of the car if her need had been less urgent. She had no blame for her brother. It was Ingleby, the host, and an older man by ten years, whom she blamed.

'Confound it all!' said Malcolm, as he stood looking at the door which had closed behind them. 'She'll think I'm always doing it. Just my luck! The only girl I've ever wanted to stand well with, too! Oh, damn!'

He returned slowly to his other guests.

II.

It was a small house-party. Malcolm had accepted an invitation, knowing that Hugh Corinth and his sister were to be there, but he very soon began to wish that he had declined. Sylvia was not minded to forgive the man who had insulted her, and she was young enough to show her feelings. Even the boy displayed symptoms of embarrassed coldness towards his former hero. Malcolm speculated cynically on the inability of women to play the game straight. Obviously Sylvia had given her brother details of her visit to Malcolm's rooms. It was too bad. Of course, the girl had every right to cherish a grievance, but she might have kept it between themselves.

If they had made a larger party the thing wouldn't have been so noticeable, but eight people offer very little scope to the arranger of foursomes and singles. Some one was always pairing Malcolm with Sylvia, and finding, to his surprise, that the sum didn't work out. It was 'Sadie and I will play Sylvia and Malcolm if they'll give us a half,' or 'Connie and I are about equal to Malcolm and Sylvia if they'll give us fifteen start.' It just happened so. Hughie Corinth was running after the younger Graham girl, and nearly every other couple were sorted out on the same principle. That left Malcolm and Sylvia—which was awkward. Sometimes she had to submit, but more often she did not. And the atmosphere grew more and more chilly as the days went on. Malcolm felt that his air of apologetic submission was fixing itself into a ridiculous mannerism, but try as he would, he could not assert himself. His friends began to notice it.

On the Sunday afternoon he was sitting alone in the hall, just before going up to dress for dinner. There were no lights on, and as he sat in a deep easy-chair before the fire, he was not easily distinguishable from behind. He was thinking lugubriously of the failure of a recent desperate attempt to draw Sylvia into a definite

discussion of their differences, and a plaintive whistle betrayed his state of mind. He was not conscious of the tune he was whistling softly, but his thoughts of Hughie Corinth translated themselves subconsciously into an air he had often heard the boy attempt to render. Now, Hugh Corinth had no ear for music, and the little tune, which was the only one he knew, always ran sharp and flat in a most amazing way. Without the slightest intention of doing so, Malcolm was faithfully following precedent, and to Sylvia, entering softly from behind, the ridiculous travesty of a tune brought a smile of affectionate tolerance. She had heard Hughie so often, poor boy! Always in moments of reverie he tried that tune, and always with just that result. She had not the slightest doubt as to who was sitting there. She crept up quietly, leaned over from behind the chair, and kissed the occupant lightly on the forehead.

'Silly boy,' she said. 'Don't you know it is time to wake up and dress?'

Malcolm, startled out of his troubled thoughts with all the force of a miracle, jumped up hurriedly and staggered back a pace or two. 'Oh—er—yes, of course—of course!' he said foolishly. But, after all, what could he say?

It was almost dark, and Sylvia's hot face and embarrassed eyes were hidden. She was horrified. 'I—I beg your pardon,' she said. 'I thought it was Hughie.' She paused, and then blazed angrily, 'What do you mean by tricking me like that?'

Malcolm was pardonably annoyed. 'I am sorry if I misled you,' he said, 'but there was no trick. I had no idea you were anywhere about.'

Perhaps Sylvia knew she was being absurd, but she had suffered an amazing shock, and it seemed to her in the heat of the moment that indignation was the only support. 'I am sorry I cannot believe you,' she said. 'Your imitation of Hughie's pathetic notion of music was too exact to be accidental. It seems to me, Mr Ingleby, that you are determined to humiliate me. I—oh, you are hateful! I detest you!'

Malcolm stood very straight and still, his face entirely hidden, but his attitude eloquent of exasperation. 'My dear Miss Corinth,' he said coldly, 'I admit freely that I owe you an apology for what happened on that other occasion. I kissed you, and you called me a cad. I was. But I did, at least, admit the obvious. Now you have kissed me. And that evens the score. Your mistake—if it was a mistake—is no affair of mine.'

Sylvia gasped. 'Oh!' she said. 'You—you dare suggest it was not a mistake?'

Malcolm was cooling down rapidly, and he realised that his implied doubt was in questionable taste. But he had suffered considerably at the hands of this girl during the last ten days, and he could not resist a perverse impulse to tease her. 'No,' he said. 'On second thoughts, I admit the mistake. But, then, mine was a mistake too! Shall we call the game square, and start again? I kiss—you kiss—some day we'll go on with the conjugation and say—we kiss!'

Sylvia gasped. 'Oh!' she said. 'Oh—you dare!' She turned away and walked to the door, her indignation steadily gaining ground. She wanted to say something adequate, but his impertinence baffled her. 'You are the most impossible man I have ever met,' she said, 'and I will never speak to you again.' It was inadequate, but the best she could do.

Before Malcolm could reply, she was gone. He followed slowly, and commenced his preparations for changing. He was annoyed at his own perverse inability to treat Sylvia rationally. Why, he wondered, must he always show himself to her as an ungentlemanly brute? The attitude was not normal, but she could scarcely be blamed for thinking it was. Confound the whole business! He determined to go away and forget her; and then, quite suddenly, he smiled. 'I wonder if she has a sense of humour?' he said to his reflection in the glass. 'It is funny, after all! Who would have guessed that she could be brought to kiss me—even on the forehead! I'll hang on. Miracles have not gone out of fashion yet!'

He went down to dinner in the mood of adventure the thought raised.

III.

He met her about half-way from the village to the house, on the field path. The meeting was not accidental, and Malcolm did not attempt to disguise his purpose. 'I will walk back with you, if you don't mind,' he said. 'I am leaving by the afternoon train, and there are one or two things I want to say to you before I go.'

Sylvia looked at him coldly. 'There is nothing you can say that I shall wish to hear,' she said. 'Please don't turn back on my account.'

Malcolm's only reply was to hold out his hand for her parcels. 'Permit me?' he said quietly.

Sylvia shook her head obstinately and walked on.

'Very well,' said Malcolm, a trifle chilled, and adapted his pace to hers. Sylvia evidently meant to give him no help, but he could not go away without making at least one attempt to bridge the gulf which separated them. It had come to this with him: either he must win this girl's love or he must go unsatisfied all his life. Perhaps that is an exaggeration, but he certainly believed it himself—and he meant to make one last attempt, if it killed him!

They walked along in silence, Sylvia keeping as much distance as the path would allow. She kept her eyes fixed on the scenery in front of her, and Malcolm kept his eyes fixed on her. This placed her at a disadvantage, and she knew it. Her irritation increased.

'What I want to say, you know,' said Malcolm, 'is that I don't go kissing strange damsels, as a general thing. I assure you I'm not that kind of chap.'

Sylvia ignored this diplomatic opening.

'As a matter of fact,' said Malcolm, 'I like you, Miss Corinth, and I want to put myself right with you. I think it is such a pity we should misunderstand one another. After all, why shouldn't we be friends?'

Still Sylvia made no reply.

'You've called me some pretty hard names at one time or another,' persisted Malcolm, 'and I deserve 'em all. I'm not disputing that. But then, take any other chappie you like, and I'll lay you a fiver he deserves 'em, more or less, too. What I mean to say is, we're not up to your standard.'

Still no reply.

'You know,' said Malcolm desperately, 'conversation isn't my strong suit, either, but I'm a positive chatterbox beside you!'

Sylvia looked at him calmly. 'I was thinking the same thing!' she said.

Malcolm smiled bravely. 'Well, it is something to hear that you knew I was making a noise,' he said. 'Perhaps, if I persevere, you may go so far as to distinguish the individual words—in time.'

Sylvia quickened her pace in an impulse of acute annoyance, only to find her path barred by the stream, which had been following the course of the field road, and now decided to cross it and wander off on its own. A few scattered stepping-stones were adequate to the needs of the villagers, but her own high heels were not very suitable for such an occasion.

'You must really permit me to help you,' said Malcolm. 'If you'll allow me, I'll carry you over——'

'No!' said Sylvia decidedly.

'But why not? I assure you I shall not attempt to kiss you again.'

Sylvia sprang out to the first stone. It rocked precariously, and she sprang for the next one with nervous haste. That one, and the next, she negotiated safely, but the last one of all was slippery. Her foot slid off, and in a wild attempt to spring before she reached the water she landed awkwardly on the opposite bank, her foot turned under her, and, with a cry of pain, she fell.

Malcolm was beside her almost before her eyes closed. 'Are you hurt? Can I do anything? Sylvia, darling, open your eyes. What have you done?'

The pain was very bad, but Sylvia opened her eyes and smiled. It was a little twisted smile, infinitely pathetic, and it nearly broke Malcolm's heart. 'I—I shall be all right in a minute,' she said.

Malcolm looked round. They were only about three hundred yards from the small private gate to the grounds. He looked down at Sylvia's white face and made up his mind. 'I must get you home quickly,' he said. 'I'll try not to hurt you.' Without waiting for an answer, he stooped down and lifted her gently. 'Is that comfortable?' he said.

She nodded, and very slowly and carefully he began his journey. The jolting hurt her foot, but after a few yards the pain was not unendurable. I feel sure of that, because of what followed. Her arms round his neck and her face close to his, Sylvia felt for the first time the thrill of his masculine strength. Whether that explains her change of heart, or whether the pain cleared her brain, I don't know; but it is certain that she began to wonder what it was that had driven her so obstinately into a quarrel with this man. Something there must be. And then she knew what it was. 'Why do you always treat me as though I were a silly child?' she asked.

The sudden question, so unexpected in its lack of context, nearly startled Malcolm into dropping her. He stood quite still. 'I—why I'm dashed if I know!' he said. 'Perhaps—but then, you know, you treat me as though I were a dangerous brute.'

They both pondered this for a while, too much in earnest to realise how absurd they were, standing there in the silence of the meadows like a sculptured group of 'The Rescuer,' or some such subject.

'I'm not a brute, you know,' said Malcolm. 'That is, not as a general thing. I seem to have acted like one to you; but, then, that was just bad luck.'

'And I'm not a silly child,' said Sylvia, 'except when I'm with you, and then, I must admit, I act like one.'

Malcolm walked on slowly. 'I'll tell you what,' he said; 'let's make a bargain. You wash out the brutal bully idea, and we'll start afresh. Is it a go? No black marks, and a straight deal.'

Sylvia nodded. 'All right,' she said. 'I'm willing.'

It wasn't much to say—was it?—but it brought Malcolm to a stand again. 'I say, that's topping,' he said, looking down at her with eager, dancing eyes. 'I feel as bucked as anything. I wish we could shake hands on it.'

Sylvia blushed as her eyes met his, and the same thought occurred to both. They couldn't shake hands on it, under the circumstances, but—their faces were very close together.

And so they went on conjugating the verb 'to kiss.'

INDIAN JUGGLERS' TRICKS.

I.

IN the May 1921 number of *Chambers's Journal* I read with great interest C. L. Hardcastle's article on Indian jugglers' tricks. As one who has been in India over thirty years, I have seen, not only in the old days, but quite recently, some marvellous tricks that take one, in certain cases, into the mystery of the fourth dimension.

I will tell you what I saw when in Lucknow only a few months ago. A number of us were in the veranda of a friend's house, when an elderly Brahmin walked up, and, in a humble, gentle way, asked if we should like to see him perform some jugglery. He looked more like a *Sanyasi* than a juggler, and I expressed surprise at his request; whereupon he told me he *was* a priest, that the temple he was attached to needed a new roof, and as they had not sufficient money to pay the cost of it, the chief priest had given him permission to go out into the world and earn some. He carried nothing with him but a brass drinking-vessel and a thin rope, and a very shabby leopard-skin, in which there were a thin blanket and a pair of tongs. These articles are often the only impedimenta a pious Brahmin has when travelling all over India for months at a time.

We said we should be glad to help him with a little money, and should like to see a few of his tricks; thereupon he put aside all his belongings, and asked what we wanted him to do. I replied that, as we did not know his capabilities, we were not in a position to say; he must do what he could. Then, in a casual way, he asked if we should like him to suspend his animation and sit just where he was for two days. We told him we thought a quarter of an hour would be quite long enough, when he instantly closed his eyes and relaxed his muscles. I got a mirror and held it close to his face. I felt his pulse, tried to find the beating of it even in his elbow-joint—in *any* artery. There was no sign of life; the mirror remained absolutely unclouded; the eyes were dull. At the end of fifteen minutes I spoke to him, and said we were quite satisfied. He woke as from a sleep. We told him we thought it very wonderful, and asked how he did it. He answered in an apathetic manner, 'I was not here. It is quite easy.'

Then he asked if we had a strong, heavy iron chain, and one was brought that was used on an ox-cart as a trace. He put it across his chest, under his arms, and said, 'As it is too large, lash it securely with a rope, or knot it, so that it may not open.' This was done, and he merely expanded his chest, and the chain snapped like a bit of cotton—a clean break, just over his chest.

By this time we were so interested that we were only too eager he should do something else, so he asked us to give him something to eat that no human being could ever digest. We could not think of anything, but he did; he swallowed, one at a time, two packets of darning-needles, a quantity of thin, broken glass, and some mercury! Without moving from the place he sat in, he asked if any of our servants had a tin cylinder, such as they sometimes keep important papers in. After a little delay one was produced which he said would do. He asked me to put some money into it, and I dropped in, one by one, eight rupees. He did not touch the cylinder, but requested me to pass it to my neighbour and let her count the money. She did, and there were nine rupees in it. It was passed on to three others, till the sum amounted to twelve rupees. He then said to me, 'Take it back, and open it carefully. And do not be afraid; no harm will befall you.' I took it back, opened it, and a small snake, about fourteen inches long, glided out. How it could have got into such a limited space I cannot think. The tin dropped into my lap, as I was startled. It felt light, and I peered inside. It was empty. I put the lid on, and as I did so I heard the chink, chink of money falling, as it were, into it. I pulled off the lid and poured out eight rupees.

But he was to do still more wonderful things, and here the unknown mystery of the fourth dimension comes in, I think.

The Brahmin told me to get him a small cane or a thin walking-stick. A cane was brought. He asked me to string on to it a jewelled ring, one we could recognise. A ruby ring was put on, and dangled in the centre. I held the cane firmly on each side, a few inches away from the ring. The juggler then requested me to come up to him. I did so, and he put out his hand and pulled the ring off *through the cane*, not with a quick jerk, but just a casual pull. We were, of course, lost in astonishment, and said, 'Do it again'; but he replied, 'Why repeat what you have seen? Let one of your women-servants give me one of her metal anklets; one without a join, and very heavy.' A young girl at once began the process of removing one from her foot. It took quite a little time and some oiling to remove it, but it was eventually got off and given to him. He pushed it up his arm till it stuck and could get no farther. Then, as if he was measuring a span, he put his thumb on one side of it and his little finger on the other, and lightly pulled it *through his arm* and handed it back!

C. L. H. writes of the 'rain of fire.' I have

been told of it by others, although I have not witnessed it myself. I have, however, twice seen the 'walking on fire' trick, which no one can explain. The first time I saw at least thirty men walk through a fire of red-hot burning charcoal, over seven feet wide; but the second time I saw the trick a trough of lighted burning charcoal, a foot deep, was made, and every now and then bellows at one end made a burning mass of it. The juggler made five or six men walk along it. He then asked the English magistrate and the police-officer to remove their shoes and socks and do the same. At first they refused, but he was so earnest about it that, in the presence of at least a hundred spectators, they quietly walked the whole length of the trough unhurt.

At one of the bathing festivals at Hardwan, I saw a fakir—or sacred man—lying on the bare ground with only a small loin-cloth on. Six bonfires of blazing wood, that would have roasted an ox, burned round him. As the pilgrims came near to watch him, other fakirs offered their sticks of wood for sale. They were bought and continually flung on the bonfires. The man in the midst seemed impervious to the heat. He leaned on one elbow and listlessly looked at the crowd. We passed on, and three hours afterwards returned, to find him still there, and the fires bigger than ever. It was at Hardwan I saw a man hanging head downwards from the branch of a tree. I was told he lived always in that position. I certainly never failed to find him there, either by night or by day, and we often went to see, the three days our camp was there. Another common sight at Hardwan on the occasion of festivals is the fakir who lies full length, or sits, apparently quite comfortably, though clad in nothing but a very scant bit of cotton clothing, on a heavy board thickly studded with sharp nails or studs three or four inches long.

M. E. M'Gregor.

II.

Last year * you published an article in which I gave an account of some four or five rather wonderful tricks performed at my bungalow by a first-class Indian juggler, the execution of which, as I said in that article, I was never able to account for, except on the hypothesis of hypnotism. There are, however, other performances, which are the ordinary stock-in-trade of the native juggler that one frequently comes across in various parts of India where Europeans congregate, especially in the ports. These exhibitions of clever sleight-of-hand are, for obvious reasons, given by choice before new arrivals and tourists, thus lessening the risk of detection. Clever as these tricks undoubtedly are, they are capable of detection, particularly by any one who has witnessed them pretty often, and who is acquainted with natives and their ways. It may be of interest if I 'give the show away,' and explain how some of the most common tricks are done.

The most showy feat, and the great stand-by, of this class of Indian juggler is 'the mango trick.' I have seen this performed years ago at the Egyptian Hall, but the use of evident mechanical devices, surrounded by all the paraphernalia and fittings of an English 'wizard,' whilst producing the same results, detracted from the 'wonderfulness' of the trick as carried out by a practically nude native, performing on the bare ground, with no accessories but a basket-lid and a cloth. The *modus operandi* is of the simplest when explained.

The native is an adept at distracting his audience's attention by amusing patter in broken English, mixed with such simple Hindustani as the Europeans amongst the onlookers are expected to be able to understand. Attended by a small boy with even less clothing than his master, and surrounded by a basket containing three or four live cobras, a tom-tom, and a native bagpipe-player, the performer begins by calling on his assistant for a small basketful of soil, scraped up off the ground in full view of the spectators. This he kneads up with a little water into the subsistence of thick mud, into which, with many incantations, he plants a mango-stone. Over the mud he puts a large circular basket-lid, some four feet in circumference and about eighteen inches high in the centre, covering the whole with a cloth. Then, making incantations, prostrating himself, and waving his magic wand over the basket, he bursts into a droning song, invoking the help of his deities, ending up with, '*Dekho, sahib, dekho; abi juldi;* mango-tree coming.' Lifting the basket-lid very gently with a long-drawn-out '*Sha—bash*,' he exposes a small twig of the mango-tree, some three or four inches high, where he had planted the mango-stone. Acknowledging the plaudits of the crowd which these performances always gather round him, with a wave of his hand he declares 'That is nothing,' and calls on the spectators to watch carefully. He then replaces the basket and the cloth, and after going through more incantations, raises the basket a second time, when the 'tree' is seen to have grown twice the size. Plentifully watering this little plant, he now declares he will produce fruit on the tree. After once more replacing the basket, repeating his excited patter, and waving his magic wand, he lifts the basket for the last time, and two or three small mangos in the green stage are discovered on the tree!

The explanation is very simple when one knows it. The basket-lid is made of closely woven withes, between which are inserted three twigs of the mango-tree, with leaves closely wound round them. Each time he lays the

* *Chambers's Journal*, May 1921.

basket in its place, by inserting his hand (hidden by the covering cloth) he abstracts the twig required and plants it in the sticky mud, putting out of sight the first twig when taking out the second, and the second when he abstracts the last with the little mangos on it. To show that 'there is no deception,' each time he lifts off the basket he shows the inside of it, to prove that it is empty; but as the mango-twigs are threaded, so to speak, in and out of the withes, and are of the same colour, they are not perceptible. I have performed this trick at charity performances, but as I had to give the show on a platform, my difficulty was to make the 'trees' stand up. This I overcame by attaching a lady's bonnet-pin to the stem of the twig, so that I could stick it into the boards of the platform, or table, if I was using one.

The 'bowing-duck' is equally simple.

A small duck made of pith is placed in the half of a large coco-nut filled with water. A minute hole is pierced in the nut. A long hair out of the tail of a horse is passed through the hole, one end being attached to the duck and the other end to the end of the bagpipe, and as the performer plays the bagpipe and sways backwards and forwards and from side to side, the duck bows and makes salaam, or moves from side to side at the word of command—guided by the horse-hair! The hole for this horse-hair is so minute that it takes too long for the leak of the water to be noticeable.

A very favourite trick is the 'basket trick.' This requires a basket with a movable bottom. The performer begins by showing his audience that the basket—large enough for a very small boy to squeeze himself into it—is empty, being careful to hold the basket in such a way that the bottom does not fall open. Laying the basket on the ground, he crams the small boy into it, places the lid on, and covers it with a cloth, as in the mango trick. He then holds an acrimonious conversation with the boy inside, who apparently grows weaker and weaker, till his groans and cries cease. Taking a sword, the juggler plunges it through and through the basket at all angles, and then declares the boy is dead. A hubbub is raised (by confederates); the police are called for; and the performer is apparently threatened with being lynched. At last, in self-defence, he tells the would-be lynchers to open the basket, when it is seen to be empty! The explanation is that at the proper moment the juggler tilts the basket, the bottom is also tilted, and the boy crawls out, 'covered' by the cloth, and goes and stands amongst three or four other little boys crowding round to see the trick. All little native boys are as like as peas in a pod, so one cannot easily tell one from another, and they are so lissome that it is not difficult for them to wriggle away unperceived, especially as the performer takes pains to distract his audience's attention at the critical moment. I saw this trick several times, and was always nonplussed, till I had the idea of counting the small boys standing round, and found after the performance there was one more than at the beginning!

The 'rupee trick' is a very pretty and mystifying one. The performer squats on the ground with bare feet. He begs to borrow a rupee from one of the onlookers, pleading poverty, and that he cannot perform the trick unless he is supplied with the necessary coin. Obtaining this, he proceeds, after performing magic, to break it into two, throwing both coins on the ground; then, picking one up again, he breaks it into two more; and so on till he has a goodly heap before him. The process is a species of 'palming.' He hides a certain number of the coins under both his bare feet, and 'palms' one before borrowing the rupee from the onlooker, and before picking the one off the ground, so each time he has two, one between the finger and thumb of the one hand, which he shows openly, and the other hidden between the ball of the thumb and palm of the other hand. These two he throws down together. I have also done this trick, but it takes some practice to 'squat' in such a way as to be able to hide the coins under one's feet. It must be remembered that a native performer, as a rule, has his head shaved, and wears nothing but the scanty *dhoti*, or loin-cloth, as we call it, so has nowhere to hide anything.

A pretty little bit of byplay these men often produce between tricks is the 'butterfly trick.' Before giving this side-show, the performer swings a heavy wooden ball, attached to a string, round and round to enlarge the circle of the onlookers, under the plea that his butterflies require space to fly in. When he has sufficient space made for him, suddenly, whilst he is squatting on the ground, a cloud of butterflies flutter round his head and here and there. He gets up and tries to catch them, declaring in his excitement that if one of the white ones should alight on any one, that person will die within the year! The butterflies, after fluttering out of his reach, suddenly swoop on to the ground, and he flings over them his cloth, which he sweeps up, crushing the butterflies in its fold and throwing the bundle into his basket. This is done by the making or twisting of tissue-paper into the shape of butterflies, which are attached to the end of springy, invisible wires, each butterfly to a wire, and all the wires joined together at the other end. This end the performer manipulates as desired, and when he gets up and chases them, of course they flutter before him. On his sharply raising his hands they flutter to the ground, which is the moment for him to catch them with his cloth.

As I have already said, these performers are adepts at patter and distracting one's attention,

and they are generally very amusing, cracking sly jokes at the expense of the onlookers, and making fun of any personal peculiarities amongst the native portion of the audience.

The end of all these performances is the usual plea: 'I very poor man—sahib got plenty rupee; plenty "backsheesh" give poor man;' and round goes the brass *lota*.

'Exposed' in this bare way, these tricks may seem uninteresting and childish; but, owing to the whole setting and the glib talk of the jugglers, they are really very attractive, even when one has seen them over and over again, so long as one has not the explanation of how they are done.

C. L. HARDCASTLE.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN UNROMANTIC GENTLEMAN.

By W. H. MORRIS.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH: *Tells how General Oliver Cromwell came to Beverley Hall.*

'FOR a moment we stared at one another in consternation; then Prosper Hawtrey said in a low voice, "Our quarrel can wait, Colonel Russell. I will sally out and make a diversion. Do you take advantage of it to get Anne into safety."

'Having said which, he flung open the room door, and ran out into the corridor, crying, "Od's fish! You crop-eared rogues! Here's a man for you to try your mettle on, and not a defenceless woman!"

'He fired his pistol at them, and then turned and fled down the corridor. The soldiers raised a shout, and sped after him; all except Colonel Win-the-Fight Jenkins and the two men who had been placed as guards over Anne Beverley. These entered the room, and the colonel asked, "Did that wretch harm you, Colonel Russell?"

'"He did me no violence," I answered; then, much as I dislike the telling of untruths, added, "He burst suddenly into this room, where I was trying to make our prisoner realise the wickedness of her ways, and ran through it, a pistol in his hand, without taking any notice of us. Methinks he is demented."

'"Ah!" remarked the colonel. "Peradventure the devil which he hath so often invoked has taken possession of his vile body—a fitting dwelling-place for him. But I must go in pursuit of him, for I desire that he should neither escape nor be slain outright. It may be that he possesses knowledge concerning the secret ways of this house." Then to the two guards, "Stay here with Colonel Russell." Saying which, he ran off after his men who had gone in pursuit of the Cavalier.

'"Follow after Colonel Win-the-Fight Jenkins," said I to the two guards when Jenkins was out of earshot. "The ways of this house being intricate, there cannot be too many pursuers. I will keep watch over the prisoner."

'Like all men, the soldiers liked nothing better than a man-hunt. They saluted, and ran off readily enough.

'"Now," I said to Anne Beverley when they were out of sight, "lead the way to the room wherein is the hidden entrance to the labyrinth."

'She led me to a small, barely furnished room, opening out from the far end of the corridor, and there she touched an inconspicuous little knot of wood, on the edge of one of the many fine oak panels with which the apartment was adorned, whereat the panel rose smoothly upwards to a height of about five feet, and revealed a narrow passage within. She stepped into it, then turned, clasped my right hand impulsively between both of hers, and said, "How can I thank you, Colonel Russell? I know you are taking some risk, and making a big sacrifice for my sake. Were the position reversed, and I a Puritan maid fleeing in danger of death at the hands of the king's soldiers, there is not one of the Cavaliers I know but would say it served me right, and refuse to stir a finger to help me. I shall ever think better of your party after this. God bless you for such goodness."

'In some embarrassment I bade her say naught more of it, but to close the secret panel lest the soldiers returned. Thereat she thanked me again, and touched some inside spring, which caused the panel to slide into its place. None would then have guessed that it differed from the other panels, so cunningly did it fit into its place. Nor did it give out a hollow sound when I rapped upon it with my fingers, for 'twas padded with some very thick felt on the inside. At a later date, when I came to investigate the origin of the secret passages, I learned that they had been constructed, at great expense, by Sir Percival Beverley, a most zealous Protestant who lived in the reign of bloody Queen Mary, and who was engaged in many intrigues against the Court, and was twice outlawed, during which periods he doubtless found the labyrinth of great use.

'When the panel hid Anne from my view I returned slowly to the room in which she had been held prisoner, and there awaited Colonel Jenkins's return.

'"Colonel Jenkins," said I to him, immediately he entered the room, "the young woman hath escaped."

'"Escaped!" repeated Jenkins in a loud

voice. Then he turned to the two guards who had followed him into the room, and demanded, "What means this, sirrahs? Did I not bid you stay here, and yet have you joined in the chase?"

'"'Twas on my instructions that they joined in the pursuit of the malignant," I hastened to say; "I thought I should be ample guard over the woman."

'"'Twas foolish, Colonel Russell. You are wounded, and the miserable woman was known to you as one full of wiles. But how came she to escape from this room? And did you not go in pursuit of her?"

'"I was speaking goodly words to her, seeking thereby to convert her from the wicked ways of her fathers," I answered, reddening as I lied, "when suddenly she exclaimed, 'Look!' and pointed to the window. I turned, expecting to see another Cavalier climbing through the casement; and whilst my attention was thus distracted from her she fled out of the room. I followed her, but she gave me the slip in the darkness."

'Colonel Win-the-Fight made no reply to my explanation, but quitted the room, and, as I later discovered, caused very careful search to be made of the house, in the hope of discovering the girl. Whilst he was absent I inquired of the guards what had been the outcome of the pursuit of the Cavalier.

'"Indeed, sir," answered one of them, "he gave us a weary chase, upstairs and downstairs; but we cornered him at last, and he turned to face us, his back against the wall, and his rapier in his hand. Colonel Jenkins bade us take him alive, and Hope-for-Bending Johnson rushed upon him, seized his rapier in his naked left hand, and caught him by the throat with the other. We had some difficulty, sir, in removing Johnson's grip from the wretch's windpipe, for Hope-for-Bending conceived him to be Beelzebub, risen in human form, and gripped him tightly, at the same time thundering out texts in a loud voice."

'"And where is the Cavalier now?" I asked.

'"He hath been tightly bound, sir," the man replied, "and placed under a guard in the kitchen. Colonel Jenkins hath told him that he will hang him to-morrow unless he ceases to curse so horribly, and insult the Commonweal, and also unless he gives him information concerning the hidden passages."

'At length Colonel Win-the-Fight returned from his unavailing search, his face flushed with anger and exertion, and said in a harsh voice, "The woman hath escaped us! This is a sad matter, Colonel Russell. Methinks you have been too inclined to treat the woman over gently. Had I had my way, she would be our prisoner still, for I would have kept her in bonds. I would advise you to recall how Delilah seduced Samson from his duty, Colonel Russell."

'With which last ambiguous remark he left me.

'In an exceedingly uncomfortable frame of mind, I retired to my bedroom, and there thought over what had happened. Obviously Colonel Jenkins suspected that I had been privy to Anne's escape. And then I began to wonder whether or not I had neglected my duty for the charm of a wench. Sadly I tossed about on my bed for many hours, ere I fell into an uneasy and dream-haunted sleep.

'At daybreak I was awakened by a great tramping of horses and jingling of harness, and springing out of bed and crossing to one of the windows, looked out and saw His Excellency the Lord-General Oliver Cromwell and a troop of horse dismounting outside the mansion. Followed by a stoutly built man, named Joshua Gunter, whom he often employed in matters requiring discretion and keenness, the General entered the hall.

'He hath come here, I suppose, thought I as I dressed, to see whether he can discover the hiding-place of the king's treasure. God grant he succeeds!'

(*Continued on page 590.*)

GLENGARRY.

I HAVE tasted wealth and splendour in the cities of the world,
In the cities where the soft lights glow;
I have known the warmth and wonder out beyond the silver sea,
In the harbours where the big ships go—
But the sweeter mem'ries linger when the purple shadows creep,
Sweeter mem'ries of a better yesterday,
And the old-time longing surges through the silence of the years
For Glengarry, in the far, far away.

And I hear the 'chunka-chunka' of the dredge at early morn,
Familiar sound that makes the heart-strings ache,
And once again I see the pretty sunfish flashing by
Below the tepid shallows of the lake;
And once again, a careless child, I race with brown feet bare
Across the stubble-fields beside the bay,
And lying in the sun upon the boathouse roof I watch
The busy big ships passing on their way.

Glengarry, hast forgotten with the passing of the years
The sturdy childish heart that beat for thee?
The childish eyes that filled with pride at mention of thy name?
Glengarry, answer; dost remember me?
I have loved thee, Old Glengarry, but the dusk is falling low,
And about my heart the purple shadows creep;
So fare thee well, Glengarry, down behind the lonely years,
In the hollow of thy own dear hills—asleep.

CONSTANCE M. TROY.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

ST MALACHY AND HIS PROPHECIES.

I.

EVEN casual readers of the daily papers must recently have noticed references to St Malachy, and wondered who he was. And, if curiosity induced them to read the paragraph, they would see that he is said to have been responsible for some prophetic utterances regarding the late Pope and his predecessors and successors in the Holy See. To those who turned for light to the ordinary books of reference, without having in view the precise spelling of the name, the notice of Malachi would only increase their darkness, and by its critical discussion of the last book of the Old Testament possibly make them think that they had been the victims of a journalistic hoax.

But St Malachy, to whom these prophecies are attributed, was a very real person, and the prophecies themselves, whatever be their value, have long been a puzzle to those interested in such matters.

Born in Ireland, probably at Armagh, in 1095, he was named Maol Maodhog Ua Morgair —that is, Maol Maodhog the son of Morgair— and he belonged to the great clan of O'Dogherty. There is a curious tendency among the Celts, both Irish and Scots, to adopt, at all events in formal documents, what seem like scriptural or classical equivalents for their own native names. Æneas, for instance, takes the place of Angus. Diarmid becomes Jeremiah. Hector is used instead of Eacharon, Julia for Sheila, and, strangest of all perhaps, Tarquinius for Torquil. And so Maol Maodhog (which means the servant of St Maodhog, as Maol Iosa—Malise—means the servant of Jesus) became Malachy. His father, who was a man of learning, died early, and he was brought up by his mother, who seems to have been a remarkable woman. When a lad he fell under the influence of a famous recluse, Imar O'Hagan, and this led to his association with Cellach—Latinised as Celsus—Abbot and Archbishop of Armagh, who, as successor of St Patrick, claimed to be Primate of all Ireland.

The early Irish Church, it will be remembered, was based on a combination of the tribal and monastic systems. When a chief embraced Christianity he gave land to the preachers of the new faith, who settled down there as the teachers of the tribe. The head of the little colony was its abbot, and, as time passed, it sent out missionaries, who founded other colonies, and these daughter monasteries all owed allegiance to the abbot of the mother house. Bishops there undoubtedly were, but, though possessing the plenitude of orders and regarded as alone competent to perform the rite of ordination, they had no jurisdiction of any kind, and in fact were often subject to presbyters who happened to be abbots. All this appears clearly in the case of St Columba, who lived and died a presbyter, and had bishops among his subject monks.

This system endured for centuries. The inroads of the northern heathen had the effect of largely cutting off Ireland from the main stream of European influences. And in organisation, as well as in ritual and other matters, the Irish Church remained unaffected by the developments that had taken place on the Continent. When the power of the Norsemen was broken, in 1014, at the battle of Clontarf, Ireland was brought out of her isolation, and great changes of various kinds began. In particular the old polity was superseded by the system of diocesan episcopacy—that is to say, the island was divided into areas, each governed by a bishop, and composed of a number of parishes; while the bishops in turn were divided into four groups, subject to the Archbishops of Armagh, Cashel, Dublin, and Tuam respectively. These changes were not carried out all at once, nor without bitter opposition from many quarters. One of the leaders of the reforming party was Cellach, who, being hereditary Abbot of Armagh and, as such, coarb or successor of St Patrick, got Armagh erected into an episcopal see, and so combined in his own person the twofold jurisdiction. Soon after Malachy was ordained a priest he was employed by Cellach in the administration of his diocese, and, when still under thirty, he was made Abbot and Bishop of Bangor. Cellach, who died in 1129, had nominated Malachy as his successor, but so strong was the opposition that it was not for some years that he was recognised as Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland. Having thus vindicated his authority and seen the success of the reforming movement fully established, he resigned Armagh and returned to Down, which he had never wished to leave, and at the age of forty-two was the most powerful prelate in Ireland. Two years thereafter he set out for Rome on a

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

mission to the Pope (described in Irish annals as the coarb of St Peter), and on his way he visited the famous Cistercian monastery of Clairvaux, in the north-east of France, then ruled by St Bernard.

Between these two great men an extraordinary friendship at once sprang up. At that time the Cistercian movement was in full force, and nowhere was it more vigorous than in Scotland. The abbeys of Melrose, Newbattle, and Kinloss, founded by David I. in 1136, 1140, and 1150, were all Cistercian houses; while a house of the same order—Holm Cultram—was founded in Cumberland by his son Prince Henry. One of the results of this friendship was the introduction of Cistercian monks into Ireland and the foundation, in 1142, of the great abbey of Mellifont, near Drogheda. Another result, of more interest for the present purpose, is that, shortly after Malachy's death, his Life was written by St Bernard.

Passing on to Rome, he was received with the utmost honour by Innocent II., who, according to an old account, 'kist him, made him his Legate, put his own mitre on his head, his stole about his neck, and his maniple on his arm, which Malachy thenceforth ever wore as often as he officiated.' On his way home he again visited Clairvaux, and in passing through Scotland, so St Bernard tells us, 'he found King David, who is still alive to-day, in one of his castles, and worked a miracle of healing on his son Prince Henry, who was lying sick unto death.' For the next few years he was kept busy in Ireland, but in 1148 he again set out for Rome. St Bernard, who must have heard them from Malachy himself, gives some interesting details of the journey. He crossed to Scotland and visited a place called *Viride Stagnum*, supposed to be Soulseat, in Galloway, where he founded a monastery; and somewhere thereabouts he again met King David, by whom he was entertained for several days. Following, it would seem, the route of Watling Street, he made his way to Gisburn, and thence to the sea. Difficulties were placed in his way by King Stephen, who not unnaturally suspected that his journey might be in the interest of the Empress Maud, King David's niece. But at last he succeeded in crossing to France, and proceeded to Clairvaux, where he hoped to find the Pope, Eugenius III. But the Pope had left before his arrival, and Malachy himself fell ill, and died on 2nd November 1148. It is recorded that he was buried in the actual habit worn by St Bernard. In 1190 he was formally canonised by Clement III.

II.

At the suggestion of Congan, afterwards Abbot of Innislonagh, his Life was written by St Bernard, who himself died in 1153. This Life, of which a translation, with a valuable introduction and notes by the Rev. Dr Lawlor, was published in 1920, is thus a contemporary record, and the intimate details which Bernard gives must have been obtained by him either from Malachy himself or from some of the Irish monks, such as Congan, whom he had brought to Clairvaux. In many ways it resembles Adamnan's Life of St Columba, over which it has, however, this great advantage, that Adamnan never himself knew Columba, who died some thirty years before he was born.

The materials which St Bernard has preserved throw much light on Irish history of the twelfth century, both civil and ecclesiastical, as well as on the character and the career of Malachy himself. Many instances are recorded of works of wonder which he wrought, and also of his exercise of prophetic gifts. There is, however, no reference to the particular predictions with which this paper is concerned.

Turning now from St Malachy to these prophecies, we find a somewhat curious situation. The ordinary story is that when in Rome, in 1139, Malachy had a vision, the record of which he gave to Innocent II. to comfort him in his troubles, and that this was deposited in the papal archives, and apparently forgotten till about 1590. No reference to the prophecy has, however, been found in any writer prior to that date. The curtain is first lifted in 1595, when Arnold de Wion, a native of Douai and a Benedictine monk of great learning, published a work named *Lignum Vitæ*, dedicated to Philip II. of Spain, in which, referring to St Malachy, he said he had left behind him a certain prophecy which, because it had never been printed and many were curious to see it, he then sets forth at length. This prophecy itself is a mere list of Latin phrases, or mottoes, as they are called in a learned article by the late Lord Bute, consisting ordinarily of two, sometimes of three, but never of more than four, words, emblematically characterising or alluding to every pope that should reign from Celestin II., who succeeded Innocent II. in 1143, to the end of the papacy. The total number of these mottoes is one hundred and twelve, and they are followed by a mysterious sentence to which attention will be directed later.

Along with these mottoes Wion gave also 'explications' showing their applicability to the different popes, which he attributed to a Spanish Dominican, named Ciacconius, the author of a Life of the Popes. The fact that no prior writer even refers to these prophecies, while it is quite consistent with the tradition that they were deposited in the papal archives and allowed to rest there unnoticed for four hundred and fifty years, deprives them of all value as predictions with regard to those popes who preceded the date when Wion's book was published. They may have been really uttered and recorded by St Malachy in 1139, or they may have been concocted, as some say, by a certain Veronese named Panavinius, who died in 1568,

or, according to others, in the interest of an unsuccessful candidate for the papacy, during the Conclave of 1590. And it would not have been difficult for any one conversant with history to devise epithets or mottoes applicable in some way to the different popes of the past. But the mottoes applicable to popes succeeding after 1595 are in a different position. Whoever is responsible for them—Malachy or Panavinius, or even Wion—they plainly refer to the future, and the explications which Wion gives throw no light on them.

The manner in which the motto indicates, or is said to indicate, the pope to whom it refers varies from time to time. Sometimes it refers to his birthplace, sometimes to his family, sometimes to a see which he held, sometimes to his armorial bearings, sometimes to his character, and sometimes to the circumstances of his reign. And many of the explications given by Wion are singularly far-fetched—a fact that makes one wonder why a presumed forger working in the sixteenth century did not hit on something more obvious. In 1673 Moreri published his *Dictionnaire Historique*, and in the article 'Malachi' gave the prophecy at length with further explications, all, of course, in French; and in a later edition, published in 1759, the explications end with Clement XI., who was pope from 1700 to 1721, the editor having apparently been afraid to tackle his four successors.

As early as 1718 the prophecies had been translated into English, and are embodied in a rare pamphlet entitled *The Destiny of Rome, or the Probability of the speedy and final destruction of the Pope, concluded partly from natural reasons and partly on occasion of the famous prophecy of St Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh in the XIIth century.* The author, it will be seen, accepts the prophecies as genuine, and joyfully bases on them his own prognostications of the approaching fall of the papacy. It is interesting also to notice that his explications of the mottoes are not by any means identical with those of Moreri.

III.

It is now time to examine some specimens of these mottoes. The first is *Ex Castro Tiberis.* This refers to Celestin II., who was elected in 1143. His name was Guido de Castelli, and he was born at Castello, at the source of the Tiber. Nicholas Brakespeare, the only English pope, as Adrian IV. (1154–1159), was a native of St Albans, and also Bishop of Albano. His motto is *De Rure Albo.* Gregory IX. (1227–1241) has *Avis Ostiensis.* His arms include an eagle, and he was Bishop of Ostia. His successor, Celestin IV., has *Leo Sabinus.* His arms include a lion, and he was Bishop of Sabina. Many other mottoes are interpreted by such heraldic allusions. But apart from the fact that St Malachy, at all events, was dead before the use of armorial bearings had become at all general, many of these interpretations seem rather far-fetched.

Another type is found in the case of Sixtus IV. (1471–1481)—*Piscator Minorita.* He was a Minorite friar, and his father was a fisherman. Yet another in the motto of Urban VII. (1590), *De Rore Coeli.* He was Bishop of Rossano, in Calabria, a place celebrated for a kind of medicinal deposit on vegetation believed to fall like dew from the sky.

Passing now to the popes whose elevation was subsequent to 1595, when the list was first published, we find many mottoes whose applicability is far to seek; and others again that seem curiously apposite. For instance, *Jucunditas crucis* is that of Innocent X. (1644–1655), who was made pope on 14th September—the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross; while *Montium Custos* is that of his successor, Alexander VII. (1655–1669), whose arms include a mountain of six peaks surmounted by a star. *Flores Circumdati* is the motto of Clement XI. (1700–1721). Of this Lord Bute says no interpretation seems to have been devised. The contemporary author of the 1718 pamphlet, on the other hand, says: '*Flores circumdati*—flowers surrounded. Clement XI., now reigning, a Roman of the family of Albani. Their arms are a branch of flowers surrounded with bees, two lions, and an eagle.' And there are many other instances in which the commentators do not agree among themselves as to what the explication is—or even whether one exists at all.

The most interesting mottoes are yet to be noticed, and of these there are, of course, no explications by Ciacconius or Moreri to help or to confuse us. The popes to whom they refer are matter of recent history, and it is easy for any one to judge how far the motto is applicable in any particular case.

Peregrinus Apostolicus—the apostolic wanderer—is the phrase assigned to Pius VI. (1756–1799), and how apt it is must be realised by any one who knows what Lord Bute tersely calls the story of his enforced wanderings and death in exile. His successor, Pius VII. (1800–1823), has *Aquila Rapax*, wholly inaccurate as a description of this gentle pontiff, but wholly accurate as a reference to his reign—during a great part of which, it will be remembered, having been carried off from Rome, he was the prisoner of Napoleon—whose emblem was the eagle.

No explication has apparently been found for *Canis et Coluber* and *Vir Religiosus*, the mottoes respectively of Leo XII. and Pius VIII.

Gregory XVI. (1836–1842) has *de Balneis Etruriæ.* Of this Lord Bute thinks there is no explanation. But a later writer points out that this pope belonged to the order of Camaldolese, which was originally founded at Balneum, in Tuscany.

The motto of Pius IX. (1846–1878) is *Crux*

de Cruce, and this has been interpreted as a reference to the calamity that befell him when he was deprived of the temporal power by the House of Savoy, whose arms are a white cross on a red ground.

Lumen in cælo was at first thought to refer to the armorial bearings of Leo XIII. (1878–1903), which contain a blazing star, but with our fuller knowledge many would regard it as not an inapt description of that great pontiff himself.

So, too, *Ignis Ardens*—a consuming fire—well describes the character of his successor, Pius X. (1903–1914), and his efforts to restore simplicity of worship and to preserve the purity of the faith.

To Benedict XV. (1914–1922) is assigned *Religio Depopulata*—religion devastated—than which it would be impossible to find a better description of the terrible years of his pontificate.

Fides Intrepida is the motto of Pius XI. (1922), and whatever manner of man he may show himself to be, there is no doubt but that undaunted faith was never more necessary for any occupant of the Holy See. There are just six more of these mottoes: *Pastor Angelicus; Pastor et Nauta; Flos florum; de Mediatate lunæ; de Labore solis; Gloria olivæ.* Then follow those words which delighted the author of the 1718 pamphlet:

'In persecutione extrema Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ sedebit Petrus Romanus qui pascet oves in multis tribulationibus quibus transactis Civitas Septicollis diruetur et Judex tremendus judicabit populum.' In English: 'During the last persecution of the Holy Roman Church shall sit the Roman Peter who shall feed the sheep in many tribulations, and when these are over the seven-hilled city shall be utterly destroyed and the awful Judge will judge the people.' Taking an average of the reigns of the popes, Lord Bute calculates that this date should be about 1996.

There is, it need hardly be said, no consensus of opinion with regard to these prophecies. They have been accepted as genuine and denounced as an imposture by Catholics and non-Catholics alike. One thing alone is certain: there is no external evidence either for or against the authorship of Malachy, and both those who accept and those who reject that authorship must do so because of the internal evidence which the prophecies themselves afford. It is also singular that a sixteenth-century forger should have selected this Irish saint as the author, and not St Bernard, or some other person then more generally known. Moreover, even if it be assumed that they were concocted somewhere about 1590, it is still the fact that many of the mottoes applicable to popes who were then in the future have had quite a reasonable interpretation found for them, and that in some cases, especially during the last hundred and fifty years, the mottoes, as has been shown, are singularly appropriate. Whether this is due merely to strangely frequent coincidence or to something else is a matter on which people will no doubt continue to hold different opinions—at all events until the time of Peter the Roman.

IV.

Another prophecy of a very different kind is also attributed to St Malachy. There is, if possible, even less external evidence as to its authenticity, and the fact that it is exactly the kind of prediction that might naturally be ascribed to him may be regarded by some as a ground for its rejection. It is to the effect that for a week of centuries Ireland should suffer every kind of evil from the English; that she should then be delivered from her oppressors, on whom heavy calamities would fall; and that finally, by the ministry of Ireland, the English should be brought back to the faith which they had forsaken.

The tradition is that a document containing this prophecy was found at Clairvaux by Mabillon, the most famous charter scholar of his time (1632–1707). From his honesty, as well as from his expert knowledge, any statement by Mabillon regarding such a discovery would carry the greatest weight. But none appears to exist, and it is not even known how far back the story of his discovery can be traced. But, however it may have originated, the prediction is an interesting one, especially at the present time. There was, of course, no oppression of Ireland by England in Malachy's time, and the first point to be settled is, therefore, when did the seven centuries commence? It would seem not unreasonable to start with the time when King John invaded Ireland in force and endeavoured to substitute English for Irish law, receiving a renewed grant of Ireland from the Pope in 1213. Seven hundred years from that date brings us to 1913, and the Government of Ireland Act received the royal assent on 18th September 1914. No doubt that Act has since been superseded, but with its passing the relations between England and Ireland entered on an entirely new phase.

TO PHYLLIS.

WHEN, Phyllis, first we breathed our vows,
With brush new-dipped the hand of May
Was mottling all yon orchard boughs
With pink and white; from every spray
The blossoms blushed above our way.

'Tis now September, maid of mine,
And orchard boughs are bending low,
The trees stand laden line on line,
And every spray shouts loud to show
That blossoms into fruit must grow.

Then learn thy lesson; and for me
'Gainst garnering-day thy sweets prepare:
Though buds and blossoms beauteous be,
They are but born as pledges fair
Of sweeter fruit, for gathering there.

WILL HILL.

'PEA-SOUP.'

By WILLIAM BURRILL, Author of *'Im.*

PART I.

I.

MRS HORNBY was in floods of tears as she came down to breakfast. Her husband had already begun his, which consisted of coffee, two small and anæmic-looking rashers of bacon, bread, and a newspaper; not that he was trying to eat the newspaper, though he was consuming it mentally—perhaps to cover the rancidness of life and everything in general, bacon included.

'What is it, Milly?' he said, looking up. 'Oh, I see—more bills. What are they for this time?'

'Of course they're bills; but, as I never bother you with the housekeeping, I don't see how you could know they were bills.'

'Nothing simpler, dear. Bills come in long-faced envelopes. You open them, then *you* have a long face; after which I am officially informed of their arrival, and *I'm* supposed to pull a long face. But never mind, old girl; it's a shame to tease you, so give them to me. I'll fix them up to-day, and don't you worry any more about them. I know what prices are now, but it can't be helped, and times will——'

'Don't go just yet, Fred,' interrupted his wife; 'I do so want you to do something for me. I won't keep you a minute.'

'Well, come along; tell me what it is you want, as I really must be off.'

'Fred, do you think you could go on board a sailing-ship to——'

'A sailing-ship! Good gracious, Milly, why go on board a sailing-ship? And where?'

'Well, at the docks, I suppose,' she said, pouting. 'You wouldn't expect to find one in Regent Street!'

'No!' said Fred; 'but I thought perhaps Fleet Street——'

'Oh, don't try to be funny, Fred! How many times have I told you how I hate vulgar jokes of that sort? They make me shudder!'

'Well, hurry up, Milly; tell me what it is you want me to do, and if I can, why, of course I'll do it.'

'All I want is a recipe; and it wouldn't take you a minute to get it. You see, Fred, last winter I was lunching with Lady Marlow; it was a very cold day, and they had some delicious pea-soup. I've never tasted anything so good. Ann has tried all sorts of ways to make it, but it's never the same. Sometimes the peas are all at the bottom, with thin, yellowy water on top, which is horrid. Lady Marlow told me that her husband got the recipe from the cook of a sailing-ship that he came home in from India years ago. She promised to give me the recipe, but she's always put me off, somehow or other, when I've asked her for it. It's awfully mean of her, as it's one of the best as well as one of the cheapest of soups, so I thought I might get you to go on board a ship to try to get the recipe, as I'm sure the cook would give it you if you asked her.'

Fred laughed. 'I don't know much about ships,' he said, 'but I do know that they have men, and not women, cooks on ships.'

'Oh, *do* they, Fred? That's lovely, as they're sure to be good cooks, like they have at the hotels, and the recipe is certain to be a nice one.'

'All right, Milly, I'll see what I can do about it; but it's a queer sort of commission for a business man to be sent on.'

'You are a darling, Fred. I knew you would do it for me. I shall ask Lady Marlow to lunch as soon as we've tried it. Oh, won't she be cross, the mean old thing!'

'Poor little Milly,' said Mr Hornby to himself as he walked to the station, 'she's a real good sort; but, lord! she does get some crazy ideas into her head. Pea-soup—a recipe for pea-soup—well, I must say I think that's the limit.'

II.

On arrival at his office Fred Hornby found things pretty slack, as they had been for some time, and knowing his particular markets were not likely to begin kangarooing about without warning, he decided to go to the docks in search of a sailing-ship—and a cook. But he couldn't, for the life of him, tell how he was going to set about it. He rang the bell, which was promptly answered by the office-boy.

'Yuss, sir?' said the 'corner stone' of the business, saluting.

'Is Mr Slade in his office?'

''E's not 'ere yet, sir. You're hearly, sir,' said the boy diplomatically.

'Tell Mr Slade when he arrives that I may not be in again till sometime during the afternoon—or maybe not at all to-day,' he added.

'Yuss, sir. Will that be all, sir?'

'Yes, that is all; you may go.'

But before the boy was out of the room Mr Hornby had thought of an idea. 'Simms!' he said, feeling at the same time that he didn't like asking advice in this quarter.

'Yuss, sir?'

'Er—'m—I'm anxious, Simms, to visit a sailing-ship—one that makes long voyages. Do you know of one, and in what dock I should find it?'

'A sailing-ship, sir? Why, there ain't 'ardly no sailing-ships now, sir—they 'se all steamers.'

'Yes, yes, so I understand; but surely there must be an occasional one in port?'

'Well,' said Simms, thinking hard, 'there's the *Queen o' the West*, in Surrey Commercial, if she ain't gone. She was goin' yesterday, only 'alf the crew's backed out of 'er, an' stuck 'er up. But I dare say they 've filled 'er crew up now; so she 'll be sailing about four this afternoon, if they 've managed to get 'em.'

'Backed out of her!' said Mr Hornby. 'What *do* you mean by "backed out of her"?'

'Why, they wouldn't sail in 'er. I 'eard 'em talking about 'er—said 'er grub was too bl—blooming rotten to give to pigs, let alone sailormen.'

'Oh, well, if that 's the case, Simms, I 'm afraid she won't suit me. The grub is important so far as I am concerned.'

'There ain't no other ship as I knows on, sir,' said Simms disappointedly.

'Still, I may as well try her, Simms. How do you get to the Surrey Commercial Dock?'

Simms brightened up. 'Aldgate to Rother'ithe,' he said; 'turn to yer left, go past the gas-works, cross the bridge, an' then ask the policeman. But yer 'll see 'er masts, sir. She 's a four-masted barque.'

'Thank you, Simms,' said Mr Hornby, utterly bewildered at these few simple but concise instructions. 'I 'm sure I shall find my way. And, Simms, here 's half-a-crown for you. I see you 've broken the blade of your knife—you can get another one. Now, don't forget to give Mr Slade my message.'

'Thank yer, sir,' said Simms, gratified, but mystified, as he retired.

When the boy had closed the door Mr Hornby pondered a while before setting out. He took a sheet of paper and sharpened a pencil, thinking these articles might come in useful. At last he rose. Passing out into the street, he hailed a taxi, and, after giving the driver instructions, set off eastwards.

III.

Simms, though not a 'Scout,' was, beyond doubt, one at heart. His ambition, in his wildest moments, was to see himself 'Detective-Sergeant Simms, C.I.D.'

His sharp, ferrety eyes watched from the office window. Pencil and note-book in hand, he wrote: 'L.N. 6284; Rover engine; using Stepney on off-side; driver tall and dark, with sieve moustache; couldn't see licence number, as disc turned upside-down.' The taxi had gone. 'Still, he can be traced with that,' thought Simms, as he snapped shut his note-book with a distinctly professional snap.

'I know 'is game!' said Simms aloud to himself. 'I know 'is game! 'E can't square me, nor bluff me, with 'is 'alf-crowns. I 'll frusterate all 'is plans. See if I don't.'

A moment or two later Mr Slade and one or two of the clerks arrived.

Simms, positively quivering with importance and excitement, sprang from his stool, all his heroic and romantic dreams of fame surging wildly in his tousled head.

It was 'his crowded hour.' His would be the credit of thwarted baseness; his would be the joy of restoring domestic happiness, in returning the father to the home, the master to the business; and, oh, kinema thought! perhaps he would have the well-earned reward of a stool in the general office.

'Governor 's gone, sir!' he shrieked dramatically at Mr Slade. 'Gone—bunked—bolted—'opped it!'

Mr Slade turned majestically round to Simms, stared at him, and said slowly, 'What the—devil 's—the matter—with you?'

But Simms knew not wet-blankets nor stony stares. It was not now Mr Slade, the manager, whom he stood before. No! It was his 'superior officer,' his 'inspector.' He saluted him—kept on saluting him, standing to attention. And now, in Simms's imagination, Mr Slade was wearing a peaked cap with chin-strap; his usually small, neat feet were in huge, huge boots, and——

At this moment Mr Slade gave him a resounding box on his ear. 'Stop this fooling, you infernal young blackguard,' he said, 'or I 'll give you a sound thrashing.'

Simms, his hand to his ear, and wondering whether it was a nose-dive or merely a back-fire, soon recovered. ''E 'as,' he said determinedly; ''struth 'e 'as, sir—stowed away to sea in a big sailing-ship. An' 'e told me to tell yer 'e wouldn't be back no more. 'E did, sir—straight, 'e did; an' 'e give me 'alf-a-crown to keep me mouth shut. Look, sir! There 's the 'alf-crown—you never see me with one afore, an' that 's proof.'

'What is all this crazy talk about, Simms? Are you out of your mind? Go into my room at once, and wait there for me.'

Mr Slade turned despairingly to an elderly clerk. 'Simpson,' he said, 'I wish Mr Hornby would allow me to choose my own staff. That boy is an unmitigated nuisance, and a lying little blackguard, and yet Mr Hornby can't see anything wrong with the brat.'

'That 's the result of those kinemas, sir,' said Simpson. 'He 's always at them; in fact, they 've just about driven him "dotty." The other day he told me quite seriously that if it hadn't been for another fellow playing him a dirty trick he was to have married Mary Pickles, one of the kinema stars. And he believed it, too! All the same, sir,' continued Simpson, 'what *is* all this fuss about Mr Hornby? It 's curious. I fancied I saw him driving past Aldgate Station in a taxi as I came out, but thought I must be mistaken.'

Mr Slade, more puzzled than ever, went to Mr Hornby's room. He soon saw that Mr

Hornby *had* been there that morning, and he couldn't make out why he had come so early. It was most unusual.

Entering his own room, he said, 'Simms, what is all this about a message from Mr Hornby? Now just tell me quietly what he said and did from the time he came in until he went out.'

''E come in, sir, about 'alf-pas' nine, an' 'e says, "Simms, 'asn't Mr Slade come in yet?" An' I says, "No, sir; there 's been a break-down on the Wimbledon line, an'——"'

'But there 's been no break-down on the line!' interrupted Mr Slade. 'Why did you say that?'

'Well, I were n't goin' to give it away as yer never comes in till near ten,' mumbled Simms virtuously.

'Go on! What next?' said Mr Slade savagely.

'Then 'e begins to walk up an' down, rumpling up 'is 'air with 'is 'ands, an' says to me, "Things is bad! Do you know where there 's a sailing-ship?" So I says, "There 's one sailing to-day, if she can get 'er 'ands in time; but nobody won't sail in 'er 'cos the grub 's rotten." Then 'e says, "That 's bad; but I will risk it." An' off 'e goes; but 'e gives me 'alf-a-crown first, an' says, "Keep yer dam mouth shut, Simms."'

'Is that all?' said Mr Slade shortly.

'Well, when 'e gets outside 'e takes a taxi, an' goes east for the Surrey Commercial, where the *Queen o' the West* is lying. But I 've got a full description, sir,' said Simms proudly, bringing out his note-book.

'Very well,' said Mr Slade, taking the note-book; 'you can go about your work now. I may want you later.'

Simms walked out of the room, closing the door, but remained listening outside. He knew Mr Slade had taken the receiver off the telephone; but it was disappointing. He could hear only one or two words here and there, such as: 'Loss of memory—Shell-shock—Business in sound condition,' &c. So he went quietly to his place—and thought.

IV.

After some considerable time Mr Hornby found himself landed at the entrance to the docks. The taxi had taken a somewhat unnecessarily circuitous route, he thought, but it was no use saying anything, as he had never been in that part of London, and might only get abuse if he complained. The dock-gate policeman fussed a great deal over plans of the docks, and at last gave his directions as to the whereabouts of the *Queen o' the West*, setting Mr Hornby on his way with 'Many thanks to you, sir; an' mind you keep that big chimbley on your right, sir, an' then you 'll see her right in front of you. You 'll find only the cook an' the watchman there; the crew 's up signing on,' said the constable as a parting piece of information.

'Only the cook and the watchman there!' said Mr Hornby to himself. 'That 's lucky, as I 'm sure to see the watchman sitting on one of those posts smoking his pipe—that 's all they ever do—and he will tell me where to find the cook.'

It was very hot walking, but he soon made out the ship's masts and yards looming over the shed-tops. A couple of minutes and he was abreast of her, looking down on her decks as she lay somewhat below the level of the quay. 'I don't see any watchman,' said Mr Hornby, looking round, 'and there 's a "No admittance except on business" board. I can't very well go on board and say my business is about "pea-soup." They would think I was mad.'

Hearing voices at that moment, he looked in their direction. There were two men. One was sitting with his back to him on a sort of step let into the doorway, and the other looking out of the door over his companion's head.

'I 'll go on board and speak to them,' he thought, moving towards the gangway.

Meanwhile he had been seen by the men.

'There 's a bloke on the quay, Tom, as looks as if 'e 'd lost 'is ma—an' 'e 's turning to for to come aboard!'

'Wot 's 'e want, Doc?' said Tom, the watchman, without looking up.

''Ow sud I know, Tom? I ain't arst 'im.'

'Wot 's 'e look like, then?'

'Well, 'e 's got a topper on, an' 'e 's got them there white "spit" things on 'is boots. I sud say 'e 'd be worth a matter o' a couple o' pints apiece if 'e 's 'andled right,' ruminated Doc with instinctive judgment.

'Let 'im come, Doc,' said Tom decisively; 'it 's too bloomin' 'ot to be saucy wi' Providence.'

Mr Hornby walked forward as Tom Marsh, who was the ship's watchman, came out of the galley to meet him.

'Good-morning,' said Mr Hornby. 'Could you tell me if it 's possible to see the cook of the ship, as I——'

'Possible to see the cook o' the ship!' interrupted Tom. 'Why, bless yer 'eart, mister, yer cudn't miss seein' o' 'im—'e weighs a matter o' fifteen stone wi'out 'is boots on. But wot d'yer want 'im for, mister? Do 'e owe yer anythin'?'

'Oh dear, no. My wife asked me to get a recipe from the cook of a sailing-ship. She 's not much good at that sort of thing herself, you see, and she was sure the cook would oblige me.'

'Doc!' said Tom, stepping backwards the two or three paces to the galley—'Doc, 'ere 's a gent wants a receipt!'

'A re-seat?' said Doc. 'Why, 'as 'e tore 'is pants? 'Cos, if 'e 'as, it 's t' sailmaker 'e wants,

not me. Sails 'as alw'ys a bit o' canvas lyin' by. I ain't a bloomin' tailor!'

'Come out o' that, yer fat, 'ealthy 'og, an' speak to th' gent yersel'; it 's you 'e wants, not me,' said Tom.—'This 'ere 's t' cook, sir, but we calls 'im Doctor for short. An' I 'm t' watchman meself, Tom Marsh by name.'

Mr Hornby advanced, saying, 'Good-morning, cook.'

'Doc,' corrected Tom.

'Good-morning, Doc,' smiled the corrected one. 'I've come down here, on behalf of my wife, to ask you if you will be good enough to give me your recipe for making pea-soup.'

'Come inside, sir, an' sit yer down,' said Tom anxiously.

'Pea-soup! Recipes! Why, mister, yer don't use no recipes in makin' pea-soup. Never 'eard tell on 'em afore,' said the Doc, as they all sat down on the locker.

'No, no,' said Mr Hornby; 'you misunderstand me. My wife wishes to know the different ingredients you use, so that——'

'But there ain't no ingredients—wotever that may be—in pea-soup, sir, an' pea-soup 's pea-soup all t' world over.'

V.

At this moment a dock policeman made his appearance on the quay, just opposite the galley, bending down to see who it was talking.

'Wot 's *'e* want?' said Tom. ''E 's alw'ys bummin' about, that feller is. If 'e thinks there 's anythin' goin' past 'im, 'e near breaks 'is 'eart, 'e does—the danged Parky Noser.'

'Don't take no notice on 'im, Tom,' said Doc, 'an' p'r'aps 'e 'll go away. Pertend yer ain't seed 'im.'

'Wot 's t' good o' that, Doc? 'E 'll come aboard any'ow, an' it doesn't pay me for to fall out wi' 'im. There! Didn't I tell yer? 'Ere 'e comes,' said Tom, as the policeman's boots were heard clattering down the rickety gangway.

''Is name 's Slimy Jim, sir,' whispered Tom to Mr Hornby. 'Yer don't want to be too friendly like wi' 'im, 'r else 'e 'll never go away; on'y yer daren't get 'is rag out, 'cos 'e 'd 'ave yer the first time 'e catched yer pockets bulgin'. 'E 's that vindi-cative, 'e is.—Mornin', Jim!' said Tom. 'Been yer roun's?'

'Ay! Near finished now; finish at twelve to-day,' said Jim. 'Wot time are yer sailin'?'

'Fower o'clock, if t' "Old Man" gets 'is 'ands i' time. Say, Jim, did yer ever make pea-soup?'

'Me make pea-soup?' said Jim. 'Naow. I 'se eat it many's the time, but I 'se never made it.'

'Does yer missis make it for yer?' said Tom, trying to make pleasant conversation, but wishing to goodness the policeman would take himself off.

'I ain't got no missis,' said Jim; 'but a friend o' mine says yer 'as to put a hegg-cup in for to keep out poisonous gases.'

'I knows where you 'se been,' chuckled Tom, shaking a finger at Jim; 'I knows where you 'se been, old Fly-cop.'

''Ere! I don't want none o' yer lip, Tom Marsh,' said Jim angrily. 'There 's some people as I knows on (if I was for to mention names) as orten' to be left roamin' about by theirselves near other people's property. I 'm surprised the Doctor 'ere 'lows yer in 'is galley for to cadge wot yer can.'

'Yer can get out o' this now; nobody wants yer, an' nobody arst yer to come nosin' about when folks is 'avin' their frien's wi' 'em,' said Tom. 'An' if I 'ad my way I wouldn't 'ave no cops in t' docks at all, unless it was for to chuck 'em in, an' give 'em a wash. Hinterferers, I calls 'em.'

Jim sheered off, muttering that 'Watchmen took more watching than any one else, in or out of the docks;' and shaking an I 'll-have-you-yet finger in the direction of the galley, walked slowly away.

(*Continued on page 595.*)

TWO EDINBURGH LITERARY HOMES.

II.—THOMAS CARLYLE'S.

I.

IN the medley of moving atoms that forms the human life of a city, each atom ignorantly intent on its own purpose, moving blindly in its own interest, what strange juxtapositions must occur unrecorded, what entertainings unawares, what opportunities lost!

In the year 1809, when Scott, in the prime of his life, with his town house in Castle Street and his beautiful country home of Ashestiel on the Tweed, had crowned his fame by *Marmion*, and going, at the request of the Lord Advocate, to London on law business, was there lionised and fêted, and received homage from the literary world and the world of fashion alike—in that self-same year of 1809, two home-sick, footsore, unknown peasant lads tramped into Edinburgh to begin their studies at Edinburgh University—an Ecclefechan lad named Tom Smail, and a younger boy—a boy not yet fourteen—Thomas Carlyle.

'. . . I hid my sorrow and weariness, but had abundance of it, chequering the mysterious hopes and forecastings of what Edinburgh and the student element would be. Tom and I had entered Edinburgh, after twenty miles of walking, between 2 and 3 P.M.; got a clean-looking,

most cheap lodging ("Simon Square," the poor locality); had got ourselves brushed, some morsel of dinner doubtless; and . . . Tom sallied out into the streets with me, to show the novice mind a little of Edinburgh before sundown. . . .'

They visited Parliament Hall, which made a profound impression on the mind of the boy Carlyle. 'Notable figures,' he wrote fifty-seven years later, 'were doubtless wandering about as part of that continual hurly-burly, when I first set foot in it—Cranstoun, Cockburn, Jeffrey, Walter Scott, John Clerk; to me at that time they were not even names; but I have occasionally thought of that night and place where probably they were living substances, some of them in a kind of relation to me afterwards. Time with his *Tenses*, what a miraculous Entity is he always!'

It was in October 1826, seventeen years later, that Carlyle married Jane Welsh; and he, like Scott, began his married life in Edinburgh, began it in the first home of his own, a little house which he rented, 21 Comely Bank.

This is the description he wrote of it to his mother two days after his marriage:

'Our journey passed without incident, and we arrived here in safety about nine o'clock, where a blazing fire and covered table stood ready waiting to receive us. . . . The house is a perfect model of a house, furnished with every accommodation that heart could desire, and for my wife I may say in my heart that she is far better than any other wife, and loves me with a devotedness which it is a mystery to me how I have ever deserved. . . . She is gay and happy as a lark. . . . Yesterday and to-day we have spent in sorting and arranging our household goods, and projecting our household economy. She calculates at the modest scale of two pounds a week; I am to give her two pound notes every Saturday morning, and with this she undertakes to meet all charges. At this rate, which astonishes myself far more than *her*, there can be no fear. She seems Thrift itself as well as Goodness.'

In a letter to his brother at the same time Carlyle says: 'Tell my mother . . . that by Jane's express request I am to read a Sermon, and a Chapter with commentary, at least every Sabbath evening to my household!' His 'household' consisted, be it said, of himself and his wife, one little maid-servant, and his brother John, who had come to stay with them. 'Also,' the letter goes on, 'that we are taking seats in Church, and design to live soberly and devoutly as beseems us.'

With these pathetic efforts and these high resolves, they began life in the simple little home which so well contented Carlyle; and here Carlyle began to work. 'I have not been happier for many a year,' he told his mother; 'last week, too, I fairly began—a Book!' This apparently was his didactic novel, which he afterwards burned; but his chief work at this period was the preparation of four volumes of translations, to be published with the title *German Romance*.

II.

In February 1827, four months after they had settled at Comely Bank, Carlyle called, with a letter of introduction from Proctor, on Francis Jeffrey, and afterwards wrote his impressions of the famous Whig reviewer to his mother: 'The little man received me in his kindest style, talked with me for an hour, though very busy, on all possible things; and really proved himself by much the most agreeable citizen of Edinburgh that I had ever met with.' Jeffrey then and there invited Carlyle to come to the Courts, and offered to introduce him there to various people, among them to Sir Walter Scott; but 'I have not gone yet, being little careful of such introductions,' reported Carlyle. The proud independence of the young Scot is a fine characteristic, but perhaps not always a gracious one. More to Carlyle's mind may have been Jeffrey's suggestion of contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. Two articles of Carlyle's, 'Jean Paul Richter' and 'German Literature,' appeared in the *Review* in the following June and October, and the latter especially attracted the attention of Goethe in Weimar. 'It is pleasant to see,' he said to Eckermann about a year after its publication, 'how the earlier pedantry of the Scots has changed into earnestness and profundity. When I recollect how the "Edinburgh Reviewers" treated my works not many years since, and when I now consider Carlyle's merits with respect to German literature, I am astonished at the important step for the better.'

Jeffrey's friendship, begun on that day when Carlyle called with Proctor's introduction, followed by a call from Mr and Mrs Jeffrey on the Carlyles, was a friendship both with Carlyle and with his brilliant wife, with whom Jeffrey discovered a distant kinship, and much in common. Jeffrey became a pretty frequent visitor at that Edinburgh literary home. The small Comely Bank house lies between Craigcrook, Jeffrey's beautiful mansion, and Edinburgh and the Courts, and Jeffrey used to pass it, riding into town. 'We have immense quantities of visitors here,' Carlyle writes in one letter. Mrs Carlyle received them in the drawing-room, a room which Carlyle described in wonder as 'a little place all fitted up like a lady's workbox.' In the forenoons a 'spunk of fire' was lit in this drawing-room, and Mrs Carlyle and John Carlyle, 'Brother John,' or 'The Doctor,' as they called him, would sit there, whilst Carlyle sat downstairs 'scribbling and meditating and

wrestling with the powers of dulness' till one or two o'clock. He then sallied out 'to the city or the sea-shore, taking care only to be home for the important purpose of consuming my mutton chop at four. After dinner we all read learned languages till coffee, and so on till bedtime.' The 'learned languages' was probably in allusion to Brother John's Italian studies—he was the translator of Dante's *Inferno*—and to his own German studies. What about the young wife? Did she also have a chop? And what did she read? 'Jane often sews,' he records, 'and the Doctor goes up to the celestial globe, studying the fixed stars through an upshoved window, and generally comes down to his porridge about ten, with a nose dropping at the extremity, and red as a blood-pudding. Thus pass our days in our trim little cottage, far from all the uproar and putrescence (material and spiritual) of the reeky town, the sound of which we hear not, and only see over the knowe the reflection of its gas-lights against the dusky sky, and bless ourselves that we have neither part nor lot in the matter.'

Did the little Flower of Haddington, the spoilt little heiress and coquette, bless herself on all this? She had in her the makings of a brilliant hostess. She had the qualifications to enable her and to make her long to take her part and lot in the matter.

'Of society we might have abundance,' Carlyle writes. 'People come on foot, on horseback, and even in wheeled carriages to see us. . . . We receive invitations to dinner also.' They did not accept many, though one dinner is mentioned, a night at Sir William Hamilton's, which Carlyle 'reckoned on the whole a pleasant one,' at which among the guests were Moir (Delta) and De Quincey, the latter 'in the *low* stage of his opium regimen, and looking rather care-stricken.'

They decided that they could not afford to entertain, save their intimates, and in very simple fashion; so they gave notice, but only to some three or four chosen people, that 'on Wednesday nights they would *always* be at home, and glad if they would call and talk for two hours, with no other entertainment but a cordial welcome and a cup of innocent tea.' And of course people came—came to see Mrs Carlyle, an amusing, charming, and witty woman, and came to hear the talk of Thomas Carlyle.

'German Literature,' which was printed in the *Edinburgh Review* that first summer of their sixteen months in their Edinburgh home, and whose publication brought Carlyle an inquiry from Goethe as to its authorship, may really be reckoned as a little milestone in Carlyle's literary life. It pointed the way to German philosophy and romance, and it led him into personal touch with Goethe.

The present writer's father, whose own close friendship with Carlyle did not begin until about seventeen years later, once asked Dr John Gordon, an intimate of the Carlyles in the Comely Bank days, if Carlyle had then been the 'gloomy, morose, woebegone and unsociable being' he afterwards depicted himself as having been. Dr John Gordon's reply was emphatic. 'Not a bit of it—not a bit of it! The pleasantest and heartiest fellow in the world, and most excellent company.'

III.

It was in that same summer, about the middle of July 1827, that Goethe received a letter from Sir Walter Scott, and on the 25th of that same month, discussing the letter with Eckermann, he said these words: 'I almost wonder that Walter Scott does not say a word about Carlyle, who has so decided a German tendency that he must certainly be known to him. . . . Carlyle is a moral force of great importance.'

The following month (August) Carlyle, at Comely Bank, received letters and gifts from Goethe.

Why had Scott not mentioned Carlyle to Goethe? What eddies and tides in the currents of life kept these two apart? Two of the greatest intellects that Scotland has produced, living at the same time, in the same town.

In many ways they were as different as night and day—Scott the Tory, the Royalist, the landed proprietor, liking men and women none the less if they were of gentle lineage, treasuring his own claims in that respect, and embodying all that sentiment in the somewhat pretentious casket of Abbotsford. 'I inhabit a stately old mansion,' he was able to write to Goethe in that letter, with almost childish pride (this was written after he had left 'Poor 39,' and had called himself a beggar); 'the hall is filled with armour. . . .' Scott, the Jacobite, so rapturously carried away by enthusiasm for the not very worthy Hanoverian bulk of George IV. These were the lovable weaknesses of a great man; but who can imagine Carlyle hurrying home with, in his coat-pocket, a tumbler out of which he had been toasted by royalty? Carlyle, essentially of the peasant class, proud, independent, simple, rugged; Carlyle, scornful of the false, and of all sham, of hypocrisy, of materialism; Carlyle, the vehement prophet of a new vision.

And yet—and yet—how much the two had in common! Not only their common 'German tendency,' which Goethe noted, their love of German literature, which in that day meant German romance—remember Scott's translation, when he was 'in his twenties,' of Bürger's *Lenore*, and of Goethe's *Götz of the Iron Hand*—but also the intrinsic greatness of the two men, the greatness of intellect, of force and feeling and power, all that made each leave the mighty impress of his mind on his generation and his day. Remember also the private

characters of the two men, at the back of all this—characters so different, and yet of each can it not be said, as so seldom can it be said of the geniuses the world has known, 'the great, pure, simple heart'? What kept Scott and Carlyle apart?

When Carlyle, in the spring of 1828, at Comely Bank, tried, unsuccessfully, for the Chair of Moral Philosophy at St Andrews, to be vacated by Dr Chalmers, he received testimonials from Irving, Brewster, Wilson, Leslie, Jeffrey, and from Goethe. With Goethe's testimonial again came presents. He described them as 'a bracelet and gold breast-pin' (with the poet's bust on a ground of steel), 'besides two gift books for Jane, and for the husband I know not how many verses and cards and beautiful volumes, the whole wrapped in about half a quire of German newspapers.'

And with these gifts came also some medals, and the request from Goethe that Carlyle would deliver them to Sir Walter Scott. May this not have been an effort, graceful enough, on the part of Goethe to bring the two men together?

'Sir Walter Scott's medals are not yet delivered,' wrote Carlyle, describing Goethe's gifts in a letter home to Scotsbrig, 'the baronet being at present in London, but I have written to him announcing what lies here for his acceptance, and in some week or two I cannot but expect that I shall speak with the great man and, having delivered my commission, wish him good-morning. To Goethe I have already written to thank him for such kindness.'

But Scott in London was leading a busy life, dining, breakfasting, and lunching with celebrities. On 11th May, 'Dined with his Majesty in a very private party, five or six only being present. I was received most kindly as usual. It is impossible to conceive a more friendly manner than that his Majesty used towards me.' And again on 19th May, 'Dined by command with the Duchess of Kent—I was very kindly recognised by Prince Leopold—and presented to the little Princess Victoria—I hope they will change her name—the heir-apparent to the Crown as things now stand.'

What happened? Carlyle never 'spoke with the great man.' Scott did not answer his letter. The medals, entrusted to Wilson, were no doubt delivered. Whether Scott ever received Carlyle's letter must remain doubtful, for it was not like Scott to be guilty of discourtesy, or to be unkind. Carlyle's sensitive soul was wounded, and the hurt remained, for he was too proud to make any further inquiry or refer to the matter. And so it remains a mystery and a regret. What black hand of fate kept Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle apart?

In the little Comely Bank home a hard struggle went on. Carlyle's health gave him trouble; he suffered much from sleeplessness; but all the time he worked hard, and managed, out of his slender earnings, to send his younger brother John, whom he was educating, to Germany to study medicine. His writings did not bring enough to live on in Edinburgh; but he refused money help sent by Mrs Welsh, his wife's mother. Hopes there may have been of some form of permanent work offering; but nothing of this kind materialised, and difficulties increased. At the end of May 1828 Craigenputtock, Mrs Carlyle's little property, became vacant, and the project was discussed of their going there to live in the little manor-house, whilst Alexander, Carlyle's brother, took the farm-house and farmed the property. The decision was forestalled by the landlord of the Comely Bank home, tired of waiting for their answer, letting the house to another tenant. And so the Carlyles left Edinburgh and the friends they had made, and went to Galloway, and 'inestimable silence broken only by the placid bleating of sheep.' Carlyle regained strength, and the silence was good both for his sleeplessness and for his writing; but Mrs Carlyle fretted at the solitude and the household drudgery. 'Bring your blooming Eve out of your blasted Paradise!' was the comment of biting Jeffrey, after a visit. No doubt there were times, too, when Carlyle missed access to books, and his talks with other men; and both he and Mrs Carlyle looked back on the little Edinburgh home as one of the bright things that come to confusion.

'Possibly enough,' Carlyle had written before they left, 'had our house been still to let, we might have been tempted to engage it again and to stay here at least another year. But such was not the case: poor 21 was already let!'

'Poor 21' he called it! But when Scott left 'Poor 39,' he left behind him his days of youth and fame and recognition. When Carlyle left 'Poor 21' his life was before him, his greatest work was yet to do. The literary home of Carlyle, the scene that matched what Castle Street was to Scott, was the house 5 Cheyne Row, in London. To Carlyle also were to come fame, and recognition, and prosperity. Friends were to gather round him; thousands of unknown worshippers were to be influenced by him. The world was to call him teacher, mystic, seer. Forty years after he had left 'Poor 21' he was to be elected Lord Rector of the University to which he had trudged on foot with Tom Smail—to be elected with 657 votes to Disraeli's 310—to be received, when he stood to deliver his Rectorial Address, with a scene of extraordinary enthusiasm, by an audience of Edinburgh students—the new age of that day.

In his later years honours were to be heaped on him—orders, a star, a baronetcy, many of them offered, but refused. They came too late, for they came to a weary, lonely old man.

THE END.

SPOTS.

PART II.

V.

THE miserable recruit was in despair. Centuries seemed to him to have crawled by on leaden feet since he had climbed the tree. Spots had apparently grown part of the scenery. With one eye apprehensively watching his spotted jailer, and the other figuratively on every point of the compass from which succour might come, the fat recruit shouted and waved until his throat was sore and his arm weary. At last another sepoy came out on to the little stretch of ground behind the fort. Pem Singh nearly fell out of the tree in a frantic attempt to attract his attention. By a fortunate chance the man glanced at the road lying below him, and his eye was caught by the wildly agitated cloth. He came to the brink of the precipice and looked down. To his ears came Pem Singh's piteous appeal: '*Mudad do! Chita!*' ('Give help! A panther!').

The sepoy above grasped the situation, and ran into the fort. In a few minutes he returned with a native officer, who carried a pair of binoculars. Through these he stared at Pem Singh, who pointed to the foot of the tree, where Spots still lay, presumably asleep. When the Indian officer saw the panther he ran back into the fort, leaving the sepoy, who was soon joined by a hundred others, to shout encouragement to Pem Singh. When they lifted up their voices and made the hills ring, Spots pricked an ear. The volume of discordant sound rolled again down the valley from the fort, and the panther raised his head. He gazed up at Pem Singh with what seemed to the wretched youth a menacing look. The fat recruit felt, as he phrased it afterwards, that his liver turned to water; and he tried to get higher in the tree. But that was impossible.

Suddenly the sound of heavy feet clattering down the rocky road reached the panther. Apparently he desired no other company than Pem Singh's; for he rose and slunk into the matted undergrowth beside the road. And when the native officer, with several men of the quarter-guard armed with rifles, came running to the tree in which the recruit was imprisoned, Spots had completely vanished. What had inspired him to act as he had done it is impossible to say. He had never been known to attack a man; and even in this case he could have had no murderous design, as he made no attempt to climb up the tree. Perhaps, as the other sepoys said jokingly afterwards to Pem Singh, the animal felt lonely, and took a fancy to the fat Rajput.

It required much persuasion and a few peremptory orders from the officer to make the youth descend to earth again; and pitiable was the tale of his sufferings poured into the ears of his rescuers as, rolling apprehensive eyes all round, he continued his long-interrupted walk to the fort in their midst. And he had little appetite left for his evening meal—which was fortunate, as his messmates had eaten his share. Poor Pem Singh! He was already the butt of his company; and this adventure of his brought him, instead of sympathy, only chaff and derision from his comrades. For no one believed that he had been in any danger from Spots, who was regarded almost as a pet of the detachment.

Ten minutes after the rescue, Nuneham, the subaltern of the double-company garrison in Buxa Duar, burst in upon the privacy of his commanding officer, who, stretched in a long chair, was reading a month-old English newspaper.

'I say, major; there's been such a joke,' he cried as he entered abruptly. 'Did you hear the row in the fort?'

'Hullo, youngster! No—yes, I did hear a lot of shouting. What's up?'

'Spots again. Our old friend has turned humorist.'

'What do you mean?' said Major Dermot, putting down his paper. 'What has Spots been doing? Telling funny stories to the sepoys, or playing practical jokes?'

'The latter—very much so,' replied the laughing subaltern. 'Met that fat young Bikanir recruit, Pem Singh, on the road, and treed him.'

'What? made that helpless lump of *ghi* climb a tree?' exclaimed his commanding officer. 'Impossible. That youth? He has broken my heart at gym. We've never even succeeded in making him pull his fat body up on the horizontal bar.'

'Get old Spots, then. He sent Pem Singh in double-quick time up the tallest tree he could find. Subahdar Ranjit Singh says he is going to ask you to appoint Spots gymnastic instructor. Our spotted friend is warranted to turn the laziest recruit into a trained athlete at a minute's notice. Oh, here is the subahdar,' he continued, looking through the open door. 'He 'll tell you the whole story.'

VI.

Up the road leading from the parade-ground came a tall, bearded man in white undress, a subahdar, or company-commander. He turned into the little compound, or garden, around the bungalow, and mounted the steps of the veranda.

'Salaam, Subahdar Sahib,' called out Nuneham cheerily. 'Come in and tell the Major Sahib about Pem Singh.'

He spoke in the vernacular, for it is the almost invariable custom in the Indian Army for the British officers to converse with the native ranks in the languages spoken by the men of their corps.

The subahdar paused on the veranda outside to slip off his loose native shoes, and then entered the room barefoot, but keeping his head covered, as is the Oriental custom.

'Come in, Subahdar Sahib,' said the major, in the tone of friendly comradeship that marks the intercourse between the British and the Indian officers of a native regiment. 'Come in and tell me about Pem Singh.—Nuneham, pull over a chair for Ranjit Singh.'

In India the right to sit on a chair in the presence of a superior is a valued privilege. The subahdar saluted, and took his seat.

'Salaam, Huzoor [The Presence],' was his salutation. 'Has Nunnum Sahib'—thus was the subaltern's name mangled by the native ranks of the regiment—'not told you of the panther and *rungoot* [recruit] Pem Singh?' He smiled as he spoke, for the adventure was regarded, by every one but the unfortunate hero of it, as an excellent joke.

'No; he has left the story for you to tell,' replied the commandant.

As a rule the natives of India are somewhat lacking in a sense of humour; but Ranjit Singh was an exception, and possessed a dry wit. His vivid description of the terrified recruit's mishap convulsed his hearers. But at the end of the subahdar's story Dermot said, 'This is getting beyond a joke, Ranjit Singh. We may have the brute meeting the general, when he comes here to make his annual inspection, and sending him up a tree next.'

The Indian officer shook his head, and said in all seriousness, 'No, sahib, the panther would not do that. He loves us, because we treat him well; and he knows that if the General Sahib were angered, he would give our detachment a bad report.'

'Well, major, as old Spots is on the prowl to-night, I think I'll have another try for him,' said Nuneham. 'It is nearly full moon. Tashi the Bhuttia has an old buck-goat that one can scent a mile away. I'll buy it, and tie it up on the path from No. 2 Picquet Tower. Spots generally passes that way.'

The major smiled. 'I should have thought you'd be tired of sitting up for the brute by now,' he remarked. 'However, if it amuses you, do so. It won't hurt Spots.—What do you think, Ranjit Singh?'

The Indian officer said gravely, 'Sahib, the bullet that will kill that panther is not cast yet. It is no animal. It is a *shaitan*. We know. Last week it carried off Havildar Chand Singh's dog as it followed at its master's heels in the very centre of the fort. It was scarcely dusk at the time; and the havildar [sergeant] is a dead-shot, as you know, sahib. He was carrying his rifle, for he had just come from the range. He loaded quickly and fired at the panther when it was not ten yards off. Chand Singh swears that he heard the bullet strike the beast; but it jumped over the wall and disappeared, carrying the dog. We picked up the bullet next day. It was flattened.'

Nuneham smiled. 'Yes, Subahdar Sahib; of course it was. Flattened against the wall. Anyhow, I shall try again for the *shaitan* to-night,' he said. Then in English he continued to Dermot:

'Never say die, major. I don't suppose I shall have any luck; but still there's nothing like trying. You won't mind dining alone to-night, will you?'

'No. But hadn't you better ask the Mess cook to give you some salt to take with you?' inquired Dermot sarcastically. 'You'll never catch Spots until you sprinkle some on his tail.'

The subaltern laughed. With a cheery salutation to the Indian officer, he left the bungalow, and climbed the steep road to the Mess, which stood a hundred feet or so higher up the side of the hill. It was a long, single-storeyed house, raised six or eight feet from the ground, with stone steps leading up to the wooden-floored veranda which ran along the front, and on to which opened the four apartments of the building. The two outer ones were the quarters of the subaltern and of the medical officer of the detachment—when there was one. Just then the doctor was absent on a three months' course of instruction in a far-distant station, and the nearest medical aid was in Calcutta, three hundred miles away.

(*Continued on page 601.*)

PLOUGHING UP DOLLARS.

PLOUGHING up dollars in the shape of actual specie is nothing strange. Recently the ploughshare of a lucky farmer in northern Virginia heaved up a heavy boxful, and there have been others as fortunate—though the news does not always crop out in the press, as it has done in this instance.

In North America there are three great areas where much treasure—minted coin, gold and silver, plate, family jewels, &c.—remains buried in the ground. Again and again a farmer comes across such a cache when ploughing, or ditching, or after searching for it where hearsay or tradition indicates its neighbourhood. In each of these areas where the ploughshare may reveal a fortune, it has been war that brought about the

sudden concealing of family fortunes. In very few instances has the treasure been got back again by the rightful owners or heirs. There is no easier way of losing valuables than by burying them, especially during hostilities or an insurrection.

One of the Bolshevist papers in Moscow was recently lamenting that a very great proportion of the personal valuables and family treasures belonging to the Russian aristocracy has in this way become lost to the Soviet power, and, one can add, most probably for ever to their rightful owners.

In one of the American treasure areas a number of municipal cash-boxes also await discovery. During the War of Secession there was much looting by the Federals and the Confederates alike. When General Sherman effected his famous march to the sea, plantation-owners, and many of the towns north and south of and along the line of his most devastating operations, buried their money and valuables for fear of confiscation by the Federals. The havoc done by the military, fires bringing about the disappearance of the landmarks indicating the sites of the caches, the damage done by heavy weather, and the death of those concerned, all combined against relocation of the treasures. So to-day the lucky farmer has his boxful of eagles and half-eagle pieces.

The second great area was stocked in much the same way. When Washington, in the War of Independence, turned the hostilities in favour of the Americans, the rich Royalists from New Jersey to the Maine were taken by surprise. Many of them, finding it was too late to get their family treasures and cash-boxes safely away, confided them to the soil, and fled—like many a Russian nobleman in 1917. In the majority of instances they were not recovered. In Connecticut are several families who owe their sudden rise in the world to finds of Royalist family possessions. A notable instance was the recovery of Lord Edmeston's china a few years ago. A farmer's plough uncovered the wooden case containing it. Because of its rare quality and design it brought him a fortune—and also a law suit that is famous in U.S. legal annals. The rest of the Edmeston cache, which family papers show to be of very great value, is still scattered close around on the erstwhile estate near West Edmeston, N.Y.—agricultural land.

The third great area owes its caches to the same reason—war. In the War of Independence, and to a larger extent in the 1812–1814 hostilities, between Britain and the United States, many families of British sympathies in Maine, New York, New Hampshire, and Vermont trekked for Lower Canada and Cape Breton. In many instances, when pursued by troops or the Redskins, or when faced by great difficulties in crossing the St Lawrence, they buried their belongings on the bank of the river. Several of these caches have come to light. Among the latest was that discovered several years ago by a landowner who was making a tour of inspection after the heavy spring freshets. He came upon a cache, which the weather and the water had unearthed, with the Delaval crest on the silver.

Tradition had it for generations that treasure of this kind was hidden on Carleton Island in the St Lawrence. Not long before the war a stranger borrowed a skiff, and rowed over to the island, which to-day is uninhabited and is let for grazing. When he returned the next forenoon to the village of Cape St Vincent, it was noted he had with him a short, heavy chest, stained with clay. With it he boarded the regular river steamboat just then calling at the landing-stage, and disappeared from ken. That afternoon a farmer sent his hired man across to round up the cattle pasturing on the island, and just by the west shore he found a spade, much loose earth, and the hole in which the treasure-chest had rested.

The plough in these areas sometimes brings the farmer more increase than crops of roots and cereals!

THE ADVENTURES OF AN UNROMANTIC GENTLEMAN.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH: *Tells of the Plan Devised by His Excellency the Lord-General Oliver Cromwell for the Discovering of the Malignants in Beverley Hall.*

'WHEN, having dressed and made my toilet, I sought out the Lord-General, who was closeted with Colonel Win-the-Fight Jenkins in a little room opening out from the hall, he received me kindly, and having inquired whether my wound was very serious, or gave me much pain, said, "You doubtless have a report to make to me, Colonel Russell. But be seated, and taste this excellent wine. These Cavaliers may have sold their silver plate and mortgaged their estates to finance the Man of Blood and his son, but they have still, for the most part, cellars full of good wine. Will you take a little, Colonel Jenkins?"

'"I thank your Excellency, but no," the grim old man answered, with a more than usually sour look. "'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging,' said Solomon, and I ever keep in mind what the wise king said."

'"I pay little heed, colonel, to what the kings of this earth say," replied Cromwell, with

the ghost of a smile on his face. "I rather bear in mind St Paul's exhortation to take a little wine for the good of the stomach. You shall drink a glass, Colonel Russell, for you are pale and wan, and have much blood to make good, methinks."

'I thanked him, and drank the glass of wine which he poured out for me. His kindness pained me, and made me question myself again as to whether I had not failed in my duty when I permitted Anne Beverley to escape.

'"And now, Colonel Russell," said the General, leaning back in his chair, "I will hear your report. Some little knowledge of your adventures I have gathered from Colonel Jenkins's discourse; but I desire your story in full."

'I related to him all that happened to me at Brighthelmstone, and on my way to London, and the Lord-General listened attentively, sometimes putting a question, and when I had finished, remarked, "A curious adventure, Colonel Russell. You have borne yourself as a wise and courageous man, and I am much beholden to you."

'"Does your Excellency know," I faltered, "that through my negligence the woman escaped?"

'"Colonel Jenkins hath told me of it," Cromwell answered, "and I hold you excused, colonel, for doubtless your wound made you less quick in thought and action than is your wont. As for sending away the guards, that was done in over-zeal for a good cause. However, over-zeal is an offence I can readily pardon, since in these days there are few that are zealous in the right cause, and many that do but assume the cloak of piety and loyalty to the Commonweal as a cover to their schemes for self-advancement."

'More than ever did my conscience prick me at these words; and I felt my face flush as I wondered what would be the Lord-General's opinion of me did he but know the truth.

'"Colonel Win-the-Fight Jenkins and I," continued Oliver Cromwell, "have devised a plan whereby we shall destroy the malignants hidden in this mansion. To-night, at about ten of the clock, we shall set fire to the house. A cordon of musketeers will be drawn around the house, and any that escape the flames will meet their death by a bullet."

'I was aghast at such a plan; but Colonel Jenkins commented, "'Tis a goodly plan."

'"I will rest a while," remarked the Lord-General, "for I am wearied with my journey. I leave all arrangements for the burning out of the Royalist rats to you, Colonel Jenkins. You should be able to obtain oil and tar enow in Faversham." And nodding gravely to us, he walked out of the room.

'"A worthy captain of our hosts, and one that doth not turn back once he hath put his hand to the plough," remarked Colonel Win-the-Fight. Having said which, he followed the General out of the room, and I heard him shortly afterwards giving orders to his servant, Kill-sin Thompson, and a number of other men, to go down into Faversham and bring back a store of tar and oil.

'I first broke my fast, and then retired to the library to think over the new problem presented to me. How could I best save Anne Beverley from a horrible death? I might, of course, do it by revealing to the General the secret entrance into the labyrinth. But finally I decided that, so soon as it was dark, I would enter the secret passage and warn the malignants of the Lord-General's plans, and advise them to yield themselves up, and trust to his mercy. In the midst of my deliberations I stopped from time to time, to realise, in some amazement, that I was in love with Anne Beverley! I, whom the Lord-General had specially chosen as being secure from woman's allurements! 'Twas strange! Thirty-three years of age I was, come December 14th, and had never thought of marriage, nor been enamoured of a wench—perchance because of my preoccupation with the affairs of the Commonweal, and because of the stirring life I had led—and now I was suddenly fallen in love with one I ought to regard as my enemy! One against whom the Lord-General had warned me! Strange! But, there, love is a thing that none may compass. All that day the lines in Proverbs kept recurring to my mind: "There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not: the way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid." And if Solomon had to confess that he understood not love, nor the strange ways in which it works, how was I to discover its intricacies?

'Having decided to give the Royalists warning as soon as darkness fell, I made an excellent dinner, had my wound dressed by the chirurgeon, and then wandered out into the grounds. Soldiers were already posted at regular intervals around the house, and others were gathering great store of brushwood for the burning. As I looked at the mansion from a distance, I felt glad that I should be able to save it from destruction, for it was a beautiful sight, with the sun glinting upon its many mullioned windows, and gilding its quaint-shaped vanes, and turning the thin wreaths of pale-blue smoke that rose from its strange-shaped chimney-stacks into golden vapour.

'I saw nothing of his Excellency during the day, and but little of Colonel Jenkins, who was busy with the work of arranging for the burning of the house. Whenever he encountered me, he had a black look and little to say, as though he still suspected that I had wilfully failed in my duty.

'The day passed with intolerable slowness; but at last darkness fell. I made my way to

the room whence Anne had escaped into the secret passages, carefully closed the door behind me, and pressed upon the little knot which worked the spring that moved the panel. At first there was no result, but by pressing in different directions I at length hit upon the right one, and the panel silently opened. It was exceedingly dark inside the secret passage, and it was in vain that I searched for the inner spring which closed the panel. Then, being much afraid that I might be discovered by one of the soldiers, I endeavoured to pull the panel into place. As I struggled with it, I was startled by hearing soft footsteps behind me, and turning, found myself staring into the muzzle of a pistol, which a handsome man, dressed in gallant attire (albeit it was covered with dust and dirt, and rent in several places), held towards me.

'"What are you doing here?" he asked in a low voice.

'Before I could answer, another figure loomed up in the darkness behind him, and Anne Beverley said, "Do him no harm, John. 'Tis Colonel Russell, of whom I have spoken to you."

'"Close the panel," I said; "I am come here to speak with you."

'The man reached out and touched the wall behind me, whereupon the panel slid smoothly back into its place, leaving us in pitch darkness.

'"Follow us," said the Cavalier; and I heard him move off in the darkness ahead of me. For what must have been nearly a minute we made our way slowly through the darkness, then entered a small, round apartment, some ten or twelve feet in diameter, lighted by a swinging oil-lamp, and furnished with a small table and three straight-backed chairs.

'"Pray be seated, Colonel Russell," said the Cavalier, with a courtly grace that accorded ill with the surroundings. "I have learned from my sister of the great service you rendered her, and should like to express my deep thanks for what you have done."

'"Say naught of it," I answered, flushing slightly. "To-night the Lord-General Oliver Cromwell — who arrived at this house this morning——"

'"As we knew," murmured the Cavalier.

'"—— is going to set fire to the mansion, and so burn you out. Escape will be out of the question, for the house will be surrounded by musketeers."

'"The knave! The bloodthirsty villain!" burst out John Beverley, leaping to his feet.

'"Sir," said I rather stiffly, for it angered me to hear the malignant so speak of his Excellency, "I fail to see anything knavish in this conduct. You have played a series of tricks upon us, and now our leader hath determined to burn you out like rats."

'"And pray, sir, did you come here to insult me?" asked the Cavalier, looking fiercely at me, and placing his hand on his rapier-hilt.

'"I came here to save your sister. Your fate in no way interests me," I replied very bluntly, for, what with my wound, and my doubts as to the rightfulness of what I was doing, my temper was none too good.

'"Perchance, Colonel Russell," said the Cavalier, his face growing very red, and his breath coming in quick, short gasps, "we have no need of your assistance. Od's zooks!——"

'Here Anne intervened, and implored us to cease our quarrel; and since I respected her wishes, I bowed slightly and said, "I have no desire to quarrel with any coxcomb, for I am come here on serious business. As I have already said, you will assuredly perish if you remain here. Throw yourselves upon the mercy of the Lord-General. You will find him a good and forbearing man, one whose heart is too great for him to nourish a petty spite against you for having done what you conceive to be your duty. He is a noble man, and will not treat you harshly, if you do but trust his mercy."

'"I thank you, Colonel Russell, for the excellent character you have given me," said a mocking voice. I turned, and saw the Lord-General himself standing in the doorway, with a grim smile upon his face.'

(*Continued on page 605.*)

IN LOVE WITH LIFE.

FAIN would I lay my ineffectual hand
Upon the spokes of this great wheel of life,
That turns incessant without pause or rest,
Stemmed not by peace or strife.

I am in love with life in this great world,
In love with hills and valleys, seas and downs,
With all 'the sweet security of streets,'
The cheerful noise of towns.

As years pass on, more and more count I set
Upon their periods; as they fade away
Each is more precious; there is still so much
To see and do and say.

Must all the natural pleasures of this earth,
Dear rural solitudes, laborious days,
Go out with life? I wonder what will take
Their place in the next phase.

The taste of foods, all laughter and all mirth,
Womanly vanities that are such joys,
I cannot think these need be cast aside
Like worn-out broken toys.

The subtle thrills from solitary walks,
From voices, colours, all the things that lend
Savour to life, from little children's looks—
Must all come to an end?

Fain would I, therefore, with my futile hand
Retard the spokes of this great wheel of life,
That turns incessant without pause or rest,
Stemmed not by peace or strife.

MAUD SLESSOR.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

STREET SCENES IN OLD PALERMO.

By E. D. WARD.

I.

PALERMO is a city of contrasts, and every phase of the lives of the inhabitants betrays a mixed ancestry. The manners and customs of both ancient and modern Europe, to say nothing of modern America, strive with those of the unchanging East, and the result is intensely interesting to the onlooker.

It must be borne in mind that the history of Sicily is chiefly concerned with a long series of foreign dominations. In the centuries before Christ the island fell successively under the sway of the Greeks, the Carthaginians, and the Romans. On the decline of the Roman power, the Goths were for a time supreme in the island, until they were dispossessed by the Saracens early in the ninth century A.D. The Saracen domination lasted some two and a half centuries, and although their rule was oppressive, Sicily owes much to them. They encouraged commerce and agriculture, and their irrigation systems exist to this day. The virile Arab blood, still noticeable in many Sicilians, was infused into a people already racially intermingled, and did much to raise them from the somewhat abject condition into which they had fallen.

After the Saracens came the Normans, about the end of the eleventh century, and under Norman government Sicily reached a high level of prosperity, particularly during the reign of the great King Roger, whose name, in the Italian form, 'Ruggiero,' is still perpetuated in many a Sicilian street. In 1282 the popular uprising known as the Sicilian Vespers put an end to the French rule, and for some years the island remained in a state of anarchy, until the Sicilians themselves elected a Spaniard, Frederick of Aragon, to be their king.

After the establishment of the Inquisition and the decay of Spain as a world-power, Sicily frequently passed through turbulent times, but —except at rare intervals—the Spanish influence prevailed in various guises. From 1738 onwards the Bourbons were kings of Sicily, including Naples; but in 1860 the great Italian liberator, Garibaldi, landed at Marsala with his famous Thousand, and Sicily became an integral part of a united Italy.

II.

A walk round the streets of Palermo is an interesting study, and the various types of humanity to be met with are as instructive as they are often amusing. For example, it is certainly somewhat startling to find, at an early hour in the morning, the streets crowded with herds of goats and cows, all unconcernedly obstructing the passage of tram-cars bearing the Palermitans to their daily labours. Not that the Palermitans mind: they are an easy-going and not too industrious people. In fact, rumour has it that, for business purposes, every Sicilian owns two hats—one to hang on a peg in the office as a proof (!) of his presence in the building, should the 'boss' (*principale*) come round, the other that he may adjourn in comfort to the nearest café whenever the spirit moves him. But to return to the goats and the cows. Their presence in the city is necessitated by human demand for fresh milk. Nothing so simple as sending milk to the city in properly sterilised cans appeals to a Sicilian. No; he must see it actually taken from the cow (or the goat). And so, early each morning, at every street corner may be seen a little crowd, all provided with suitable receptacles, waiting to get milk 'fresh from the cow.' The scene never palls—there is always some bizarre happening or personage in the crowd to make it extraordinarily fascinating to more civilised and sophisticated eyes. The goatherds and the cowmen themselves, resplendent in sheepskin trousers and 'pill-box' hat, and, as often as not, armed with an ancient double-barrelled gun, cut incongruous figures among the very ordinary crowd of dawdling clerks. Beggars, as everywhere in Italy, frequent the outskirts of the throng—repulsive-looking beings, most of them, who deliberately accentuate their deformities in order to attract practical sympathy. In no city in Italy, with the possible exception of Naples, are the beggars more persistent and unpleasing than in Palermo.

At this early hour, too, the cleansing of the streets is in progress. Such a convenience as a water-cart is unknown. Throughout the length of every street are water-standards, and to each standard in turn is fixed a length of hose from

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

which a gushing stream of water is played over the street surface. Every hose-operator is accompanied by a small boy, who acts as turn-key and shuts off the water when it is time to move on to the next standard.

III.

In this matter of water Palermo is one of the most fortunate cities in the world. The supply of pure, fresh water is unlimited, thanks to the Saracens and their system of irrigation and aqueducts. The water is trapped in a huge reservoir in the hills behind the city, near the little village of Scillato, and is brought to the citizens by the usual network of pipe-lines. Scattered throughout the city are curious-looking stone structures, surmounted by cisterns, also of stone, and in appearance not unlike miniature Cleopatra's Needles. These are the Saracen water-towers, built to give added impetus to the water, and many of them are still in use for that purpose. The weather-beaten gray towers, dripping with water, and overgrown with ferns, lichen, and moss, are a pleasing sight, and afford a gratifying sensation of coolness and purity on a hot and dusty day.

Public fountains are numerous, but it must always be held as a reproach against the municipal authorities that horse-troughs are conspicuously absent from the Palermo streets. Lack of consideration for animals is one of the most unpleasing traits of the Sicilian character, and one wonders by which of the numerous dominant races of bygone days this callousness has been imparted.

Curiously enough, although water is so plentiful in the city itself, the reverse is the case in the neighbouring villages. Up among the barren limestone hills water is hard to come by, and it is no uncommon sight to see a toil-worn peasant drawing a supply from one of the public fountains in the city. The ever-useful donkey provides the means of transport. On the animal's sides are two large wicker panniers, each holding an earthenware jar. When the jars have been filled and replaced in the panniers, the owner adds his bulk to that already borne by the unfortunate donkey, and ambles slowly back to his village.

The genesis and the sale of these water-pots are interesting. From their Eastern ancestors the Sicilians have inherited a distinct talent for the making of pottery; from the same source have been handed down to them an unlimited patience and an innate conservatism. So it is that machinery plays no part in the making of the jars. At many a door sit men and women, both young and old, laboriously fashioning lumps of raw clay into rude jars, which are subsequently baked in primitive ovens. For the disposal of his wares the potter employs no middleman; he drapes his stock over his person, like gifts on a Christmas-tree, and goes forth into the street to sell to any one who may care to buy.

IV.

Down in the market, away from the modern shops and the up-to-date cafés, the true life of Palermo is to be found, exactly as it must have been for many centuries. At every turn the wanderer is reminded of the East; the Muski in Cairo may be more famous, but it is in no way more typical. No shopkeeper ever conducts business in the shop itself—the pavement outside is the recognised place. Every transaction is effected with a wealth of gesture and the maximum of bargaining and volubility. A cobbler sits on the pavement outside his shop, placidly pursuing his trade, and quite undisturbed by the advent of a seemingly homicidal madman armed with an elderly boot. Why should the cobbler be disturbed? The apparent madman is merely a perfectly sane client who wants his boots re-soled, and is saying so—Sicilian fashion. And yet, but a few hundred yards away, in the modern quarter of the city, one may walk into an up-to-date departmental store, and, with the minimum of trouble, purchase a pair of most elegant American boots from an ultra-polite and civilised shop-assistant.

The market, like markets the world over, is at its best while most people are asleep. With the dawn the country carts bring produce to the maw of the hungry city, and are unloaded at stalls to which buyers from the big shops will presently come. The fruit and vegetable stalls are the most attractive, not only because of the contents, but also because of their appearance. The colours are amazing. Piles of golden oranges and yellow lemons support enormous green-and-white cauliflowers; massive melons, some cut open to show the pink flesh and the black seeds, form a background for apples of various hues; from the ceiling hang strings of scarlet chillies and earth-brown onions; in odd corners are piles of potatoes and various green foods. In front of some of the stalls are low wooden tables smeared, to the depth of about an inch, with a strange-looking scarlet paste. These tables are so placed that they always catch the rays of the sun, and they are continually being moved throughout the day with that object. That the tables thereby become coated with dust and fragments of garbage matters nothing—the paste must be dried, for is it not the base of that tomato sauce without the aid of which no true Sicilian can eat his *pasta* (macaroni)? Incidentally, it appears on more dainty tables in other countries under the name of 'tomato ketchup' and similar designations. Tomatoes are rarely eaten in a natural state in Sicily. When ripe the soft interiors are squeezed out on to tables in the manner described, and the resultant mass

is kept in the sun until of the consistency of, say, butter. During the drying process the pips and other undesirable fragments are removed. For convenience, the paste is sold locally in the state in which it is taken from the tables; each individual buyer can then dilute it according to taste. Commercially, other hands present it in a form more familiar to foreign palates.

The macaroni, with which the sauce is eaten, is prepared no more hygienically. Certainly machinery is employed in the actual making of this famous Italian food, but the drying process is equally crude. Over strings, tied anywhere and everywhere about the street, are hung the long, damp sticks of macaroni, about three feet in length, in such a way that about eighteen inches depend on either side of the string. When dry the stick is snapped in two at the bend, and—*ecco!*—there is the macaroni all ready for cooking. It may here be remarked that the varieties of size and shape of the macaroni sold in Italy and Sicily would be an eye-opener to the housewives of other countries.

V.

Bargaining entails much talking, and talking engenders thirst, and that is where the itinerant seller of drinks comes in. He carries with him a small metal table, fastened round his waist with a strap, and equipped with a single leg, which rests on the ground and relieves him of the weight when dispensing his various beverages. The drinks are nearly all sweet syrups of a particular nastiness (water he need not carry—there is always the fountain at the corner). One glass, common to all, is considered quite sufficient for drinking purposes! The little table, decked with jingling bells and bright with bottles of multi-coloured liquids, is a welcome sight to the thirsty merchants and their clients, and the drink-seller does a flourishing trade. A 'refresher' much in demand, and one that has the merit of cheapness, is a glass of fresh water with a dash of aniseed—the aniseed is shot in from the bottle by means of a thin metal tube running through the cork.

Many of the stalls do not rely entirely on buyers from the big shops for the disposal of their stocks; they also send travelling vendors through the streets for the benefit of such people as do not care to venture into the turmoil of the market. These vendors may be seen even in the more fashionable streets, some with baskets of luscious and tempting oranges, others bearing a long pole hung with bedroom slippers of assorted hues and sizes; others, again, hawking button-holes of pansies, jasmine, or violets.

In the fish-market, at the right time of year, may be seen tunny. These fish—as large as sharks, but, happily, not so ferocious—are caught off Bagheria, a village to the east of Palermo, and certain parts of them are highly esteemed locally as a delicacy. A tunny-fish *battue*, or *mattanza*, is a thrilling and original sight, and should on no account be missed by any visitor to Palermo.

Adjoining the markets is the piazza where most of the big shipping companies have their offices. The large open space is crowded from year's end to year's end with a motley crowd of intending emigrants, all anxious to get to America and try their luck in a new country. The men always appear to be more cheerful at the prospect of leaving their native land than do their women-folk, who, as a rule, sit on the luggage and weep, while their husbands struggle for tickets. But all is not gloom in the piazza. Organ-grinders—shrewd students of human nature—abound, and earn many a well-deserved centesimo by cheering the waiting crowd with popular music. Fortune-tellers, too, whose stock-in-trade consists of a bottle full of some mysterious liquid in which miniature figures gyrate, are willing, for a monetary consideration, to foretell, with remarkable optimism, the future of any traveller; and since Sicilians are a superstitious race, the fortune-tellers are kept busily occupied.

Out of this place of sighs leads the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, a long, straight, modern street. A few steps and the wanderer is back in modern Europe; the cows and the goats have gone home for the day, the bawling market and the weeping emigrants have vanished, and Palermo becomes outwardly as any other city.

'PEA-SOUP.'

PART II.

VI.

IN the meantime Mr Hornby had been taking a look round the galley, and also trying to fathom his two friends. Both were big men, and stout. The 'Doctor' wore a white beard and moustache, but was bald-headed; whereas Tom was clean-shaven, with fat cheeks, and had only a few wisps of hair round the ears and the nape of the neck. He (Tom) appeared to Mr Hornby to be more of the 'early Victorian' type of watchman than 'Jacob-ean.'

He was thinking, too, that he had placed himself in a ridiculous position, hobnobbing with ship's cooks and watchmen, to say nothing of that beery-looking individual the dock policeman. He was half-angry and half-amused with himself. The two men interested him. They were like big friendly bears, teasing each other in a rough, kindly way. After all——

'Pea-soup yer was sayin', mister!' said Tom, his fat smile having returned. 'Well, old Doc there will tell yer all about makin' pea-soup; many 's the sup I 'se 'ad out on 'is ladle while 'e was barnyin' wi' t' flunky from aft—an' dam good it were, too!'

'That last bit yer said saved yer life, Tom,' said the Doc. 'I knows my soup 's good; but there ain't no call for yer to be suppin' o' it out on t' ladle, slobbering all over it, just when me back 's turned for 'alf-a-minit. Yer a 'og—a bloomin' 'og—when it comes to wittles, an' I 'd tell yer so to yer face, only that we 'se frien's.'

Tom appeared quite unaffected by Doc's reference to ''ogs' in regard to himself, and, taking a seat on the door-step, began peeling potatoes, his head bent down almost to the bucket they were in.

Mr Hornby looked at the alarm-clock hanging under one of the shelves. 'Well, Doc,' he said, 'I should very much like to know how you make the soup; Tom seems to like it, and I 'm sure he 's a good judge.'

'Gar'n, mister,' said a voice from the bucket. —'Doc, lis'en on 'im trying to pull me bloomin' leg.'

'Get on wi' yer spud-peelin',' said Doc, 'an' min' yer own business; nobody weren't speakin' to you;' and turning to Mr Hornby, ''E ain't got no concenteration, sir; no matter wot yer gives 'im to do, 'e 's a-doin' somethin' else in a minit, or chatterin' somethin' silly.'

'Oh, he 's doing very well,' said Mr Hornby. 'I 'm sure I never saw potatoes peeled so quickly before.'

There was a self-satisfied grunt from Tom; but he never looked up, though all the time Mr Hornby was conscious that his eyes were looking from under his bent brow—something seemed to be fascinating him.

'I 'm just a-goin' to make t' pea-soup, mister,' said Doc, crossing over the galley. 'Yer see, our "Old Man" believes in givin' t' 'ands a good dollop o' soup when they comes aboard; an' they 'll be 'ere about three o'clock.'

'Oh! This is *very* interesting,' said Mr Hornby. 'I never thought I should see it made.'

'Them 's t' peas in yon bucket,' said Doc, jerking his head in their direction.

'How many pounds have you there, Doc?'

'Oh, a matter o' a couple o' pounds, I sud say, mister; but I goes by t' look on 'em. If I thinks there ain't enough, I 'as somethin' to say to t' stooard.'

'And how much water do you——'

'Do them there "spit" things make yer feet 'ot, sir?' interrupted Tom, pointing with the potato-knife at Mr Hornby's white spats.

'Oh,' thought Mr Hornby, 'that 's what he 's been staring at all this time. I couldn't think what was fascinating him so.' Laughing, he said, 'Oh no, Tom; they keep them cool if——'

'Don't take no notice on 'im, sir; 'e 's that hignorant, 'e don't know 'ow to be'ave to 'is betters,' said Doc. 'An' look 'ere, sir,' he continued, 'yer 'd better take yer topper off; I 'll put it in my cabin an' lock t' door—it 's bloomin' 'ot in 'ere, an' them flies is hawful!'

Mr Hornby was only too pleased to take his hat off, as the heat was terrific, and the flies were, as the Doc said, truly awful.

''Ere, sir, shove this on,' said Doc, returning with a peaked cap; 'it 'll keep t' flies from layin' heggs in yer 'air.'

It was no good! Mr Hornby could only allow the horrible, greasy thing to remain on his head, where the Doc had immediately placed it. He could not offend the well-meaning fellow.

'Fits yer like a coat o' paint!' said the admiring Doc, taking a backward step to see the effect.—'Don't it, Tom?'

'I 'se goin' to ask "Sails" for a bit o' white cotton canvas for to make meself some "spits,"' said Tom, ignoring the cap; 'they 're fine—an' my old woman 'll be proud o' me when I takes 'er to t' pictures wi' 'em on. She will—an' look wot a lot o' bootlaces they 'll save me.'

Doc looked scornfully at Tom; then his look changed to one of pity, and turning to Mr Hornby, he said, ''E 's silly.'

''Oo 's silly? I ain't,' said Tom; 'an' if——'

'Would yer take 'old o' that other 'andle, sir,' said Doc, 'an' give us a lift wi' this copper on to t' stove?'

'Certainly,' said Mr Hornby, glad of the diversion.

But at this moment Doc, instead of taking his handle, suddenly stepped towards the stooping Tom, and, raising his open hand, gave him a terrific blow on his bald pate.

Mr Hornby was horrified. He made sure it would mean concussion at the least; but Tom never looked up; he merely said, 'Did yer get 'im, Doc?'

'Yes,' said Doc, wiping his hand on his trousers.

'I 'se glad o' that,' said Tom; ''e 's been plaguing me this long while back.' And on he went peeling.

'Now, sir!' said Doc, coming back to his handle. 'When I say "One—two—three—lift!" put yer back into it—'cos it 's 'eavy—an' on to t' stove wi' it.' Doc began, 'One—two—three—*lift*!!' But——

Well, Mr Hornby never could remember afterwards all that happened. Instead of lifting, as he ought to have done, Mr Hornby was feeling that he was either going to be sick, or yell, or something horrible, as he thought of the blue-bottle's fate.

Doc, of course, had given a powerful heave at his end of the copper boiler, and the water gushed out at the other end, some over Mr Hornby's legs, some taking the hot stove, which

raised clouds of steam, and the rest over Tom, upsetting the potato-bucket. Tom, tilting backwards, rolled on to the deck outside.

VII.

The tension was painful. The first to recover was Tom; he glared at the poor Doc, who stood awaiting his punishment like a condemned man. At last he exploded—he was furiously angry—nay, he was horror-stricken! 'Yer blasted, chuckle-headed, imbecilicated fool!' he roared, and, with a mournful look at what he considered *his* tragedy, added solemnly, 'Doc, yer 've —spiled—'is—beautiful—"spits"!!'

Mr Hornby was somewhat annoyed at this catastrophe; but, seeing the Doc's woe-begone expression, he burst out laughing. 'In for a penny, in for a pound,' he said to himself. 'What's the odds? And, besides, I'm really thoroughly enjoying myself. Damned if I'm not!'

The miserable Doc was now rubbing hard at Mr Hornby's trouser-legs with a paint-swab, crooning to himself, 'It 'll come off. It 'll wash out. *Won't* yer take 'em off, sir? I 'll len' yer me go-ashore pants while I dries these, sir.'

'Nonsense, Doc,' said Mr Hornby. 'Don't you bother about them—they 'll soon dry; and, after all, there wasn't much grease in the water.'

'Oh, take 'em off, sir,' persisted Doc pleadingly; 'I 'll soon 'ave 'em dry—an' I 'll put 'em atween two pieces o' wood an' screw 'em up in t' vice, so as to make 'em crease nice again. My pants 'll fit yer splendid.'

'Take 'em off, mister,' said Tom, chipping in, 'an' I 'll take yer "spits" off for yer. I 'll soon 'ave 'em dry, an' then I 'll chalk 'em up nice.'

There was no help for it: Tom was already busy unbuttoning his spats; Doc was now holding up a pair of pants admiringly, with a girth that Mr Hornby thought would certainly meet twice round the Equator. 'Maybe they 'll fit yer a bit too much i' parts, mister,' said their owner, 'but 'twon't matter; there ain't nobody 'ere, an' we can take a reef or two in 'em.'

So, with a resigned air, Mr Hornby proceeded to undress.

'Shut t' door, Tom,' said Doc, looking intently through the port-hole on to the quay.

Having changed, Mr Hornby caught sight of himself in a looking-glass that was hanging near the door. He saw there the most ruffianly-looking person he had ever beheld. He felt himself turning crimson, but, pulling himself together as he saw Doc was now looking at him, he drew the peak of his cap over one eye at a rakish angle. 'Damn,' said Doc delightedly, 'if you ain't *It*.'

(*Continued on page 613.*)

FLOWING STREAMS OF STARS.

By Professor GEORGE FORBES, M.A., F.R.S.

I.

THE three stars in the tail of the Great Bear make a curve. By following the line of that curve the eye is arrested by a great star of the first magnitude. This is Arcturus, in Boötes the Herdsman. If the eye be carried along the curved line, as far again beyond Arcturus, it may be caught by another bright star much nearer to the southern horizon. This is Spica of the Virgin. The straight line in which lie the two stars at the end of the Bear's tail does not point directly to Arcturus. It passes between that brilliant solitary sentinel and a pleasing bright ring of smaller stars that form the constellation appropriately called *Corona Borealis*.

These hints about recognising the stars in that part of the heavens are worth remembering, if only for the sake of star-friendship. They are put forward at this moment to help the reader to find Arcturus any autumn evening. It catches the eye as the only important, and a rather solitary, individual in that part of the sky. For many reasons, Arcturus is splendidly interesting, and there are many of us to whom this bright orange star is a friend always associated with one of the most fascinating realms of discovery in the heavens. This is a study of the 'proper-motions' of the stars over the sky; very minute motions, but perfectly continuous and uniform. They are generally so minute as to escape observation except by the finest instruments, and most stars require years to show accurately the rate at which they move.

Arcturus was the first star which was found to be in motion. Stars had always been distinguished from planets by being called fixed stars until 1718, when Edmund Halley, the friend of Newton, compared the places of stars observed by himself with their places in the catalogues of Tycho Brahe, more than a hundred years before, and of Hipparchus (as preserved by Ptolemy) eighteen or nineteen hundred years before. He found that from the time of Hipparchus this star Arcturus had moved over a space twice the diameter of the moon. That is to say, it travels in the sky, among the other stars, at the rate of two seconds of arc every year. In the same period (eighteen hundred years), he found that Sirius had passed over a space of one and a half diameters of the moon.

Few very bright stars are comparable in 'proper-motion' with these two, Arcturus and

Sirius. Alpha Centauri, however, moves quicker even than they; and Vega, too, has a high speed. Some smaller stars travel still quicker. One goes four times, another five times, faster than Arcturus; the faster of these would cover a space of the moon's diameter in a hundred and eighty years. But the proper-motion of most stars cannot be exactly measured, even with the most precise instruments, except by observations at long intervals of time; and many would require centuries or longer. So that it has become a convenient practice to measure the proper-motion of stars by the space that would be passed over in a century instead of a year.

Of all stars which are visible in quite a large telescope (down to the fifteenth magnitude) there must be forty thousand whose proper-motion is at least fifteen seconds of arc in a century.

II.

We already possess catalogues of thousands of stars with the amount of their annual proper-motion, and also their direction, where these have been measured. But a mere catalogue does not tell us much until we represent it in some way, to give to it a meaning. Its contents become quite interesting when they are transferred to a star-chart. Lay a piece of tracing-paper over the chart, and mark with a pencil-dot each star given in the catalogue. Also mark, by a line from the dot, the direction of the star's proper-motion. Then make the length of this line from the star equal to the amount of the star's proper-motion, on any scale we may have chosen—say an inch to represent a second of arc of annual proper-motion.

When this has been done, the picture presented by the little lines of proper-motion takes a new meaning. The directions of the lines that have been drawn do not appear to be altogether fortuitous. There are many signs of streams or flows of stars, and of groups of stars all with a common motion. And after looking at the tracing, the universe of stars acquires for us an entirely new character. It is no longer a stationary structure. It has become a moving, flowing universe of interacting suns, some single, others binary and multiple suns, whirling through space, over prescribed orbits and recognisable tracks, all guided and governed, in all probability, by the same forces of gravitation, cohesion, elasticity, chemical action, heat and electricity, which we upon this little world can study in our homes.

Such a surprising and invigorating transformation and change of outlook, from a dry catalogue into a realistic living picture, stirs the heart of every one who cares for the stars above. But it does much more. It has stimulated, and continues to stimulate, the intellectual powers of our greatest men, of those to whom no greater happiness exists than that of advancing step by step towards knowing, in their full beauty and truth, the fundamental laws designed at the Creation for the working of our present universe—laws perfect in their drafting, and (doubtless for a beautiful purpose) steadfast, true, and unswerving in the unfailing certainty of their execution.

To-day the new world of truths revealed to us by a glance at a star-chart of proper-motion is occupying the minds of many mathematicians, astronomers, and natural philosophers, all engrossed in the exact sciences; and the talents of all are being devoted to patient observations, experiments, and calculations which may lead, in the course of ages, to as clear an understanding of the driftings of the countless stars as Kepler and Newton shed upon the planetary wanderings in our relatively contemptible little solar-system.

It must not be supposed, from what has now been said, that the chart of stellar proper-motions exhibits throughout, and at a glance, any systematic flow of stars. On the contrary, the general aspect of the picture is confused. But the great fact remains that we become immediately certain that there are groups of stars following a common route. And the inference is irresistible that the confusion will disappear when its causes have been fathomed.

III.

It is a source of gratification to most people when new facts brought to their knowledge are best exhibited by the very stars whose friendship they have already acquired. The Plough, in the constellation Ursa Major, gives one of the best examples of a group of stars all having the same proper-motion.

Five out of the seven bright stars that give an outline to the Plough can be seen, on our chart, to be all travelling in nearly the same direction. The slight differences almost disappear when we take account of perspective. Lately, when the spectroscope was used for measuring the 'radial velocities' of these stars, to or from us, they were all found to be approaching us, and at not very different speeds.

In the end it has been clearly proven that all of these stars are travelling together at about the same speed, approaching us at an angle, and all of them flying parallel to a line drawn from our position to a place in the sky not very far from Altair, the bright star in Aquila the Eagle.

If we know the distance of a star from us, it is easy for a computer to find its exact motion in space from the observed proper-motion and radial-velocity. Unfortunately there are very few stars whose distance can be measured with sufficient accuracy for this purpose. One of these, however, is Sirius, the brightest star in the sky; and the wonderful discovery has been made that its motion in space is from the same

point of the sky—the 'radiant-point' of the five Plough stars. Altogether, six stars in other constellations are suspected to be members of this group, all going the same way, at about the same speed as the Plough stars. That Sirius, south of the equator, far away in space from the stars of the northern Plough, should belong to the same group opens up a completely new conception of the stellar universe. This is true, also, when we consider that two stars of the Plough group are about twenty degrees apart, for this means that their distance from each other is seven times the distance from us of the nearest known star, Alpha Centauri. The distance of Sirius from Mizar, in the Plough, must be greater than the distance of either of them from us; and yet they seem both to belong to one stream of stars. And the sun with the solar-system is pursuing its own course in the middle of the stream.

During an evening ramble we certainly do get much more enjoyment from the sight of known friends among the stars when we know something about them. The Plough is still more pleasing to us when we know that these stars, so far apart, are members of a common stream; or when we recognise Mizar as a double star, the first binary discovered by the spectroscope.

IV.

Let us make another call upon a family of old friends among the stars, to hear about their travels. The region round that red star Aldebaran, king of the Bull constellation, can now be chosen to illustrate the existence of other star-streams. Every one knows this star, to which the three stars of Orion's belt point. It is one of the lighthouses on the ecliptic, the trade-route of the planets. That route passes between Aldebaran and the lovely little cluster of stars called the Pleiades. Now, these Pleiades, a bunch of six to most people, and of eleven to really good eyes, are a very wonderful group. When photographed with a very long exposure, each star is found to be enveloped in a nebular haze, and nebular gas covers that region.

When the proper-motions of the six bright stars are looked at on the chart, they all point in the same direction; the six all seem to be moving as a family group together. At first this seems more to be expected in such a compact group than in the widely separated stars of the Plough. The stars appear to be nearer together in the Pleiades, yet it is quite likely that the actual distances between stars are much the same in both cases. (In fact, this would be true if the Pleiades are about ten times farther away from us than is the Plough; and this is not at all unlikely.) Anyway, here we have a group of stars resembling those in the Plough by having a common motion among themselves. The telescope reveals in the cluster two hundred and forty-six stars between the third and fifteenth magnitudes, all travelling in much the same direction, at the rate of about five and a half seconds per century.

In the same part of the sky there is a beautiful little string of stars, V-shaped (with Aldebaran at one end of the V), called the Hyades. Our pleasure in noticing them is very much intensified when we are aware that about forty of them, mostly telescopic, make up the most wonderful family of stars as yet discovered, all streaming at the same pace in one direction. So accurately are they doing this that the effects of perspective are quite marked when we plot them, with their proper-motions, on a large-scale star-chart.

Perspective is well shown when we stand in close proximity to a large number of telegraph-wires on poles, and make a sketch of them. The wires all seem to be directed towards one point in the distance, and would so be drawn in a picture of them. But the top wires would appear to point more downwards, and the bottom wires more upwards, than the middle wires. Now, if these wires represent the paths of the Hyades stars, all moving at the same speed, we might paint with whitewash a length of one foot of each wire, some pretty near to us, others farther away. These white lines would illustrate the proper-motions marked upon our star-chart. Some would be inclined to the others. Some would appear by perspective to be shorter than others, while really all the stars are going at the same pace to the same distant point.

These effects of perspective are all shown with surprising exactness in the Hyades star-stream. When checked by using a spectroscope for measuring their velocities, the accuracy of this illustration by perspective is still more convincing.

These stars, at their present distances from us, are ranked as of the third to the seventh magnitude. In the distant future, after sixty-five million years elapse, Professor Boss computes that this cluster, now fifteen degrees in diameter, will have condensed into a cluster not over one-third of a degree in diameter, with the stars reduced to the ninth to twelfth magnitude. Astronomers are united in admiration of this American professor's discovery, attained during an arduous examination of all known proper-motions.

Of course, these motions that we observe are not absolute motions, but only relative to the position of our solar-system in space; and the sun, with its attendant planets, must in all probability be moving through space like all the other stars.

V.

Soon after a small number of stellar proper-motions had been measured in different parts of the sky, a general tendency was evident for their apparent courses to radiate or diverge from

a spot in the region of Vega (Alpha Lyræ) or the neighbouring constellation, Hercules. This fact is now quite established. Then it was obvious that this general tendency might be caused by a motion of our solar-system in the opposite direction—that is, towards Vega.

Just as, when we are being slowly rowed in a boat through a stationary fishing-fleet, we may be unconscious of our own movement, and forget that we are not at rest. Then the fishing-boats all have an *apparent* motion in the opposite direction to that in which we ourselves are really going. If we be moving one yard a second to the north, each of the boats would seem to be moving one yard a second to the south, and its bearing, as shown by the compass, would change more or less, except in the case of boats due north or south of us; and the bearing of those to east or to west of us would change the most.

It is all a question of *relative* motion, and, in the case of the stars, *absolute* motion cannot be measured. If we happened to know from observation that the apparent motion of stars was accounted for by a uniform speed of all of them in the same direction, as in the case of the fishing-boats, it would then be more convenient to speak of it as being due to a solar motion among the stars, rather than a stellar motion past the sun and the planets.

The facts, however, are not so simple; for each star has its own individual motion in addition to that attributed to our own motion among the stars.

When we are drifting northwards through a stationary fishing-fleet, boats to east or to west of us seem to be going to a more southerly position. But if some boats are themselves moving to north, east, south, or west, this rule is, in their case, disturbed. Supposing, however, that these individual motions are all at random, as many moving in any one direction as in the opposite direction, then an average of them all will cancel these random motions, and will certainly inform us that, on the whole, we are moving, relatively to the boats, towards the north, at one yard a second, or whatever our pace may be.

So also with the stars. If we want to find our own motion relatively to them we must take an average for groups of many stars in each direction of the sky. This average is used as having the individual proper-motions cancelled, and as being entirely due to our own velocity relatively to that group of stars. This is what astronomers have done for all the stars that are near enough to us to show a measurable proper-motion. The great majority of stars are too far away for this. But the motion of our solar-system among those stars near enough to us for accurate measurement has been computed by different astronomers, each using his own choice of stars, and each getting a slightly different result, but with a general agreement as to the direction in which the solar-system moves. This direction in which we move among the nearer stars points towards the constellation Hercules, close to our old friend Vega. This is the first great generalisation reached by the astronomers about the stellar movements.

The marvellous power of the spectroscope in telling us the speed with which any star is approaching us, or receding from us, has also been applied to get the solar motion by several computers, the present writer being one of them. The result has always been to show that most of the stars in the direction of Vega are approaching us, while at the opposite part of the sky they recede. This quite confirms the result derived from proper-motions. The spectroscopic method has this advantage, that it tells us the actual velocity of the sun's motion among the stars. It is about fourteen miles a second—that is to say, quicker than our earth moves round the sun.

VI.

After this great conclusion has been established, a new question arises. Are the individual motions of these nearest stars showing proper-motion entirely at random? Or do the stars drift, wholesale, in swarms?

For a hundred and fifty years astronomers, in dealing with the apparent proper-motions of the stars, were completely absorbed in their efforts to improve our knowledge of the exact direction in which the sun seems to be moving among them. So they never made an attempt to find out whether the individual motions of the stars themselves were all hap-hazard or bound by some system. It was only in the present century that the wonderful discovery was made by Professor Kapteyn of Holland, the friend and associate, in great astronomical researches, of our greatest practical astronomer, the late Sir David Gill.

Kapteyn found that the proper-motions of stars in different parts of the sky are not accounted for by a solar motion alone. Nor are they accounted for by a solar motion in one direction, combined with a general streaming of the stars themselves in any one direction. But they are extremely well explained by a solar motion in one direction combined with a general streaming of the stars *in two exactly opposite directions*, inclined at forty-six degrees to the solar motion.

This two-stream theory of stellar motion is one of the grandest generalisations ever made in stellar astronomy. It was, however, entirely derived from studying the proper-motions of stars near enough to us for exact measurement, and need not apply to the whole universe of stars.

The announcement of this discovery was startling in itself. But it has puzzled astronomers to see how it can fit in with any probable system

of movements subject to the laws of gravitation. That all the stars within range of our measurements consist of two mingled streams, moving in opposite directions, is simple enough as a geometrical fact. But when we seek to know by what process, or out of what previous condition, this commingling has arisen, the astronomer must remain baffled until new facts of observation give to him the clue for, perhaps, a still greater simplicity.

What a new outlook have these studies of proper-motion given to us upon the stars above! No longer can we talk of fixed stars. All are in movement. Some, like Arcturus, seem to be pursuing a lonely course. Others, like Sirius, are, for some reason, travelling in company. We have the whole Plough group in Ursa Major, the Pleiades group and the Hyades group in Taurus, the Bull. And many others have already been detected. Overwhelming these are apparently two great swarms, commingled but moving in opposite directions, that include nearly all the available stars. And, lastly, our own sun is travelling, so far as we now know, on its lonely course, like Arcturus and many others. Every night that we look upon the stars we can now in imagination regard them as we do the great flakes of snow in a storm, whirled and drifted by currents of wind. Then we begin to envy the outlook of those who will take our place, centuries hence, when these whirling, drifting movements shall have been assigned their place in the great scheme of universal gravitation.

Before, however, this vision of the flowing star-streams may be attained, our imagination must have eyes that can grasp billions of centuries in a flash. To us mere mortals the drifting snow-flakes give place to a more solemn and more ordered progression. The flowing star-streams disclose to us only the local tactics that govern those battalions of the starry hosts whose movements our eyes can see and measure. We are able to pick out the isolated patrols, the flying squadrons, the light skirmishers, and the lumbering columns. They all have their place in the concerted and more general onward movement. The units may be large or small, slow or fast, and they shine in uniforms of white or gold, of orange or scarlet. Yet everywhere the strategical advance by the various corps of the Grand Army, brilliant, though silent and almost imperceptible, pursues its organised progress under a relentless persistency and discipline, and ensures, for all of them, the continuous development of their infinite and eternal destiny.

SPOTS.

PART III.

VII.

NUNEHAM entered the single chamber which was his bedroom and his sitting-room in one. It was simply furnished with an iron cot, a rickety deal table, and a broken-seated chair. A small space partitioned off on the back-veranda held a galvanised-iron tub and a tin basin standing on an old packing-case, and was dignified by the title of bathroom. For this anything but luxurious accommodation the occupant paid rent to Government. The furniture he had to buy from the subaltern of the previous detachment. Poor as it was, it had to suffice for many generations of tenants. The nearest furniture-shop was in Calcutta. Fortunately military officers in India are Spartan in their tastes. They are obliged to be.

Calling his 'butler,' or body-servant, in from his abode at the other end of the Mess-compound, Nuneham bade him procure a hurried meal of tinned meat. He then despatched his sword-orderly—his Indian soldier-servant—who, seated on the back-veranda, was cleaning his master's buttons for parade next day, to purchase the goat to be used as a bait for the panther. Next the subaltern took out of its case his most valued possession, a ·400 double-barrelled, cordite, high-velocity rifle, cleaned it, and gummed a long strip of white paper between the barrels from the fore-sight almost to the back-sight. This was to enable him to aim in the dusk or the moonlight with some accuracy.

On the return of the orderly, Man Singh by name, accompanied by a sturdy, bare-legged old Bhuttia clad in a single, thick garment, in shape like a Japanese *kimono*, Nuneham ordered them to go to a certain tree beside a path through the scrub jungle a few hundred yards above the fort. Here the goat was to be tied up conveniently near, and a *machan* fixed in the branches. For this latter purpose Man Singh lifted from the veranda, and carried off on his head, an old *charpoy* or native bedstead, a square wooden frame on four legs with a tight netting of string forming almost a spring-mattress. These charpoys, firmly lashed in the boughs of trees, serve as ready-made and comfortable platforms for sportsmen who sit up for a tiger or a panther.

Half-an-hour later, just as the sun was setting and the swift-coming Indian night that knows no twilight was descending on the jungle, Nuneham lay stretched at full length on his *machan*, twenty feet from the ground, with his loaded rifle and a filled water-bottle beside him. He was screened from sight by cut leafy branches hanging all round the charpoy. Below him

the ancient goat, tied to a peg sunk deep in the ground and clear of the shadow of the tree when the moon rose, was unconcernedly cropping the leaves of the bushes within reach.

VIII.

Meanwhile Spots had wandered away among the hills, aiming for a place surrounded by rocky cliffs haunted by a herd of *gooral* (small, wild mountain goats). These animals often descend during the day-time to the lower foothills to feed, retiring before nightfall to the higher and less accessible heights, which, bare of cover, offer them a safer resting-place in the dark and dangerous hours. The panther took up a position commanding a narrow defile between steep walls of rock by which the *gooral* were likely to return on their way to the higher hills. Crouching among huge stony fragments fallen from the cliffs, he waited patiently, his mottled hide and white belly blending with his surroundings and rendering him practically invisible. Nature knew what she was about when she gave his race its variegated colouring.

Motionless as the rocks around him, the panther waited. Suddenly his whiskers bristled and the hair on his neck and back stiffened. His quick ears had caught the sound of the approach of his expected prey before their scent reached his sensitive nostrils; for the wind was not in the right quarter for that. Without an apparent movement his muscles grew tense and ready for the spring and the quick rush that would carry him to his victim. The sharp click of a little hoof on a rock, a pebble displaced, and first one, then a second, then half-a-dozen small, goat-like animals came up the pass in single file. The panther sprang at the leader. But, as he did so, the loose rock on which his forequarters had rested slipped from him and crashed down, bringing a small avalanche of lesser stones with it. It spoiled his spring. He almost fell, but slid sprawling down the sloping rock, clawing desperately at its steep face in a vain attempt to stop himself. He landed awkwardly in a shower of stones and dust on the boulder-strewn bottom of the little defile, while the *gooral* stampeded in all directions. Some sprang with incredible agility up almost perpendicular cliffs, finding sufficient foothold for their tiny hoofs in invisible cracks and on jutting points of rock. Others leapt down miniature precipices, or vanished in bounding flight down the steep slopes. When the disappointed panther recovered his footing the wild goats were all far beyond his reach.

Pursuit was hopeless. So, furious and hungry, the disgruntled Spots retraced his steps, intending to look for less wary and agile prey in the Bhuttia village of Chunabati, a couple of miles beyond Buxa Duar. His way lay past the fort, and as he neared it the faint night-breeze brought the smell of goat to his nose. This demanded investigation. The scent grew stronger as he reached and turned down the path leading from one of the picket towers to the parade-ground. Wild animals generally follow paths and beaten tracks where possible.

But as he drew near the bait he slipped silently into the undergrowth and crept through it cautiously, until in the moonlight he could see the bearded veteran lying down resting on the ground. The panther had taken care to come up-wind to him, so that his scent had not reached and alarmed the goat, which was still happily unconscious of the near presence of so deadly an enemy. And Nuneham, on the alert in the *machan*, heard nothing.

Animals are reputed to be devoid of the power of reasoning. A man who has sought to compass the death of a panther or a tiger that has been much hunted will doubt this. Few of the many who had 'sat up' for Spots through many long, weary hours would give it any credence. It was more than mere instinct that told the cunning beast that goats were not usually found fastened out at night in the jungle far from human habitations.

Spots sat down to study the situation. He scratched mechanically at an irritating tick as he stared at the bait. While he waited with a wild beast's tireless patience a wandering puff of air brought him the smell of the human watcher in the tree. That decided the panther. He was not afraid to enter a village at night while the inhabitants were awake and moving about. He was used to men who shouted at him and tried to scare him away; but he detected a deadlier menace in one that remained silent and hidden. So he determined to abstain from the temptingly offered meal, and go.

He faded away—that is the only possible manner of describing his noiseless departure. Not a sound. No leaf rustled, no twig cracked; but he was gone. And as he went he passed between the wind and the goat, which, suddenly scenting him, sprang up in alarm and tugged frantically at the cord fastening it to the stake. Above in the *machan* Nuneham, thinking that this terror evidenced the coming of the panther, instead of its going, swiftly brought the butt of his rifle to his shoulder, and by means of the strip of white paper sighted on the patch of moonlight in which the trembling goat stood. With finger crooked round the trigger, and heart beating violently, as a sportsman's always does in the moments of anxious expectation for the quarry to appear, the subaltern waited. But nothing happened. Minutes went by. Then the goat, which had been turning nervously to face the danger from whatever direction it might come, seemed reassured, and lay down again. Nuneham lowered his rifle, but still remained keenly vigilant. Hour after hour went by, and nothing occurred to reward his weary watching. Every faint sound, every movement of the goat, put him on

the alert. He scarcely dared change his position or move his cramped limbs throughout the tiring vigil. The monotonous 'Tonk, tonk' of the night-jars irritated him with its incessant repetition. Drowsiness lay heavy on his eyelids; his head nodded as he lay; but he forced himself to remain awake. At last the dawn brightened the sky, and in the fort below the clear notes of the bugle sounding '*Réveille*' told the tired man that the end of his fruitless watching had come. Cross, sleepy, and disappointed, Nuneham climbed stiffly down from the tree, and stumbled, drunk with weariness, down the path to his quarters, to tub, shave, and dress for the early morning parade.

Meanwhile the exasperating Spots had supped hours before on a goat dragged out of an insecurely fenced pen in the village of Chunabati, and was sleeping soundly in tangled undergrowth near the fragments of his feast.

IX.

An afternoon siesta when the day's work was done did not compensate Nuneham for the loss of his night's rest; and when evening came he could scarcely keep his eyes open, and nodded over his plate at dinner in the Mess with his senior officer. The meal certainly was hardly worth keeping awake for, consisting as it did of the usual menu—thin soup made from an ancient and athletic hen of equal thinness, a tin of 'Army Rations,' and the defunct fowl's leathery liver served on a fragment of *chupatti*—bread and toast being luxuries unknown to the officers of Buxa Duar.

Bed was very welcome to the subaltern that night, and he was asleep almost before his head touched the pillow. But an hour or two afterwards he was awakened by a noise in his room. Some one or something was moving about it. Nuneham lay still and listened. He heard the snuffing of an animal and the slight sound that it made as it brushed against the table. Very cautiously, very quietly, he stretched out his hand to the chair beside the bed, and his fingers closed on what he sought—a box of matches. He opened it noiselessly and took out its contents. He struck all the matches together, and a sudden flame lit up the room. It was reflected in a staring pair of green eyes, and the subaltern saw a large panther stand rigid with surprise for an instant, and then dash through the open door.

Nuneham leapt out of bed and rushed for his rifle. But at once he remembered that he had taken it to pieces and replaced it in its case that morning. The panther had disappeared. There was nothing to do but shut the door and get back into bed again, which he did, cursing the disturber of his rest, who could be no other than Spots.

Next morning after parade he told his commanding officer of the occurrence. The major was much amused at the panther's last escapade.

'A delicate attention on his part,' he said. 'It is so like Spots. Having missed you—or you him—the night before, he came to pay you a friendly call.'

'Infernal cheek on his part,' growled the angry Nuneham.

'Maynard, the subaltern of the 150th Punjaubis' detachment we relieved here, had the same experience. He told me that he was once awakened by a panther entering his room.'

'Yes; I remembered that last night when I heard the brute,' said Nuneham. 'At first I thought it was a stray *pi*-dog; then Maynard's story came to my mind. I did not believe him at the time.'

'No. Do you recollect how we thought that they were pulling our legs when they told us that the wire-netting over the windows was put there to keep wild beasts out?'

'By Jove, it's necessary when Spots is about! I shall not leave my door open again. Confound the brute! Not content with keeping me out of bed the night before, he must come and wake me last night. I'll pay him out for it. Maynard bet me ten rupees that I'd never get the animal. I'd give a hundred rupees to win that ten.'

X.

That evening the rising of the moon found the panther prowling around the fort. Of late the detachment had been remiss in supplying him with his ration of dog; for, since his last exploit, when he carried off the havildar's pet from its master's heels, the sepoys had sheltered all the pariahs in their barrack-rooms at night. More from habit than hope, Spots wandered round the walls. Suddenly he pricked up his ears. From the back-gate resounded the frenzied howling of a puppy, varied by bursts of indignant yaps. The panther quickened his pace. Turning the corner of the loopholed wall, he came out on the little plateau behind the fort, bare but for an occasional tree and a few empty sheds near the back-gate. The tropic moonlight lit up the scene and shone on an overgrown, lanky pariah pup, which alternately stood on its hind-legs against the closed gate and yapped and sat down and howled in loud-voiced protest at being shut out. Inside the fort an equally indignant barking from the distressed mother-dog replied.

Spots grasped the situation at once. It was the case of a prodigal puppy returning too late, and finding itself shut out for the night. Prompt action was needed, for at any moment the gate might be opened and the prey escape. A young dog was Spots's weak point, so he sprang at this one without hesitation. A blow of his paw knocked it down; then, catching it up in his mouth, the panther turned to carry it off. But, although the unlucky pariah crumpled

helplessly in his powerful jaws, he could not get it away. It was fastened to a ring in the wall by thin but strong steel chains. As the animal tugged at them there was a sudden spurt of flame. A rifle rang out; and, shot through the heart, the panther collapsed on his prey.

A few seconds passed. Then the door of one of the sheds near the gate opened cautiously, and Nuneham's head appeared. After a pause he stepped outside with his rifle at the ready. The panther lay motionless. The subaltern picked up a stone and threw it at the beast, striking it on the head. But there was no movement. Spots, the cunning, the invincible, was dead. He had been tricked at last; gluttony had proved his ruin.

At a shout from Nuneham the iron gate slid noisily back on rusty wheels, and Man Singh, with two or three other sepoys, came through it. From a distance they threw stones at the panther. At last, assured of his death, Nuneham and they approached the body. They pulled it off the dead dog, and stretched it out on the ground, exclaiming admiringly at its size. The news spread rapidly through the fort, and in a few minutes the Indian officers and the sepoys of the detachment gathered to attend the lying-in-state of Spots.

And all the dogs crowded to the gate, but no farther, to bark defiance at their dead enemy, the slayer of so many of their kind. And to the music of their triumphant chorus Spots was borne away on a rough stretcher by several men up the hill towards the Mess. On their way they had to pass the commandant's bungalow, whither Nuneham had preceded them to tell Dermot of the success of his plan to outwit the panther, and receive his senior officer's congratulations on his victory. The party halted on the road to let the major see and admire the dead animal. His servants brought out lanterns, and the commandant measured the panther with a tape.

'What a beauty!' he exclaimed. 'Eight feet from nose to tip of tail. Well done, Nuneham! Where did you hit him? Oh, I see. A beautiful shot. An inch in front of the shoulder; and, judging from the direction, it must have got him in the heart. I'll go up to the Mess with you, and we'll drink to the memory of Spots while the men skin him. They had better do it to-night, as it is so warm.'

The procession started again up the hill.

XI.

'First thing to-morrow morning I'll send Maynard a wire to tell him that I've bagged Spots,' said the jubilant subaltern. 'I'll enjoy making him pay up his ten rupees. He swore I'd never get the brute, because his C.O. and he had tried many times without success.'

After lunch next day the two officers went out to a sunny spot behind the Mess, where the panther's skin was stretched out and pegged to the ground, the hair underneath. The other side had been scraped clean with knives, and covered thick with wood-ashes well rubbed in. This would cure the pelt temporarily, until it could be sent to Calcutta to be finished and mounted by a taxidermist.

As they stood looking at it the post-orderly brought a telegram for Nuneham.

'I wonder if it's from Maynard. I sent him the wire this morning telling him about Spots,' said the subaltern, tearing open the envelope. 'Yes, it is from him. Hullo! what on earth—what the deuce does he mean?' he continued, staring at the telegram with a puzzled air.

'What does he say?' asked Dermot.

'The fellow's mad. Listen to this, major: "Nuneham, Buxa Duar. Try Zambuk. Maynard." He must be off his head. "Try Zambuk." What the devil is he talking about?'

Dermot took the paper from him. 'Yes; it's Zambuk, right enough,' he said. 'I don't understand. By the way, what did you say to him?'

'Only told him I'd bagged the panther.'

'What were your actual words?'

Nuneham thought for a moment. 'I remember,' he said. 'I put "Maynard, 150th Punjaubis, Delhi. Have got Spots. Nuneham."'

'Have got—have got——' Then the major laughed loudly. 'Of course. I see it now. "Have got Spots." "Try Zambuk." Why, Maynard thought that you meant spots—with a small "s"—that you were worrying over your complexion. And so he recommended a much-advertised remedy.'

The subaltern shouted with gleeful delight. 'Oh, what a joke! I'll pull his leg if ever I meet him again. I'll write to some of the fellows in his regiment and tell them. They'll rag him about it. "Try Zambuk." It's good enough for the *Pink Un*.'

Before the day was out the Punjaubi subaltern discovered his error. The fat Bengali postmaster toiled wearily up the hill to the Mess from the little two-roomed post-office below the fort, and brought Nuneham another telegram.

It ran: 'Nuneham, Buxa Duar. Cancel previous wire. If yours announces demise of cherished panther of Buxa, we heartily condemn slaughter of harmless animal once our pride and joy. Your selfish action deprives countless succeeding generations of officers garrisoning Buxa of endless innocent amusement in endeavouring to bag deceased. Respectfully tender profound sympathy to widow and orphans, if any, of late lamented. Ten rupees follow. Maynard.'

Such was the panther's requiem. Framed, the telegram hung afterwards on the wall of Nuneham's room, above the handsomely mounted skin of the departed Spots.

THE END.

THE ARROWROOT PLANT.

THE arrowroot plant, like the cassava, is a starch-yielding tuber, and its growth is also confined to the tropics; but it needs more careful harvesting than the cassava, each individual root requiring digging up, and not ploughing or rooting up. This is not only a slow and tedious but an expensive process in comparison.

The soil has to be properly prepared beforehand for planting by deep ploughing, and an effective drainage system instituted, but in general the attention otherwise required for the cultivation is the same as with the cassava—only weeding to keep the soil clean. The most suitable soil is a loamy clay, which, if kept in a friable condition, will with a moderate rainfall give best results.

The arrowroot flour is prepared from the tubers, which are pulped on a grater, or pounded with a pestle in a mortar, and the starch separated from the pulp by a process of washing and straining through fine wire gauze, the sediment resulting therefrom being thoroughly sun-dried, and finally crushed into fine flour.

Arrowroot flour is exceedingly nutritive as an article of food for children as well as for adults, and also claims a place medically.

The starch holds one great advantage over cassava starch, inasmuch as articles of apparel starched with it will not be injured if dressed and allowed to remain unused for an indefinite period, whereas articles dressed with cassava starch will commence to rot if left lying beyond six months.

The yield depends, as with other plants of this class, on soil and climatic conditions, and also on the season when harvested. In the wet season roots are heavier, being then very moist, but the starch obtained is less than in the dry season. It is on record that roots harvested during the wet season will give as low as four hundred pounds of prepared flour per acre, compared with a return of nine hundred pounds obtained from the roots harvested in the dry season.

Under favourable conditions it is possible to obtain about seven thousand pounds of tubers per acre, which will yield with economical handling one thousand pounds of air-dried prepared flour, with 15 per cent. water content. It is necessary, in dealing with the preparation of arrowroot starch, that stricter attention with regard to cleanliness be paid to the washing of the tubers than is usually given when preparing cassava starch.

The following comparative analysis of the roots and the starch is observed:

Roots.	Per cent.	Starch.	Per cent.
Water	62·92	Water	15·87
Starch	27·07	Starch	83·70
Sugar, gum, &c. .	4·10	Sugar, gum, &c. .	0·18
Fibre	2·82	Fibre	0·04
Fat	0·26	Fat	0·07
Albumen . . .	1·56	Ash	0·14
Ash	1·23		

THE ADVENTURES OF AN UNROMANTIC GENTLEMAN.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH: *Tells of a Conversation between Oliver Cromwell and Colonel William Russell.*

'FOR a moment we were all too much startled by the sudden appearance of the General to do aught but stare silently at him. Then John Beverley drew his rapier and sprang towards him, cursing horribly. I caught the choleric fool round the chest with my right arm, pinning his sword-arm to his side, and so held him helpless, spite his struggles, for I was a powerful man, and fear for the General's life more than compensated me for the loss of strength that my wound had caused me.

'"Peace, fool!" exclaimed Cromwell, frowning at the Cavalier, and not moving an inch, although the point of the rapier came within two feet of his breast. "I am armed with sword and pistol, and have a man within call who, at a signal from me, will summon ten files of pikemen. Hold your peace, therefore, and hear what I have to say, or, 'fore God! I will give your mansion to the flames, and hang you and your sister over the ruins!"

'When His Excellency the Lord-General was in anger his mien was such as to cow even the boldest spirit, and John Beverley was overawed by his words and his demeanour, and ceased to struggle.

'"Seat yourself, sirrah!" said Cromwell in a commanding voice; and the Cavalier obeyed, only growling something beneath his breath. Troubled though I was by personal considerations, I felt a great pride in our General, as I saw how easily he dominated the Royalist.

'"Now," said Cromwell, clasping his hands behind his back, "you will show me, sirrah, where the treasure is hidden."

'"That I will not!" growled the Cavalier.

'The Lord-General lifted his eyebrows lightly at this, and said, "As you will."

'Then he whistled shrilly.

'Thereat John Beverley laid his hand on his rapier-hilt, with an oath.

'"I shall place you under arrest, sirrah," said Cromwell. "An you wish for mercy, offer no resistance."

'"Zounds!" exclaimed the Cavalier fiercely, although he made no attempt to draw his sword, "'tis a pretty trick so to shelter yourself behind a woman. An 'twere not for Anne, I'd draw and run you through, and take the consequences."

'"Young man," said the General, still contemptuous, "methinks I will have you soundly whipped like a little schoolboy who uses blustering words and wicked words without knowing their meaning." Then, with a sudden change, he exclaimed in a menacing voice, "Peace, fool!"

'And now we heard the tramp of many feet in the passage, and a moment later Joshua Gunter and a sergeant appeared in the entrance to the little room, whilst behind them I saw the faint outline of a number of pikemen.

'"Arrest that man and woman," commanded the Lord-General, "and hold them under close supervision."

'Then, when, after a little more blustering, the Cavalier had yielded up his weapons, and together with his sister had been led away, the Lord-General said to Gunter, "Stand at the secret entrance and see that none disturbs us. I would have a few words in private with Colonel Russell."

'Gunter bowed and withdrew. His Excellency seated himself close to me, and regarded me without speaking. At length he said, "Colonel Russell, I owe you an explanation."

'He was silent a while, musing, as it seemed; then he began: "Some weeks ago, my agent, Gunter, discovered that some Royalist conspiracy was centred about Beverley Hall. By careful investigation he later found out that it aimed at recovering a treasure hidden in this house, that it might be used to finance Charles Stuart. One of the two chief plotters, Captain Hawtrey, was apprehended, and imprisoned in Newgate. He was either ignorant of the hiding-place of the treasure, or feigned ignorance in order that we might not secure it, and so deprive the Young Man of means for further troubling this nation. The other prime mover in the matter was John Beverley, son of the late owner of this mansion. He escaped us, and sought refuge in the secret passages in this house, where, I doubt not, the domestics supplied him with food and such other things as he required. You perceive that it was essential that we should seize the treasure, in the interests of the Commonweal; accordingly, I permitted Captain Hawtrey, ere he was apprehended, to send to Sir Rupert Beverley a letter requesting him to come to this country, in order to assist in the removal of the treasure. It was my plan to permit him to take the treasure from the house, and then arrest him before he could ship it overseas. But Sir Rupert was unable to come to England, and sent his daughter Anne instead. You I sent to bring her to me.

'"But on second consideration of the position, I much doubted whether the girl would betray the hiding-place of the treasure, and therefore permitted Captain Hawtrey to break prison, doubting not that such a resourceful and unscrupulous man as he would have little difficulty in ridding Anne of your company, and bringing her to Beverley Hall. There I intended that all their movements should be watched by my agents, and immediately they indicated the hiding-place of the treasure they should be arrested. You also I kept under watch—not that I doubted your honesty, but because I did not intend that your life should be placed in jeopardy by Hawtrey.

'"You know what happened. Gunter warned me immediately the Royalist intriguers arrived here. But he was unable to keep watch over all their movements, and both the girl and the Cavalier gave him the slip—unconsciously, maybe. Now he had observed your conduct whilst in this mansion, and suspected that you had conspired to let Anne Beverley escape. These suspicions he communicated to me; and since 'twas obvious that the girl could have escaped from the house only by making use of the secret passages, it was also probable that you knew where the secret entrance was to be found, having been privy to her escape. I therefore informed you that I purposed to burn down the mansion, doubting not that if you had so much interest in Anne Beverley as to connive at her escape, you would seek her out in the secret passages, and warn her of my plans. The which you did; thereby showing me the entrance to the hiding-place of the treasure—for, without doubt, we have but to search this labyrinth to discover it."

'He lapsed into silence again.

'"Your Excellency doubtless holds me to be a traitor to the Commonweal," I said.

'"Colonel Russell," he answered with a faint smile, and in kindly tones, "I do not greatly blame you for aught that you have done. You have served my ends well, and that makes amends for any irregularities you may have committed. You have done no worse than most men would have done in your position; moreover, you avowed your own lack of confidence in yourself when first you accepted my commission."

'"I thank your Excellency," said I quite simply, for I could think of nothing else to say. Then I asked, "What will you do with Anne and John Beverley?"

'"What would you advise?" the Lord-General asked.

'"Since," said I, "your Excellency is wish-

ful to heal the disunion of the Commonweal by a mild policy towards the Royalists, I would suggest you give them their liberty."

'Cromwell laughed softly, and asked, "And is that all, Colonel Russell? Bethink you, if I do but give them their liberty, they must go at once into exile. Would you not, Colonel Russell, in the interests of the Commonweal, suggest that one at least should be given a free pardon, and reinstated in the estates that her father hath forfeited by his rebellion? Might you not reform her, and make of her a pillar of support to the Commonweal?"

'I blushed, without replying.

'"However, we will discuss these matters more fully to morrow," said the Lord-General. "I am desirous to explore the secret passages; please accompany me, colonel."

'So, taking down the hanging lamp which lighted the room, we made our way through the labyrinth, and found that it penetrated to every part of the mansion, and was about half a mile in length. It terminated in a large chamber, scarce six feet in height, built between the attics and the house roof; and there we found a quantity of gunpowder, sulphur, and a number of grotesque masks, such as are worn by actors in the riotous plays beloved by the Cavaliers. Also there were seven large, iron-clasped boxes.

'"The treasure meant for Charles Stuart," observed the General, pointing to the boxes.

'Then he led the way back to the entrance to the secret passages, and bade Gunter and the soldiers who awaited him there find axes with which to break open the boxes. When this was done, a quantity of plate, a little jewellery, and about three hundred pounds in gold and silver were discovered in them.'

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH: *Which is the Last.*

'EARLY on the following morning the Lord-General sent for me. When I entered his room, I found him seated alone at a small table, drawn close to the fire. Briefly replying to my salutation, he pointed me to a chair facing him, and spoke no more until a couple of soldiers brought Anne and John Beverley and Prosper Hawtrey into the room.

'"Leave us," said the General to the soldiers; "but remain within call."

'When the soldiers had retired, his Excellency said, "Now, Master John Beverley, although you may not be aware of 't—for 'tis a matter on which Sir Rupert Beverley would not care to boast—your father did me a considerable service many years ago. What it was is of no consequence. Suffice that I have not forgotten my obligation. Your father hath doubtless obeyed his conscience in plotting to bring back a tyrant to this land, and in assisting the man called Charles Stuart to make war upon this nation."

'Prosper Hawtrey seemed about to make some angry comment upon what the General had said, but he held his peace at a stern glance from Cromwell; and his Excellency continued: "Because of my debt of gratitude to Sir Rupert, I am wishful to deal gently with him, and, so far as my little influence carries weight with the worshipful House of Commons, it shall be exerted to restore him to his estates, confiscated for his rebellion—provided, of course, that he will take oath to engage no more in plots against the Commonweal. You will carry my offer to your father, young man; whilst your sister will remain here, that she may prepare the mansion against Sir Rupert's home-coming, and also that she may be a hostage for his good behaviour. For, mark you," and the General's voice grew very harsh, "an your family offend again, there shall be no more mercy shewn to you than one shews to a nest of vipers, or to a mad dog. The peace of this land shall be kept, though we have to hang every Cavalier in it."

'The General paused for a few moments, then went on: "Until I receive your father's reply, his estate is still sequestrated; and Colonel Russell will therefore remain here as the Parliamentary Commissioner. No other troops will be left, however; and I doubt not that Colonel Russell will treat you with all due consideration, and make his task as little irksome to your sister as possible. Master Beverley, you may go. I have naught further to say to you. Neither," as John Beverley would have spoken, "do I desire you to waste my time by replying to what I have said."

'Very reluctantly the young man withdrew, and the Lord-General turned to Captain Prosper Hawtrey, and said in a contemptuous voice, "As for you, sirrah, I am inclined to hang you for the common thief that you are, spite all your airs and graces, and talk of loyalty to your king. Yet will I not mar my mercy by giving you your deserts. You are free; but go to some less Christian country to practise your nefarious trade, or else become an honest man, or you will live to swing on the gibbet. Go!"

'Thoroughly abashed, the outlaw withdrew, without speaking a word.

'"And now, madam," said Cromwell, "you will doubtless play the part of housekeeper in this mansion with pleasure. Methinks it should not be long ere your father returns, with such a magnet as you to draw him back from exile. You should know how to soothe his wounded pride and his outraged sense of loyalty."

'And he smiled.

'"You will not find Colonel Russell an oppressive commissioner," he added, after a short silence.

'Shortly after this interview had taken

place, the Lord-General and the soldiers quitted the Hall.

'Sir Rupert Beverley received his pardon, but it was nigh two months before he returned to his home, during which time I mightily improved my friendship with his daughter. But I said nothing to her of that which was always nearest my heart; for I felt that in a sense I was her guardian, and must not abuse my position of trust. But when at length the old Royalist returned, and I was relieved of my commission, I attired myself as tastefully as I knew how, and sought out his daughter.

'I met her near the lodge gates. My heart fluttered painfully, yet I went boldly up to her, and said, "Mistress Anne, I have just been relieved of the commission of Parliament. Permit me to congratulate you."

'She laughed at this, and made answer, "You think, then, Colonel Russell, that you have made yourself so disagreeable during your sojourn here, that I should think myself fortunate that you are now departing?"

'"Nay," I answered in some confusion, "I meant to congratulate you on the return of your father from exile."

'She thanked me very graciously, and a smile played about her lips, and, thought I, she is well pleased that her father is home again. So, being a plain man, and one unversed in the turning of pretty, courtly phrases, or in the art of delicately expounding a subject, I plunged straight into the matter that had brought me to speak with her, trusting that she might receive what I had to say with kindness, because of her happiness at her father's home-coming.

'"Mistress Anne," said I, trying to look her full in the eye—for I had read somewhere that the human eye hath much power to subdue the stubborn wills of wild beasts, and thought perchance it might be potent with the human species as well—but she turned her face away, so that I could see only her rounded cheek and a little ear, half-hidden by a wealth of curls. "Mistress Anne," said I, "since you are no longer under my charge—as, in a manner, you were whilst I was the Parliamentary Commissioner in occupation of Beverley Hall—and as your father is now returned home, I can say something to you which I could not honourably speak of before." I took a deep breath, and concluded, "Will you become my wife?"

'Having said which, I blushed, and bethought me what a vain hope it was that such a plain fellow as I could win the love of such a woman, one who had lived for a time at the French Court, and seen so many witty and gay gentlemen.

'She did not answer me for what seemed a long time, and my heart sank. Then she turned slowly towards me, and, with a rather tearful smile, answered softly, "Yes."

'But what there was in me that made her to care for me I have never been able to discover—and I have given the matter much thought. She says she married me because she saw that I needed some one to take care of me, being that I am so easily imposed upon by knaves and all manner of impostors; but that is a joke at my expense. But when she makes fun of me for being too soft-hearted, or as putty in her fingers, then I laugh inwardly. The silk cushion that yields will turn a sword-stroke that will cut a steel cuirass in two.'

. . . . . .

There is little more that is of interest in the memoirs of William Makepeace Russell. He succeeded in overcoming the prejudices of Sir Rupert Beverley, and he and Anne were married, and settled down to a happy and placid wedded life near the then little village of Highgate.

John Beverley, refusing Cromwell's pardon, entered the service of the King of France, and was killed in a duel which he fought with a fellow-officer.

Captain Prosper Hawtrey, neglecting the Lord-General's advice, was captured, whilst drunk in a Kentish tavern, and hanged for highway robbery.

Colonel Win-the-Fight Jenkins retired from the army shortly after the return of Sir Rupert Beverley, and enjoyed a peaceful, if somewhat gloomy, civil life for several years. But, with the restoration of the Stuarts, he became involved in one of the several plots against the throne, and had to flee the country. He took up his abode in New England, where to this day one may meet tall, gaunt people who speak with a nasal accent, and are full of gloomy theological views, and bear the name of Jenkins.

Kill-sin Thompson had a more pliable conscience, and the Restoration so broadened his mind that he became a zealous Anglican, and eventually rose to the dignified post of churchwarden. He thrived exceedingly.

The fate of one other person may be of interest to the reader—Hope-for-Bending Johnson. He took part in Monmouth's ill-fated insurrection, and was killed at Sedgemoor, fighting bravely to the last, and chanting a Psalm with his dying breath.

THE END.

THE SINGING HEART.

THE royal sun is robed in gold,
The moon in silver sheen,
And much the sea, O best beloved,
Doth glory in his green:
Ah! sweet—for thee my singing heart
In fairest red is seen.

And long the sun his state will keep,
And still will dream the moon,
While ever yet the love-lorn sea
Desires her night and noon:
But, oh! my lotus pale, this heart
Must cease its singing soon.

MARJORIE TILDEN.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

OF the several good things still left in a life which pessimists conceive to have been spoiled by untoward events of recent years, one of the most splendid and satisfying is the sense of colour and the gratification thereof, with a fair comprehension of the manner in which the emotions are affected by such agency. Colour, in the long-run, may have an influence upon the spiritual system profounder even than music, though its effects are not so immediately intoxicating. These are two rare spiritual charms, essences of sound and shade, distilled from Nature for the delight of the better man. Music in latter days has been degraded, but ascends again, as it must. Colour has hardly ever been properly understood and, as one might say, partaken of by the people. One of the richest delights the world can offer to the spirit of humanity has hardly been fairly accepted. Women, in their clothes, have exploited colour more than any other class of persons; more vulgarly the advertisers on hoardings have perhaps come next to them. But the true charms of harmony in colour, in infinite tone and shade, as pointed by Nature in every minute of every hour, have been considered only by a few—the artists. Now every man should be at least a little of an artist; he was meant to be, and was born like that. The reason why in maturity he is no longer artist is that he has forgotten and neglected that which certainly was born in him, the gift that Nature gave him upon the dawn of his intelligence. Let him remember the box of paints that delighted him so much when he was just a toddler. Alas for that early box of paints! Now is the time for a new beginning, the purchase of a new box of paints, and a first serious consideration of the colours of the world. Britain is magnificent in her colour effects at all seasons of the year, but this one, of the summer lapsing languidly from the heats to the autumn, with the change from rich greens to sparkling yellows, golds, and crimsons, is that of all the year when our islands can challenge the world to contest in the splendour of the effects of Nature's colours. The ordinary person walks through the country at such times experiencing a sense of pleasure. He notices the lingering greens, the supplanting yellows, and the fiery glow of the reds that now begin. Only vaguely. He catches, perhaps, a tenth of the effect, and loses all the rest, wherein are all the greatest charms. Did he but take with him a little box of paints, a block of paper, and then, looking at those colours, really see them in all their differences and majestic harmonies, and try to imitate them, he would experience, if a person of any sensibility whatever, such a shock of pleasure as he may not have known in life before. For this he need be no avowed artist. He may have had no lessons, read not a single book on art—though soon afterwards he will do that. The instinct is enough. Rodin, the great sculptor, once said, 'You just look at Nature, and the rest happens according to your temperament.' He was not thinking, perhaps, of such adventures as are here suggested, but still his formula will most exactly apply. For the most perfect and absorbing recreation at this season of the year, the most restful, fascinating occupation conceivable, let a man or woman who has never painted, and knows not what painting is, take a small box of water-colours—very few of them, say gamboge, Prussian blue, cobalt, vermilion, burnt sienna, and alizarin crimson—and go out into the country with them to make a trial. A revelation in contentment and happiness is before such person.

* * *

The Britons are often derided for a supposed want of artistic sense and appreciation, and so much accustomed are they to this attitude, confirmed as it appears by incontestable evidence, that the accusation is accepted, and, with a certain candour upon their faults which is a characteristic of the nation, they seem to agree upon occasion that they are a common and a vulgar people, finding interest and even a peculiar worldly charm in banks, machinery, and politics, while paying small regard to such spiritual beauties as those of form and colour that Nature and thought offer to man for his uplifting and advance. The admission appears to enable them—or Governments for them—to commit occasionally and with equanimity certain acts in the name of necessity such as might otherwise jar upon the conscience, like, for example, the immediate and hasty conversion of

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

the best art galleries into offices where young ladies smoked cigarettes and drank tea in the intervals of typing and filing documents appertaining to the commencement of a mighty war. It was said that, whereas in England the art galleries and their like were thus first acquired for the sudden purposes of Mars, in other countries equally concerned they were the last. Some points in the general suggestion are probably unfair. Such is the pretended sense of our unworthiness that, when Gainsborough's 'Blue Boy' was sold to the Americans for a matter of a hundred and eighty thousand pounds at the beginning of this year, the money being needed for the purposes of our sore taxation, and London was afforded a farewell glance—which in nearly all cases was a first glance also—at the remarkable picture which came to canvas through controversy and challenge, and ninety thousand people went to the National Gallery to make their special and valedictory homage to art—the most remarkable display of such public feeling ever known in this country—this demonstration was likewise ascribed to vulgarity. The people were suffering again for the bad name that had clung to them; there was considered to be no virtue in them; they were said to pay their respects to the departing 'Blue Boy' only because of the 'stunting' of the papers, the 'sensation' that was made of it, the money that was involved—two pounds a visitor in the price, as some would mathematically suggest. Perhaps it was not so bad as that; yet, though it were that most of the ninety thousand went in stupidity and vulgarity to the National Gallery, we may still believe that a proportion left with an awakening of the sense of beauty in their souls. They must have tried to understand; they had marvelled at the shades of blue in light and shadow, the painting of the fringe of lace; and, being there, where they had never been before, they took occasion to wander through adjacent halls. They had seen the great portraits of Mrs Siddons, had been touched by the landscape beauties of Constable, the drawing and colouring of Turner. The 'Fighting Téméraire'—in its original grandeur—had indicated to them a difference between the most skilful working of coloured inks by printing processes, however fine, and the living touch of the master-hand. Some of those ninety thousand went away, one may be confident, a little ashamed, awakened, with resolution, perhaps, to fare farther, in humility, upon that enticing and lovely way. And if that were so, the 'Blue Boy' would not have been exiled for no good beyond the acquisition of the hundred and eighty thousand pounds for the paying of taxes. Some surely would make the quaking discovery—just at the hour when London and Britain with her were turning away in heart and action from the grossness of the immediate post-war period—that beyond the world they knew there was a world of a beauty they had not comprehended—the world of art—glowing, mysterious, vast; and Trafalgar Square, as they emerged to it, might even have seemed something more than a pillar and blocks in gray and brown. It may have been.

* * *

After all, the British people have little encouragement. Mr Asquith about then observed that there was never a time when a community such as our own, nationally and locally, stood in more need of the refreshing and refining influences of art, and that it was certain that we could not do a more short-sighted or wasteful thing in the long-run than to curtail expenditure upon the higher humanities, and upon works of art. Surely very true; spirits needed to be rescued from the wastes of ugliness in which they had become embedded; if art is for a people's salvation and its joy, never was its mission more pointed than it is now. And about the same time Mr Fisher, as President of the Board of Education, pleading for a better appreciation and practice of art in public life, and perceiving, amid neglect and confusion, some 'reassuring symptoms,' took leave to say correctly, and in like defence to ours of an unjustly derided people, that we had no excuse for being contented with any standard lower than the highest, and that it was a great mistake to paint the Briton as a natural and ineradicable Philistine, concerned only with his meals, and his bank balances, and his athletic sports. Nobody, he said, was ever less like an Englishman than the absurd figure of John Bull which is taken as emblematic of the characteristics of our race. He feels that we are a people rich in every kind and description of artistic impulse and skill, but, owing to imperfect organisation and contrivance, wasting much of this treasure in our careless English way, and contenting ourselves with a great deal of quite unnecessary ugliness, out of sheer laziness and conservatism. But that is the way in which Governments always lead, the attitude they encourage. Strife and taxes are always their prime affair. So the people come to think that art is a study, a cult that is far beyond them; that, at the most, they could through spiritual travail come to look at a picture with somewhat less utter incomprehension than before. They have not realised that a varying degree of love and beauty is born within each of them, and that there is an instinctive desire to exert it in some practical form. Is there no great meaning in the circumstance that nearly every child at the dawning of its perceptions covets most a paint-box for its plaything, and that some of its greatest joys are yielded by this toying with the brilliant colours? How we remember with sentiment and pathos those first and last paint-boxes of our childhood! Did they not stand for the better that was within us? Soon we were taught in

the way of the world to put away those childish things. Thenceforth the feeling grew that art in practice was far beyond us, when so it need not have been. What if, in adolescence, the encouragement and the tendency had been the other way, and it had been shown what joy might have entered into life through the medium of a box of paints? At such a period of doubt and possibility it were a pity that what William Hazlitt once wrote upon the 'pleasure in painting that only painters know' were not read and dwelt upon for its value in enticement. It is a passage that every person should read twice or thrice, for it urges on. There never was one better worth a reading at this hour. 'In writing,' said the author of *Table Talk*, 'you have to contend with the world; in painting you have only to carry on a friendly strife with Nature. You sit down to your task, and are happy. From the moment you take up the pencil and look Nature in the face, you are at peace with your own heart. No angry passions rise to disturb the silent progress of the work; no irritable humours are set afloat. You have no absurd opinions to combat, no point to strain, no adversary to crush, no fool to annoy—you are actuated by fear or favour to no man. There is "no juggling here," no sophistry, no intrigue, no tampering with the evidence, no attempt to make black white or white black; but you resign yourself into the hands of a greater power, that of Nature, with the simplicity of a child, and the devotion of an enthusiast; "study with joy her manner, and with rapture taste her style." The mind is calm and full at the same time. The hand and eye are equally employed. In tracing the commonest object, a plant or the stump of a tree, you learn something every moment. You perceive unexpected differences, and discover likenesses where you looked for no such thing. You try to set down what you see—find out your error and correct it. You need not play tricks, or purposely mistake: with all your pains, you are still far short of the mark. Patience grows out of the endless pursuit, and turns it into a luxury. A streak in a flower, a wrinkle in a leaf, a tinge in a cloud, a stain in an old wall or ruin gray, are seized with avidity as the *spolia opima* of this sort of mental warfare, and furnish out labour for another half-day. The hours pass away untold, without chagrin and without weariness; nor would you ever wish to pass them otherwise. Innocence is joined with industry, pleasure with business.'

* * *

Surely of all the joys and advantages of even a little real practice of painting, the greatest in this world that so often now seems a muddle of drabs and grays with scarlet flashes for scare signs, is that swiftly and surely to every practiser it teaches observation of the ways of nature, of form, and of colour. So it leads him gently away from a very stupid and destructive modern materialism to the sublime eternal truths. In this way a new world and a new life abounding in lovely things, that have nought to do with war, or politics, or conferences, or machinery, is straightway entered, emotions are set swiftly running, ideals ascend. This is not as an extravagant advertisement; it is the truth, as many thousands know, and it applies to all save those who are utterly without latent sensibility—rare people these. To prove the truth of it, a man who has never touched a paint-box before need but take out into a lane or other country spot a simple set of some six colours, leaving determinately a thoughtful and sometimes ingenious mixing to be done for the shades of greens, and set himself, however roughly and imperfectly, to attempt to copy the colours arrayed by Nature before him—the siennas and madders, too, for the new tones of autumn that creep among the greens. He will not mind the drawing, the form—but some of it will come inevitably, and the fascination will increase. The effort shall be only to match the colours and catch the shades of depth from the foreground to the distance where thin blue or gray has sapped the green away. For an afternoon, all the world forgotten, there will be an all-embracing delight, no sense of failure, no discouraging comparison with master-pictures. Here is only Nature, the supreme master, and the self, and self comes surely to a closer communion with Nature, the great mother, than ever before. Be the colourings ever so poor, the efforts so wayward, the self should rise from this short experience a different self. Life should not be the same to this man again. Colour has come in. The sad world that it was before—of nothing, apparently, but dull grays and browns—is revealed in real beauty. No walk may be the same again. There are a score of greens on the country-side for the one that existed vaguely there before, and we set ourselves to asking how Nature mixed them up. No glance through the window of the sitting-room into the streets outside, mainly to discover what the weather is, but henceforth will promptly flash to the senses some pleasing nuances of the infinity of colour that charms the world for those who see it. Here in our London, with its fame for grays, what superbness of tints and long range of shade come from the clouds and the atmosphere below through which the sunlight above and beyond is filtered for the confection of opalescent splendours! Looking from the Park over the trees towards the Westminster Cathedral as the evening falls, one may discern delightful subtleties in atmospherical tinting that for their kind can be matched nowhere in the world, because the peculiarities of the London atmosphere, prepared, as it were, by the life and circumstances of London, cannot be matched. But everywhere in Britain the colourings of Nature seem, to our British eyes

at least, to be finer, more delicate, more nicely graduated than elsewhere. It is the island atmosphere, our clouds, our much-abused wronged climate, the mists that lie so constantly upon our land, that make them. Our colourings have often the most refreshing liquid character, and that is one reason why of all countries this is the most splendid and conducive for work in water-colours, and why our water-colour painters are the foremost. In Southern climes there are richer, gaudier colours. In Andalucia, in the south of Spain, the artists of to-day—an enthusiastic new school—are rioting in crimsons, oranges, and yellows, taken straight from Nature. Glorious they are; they burn in the emotions; but they exhaust us soon, and in an art gallery of Seville how like a glass of cool spring water upon the parched tongue would be a fair picture of one of our English landscapes, the inimitable luscious greens dominating! Green is Nature's own favourite colour, and the finest of the earth are the British greens. It is the restful colour, that which never tires. Lately I was far down in the Sahara desert; for days and weeks nothing but the fiercest flaming yellow, with only now and then a parched gray-green in an oasis and a native woman's skirt in a tint of Indian red, a colour which, for some strange reason, the women there uniformly choose. In the desert, where coolness is luxury, blue is never seen except in the firmamental haze. Emerging from it, what a joy to escape from that eternal yellow, and joy again to behold the first flower, grown in the little garden of a stationmaster! He who thus tells of delights is himself but the humblest of all dabblers in colour, who, as is recommended, one day took a box of paints and in the face of Nature began to play with them. From that came new observation, new feeling, a new world. It is an experience that works more upon the spirit than many wars, and works for good.

* * *

Take a little box of paints into the lane, or the field, or the wood, catch upon the key of greens with that enthusiastic combination of gamboge and Prussian blue, and with other colourings, the reds, the browns, the purples, the grays, pass along to rare delights of experiments in tones. From even such a play-time trial, all without knowledge, instinct alone in full command, the joys of the artist's life, its great adventure, may be already in some measure comprehended. He who thus tries and is suddenly fascinated may understand how sensitive was Corot, loving and comprehending Nature as he did, stealing amorously upon her at the dawn when the mists and dews seemed to make up trees of little fluffy balls, and at eventide when other mists fashioned their own effects in his most sensitive artist's soul. These trees of Corot are among the daintiest, most enticing things in art achievement. Once a visitor spoke to him of the lightness of his foliage, and he answered, 'Yes, the birds must be able to fly through the branches.' He was for ever trying to catch Nature in her shy moods. Once he wrote a letter to a friend explaining and telling something of his ways and his emotions. It was a pretty confession. 'A landscape-painter has a delightful day,' he said. 'He rises about three o'clock, before the rising of the sun. He goes and sits down under a tree and waits, watching. At first there is little to be seen. Nature lies behind a white veil, through which some vague masses are faintly visible. Everything is sweetly scented, and trembles under the wakening breeze of the dawn. Bing! The sun gets clearer and begins to break through the fine veil, behind which shelter the fields, the woods, the distant hills. The mists of night still lie like silver on the cool grass. Bing! bing! First one ray of sunlight, then another. The flowerets awake, each one bathing in its drop of pearly dew. The leaves stir in the chill morning air. The birds begin to twitter. . . . One sees nothing, yet all is there! The landscape is hidden as yet behind the transparency of the mist, which will gradually be absorbed by the sun. . . . At last we can see what at first we could only guess at. Bam! The sun has risen. Bam! A peasant crosses the end of the field with his cart and oxen. Ding! ding! says the bell of the ram that leads the flock. Bam! Everything sparkles, glitters; all is in full light, still, soft, and caressing. . . . And I paint! I paint! The far distance in its simple contour and harmony fades into the sky, through an atmosphere of mist and ether. The flowers raise their heads; the birds flit to and fro. A peasant riding a white horse disappears down the narrow path. And the artist? He paints!' Something, at least, of these ecstasies may be gathered by the person who now in the fading summer, the growing autumn, takes for the first time a box of paints into the country, and is born again.

A FRAGMENT.

He—The slow tide creeps along the sandy shore,
A dreary wind blows mournful through the sedge,
And leaden clouds brood heavily above.

My soul has stumbled long through twilight dim,
And now at last the pall of endless night
Has wrapped me round: I sink to rise no more.

She—Courage, brother! Far in the east there glows
A faint sweet light, the Herald of the Dawn—
The sedge rustles with stir of wakening life.

Though in thy soul the lamp of life sinks low,
The light still burns. And now with rosy fingers
The dawn shall touch thy fainting hope to strength.

E. R. Tonge.

'PEA-SOUP.'

PART III.

VIII.

MR HORNBY sat down on the locker, but was not given time to meditate.

'I must get on wi' me pea-soup, or I 'll be late wi' it,' said Doc, throwing the split-peas into the boiler.

'Don't you soak the peas first, Doc?' said Mr Hornby.

'Soak 'em? Naow, sir; if yer soaks 'em, yer makes t' starch in 'em ferment, an' that wouldn't do, would it? Now for t' water, mister,' he said, nodding at a bucket.

Mr Hornby took up the bucket. 'How much shall I put in, Doc? Don't you measure it?'

'Measure it? Naow; put it all in. Don't be frightened on it—"Faint 'eart never made pea-soup."'

'Now!' said Doc. 'It 's made. All yer 'ave to do now is to bile it—don't simmer it—bile it. An' in about a hour, if t' peas ain't broke, yer might put just a pinch ('alf a tea-spoon) o' that stuff they calls bi-carber-nate o' soda (though most times we puts a rusty bolt in for t' same purpose, seein' as we can't alw'ys get bi-carber-nate), but it soon breaks 'em up, no matter 'ow hold they be. Then, once yer peas is broke (*not* afore, or yer 'll spile it), in goes yer bit o' bacon or 'am; an' then yer biles it all for about another couple o' hours.'

'But wouldn't it be very thin with so much water in it as you 've got, Doc?' asked Mr Hornby.

'T' water 'll vaperate quick enough, sir; an' if by chance it 's over thick like, an' yer wants to splice it—make it thinner—just put more 'ot water in. 'Ot water, mind yer; if yer puts cold in, all yer peas 'll go to t' bottom, disgusted wi' yer. It wants to be just like good thick cream from a 'ealthy cow—wi' a pinch o' mint added—an' then, mister, yer wouldn't call t' king yer aunt wi' a couple o' pints o' that safe under yer weskit.'

'That 's capital, Doc,' said Mr Hornby. 'Mrs Hornby will be so grateful, as she was most anxious to know how it was *really* made.'

'My respec'ful respec's to yer good lady, sir, an' she 's welcome, an',' added Doc, 'any one else as belongs to yer, sir, if I may be so bold, sir.'

'Thank you, Doc,' said Mr Hornby with real feeling. 'It has been a most enjoyable day for——'

''Ere yer are, sir,' bellowed Tom, appearing from nowhere at that moment—''ere yer are, all "spit" an' span agen—same as they 'd comed out on a ban'-box—an' lookin' just beaut-i-ful,' he said, waving the spats over his head.

'You *have* made a good job of them, Tom,' said Mr Hornby, admiringly (?). 'How did you manage it?'

'Pinched a bit o' blanker out on old Sails's cabin; it 's wot 'e does 'is white shoes wi' in foreign parts,' said the delighted Tom.

'Oh!—*that* wasn't a bad idea, Tom; but I wonder if my trousers are dry yet?' Mr Hornby said, looking at the clock.

''Ardly,' said Doc; 'but there ain't no 'urry, sir.'

IX.

'Well,' said Mr Hornby, rising and going to his coat, which was hanging up, 'supposing you two left me here and went to have a little refreshment at my expense.' Mr Hornby held out a pound-note to Doc.

To his surprise, neither of the men attempted to take the note; but Tom said, 'Thank yer kindly, sir, but I never touches a drop afore twelve o'clock. I 'aven't for 'ears an' 'ears now. Yer see, sir, I was too hold for to go to t' war, so I 'ad to do somethin' for to show me self-denial for me country, an' I 'se kept me word ever since. No, it 's *'ears* since I 'ad even a "little one" afore twelve o'clock; in fac', it seems to me like a life's imprisonment—an' no 'ope for the future.'

'But it 's twenty minutes *past* twelve now, Tom,' said Mr Hornby, smiling.

'Why, pink me if it ain't!' said Tom, with well-feigned astonishment. 'I made sure it were twenty pas' eleven; *that* comes o' 'avin' good company. An', my word, time do fly when yer 'appy.'

'Let 's *all* go across t' road,' said Doc. 'It wouldn't be friendly like for to leave yer 'ere, sir.'

'Wouldn't it be much nicer if some one brought it here? It would be much more comfortable, and we could continue our talk uninterrupted,' said the anxious Mr Hornby.

'That 's t' ticket,' said Doc.—'Tom, you run up an' get it.'

Mr Hornby gave a sigh of relief.

In a few minutes Tom was on his way with a bag and an order for a bottle of whisky and a dozen of beer, Mr Hornby preferring bottled beer.

On Tom's return with the bag slung over his shoulder, he dropped it gently on the galley locker, saying, 'Pheugh! It 's 'ot. I 'ad a 'ell o' a job wi' them fellers tryin' ter foller me.'

Doc had raised some bread and butter and a very nice-looking piece of cheese from a locker. ''Tain't gordin-zoller, sir,' he said, 'but it 's good.'

'Ain't yer got a bit o' pea-soup, Doc, for to make a start on?' said Tom, who was now sitting on an upturned bucket.

'No, I 'aven't,' said Doc shortly. 'Yer never satisfied, yer ain't. 'Sides, it ain't 'alf ready.'

''Aven't yer a bit o' yesterday's left?' persisted Tom.

'Look for yerself if yer's that 'ungry—I ain't waitin' on yer.'

Tom got up, saying he 'd ''ave a fossick roun',' and going straight to a pan on the shelf, found what he wanted, and put it on the stove to warm up.

'Yer didn't seem for to do much fossicking for to find it,' said Doc. 'Yer 've got a nose like a pilot-fish, yer 'ave.'

Tom said nothing, but, taking his soup and a huge galley spoon, sat down again on his bucket, where he began to enjoy himself—so much so that Doc had at last to remonstrate. ''Ere,' he said, 'I 'll 'ave yer know, Tom, as I made that soup for to be heat, not 'eard. 'Aven't yer got no manners? If hever yer 's born again, Tom—which we 'opes yer won't be—I 'opes yer 'll ask yer ma to send yer to a school wot ain't all pigs.'

'Get on wi' yer cheese, Doc—that beer 's goin' to yer weak 'ead,' said Tom, with a happy grin.

'This is a most enjoyable picnic,' said Mr Hornby; 'I 'm thoroughly——'

Cr-r-r-ash!—and yet another cr-r-r-ash!

Mr Hornby had sprung to his feet, knocking his beer-bottle and glass on to the tiled floor; he was staring wildly out through the galley door on to the quay. 'Shut the door! Shut the door!' he cried frantically to Tom. 'Don't let them see me! For Heaven's sake, keep them away!'

Mr Hornby had seen Mr Slade and Simms standing on the quay!

X.

But Tom was incapable for the moment of shutting doors. At the first crash he had been so taken by surprise that he had rolled over on his back, the bucket shooting from under him like a squeezed pip, and his unfinished pea-soup appeared to have given him a coat of yellow paint all over, from his face down.

The Doc was the first to recover. He began to soothe and assure Mr Hornby, not in the least knowing the cause of it all. 'It 's all right, sir—it 's all right, sir. There ain't nothin' there. There ain't such a thing as a sea-sarpent, sir—there ain't really, sir—it 's all lies. There ain't nothin' there; on me bloomin' oath there ain't, sir.'

Mr Hornby had gathered his wits. 'Keep both those doors shut,' he said, 'and give me my trousers—quick—and my hat!' He began to change quickly, talking at the same time. 'Doc, I must get out of this without being seen.—Tom, you must keep those two on the other side, and when I 'm ready I 'll slip out from this side on to the quay.'

Tom went out to receive the two, who were heard coming along the deck. He skilfully manœuvred them to the offside from the quay, and was engaging them in surly, phosphorous negatives.

'Now, my hat! And good-bye, Doc,' said Mr Hornby, slipping a couple of notes into his hand. 'Say good-bye to Tom for me; and thank you both very much for your kindness.' After shaking Doc violently by the hand, and giving one more look to see if the coast was clear, he slipped out, and disappeared along the quay.

In the meantime Mr Slade was insisting on having the galley door opened, to satisfy himself as to Tom's emphatic statement that 'no one but the old "Doctor" was in there.' But at last Doc opened the door, asking, 'What 's all this blasted noise about? 'Oo the——'

Mr Slade peered in. Satisfied that the 'Doctor' was the only person there, he wheeled round, and without another word walked ashore.

''E *was* there,' said Simms. 'I saw 'im plain. He 'ad different clothes on, but I knew 'im by 'is gold tooth.'

'Hold your tongue, you poisonous little beast,' said the enraged Mr Slade, who was bitterly resenting the world in general; 'can't I believe my own eyes? There was only that one man in there when I looked through the doorway. That settles it, so say no more.'

Simms muttered under his breath that 'ship's galleys always have *two* doors'; but the elasticity of his imagination had snapped, and he lapsed into silence till they reached the office once more.

XI.

Mr Hornby, managing to pick up a taxi, soon reached home.

'You *are* early, Fred; it 's only half-past three,' said Mrs Hornby as he walked in.

'Nothing much doing to-day, Milly, so I went and got you the pea-soup recipe. A lot of bother it was, too!'

'Oh, Fred, didn't you get my telephone message?' said Milly. 'They said you were out, so I left a message for you.'

'Well, I didn't get it. What was it?'

'How stupid of them! I 'm so sorry, Fred; but, you see, Lady Marlow, who has just gone, rang up asking herself to lunch, saying she was bringing the recipe, so I tried to stop you from bothering about it.'

'Well, I 'm *hanged*!' said Fred. 'So you 've got your pea-soup recipe, have you?'

'Oh no!' she said. 'Not for pea-soup—that 's so common—but this is a perfectly delicious one, which I really *did* want. It 's for *mulligatawny*!'

'Milly dear,' said Fred, 'I know it 's only half-past three, but I 'm going to have a good hot bath! It 's been a heavy day.'

THE END.

SOME BRITISH BIRDS.

V.—THE PARTRIDGE.

By H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S., Author of *Habits and Characters of British Wild Animals, Tracks and Tracking*, &c.

I.

NO bird has so many human friends as the partridge—no bird has so many human enemies. There is something in the character of the partridge, and, indeed, of the grouse, which specially endears these two birds to the hearts of sportsmen, and we need not search very far for the reason. It is, I suppose, because in the home-lives of both of them there is much that appeals to the human interest, and one cannot study their ways without acquiring a sense of sympathy for them.

Both the partridge and the grouse are strictly monogamous. This also applies to the ptarmigan, which is less familiar to the sportsman. Pheasants, black-game, and capercaillies, on the other hand, are flagrantly polygamous. There is nothing in their character or their mode of living which specially appeals to the human heart, and consequently we find less interest in the study of their life habits.

But, over and above all this, the partridge is essentially a bird of our homesteads, and it is distinct among our game birds in that the advance of agriculture and the redeeming of wild waste lands are in its favour. In the glens and corries of the Highlands there was at one time far more land under the plough than there is to-day, but the exodus of our young men to the Colonies and the cities led to a general shrinkage in the extent of cultivation outside the wide valleys. Consequently the partridge, once as plentiful in the lower levels as the grouse was on the heights above, slowly migrated towards the border and low-lying coast country, till almost throughout the Highlands it became a comparatively rare bird. Recent years have seen a compulsory increase in the amount of cultivated land in the hills, and it is already very noticeable in many parts of the Highlands that the partridges are returning. During the last two or three years, indeed, I have located breeding couples in small glens where, before the war, their presence was almost or entirely unknown.

Like most gregarious ground birds, partridges are essentially birds of routine habits, and where they are not disturbed by sportsmen, they are found day after day visiting the same places at regular hours—punctual in their coming and going almost to the minute. I used daily to see a covey alight on a patch of waste land near my house at a few minutes after four o'clock. Having remained there twenty minutes or so, they would follow their leader through a certain gap in the wall, and make their way towards their roosting-place. This covey, as is generally the case, roosted night after night in the centre of the same field—a habit to which the poacher is much alive. It is a comparatively easy matter to net roosting partridges on having marked them down; and where they are preserved, it is customary for keepers to stick thorn-branches into the ground about the fields the birds frequent, as these foul the nets, and thus hinder the work of the poacher.

Partridges, however, exercise considerable discretion as regards their roosting habits. As a rule they gather well towards the centre of the field, and the larger the field the better they like it. Thus the danger of surprise attack is very much reduced. To reduce it still further, the birds do not roost all in a bunch, as some authorities state, so that an enemy springing into their midst could kill or wound several of them, but they arrange themselves in a wide circle, each bird several feet from its fellows, so that, at the worst, not more than one of them would fall to a surprise attack, the others hearing and taking flight ere the raider could make a second pounce. I have repeatedly seen partridges arranged thus at their roosting-quarters, and their behaviour, on being disturbed after dark, is interesting. They rise and scatter in all directions, so that for a moment or so one seems to be literally surrounded by a wild burring of wings; but above the general hubbub one marks the commanding 'Creek-creek' of the leader, and listening intently, one hears the general whir of wings converging in the direction he has taken.

As regards partridges roosting in a bunch, it may be added that this habit is confined to cold, snowy snaps, when a covey comprising fourteen or fifteen birds might sometimes be covered with a kitchen tray, huddling closely together for warmth.

II.

Partridges feed in the early morning and in the afternoon, and when one is in pursuit of them it is a great advantage to possess some knowledge of the country, and of the habits of the species. Their choice of surroundings for the various hours of the day depends a good deal on the nature of the country and upon the immediate weather conditions. At midday, during hot weather, I have known all the birds to be in the roots and the potato-fields, which afforded them shelter from the sun. Also at such times I have shot them at woodland-edges, or even deep in the woods, where one most

expected to find woodcock. It is a good plan, on discovering a place at which the birds sun and dust themselves, to make a mental note of it, for, if it can be secretly approached, one is very likely to find the birds there during the heat of the day. The most usually adopted plan, however, is to walk up the stubble and other feeding-ground during the early morning, then follow the birds into the roots as the day advances.

Partridges are most wild and restless during the evening, particularly if the coveys have been split up during the day. This applies specially in the shooting season, when, perhaps, as evening settles, the leader of the covey finds that one or two of his fold are missing, whereupon the birds are to be seen flying restlessly from field to field, calling and listening. On such occasions I have observed a covey to split in two, one parent going in one direction, followed by some of the chicks, and the other going in the opposite direction, all the birds in a much-agitated state. Should they discover the stray, they forgather almost immediately at their roosting-place; but if darkness finds the family still incomplete, the birds are to be heard flying and calling till long after dark.

Theoretically, a covey consists of the two parent birds and their chicks of that year, but the partridges of a given area all seem to be on good terms with one another, and very often two or three families will temporarily or permanently unite. A covey which becomes diminished in numbers, or which is small to begin with, will thus unite with another covey, the two families living together, so far as one can judge, in perfect harmony. This, of course, explains the exceptionally large coveys one sometimes comes across, a family of five or six having joined forces with one already numbering twelve or more.

Invariably one of the adult male birds is elected leader of the covey. His duties are separate and distinct from those of the mother or mothers of the clan. It is a curious fact that, while among birds the leader is invariably a male, the reverse holds good in wild mammal life. It is an old she-rabbit who heads the movements of the colony, and whom the rest follow; and the same condition rules among sheep and deer. A stag may lead the herd when great intrepidity is needed, but an old hind sets the routine of the day. Similarly among wild sheep, an old ewe is invariably at the head of the clan; it is she who leads them from range to range, and at a certain season, when her followers fall sick and know not which way to turn, the old ewe, with years of experience behind her, leads them into some distant range —perhaps to the sea-shore, where the salt they so sorely need can be had for the taking.

Any one who has watched partridges feeding will have observed the parts played by the hen birds and the cocks respectively. The hen bird is in the midst of her brood, helping them to find food, and on the discovery of it calling them about her, much like a domestic hen with her chicks, while the old cock of the covey hangs about in the offing. He is not difficult to locate, for the reason that every few seconds up goes his head, as he keeps an alert look-out for danger. His vigilance never relaxes. When danger is seen he remains upright, whereupon the hen bird will be observed to crouch slightly, the chicks following her example. Should the danger draw nearer, the male bird begins to move off a little way, while the hen and her chicks (possibly full-grown by now) simply fade into the brown level of the landscape. Eventually the cock bird may rise into the air some little distance from the covey, which remains squatting, and fly straight away unaccompanied, the idea being, evidently, to attract attention to himself, to invite pursuit, while the hen and her chicks sneak off in the opposite direction.

When the covey is surprised, the male bird is the first to rise, calling to the others; and thus, as a rule, he is generally the first to fall.

When motoring in the Highlands recently I ran into a brood of newly hatched chicks accompanied by their parents, coming on them suddenly on rounding a bend. It was very interesting to watch the behaviour of the parents. The mother stuck to her brood in the most faithful manner imaginable, and so, indeed, did the father till they were safely in the grass, whereupon he rose and flew off just ahead of the car, satisfied in the thought that we were pursuing him instead of remaining to annihilate his brood!

Anent the statement already made that a covey will sometimes split up in order to search for its missing members, this may be accounted for by there being two families present, each with its own interests at heart.

From the foregoing the question arises: Can partridges count? It is very certain that they know immediately one of their number is missing, searching and calling until it is found or until hope dies; but it may be that they arrive at the knowledge not so much by counting those present as by noticing the absence of the one or more who have failed to put in an appearance.

III.

Most sportsmen have had opportunities of observing the devotion of the parent birds early in the shooting season. I have seen a covey rise and fly off, leaving one or two of its members lying in the stubble for the dogs to retrieve. Two or three hundred yards away one of the parent birds has seemed suddenly to realise what has happened, and detaching itself from the covey, I have seen it come straight back, as if wounded, towards the line of waiting guns, to

turn again on seeing the dead birds, as though now satisfied that they could not follow.

At all times of the year partridges are much given to calling at sundown, covey answering covey in a spirit of 'Here I am; where are you?' The habit is almost analogous to that of the coyote with his twilight song, coyote answering coyote from range to range throughout the jackal universe, till the whole coyote nation, as it were, is drawn together by one vast fabric of wireless intercourse. It is one of nature's methods of taking the census, by which each creature or each clan is kept advised as to the whereabouts of its neighbours. Other creatures have other ways: the hares have their scent-glands, united with a marvellously keen sense of smell; the wolves have their calling-posts, the bears and the badgers their scratching-logs, the beavers their castor-signs, the weasels their musking-places. Indeed, it is probable that all wild creatures have their special and adequate methods of keeping in touch with their neighbours, though we know of comparatively few.

The courtship of the partridge is considered ideal among wild birds, and can be witnessed by any observer amidst suitable conditions in the month of February. The newly mated birds may be seen sitting close together, often so close that their shoulders are touching, and at intervals one will rub its head caressingly against the other. Again, the cock bird may be seen offering every little dainty, imaginary or real, to his mate, while she coyly turns her head away, pretending to be so 'fed up' that she really can't eat it. He insists, and eventually, just to please him, she takes the minute morsel from his beak, and makes a great performance over swallowing it.

It is, of course, well known that the hen bird hides her eggs with grass or leaves when she leaves the nest, until the surrounding herbage is sufficiently grown to render this precaution no longer necessary; and, therefore, when searching for a suspected nest, one needs to exercise much caution as to where one puts one's feet, as the nest with its contents exactly resembles the surrounding ground. It is a good plan, indeed, to keep right away from the place at which birds are thought to be nesting, as calamity of some kind almost invariably follows human interference.

The cock bird assists in incubating the eggs—I have often recognised him on the nest by his distinct 'horse-shoe'—but he does not sit so closely as the hen bird. Charles St John gives an illustration of the fidelity of the partridge mother: one day his retriever lifted a hen bird from her eggs and carried her gently to its master's feet. It is a generous provision of nature, however, that the brooding mothers of the wild, those at any rate that nest on the ground, give very little scent during this vital period of their lives.

The parent partridges are both devoted to their young, and, considering the many enemies that these birds have, it is rather remarkable that they hold their own so well. The eggs are much sought after by ground-hunting animals and by predatory birds; often the nests are swamped; while, again, a good many eggs are addled, owing to the tunnelling of mice and moles under the nests. The eggs then fall through, becoming partially or entirely buried, and, of course, such eggs never come to anything.

IV.

The chicks, when finally they arrive, are subject to many ailments, besides having numerous bird and animal foes. The parents will fight gallantly for them should they be attacked by stoat or weasel, and a farm labourer with whom I am acquainted witnessed such a combat, which he described as lasting some minutes. On his interfering eventually the weasel bounded off, and he found the ground covered with feathers, and two or three dead chicks lying on the scene of the *mêlée*. So absorbed were the two birds in the deadly combat that he almost caught them in his hands.

I remember one terrific hailstorm in Norfolk, which killed not only hundreds of chicks, but scores of parent birds crouching in the open with their chicks sheltered beneath them. We picked up numbers of the poor creatures during a morning's walk, and it was a most distressing sight for any sportsman.

In localities where the ground is of clay formation the partridge chicks have yet another foe, and a very deadly one, during a rainy season. The clay, forming into little pellets, sticks to their down, and steadily accumulates, till they are weighed down by it and unable to follow their parents. A good many partridges, old and young, are killed by flying into telegraph-wires; and a railwayman told me that he had obtained many a Sunday's dinner by picking up birds that had thus fallen—together with an occasional hare, or part of a hare, that had tried to race a train. For this reason it has often been suggested that the partridge is either deficient in intellect or possessed of poor eyesight, neither of which theories strikes one as very convincing. The partridge is certainly not lacking in intellect—or, if so, our remaining game birds are still more lacking. In wild nature the highest kind of intelligence is indicated by the observance of the rules of matrimonial decency and the affection of the male parent for the young; by these tests the partridge stands well up in the scale. The most moral of wild animals—that is, the most monogamous—are invariably the cleverest, as witness the wolf, the fox, and the roe-deer; whereas polygamy indicates low morality, which is low intellectuality—as in the case of the rabbit, the hare, and the red and the fallow deer, which, compared with the roe, are fools.

No one who has studied the partridge can faithfully describe it as a foolish bird, and we should bear in mind that when first telegraph-wires came into use, partridges were killed in such numbers that it was feared the species would eventually die out. They have since become more cautious; that is, they have kept abreast of the times. The explanation of the frequency of accidents doubtless is that the flight of the partridge and the altitude at which it normally flies are such that telegraph-wires constitute a much greater danger to it than to any other fast-flying bird.

When I was living by Loch Ken, a roadman assured me that one dead-still day he saw a covey of partridges alight on the surface of the loch, at least two hundred yards from the shore, evidently mistaking the water for a green field. Only one of the birds saw the mistake in time, and flew on; but the observer could not make out, owing to the glare on the water, whether the birds that had alighted managed to rise. I think that in all probability they would succeed in doing so, as during a forest fire in Canada I on one occasion saw numbers of 'partridges' dive into the river, much as ptarmigan dive into a snow-drift.

It is a pity that the partridge season opens so early, as during the first week or two, especially if the season be late climatically, there are a large number of birds still so weak on the wing that they fall to the most indifferent shot, and some men seem quite incapable of discriminating between old birds and young.

v.

Like the pheasant, the red-legged, or French or Guernsey, partridge is a naturalised bird of comparatively recent date. An effort was first made to establish it during the reign of Charles II., but so far as one can ascertain this initial endeavour met with little success, and it was not till about a hundred and fifty years ago that the French partridge really 'took root.'

In character, colour, and choice of environment it is an entirely different bird from the brown partridge. It is less vociferous, but its call-note is more musical. As a sporting bird it is not equal to the common partridge, nor is it considered such a good table-bird.

The term 'run like a Frenchman' is very commonly heard, but as to whether it has any bearing on events at Waterloo, or is merely of sporting origin, the red-legged partridge being responsible for it, the sportsman may well wonder! These birds, on perceiving the approach of danger, are not given to crouching, as is the common partridge, but, if possible, they will run for cover, and remain there. I have even seen them running ahead of the sportsman within easy range, and when one is wounded it often requires quite a speedy dog to overtake it. Should a wounded bird get away and hide, it is exceedingly difficult to find, causing considerable delay. I remember one such occasion. While all were searching for the wounded bird, an old retriever accompanying us eventually came to the set, his nose against a chink in a low stone bridge spanning a stream in the centre of the meadow! 'The old fool has found a rabbit,' observed one of the party, at which the dog became the centre of amusement; but its owner, in the interim, began diligently to pull the bridge to bits, and eventually he unearthed—the Frenchman! The laugh was then on the side of the opposite party, and I give the anecdote as illustrating an essential difference between the character of the French partridge and that of the brown. A wounded French partridge will run like a hare, and eventually hide itself so securely that it may be impossible to recover it.

The chief recommendation of the French partridge is its very beautiful colouring. It is not so much a bird of the homesteads and the fallow fields as its congener, but loves high, dry country, where crops are few, and where such cover as dense gorse is abundant. In disposition it is a wild bird, preferring wilder surroundings than those among which the brown partridge is found at its best.

While the capercaillie is the largest, the quail is the smallest of gallinaceous birds, and it is the only one of our game birds which finds a place in the Bible. I have never shot quail, but from what I have heard from those who have, the birds afford very indifferent sport, being given to running and to short flights. Indeed, like most Northerners, I have never seen a live wild quail, though when touring in Wales I have heard the birds calling, day and night, shortly after their arrival on these shores.

The quail is, of course, a migrant, and it strikes one unacquainted with it as very strange that a bird which belongs so essentially to the earth should take upon itself such gigantic transcontinental journeys as to be distributed equally over Europe, Asia, and Africa, a process which has entailed the crossing of great waters and vast wastes of desert. During these migrations, which are led by the male birds, tens of thousands are killed in various parts of the world, for in some regions they arrive like swarms of locusts. The bird is less monogamous than the partridge.

IN A HIGHLAND GRAVEYARD DURING A STORM.

THUNDER rattles; lightning flashes;
Black clouds fill the sky:
Quietly, with dead hands folded,
Still, at peace, they lie.

Skies are changing; blue is peeping;
Clouds have rolled away:
Heeding neither storm nor sunshine,
Still, at peace, are they.

ETHEL TALBOT.

SIDE BY SIDE.

By B. Jay.

I.

MR PARTRIDGE was such a little man that to lift a book out of any shelf above the fifth he had to use the steps. Yet his big head held a vast amount of the knowledge stored up in the long shelves of his library.

He scrambled actively up the steps, and reached out for a volume high above him. His face was filled with placid love, and his wrinkled little hand gently caressed the old covers.

'A visitor, sir!'

The contented look gave place to an annoyed expression, suggestive of sulks. 'Tell him I'm busy.'

'Ho! he's 'ere already, sir,' answered the housekeeper, and shut the door behind a dapper young gentleman.

The collector carefully climbed down on to the carpet, and tried to regain his placid look.

'Mr Robinson, I presume? Your letter is on the table.'

'Oh? Yes, apparently it is.'

'You thought I jested?' inquired Mr Partridge, smiling. 'No; the letter is there indeed, for my days of making facetious remarks are over. I think they were more brief than is the case with the majority of men.'

'The—er—the twinkle is in your eye still, sir.'

'You jest, Mr Robinson, surely? Though I am only too anxious to believe myself a wit. Will you walk round my library now?' The young man followed his host with the mincing steps natural to a person of his breeding. 'I have forgotten the reason your letter gave for your desiring to see my books. Your name is an unfamiliar one to me, Mr Robinson. I do not think you are a frequenter of the book clubs?'

'I will be frank——'

'I should scarcely have expected otherwise,' said the old man.

'Eh? Oh, most awfully good of you! Read my ingenuous character in my handwriting, I suppose?'

'Be careful of your cane, young sir. A room packed with books does not permit the swinging of a cat, let alone of an article twice the length.'

'Your nimble wit again, sir. But, as I said, to be frank, I've got to write an article on this sort of thing for a Boston rag. Thought I'd better get my material first-hand.'

'I see. Well, I can spare you half-an-hour. Will you look at this early edition of Swinburne?'

'Nice bright cover,' commented Mr Robinson sagely, as he adjusted his monocle.

'You will put that in your article?'

'Oh, of course—er—of course I jest.'

Mr Partridge felt unusually annoyed, but he soon forgot as he passed slowly by the all-absorbing books. He recited their names fondly, now and then scrambling up the steps to point out a favourite.

'There—there's a book that would interest you, *The History of Playing Cards.*' (I doubt if he could ever write an article on it.)—'Here I have a first edition of the *Seven Lamps of Architecture.* Eh? Ruskin, of course. There are the two volumes of Bewick's *British Birds*; and—I can't quite reach—there——'

'That's a shabby affair,' remarked the journalist, interrupting quickly, as Mr Partridge was fetching the steps again.

'You hurt me, Mr Robinson. That is almost the dearest of all these dear books.'

'In which sense of the word?' asked Mr Robinson, passing on and staring through a window that opened on to a gorgeous but uncared-for garden.

'In every sense; and it may interest you to know that you are the first person, besides myself, to see that book.'

'Fine pink geraniums in that bed!'

'Ger—geraniums? This book has a story.'

'All decent books have,' said the young man, pushing open the window and elegantly sniffing the air. The placid expression seemed permanently to have left Mr Partridge's face.

'That book—no one knows of it!' he exclaimed, trotting over the carpet with much agitation. 'It was the beginning of this collection; it was in my family for years, hidden away, because no one understood its value. It is a copy of a famous illustrated edition of the stories of La Fontaine, Volume I. The second volume is in the hands of a bookseller in Kensington, a Mr Barley, who refuses to sell it to me for a price within my purse, because he hopes to obtain the first volume. He doesn't know I have it, you see, Mr Robinson, so we are at a deadlock.'

'Topping little anecdote,' agreed Mr Robinson cheerfully.

'It is the aim of my life to procure that second volume.'

'Does you credit,' said Mr Robinson with a bow. 'Hope you succeed in diddling the old bookseller.'

They stood by the doorway, the young man the taller by a foot. Mr Partridge shut the door with relief, and drew his arm-chair from the desk to the fireside.

'Now, I wonder,' he mused, dangling his slippered feet on the curb—'I wonder—— He isn't what I imagined a journalist to be. He was a little unsophisticated, just a little, but full of life. I wonder——' He rang the bell.

'I will go,' he informed his housekeeper, 'to have one more try for it, one more look; so bring me my galoshes.'

II.

It was a fifteen minutes' walk to Mr Barley's book-shop, but the old collector did it in twelve with Volume II. waiting for him at the end. He knew the exact number of steps from the doorway of the shop to the dark little corner where Volume II. lived—ten of his own quick, little trots, six of Mr Barley's strides.

Mr Partridge was glad that a considerable number of customers were present; it enabled him to have one more fond peep before haggling again over the price with the inexorable bookseller.

Fortunately for him, the La Fontaine was only on the fourth shelf, and could be examined with ease. Mr Partridge noticed that a slight scratch had been inflicted on the cover since he last saw it. He sighed over the profanity, and waited for the last of the customers—a journalist borrowing knowledge—to go.

For such an old and distinguished client as Mr Partridge, Mr Barley came from behind his protective counters. The two bookmen inclined their heads to one another, Mr Barley slowly and solidly, Mr Partridge with the perkiness of the sparrow.

'To what do I——'

'This book,' interrupted the quivering little collector. 'This book tugs at my heart-strings, Mr Barley. It is even likely to do the same at my purse-strings. You know, Mr Barley, this is an incomplete possession, just a second volume, so why deny me my little fancy?'

'When the first comes to keep it company, its value will increase fivefold.'

'But you don't even know whether any copy of the first is still in existence. What good——? Oh, my dear Mr Barley, be reasonable. Let me have it for thirty pounds. I'm an old customer, you know.'

Mr Partridge rubbed his little forefinger up and down the cover. His agitation was obvious, but it failed to impart itself to Mr Barley.

'I must look after my own interests,' said he.

'It's not looking after them to disoblige a client, Mr Barley. You are trying to roast the pig by——'

'Double the sum you mentioned, Mr Partridge, will buy that book.'

'Mule!' muttered the irate little collector, as Mr Barley strolled across to a fresh customer. The red morocco of La Fontaine's *Contes et Nouvelles en Vers* peeped so invitingly from the fourth shelf that Mr Partridge drew it out and turned the pages with a sorrowful reverence. How complete, how satisfying those two volumes would look side by side!

Mr Partridge sniffed at the thought, and the few hairs left to him trembled with emotion. He shook his fist almost ferociously at Mr Barley's back, and slipped Volume II. into his pocket.

The fifteen minutes' walk home seemed to be taking him fifty, for with every step forward Mr Partridge made he tried to go back. It was difficult for him to realise that he had done one of the things that usually existed only in newspapers. Once Mr Partridge had been on the jury at the Petty Sessions, and had seen two thieves. He had wondered what made people want to steal; even now, with his first-hand knowledge of robbery, he could not answer the question.

He escaped a motor-omnibus by means of a series of little trots, and waited nervously on the 'island.'

'I—I am only going to see how they look together,' he whispered to the lamp-post. 'You watch, and you'll see me bringing it back this afternoon.'

Mr Partridge crossed to the pavement, and wished he might forget the book in his pocket for a moment. Yet he was elated to know that soon it was to be put next to Volume I.

Some one he knew blundered past him—Mr Robinson. The young man seemed anxious to avoid notice, and was in a great hurry. Mr Partridge turned to watch what he considered a fine specimen of youthful agility. Happy days! Oh, that taxi! Mr Partridge wondered how young people ever managed to live to a sedate old age.

His housekeeper let him in, and then it seemed that the library door was harder than usual to open. Mr Partridge contrived to turn the handle at last, and as he carried Volume II. proudly to his desk he knew very well that he was never going to put it back on the fourth shelf at Mr Barley's.

Slowly, very slowly, because the moments were of intense enjoyment to him, the collector walked down his carpeted library with the stolen book. Soon they would be together—Volumes I. and II.! Mr Partridge winked to keep back a happy little tear that trembled on the brink.

He pattered to the end wall near the open window, and traced his hand along the shelf until he came to the nook of Volume I.

Volume I. was gone!

III.

Volume II. slipped unheeded from his short fingers, and Mr Partridge, his look of placid contentment hidden away among the leaves of his lost treasure, walked back to his arm-chair. There were gaps on either side of him that he

failed to fill, and his legs were too short to touch the ground. He fumbled for the foot-stool, and wondered why any one had troubled to bring him into existence when he was doomed to be such an undersized little specimen.

But who had taken Volume I.? Who knew of it? The old man drooped limply across his desk. He no longer needed Volume II. He had soiled his character for nothing—not that it mattered much. He raised himself slowly, and crawled down the room to where the book lay open on the floor.

Out again for the fifteen minutes' walk! It had never seemed such a wearisome fifteen. He waited in the shadow of the book-shop door while Mr Barley disposed of a customer. The dealer seemed less stolid than previously, probably because he was agitated about his loss.

'He must be feeling it even as much as I do,' muttered the little man by the door, as he clutched the book firmly through the outside of his pocket.

'Mr Barley, I have to tell you——' he began helplessly when the customer left them alone.

'I've something extraordinary to tell you,' interrupted Mr Barley, his broad face glistening with moist excitement.

'I know——'

'About three minutes after you went the last time, a man—listen—a man brought in La Fontaine, Volume I.! Think, the years I've waited for it! You look surprised—I don't wonder; but there's the rest of it to come! I paid a fiver to the young fellow.'

'Young?'

'Yes, a young fop with a monocle. I took the book along there to put it with Volume II., when blessed if Volume II. hadn't gone! Just think! Waited years for the thing, and then—it beats me!'

'So,' whispered Mr Partridge to himself, 'that was why young Robinson wanted to see my books!'

'What did you say?'

'I—er—said some scoundrel must have stolen it,' answered Mr Partridge. 'Could you show me the book that came in?' he added.

They turned towards the sacred corner, Mr Barley reaching it in six firm strides, Mr Partridge in his ten little trots.

'Deuce knows where Volume II. is!' remarked Mr Barley, with more than usual ardour, as he looked ruefully at his new possession. 'No good going along the shelf, Mr Partridge; I've hunted everywhere.'

'Oh, oh—have you?' exclaimed Mr Partridge, suddenly fumbling with a volume. 'But it's here, right at the end. I must have put it back in the wrong place when I was looking at it this morning.'

'You don't mean it!' exclaimed Mr Barley excitedly. 'It must have been there all the time, then. Just fancy!'

'Yes, I am fancying. Would you mind'—Mr Partridge hesitated, trembling at the magnitude of his proposal—'would you mind putting them in their places—letting me see them together?'

'Eh? Why, of course,' said Mr Barley, pushing the books on to the fourth shelf, side by side.

'Thank you,' whispered the little, old collector, and the smile of contentment came back to his face.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

HUMAN ADAPTATION TO HIGHER ALTITUDES.

IN our February issue we drew attention to an interesting article on this subject by Captain Kingston, of the Indian Medical Service. The author's main contention, that residence at a great elevation leads to such an increase in the number of red blood-corpuscles as largely to atone, so far as the aeration of the blood is concerned, for the rarity of the atmosphere, is amply borne out by the results of the scientific expedition to the Peruvian Andes successfully carried through some time ago. Professor Meakins, a member of the expedition, in addressing the Royal Society of Edinburgh, declared that the rural population, whose ancestors had lived in that lofty region for at least four hundred years, appeared particularly happy and robust, and performed all the work of the mine, the field, and the trail with no inconvenience to themselves or loss of efficiency. In appearance they were ruddy-cheeked, the colour of their cheeks and mucous membranes being a deep purple, and those examined showed in the amount of red blood-corpuscles and hæmoglobin an increase of from 40 to 50 per cent. above the normal at sea-level. Men and boys—some of the latter said to be about ten years of age—were observed carrying sacks of ore weighing from 50 to 100 lb. up a steep incline of 5 in 12 for a distance of 200 yards. This laborious work they continued to do for hours on end, with apparently little or no distress. Thus, though the purple colour of the cheeks clearly indicated a certain deficiency of oxygen in the arterial blood, this deficiency was not so great as to prevent the inhabitants from accomplishing considerable feats of physical strength.

Nature's marvellous power of adapting herself to a changed environment was strikingly shown

in another way. On comparing the natives with the resident and visiting Europeans as regards physical characteristics, it was found that the former were a distinctly shorter race, being on the average fully 7 inches less in height than the Europeans, but that the chest circumference was practically the same. By means of X-ray examinations, it was ascertained that, in comparison with the height of the chest, there was amongst the natives a distinct increase in width; and, further, it was demonstrated that the greater part of this increased width was brought about by the elevated position of the ribs in their relation to the spine and the breast-bone. Whereas in normal Europeans the ribs are oblique, the obliquity tending downwards and forwards, in the native population the ribs assume a more transverse position, thus increasing the capacity of the chest, and allowing of the entrance of a larger volume of rarefied air for the aeration of the blood. The Europeans who had resided at this altitude for some years had gradually acquired a similar elevated position of the ribs; but it could not be demonstrated that any member of the expedition had so adapted himself to his environment during his comparatively brief sojourn. Nature does not normally work so quickly as that would imply.

AN ECONOMICAL KETTLE ON SCIENTIFIC LINES.

The application of scientific principles to the construction of domestic utensils is a marked feature of the times. A recent development of this nature is the application, by an ingenious engineer, of the principle of the water-tube boiler to the ordinary household kettle. The central portion of the bottom of the kettle is plain; set in a ring round the outer part are a number of holes, each of which gives access to a truncated cone which passes up through the outer part of the body of the kettle, and ends in a much smaller opening at the top. When the kettle is filled and placed on a gas-ring, the burning gas, after playing on the central part of the bottom, enters the conical tubes, thus greatly increasing the heating surface, and causing the kettle to boil in a much shorter time. In a series of careful experiments which we made, we found that a saving of 30 per cent. was effected (with, of course, a corresponding saving in the amount of gas consumed) in the time taken to boil a measured quantity of water in one of these kettles, as compared with a kettle of the same material constructed in the ordinary way. It is also claimed that the rapid circulation of the water which takes place during the process of heating entirely prevents the deposition of scale, however hard the water may be; thus the kettle maintains its efficiency unimpaired throughout the whole course of its life. It is well made of block-tin, and may be had in two sizes.

THE MOST POWERFUL BRITISH LOCOMOTIVE.

Although a big locomotive recently put into service on the Great Northern Railway would look insignificant beside some of the American types that have been described in these notes, it is no pigmy, as the following particulars will show. In front is the usual four-wheeled bogie; next follow three pairs of driving-wheels coupled together, these being 6 feet 8 inches in diameter. The rear end of the engine is supported by one pair of smaller wheels. There are three cylinders, two outside and one in the middle; all are 20 inches in the bore, and have a stroke of 26 inches. A crank on the middle driving-wheel axle takes the power from the middle cylinder; the outside cylinders drive on to crank-pins on the wheels themselves. No less than 6 feet 5 inches in diameter in the barrel, the boiler is approximately 26 feet in length, and contains 3455 square feet of heating surface. The area of the furnace grate is 41¼ square feet, it being roughly 6 feet long by 7 feet wide. After leaving the boiler, and before being admitted to the cylinders, the steam is superheated, while the working pressure is 180 pounds per square inch. Measuring about 36 feet in length, the engine weighs 92½ tons; with the tender, which is, of course, a very big one, the total weight is nearly 149 tons, and the length 70½ feet. According to *The Times Trade Supplement*, this engine is the most powerful yet put in service on home railways.

AN AUTOMATIC ILLUMINATED LANDING-GROUND SIGN.

Although in this country the lighting of emergency landing-grounds for aircraft is easily arranged, this is not always the case in sparsely populated regions; hence automatic apparatus which requires attention only at long intervals is a necessity. An illuminated wind-indicator and ground sign which will light up automatically at sunset and go out at sunrise for six months or even a year was lately tested at Croydon. It is in the form of a huge T, of which the longer member measures 20 feet in length, while the cross-piece is 10 feet long. A rod with a balance-weight at the end projects in line with the longer member, which it exactly balances. The whole contrivance swings horizontally on a vertical pin passing through the junction between the middle of the cross-piece and the end of the longer member or tail. Under the end of the tail is a vertical wind-vane, which keeps the T always heading into the wind. Stays fixed to an upright rod near the pin render the device rigid. A lantern, fitted with dioptric lenses, above the middle of the cross-piece throws a light of 27,000 candle-power upon each of the three arms. Dissolved acetylene, stored in steel cylinders, furnishes the light. The burner is of the mantle type, the mantles

being changed automatically; while the lantern is lit and extinguished automatically by the action of sunlight. If desired, the light can be arranged to flash at regular intervals, so as to indicate a particular landing-ground. At night the sign is visible as a flashing light for 12 miles, and its shape and bearing are readily discernible at a distance of from 2 to 3 miles; in the day-time it can be seen 5 miles away.

AN UNBREAKABLE PETROL-TANK.

The advantages for use in aeroplanes of a petrol-tank which will not fracture and leak when a machine crashes are too obvious to need emphasis. Many airmen have lost their lives through escaping petrol which has become ignited as the result of a crash. For fighting-aircraft it is equally important that bullet-holes should not cause the petrol-tank to leak. Some time ago prizes were offered by the Air Ministry for tanks that would satisfy the requirements indicated above. The first prize was won by a thin steel tank enclosed in a rubber envelope. The joints of the tank are welded, and the rubber cover, which is detachable, is in one piece. To test the ability of the tank to withstand crashing, it was mounted in an imitation fuselage, together with a block of concrete to represent the engine. The complete contrivance was suspended on a runway and let loose at a predetermined height. Even after this searching test the steel tank did not leak, although it was badly crumpled. The tank also withstood the firing tests, the rubber closing up after the passage of the bullets. A prize of fourteen hundred pounds was awarded for this tank.

MELTING IRON UNDER WATER.

In these days of popular science series, and when engineering matters are dealt with in widely read illustrated journals, most people know that a jet of flame from acetylene mixed with oxygen is capable of cutting through masses of metal by melting it away. Familiar as one may be with this fact, it is startling to find that a similar process can be carried on under water. Not long since the 36-inch iron pipe which brings water from the Catskill Mountains to part of Greater New York was damaged by a dredger at a point where it passes under the harbour. As some 125,000 people were dependent upon this pipe for their water-supply, it was necessary to repair it before the water in the local reservoir was used up. The pipe is laid in 12-foot lengths, and the problem to be solved was the renewal of the damaged section, without disturbing the pipe at each side of it. Owing to the joints being made by the small end of one pipe entering into the large end of the next, the damaged length could not be lifted without cutting away the joint with the adjacent section at one end; in fact, the large end of the adjacent pipe was cut off entirely, which allowed of lifting one end of the damaged section. By cutting away the upper part at the other end it was possible to withdraw the broken pipe. A new section was made with the usual large end, which was jointed as before. The other end was left 10 inches short to allow of lowering the pipe into a horizontal position, so that the large end could be slipped over the small end of the next section. The gap of 10 inches was made tight by putting a sleeve over it, and caulking with lead. Not only was it necessary to make the cuts already specified, but the hole made by the dredger had to be enlarged to enable a diver to pass through, as some of the cutting had to be done from the inside. All of this cutting, a length of about 30 feet, was carried out by means of a gas-electric burner, the invention of Mr Ralph E. Chapman. The cutting was done by the heat of an electric arc combined with that of a special gas. A powerful electric current passes to the burner through an insulated cable inside the gas hose-pipe. The burner consists of a carbon electrode, which is held within about a quarter of an inch of the metal to be cut. When the current is switched on, an arc is formed which is far hotter than the melting-point of cast-iron. The gas issues through jets round the point of the electrode, and being at a higher pressure than that due to the depth of the water, it keeps the water away from the arc. It is also inflammable, and increases the heat while it blows away the melted metal. The thickness of the metal to be cut ranged from $1\frac{5}{8}$ inches to $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the cutting took nine days. According to *Engineering*, from which journal this description has been taken, an electrode lasts for about half-an-hour, and the rate of cutting was 4 inches to 6 inches an hour, varying with the thickness of the metal, the temperature of the water, and the ease with which the divers could reach their objectives. The depth of water over the pipe was 53 feet, but the burner is said to have operated satisfactorily under 70 feet of water.

A NEW 'DAYLIGHT' LAMP.

In the early days of electric lighting the arc light was especially favoured for matching colours, as being the nearest approach to daylight of any artificial illuminant. More recently efforts have been made to imitate daylight by means of lamps of the incandescent type. One very successful method, which was described in these notes in February 1920, consists in projecting the light upwards on to coloured reflectors; these absorb the excess of red and yellow rays, and reflect downwards an excellent imitation of daylight. Lately it has been found possible to correct the light from the filament by colouring the bulb. In form the 'daylight' lamps closely resemble those in ordinary use, but the bulbs are made of a special blue glass, which absorbs

the excess of red and yellow rays. They are gas-filled lamps with osram filaments. Among the many places in which such lamps would prove advantageous may be mentioned dye-works, shops, artists' studios, picture galleries, printing-works (especially where colour-printing is done), and museums. Of especial interest is the fact that Lord Rothschild has installed these lamps to illuminate his wonderful collection of butterflies. Artist users include Messrs John Hassall and G. E. Studdy. At present the lamps are made for 100 to 130, and 200 to 260, volts, and each absorbs 100 watts. The lamps can be fitted in ordinary holders without additional apparatus.

ROADS FORMED OF CONCRETE DISCS.

It is now generally admitted that concrete forms the best foundation for roads which are subject to heavy traffic. Unfortunately, as ordinarily laid, it takes many weeks to harden, during which period the road or street has to be closed. In big cities this delay is a serious drawback, as was strongly in evidence last year when Oxford Street, London, was being relaid. A new form of concrete roadway has lately been devised which overcomes this difficulty. Roads are being constructed of concrete discs measuring 2 feet in diameter by 6 inches thick. These are laid touching each other, the spaces left by the round edges being filled with concrete blocks which fit the curves of the discs. Blocks and discs are keyed together by pins, which pass diagonally through both, holes being provided for this purpose when the units are cast. The whole is finally made into an apparent monolithic structure by flooding with thin cement, which fills all the joints, and leaves a level bed for wood blocks, macadam, or other surface material, where such is desired. A hole is left in the middle of each disc to facilitate handling, the discs being thus easily rolled into position. A road made of these concrete discs can be used almost immediately after it is finished. One important advantage is that the blocks are easily taken up for the laying or repairing of water, gas, or electricity mains, the connecting-pins being driven right through into the ground to liberate the units. A concrete disc road with no surface-covering has been in use at the Great Western Railway goods-yard at Southall for some six months, one half being subject to heavy traffic on the part of coal-carts, while these vehicles stand on the other. Yet, according to *The Times Trade Supplement*, 'there is little difference to be seen in the condition of the two halves.' Road sections on this system are to be laid at Chelsea, Leeds, Nottingham, and other places.

ALCOHOL *VERSUS* PETROL.

Alcohol, or motor spirit made from it, is being widely used as an alternative fuel to petrol in Germany, South Africa, Australia, and other countries, and many advocate its adoption in the British Isles, on the score that unlimited quantities can be produced within the Empire, whereas most of our petrol comes from foreign sources. It is true that investigations carried on by committees of the Fuel Research Board, as recorded in these notes some time ago, do not promise low-priced alcohol in this country in the near future, but there is little doubt that eventually the price will be reduced below that of petrol. So far as its value as a fuel is concerned, a recent report of the Engineering Sub-Committee of the Empire Motor Fuels Committee of the Imperial Motor Transport Council affords conclusive evidence that alcohol is not only as good as petrol, but substantially better. This report is based upon extended trials with a Ricardo variable-compression engine under almost every conceivable condition. Alcohol of 95 per cent. purity was used without denaturents, which might have affected the results. Among the conclusions reached by the sub-committee were the following: Alcohol can be employed from the low compression employed on paraffin-engines up to a far higher compression than can be used on any petrol-motor. The thermal efficiency obtainable with alcohol is higher than with petrol or benzol. There was no evidence at any piston speed attained in the engine that the rate of combustion of alcohol under the conditions obtaining was too slow to obtain the maximum effect. Detonation does not occur at compressions up to 8 : 1, and pre-ignition does not occur at 6 : 1, even when running for long periods at the highest possible power output of the engine. There were no evidences whatever of corrosion in the engine. Increase in the water contents up to 10 volumes per cent. is an advantage, particularly in very high compression engines. In other respects alcohol is a more satisfactory fuel than petrol, being smokeless when burned, while water will put it out if it should catch fire.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (*a*) a reply post-card, or (*b*) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

For its return in case of ineligibility, a stamped and directed envelope (or postage-stamps) should accompany every manuscript.

To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

LEARNING BUSINESS.

By E. R. PUNSHON, Author of *The Woman's Footprint*, *The Wilderness Lovers*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

SINCE he left school at the age of eighteen Reggie Halstan's life had been divided into two unequal parts, the first and briefer devoted to cricket, the second and longer to war. Cricket he had almost entirely forgotten; war he remembered too well. Of no other single subject did he know enough either for memory or forgetfulness, and it was with the feeling of an unguided wanderer in an unknown country that he found himself, within a week of being 'demobbed,' listening to the account of the present position and future prospects of Halstan and Company, of Egg Alley, Cheapside, as expounded by Mr Thewn, the manager, in whose hands the sole direction of the concern had rested since the death of Reggie's father, the founder of the business, soon after the outbreak of the war.

'Sounds pretty blue,' he commented when at last Mr Thewn paused; for that things were, generally speaking, in a very bad way was the one fact that seemed to emerge clearly from the bewildering hail of facts and figures which the manager had thrown at his head for (as it seemed to him) several hours on end.

'I felt it my duty,' said Thewn, a tall, thin man with heavy eyes and a clean-shaven face, 'to put the matter as plainly as possible. That is why I had this special balance-sheet drawn up, so that you could see at a glance exactly how things stand.'

As he spoke he tapped with his long, lean forefinger one of the papers in the pile littering the table at which they sat, and mechanically Reggie picked it up and looked vaguely at the two parallel rows of figures which, he knew, revealed at a glance, to those who understood, exactly how the business stood, but which conveyed to him in his ignorance just nothing at all. 'By Jove!' he said presently; 'that's jolly curious, isn't it?'

'What?' asked Mr Thewn, a little surprised that Reggie understood the figures sufficiently well to find anything about them either curious or anything else.

'Perhaps you hadn't noticed,' said Reggie, 'but the totals on both sides are the same exactly—the same to a penny.'

This really seemed to him most remarkable, for he supposed in his innocence that it meant that by some odd freak of chance the incomings and outgoings of the business exactly corresponded. But the glance Mr Thewn threw at him when he said this was almost savage in its contempt. 'The figures are meant to agree,' said the manager curtly; 'that's what they are for.'

'Oh!' said Reggie, flushing a little, feeling he had made a mistake and floundering farther into the morass. 'Oh, I see; but—er—is that quite—square? Isn't it rather like—well, faking the thing?'

'Oh, this balance-sheet isn't faked,' retorted Mr Thewn. 'It would probably show better results if it were.'

He made not the least attempt to explain, and it was more his manner than his words that made Reggie realise he had been guilty of an unpardonable blunder. He felt he was flushing to the roots of his hair, and he almost—but not quite—wished himself back in muddy trenches, with the playful shrapnel bursting near, and the gay high-explosive rollicking round.

With what he intended to be an impressive air he laid the balance-sheet down on the table again. 'I will go into it thoroughly later on,' he said; but the only effect of this brave declaration was to draw a palpable sneer from Mr Thewn, who remarked crushingly, 'Yes, Mr Halstan, I would if I were you.'

'You know, all this is a bit of a facer,' Reggie went on, half to himself. 'Out at the front we always thought every one at home was making pots of money.'

'The business has suffered,' answered Mr Thewn coldly, 'and suffered severely, from having no responsible head. I have done my best; but a manager is not a proprietor or a partner, and has not the same influence or authority.'

This was the invariable explanation Mr Thewn offered when Reggie expressed any surprise over the fact that the business his father had built up and left in such a flourishing condition had during these five years of war drifted perilously near bankruptcy. Nor was there any mistaking the tone of bitter resentment in which the

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

manager spoke, a tone which made Reggie feel distinctly uncomfortable. He knew well that Mr Thewn considered he ought to have been taken into partnership; but almost the last letter Reggie had received from his father had contained a warning, that was almost a command, to do nothing of the sort.

'Thewn is competent and energetic, and an excellent man of business,' old Mr Halstan had written in this letter, 'and he will do well under your strict supervision. But never take him into partnership.'

This injunction Reggie had not felt he could ignore, even though he knew that Mr Thewn felt very strongly on the point, and though he was also well aware that the clause 'under your strict supervision' bore, as things had turned out, an intensely ironic and mocking significance, one that went far to nullify old Mr Halstan's last command.

'Oh, well,' he said drearily, 'I suppose we must just put our backs into it and try to shove the old thing up again where she belonged while father was alive.'

'No doubt,' agreed Mr Thewn smoothly, 'matters will improve now there is once more a responsible head of affairs on the spot.'

The bitterness of the tone was again unmistakable, but Reggie gave no sign of having noticed it. He felt allowance must be made for the manager's not unnatural sense of injury. 'I shall have to depend a lot on you, Thewn,' he said, looking full at him; and if he felt any disappointment that the manager made no sign of response, he did not show it. 'Is there anything you can suggest?' he asked.

'There is, of course, the offer from the Mottram people,' remarked Mr Thewn.

'Oh yes,' agreed Reggie, and fidgeted aimlessly in the litter of documents before him. 'They offer to buy us up for ten thousand, don't they?'

'Yes,' said Mr Thewn.

'What do you think?' asked Reggie after a pause.

'I think,' answered Mr Thewn, 'it is entirely for you to decide. We of the staff'—his tone was acid as he said this—'are hardly concerned. Miss Mottram would carry on the business much as before, and I have no doubt she would be willing to keep us all on.'

Now indeed he scarcely troubled to conceal the hostility and resentment that sounded in his voice, and Reggie, who during five long years of war had at least learnt to judge men, began to realise that his manager was also his enemy.

A feeling of extraordinary helplessness came over him. He knew so little, he understood so little, his experience was so limited, he felt like a child playing amidst forces of which it knows nothing. What was the good of his knowledge of how, for instance, to attack a nest of machine-guns, spitting ceaseless death all around, to him here in this busy, peaceful city, where every smiling, conventional face seemed to mask a ruthless will to take every possible advantage of his ignorance and inexperience?

'The other war was cleaner,' he said to himself; and then he asked aloud, 'Miss Mottram—did you say Miss Mottram?'

'Yes,' answered Thewn. 'Mr Mottram has practically retired, and Miss Mottram controls the business now—and controls it very well. There isn't a smarter man of business in the city, or one who knows more.'

Reggie permitted himself a moment of envious admiration for this unknown woman who was so smart and capable, and who knew as much as any business man in the city. 'And it is she who is offering to buy us up?' he remarked.

'She says she will give ten thousand spot cash for the business as a going concern,' answered Mr Thewn.

Reggie understood that Mr Thewn both wished and hoped for the acceptance of the offer. 'Ten thousand is a lot of money,' he said thoughtfully, and he reflected that with that amount of capital one could go to one of the colonies and make a good start, in a new country, face to face with Nature, far away from all mysterious puzzling things like balance-sheets, away from all this atmosphere of doubt and suspicion that he felt around him on every side like a fog.

'It's a good offer,' observed Mr Thewn. 'Better than bankruptcy,' he added abruptly.

In spite of himself Reggie jumped in his chair, and he wondered what his father would have thought if he could have foreseen that within five years of his death that word 'bankruptcy' would come to be pronounced in connection with the business of which he had been so proud.

'I must think it over,' Reggie said aloud. 'It was the Mottram people, wasn't it, who got the Scottish Supply contract we had so long?'

'Yes,' agreed Mr Thewn; 'they have always been our chief rivals. And they have got a share now of the Jackson connection. If they secure much more of it, we may as well put up the shutters—and then the business would not be worth ten thousand pence.'

'Then you think I ought to accept?' Reggie asked.

'It would be safer, perhaps; it would be the most prudent thing to do,' answered Mr Thewn slowly. 'But it is for you to decide. At any rate, it would do no harm to call on Miss Mottram. She is a very remarkable woman, and a chat with her need not bind you in any way.'

This advice seemed good to Reggie. 'Right-o, I will!' he said. 'I'll go and lunch now, and then I'll drop round there before I come back.'

He nodded, and presently took his departure. As soon as he had gone Mr Thewn went to his

private telephone and rang up Mottrams. 'I want Miss Mottram herself,' he said. 'Is that Miss Mottram? Our young man is coming round to see you after lunch. I believe he is prepared to sell out; but if you hold back a little and don't seem too eager, I think you can get the business for half your offer or less.'

'For five thousand?' repeated Miss Mottram's voice. Evidently she was a good deal surprised, and it was with almost a note of remonstrance that she added, 'Why, it's worth that ten times over.'

'To us it is,' agreed Thewn; 'and once we have it in our hands, we can soon make it worth double and treble that. But to this young slacker it's worth nothing; it's a charity to give him anything at all. We ought to let it go into bankruptcy, and then buy it for a few hundreds. He is simply the most utter young fool I ever met. Why——' And with a giggle Mr Thewn repeated the story of the balance-sheet, and of Reggie's unlucky wonder that both sides thereof corresponded to a penny.

Miss Mottram laughed heartily, her merriment coming thin and clear over the line. 'But is that true?' she asked.

'Oh, perfectly; I'm not exaggerating in the least,' Thewn answered. 'The boy's a regular ninny, and we've a soft thing on. You needn't give a penny more than five thousand—less if you like. If he shies at all, hint at bankruptcy, and mention that you have already a good share of the Jackson connection. There is the Singapore United Planters Agency, too—tell him you are thinking of bidding for that. Oh, you can soon bring him to heel, I can tell you, a young fool like that.'

'We don't want to skin him too close,' said the voice over the 'phone doubtfully. 'It doesn't look well to go too near the bone. I'll give him five thousand, anyhow, if only out of charity.'

'All right,' answered Thewn; and as he hung up the receiver he muttered, 'Charity indeed—charity begins at home. Anyhow, if Mottrams buy the concern at such a bargain price I shall have earned the directorship they promise me.'

About half-past four that afternoon the 'phone rang again, however, and Miss Mottram's voice inquired ill-temperedly, 'Are you there? Is that Mr Thewn? Are you alone? Young Halstan has not been in yet.'

'No, I know,' Thewn answered, his voice very ruffled and angry. 'The youngster is a bigger fool even than I thought—he has just got back, and he told me in the calmest way in the world that he met a pal at lunch, and they had a game of billiards together, till it got so late he thought he would put off seeing you till to-morrow. Billiards—that's his idea of business—billiards. Sickening, I call it.'

'Perhaps it's as well,' said Miss Mottram calmly. 'We have just landed another big order from Jackson's. When he does come, I can mention that casually; it will help him to make up his mind to sell.'

'I don't believe he has a mind to make up,' growled Thewn as he hung up the receiver. And, indeed, how was he to know that the brilliant raid Reggie had planned and carried out on the German trenches before Arras, the raid that won him his company and the D.S.O., had been thought out during a long afternoon he had spent playing billiards at a certain rest-camp?

(*Continued on page 648.*)

STEVENSON AS I KNEW HIM IN SAMOA.

By the Rev. A. E. Claxton.

IT was my privilege to enjoy the friendship of R. L. S. from December 1889 till April 1892, when I left the Samoan Islands with my family for England. Stevenson arrived in Samoa on the 7th of December 1889, and came to lunch in my missionary home at Leulumoenga, eighteen miles from Apia, about a week later.

The town of Leulumoenga had been the headquarters of the opposition Government of Tamasese, and had been taken and burnt out by the Malietoa army not long before. When I took my guest to the boundary wall of my garden and pointed out to him a large native house on the other side of the wall, he said, 'This looks like something official; why wasn't this one burnt also?'

I shall never forget the astonishment on his face and in his voice when I told him that the house was the *Fale Fono* (Parliament House) of the Tamasese party, and that it had been spared because the Malietoans would not endanger the mission bungalow, which, being so near, and having a thatch roof, might have caught fire if they had set fire to the *Fale Fono*. 'Is it possible they could under such circumstances be so considerate?' was his exclamation. 'How very remarkable! How convinced both parties must have been of the inflexible neutrality of missionaries, since you must have had daily dealings with the rebels all around you, and were living almost under the shadow of the rebel headquarters!'

Surprise followed surprise as instances of our strict neutrality were mentioned, such as the rendering of surgical aid to the wounded of both parties and the continuance of schools and classes. I told him that both sides in the civil war observed Sunday by a truce beginning every Saturday

night, and not only refrained from fighting on Sundays, but asked us to send preachers into their respective camps to hold services and to preach. It had never entered into his imagination that among a people reputed to be half-savage such a relation of trust and loyalty, not only between mission and people, but also between hot combatants, could have been possible. No wonder it is unbelievable by the general mass of mankind when a man of Stevenson's vivid imagination and quickness of apprehension could be so astonished. It was such revelations as the above that led him to write later: 'I went there' (to the South Sea Islands) 'with a great prejudice against missions, but that prejudice was soon annihilated. . . . The missionary is a great and beneficent factor.'

Stevenson alarmed my family very much by exhibitions of restless activity when we returned to the bungalow veranda. He could not be induced to sit for more than a few minutes at a time. He preferred to keep moving. I was on tenter-hooks of apprehension lest he should presently need to be picked up out of the flower-beds which bordered the railless veranda. He literally pranced about as he talked rapidly and fascinatingly on all sorts of subjects. In the middle of some absorbing topic, to which we were listening spell-bound, he suddenly called across to me, 'Claxton, can you lend me a razor? I haven't had a shave to-day.' I said, 'Come along inside; I'll soon find one, and will have hot water in a few moments.' 'Oh, thanks; I don't need hot water if your razor has any kind of an edge to it, and I'll manage it out here.' So he dry-shaved as he pranced and talked, and, to our great relief, without accident.

Early in 1890 I was transferred from Leulumoenga to Apia, and came into closer touch with Stevenson. One of my duties at Apia was to originate and edit a periodical in the Samoan language, which was called *O le Sulu Samoa*. This periodical was to contain, besides very full lesson helps for Sunday-school teachers, special articles, general information, and news. Mr Newell (then our senior missionary), at my suggestion, sounded R. L. S. as to his willingness to let me translate and publish in the *Sulu* one of his short stories. To this he agreed, and *The Bottle Imp* was the one selected. That is how it came to pass that this story was read in nearly every home in Samoa before it was published in English. By mutual agreement, Stevenson and I spent an evening together each month, going over each chapter before it was printed, and discussing my translation. He was rapidly picking up a knowledge of the Samoan language, and he seemed to enjoy the balancing of rival expressions in the Samoan idiom. If we were prevented from meeting to talk it over, correspondence passed between us concerning the next monthly chapter. Unfortunately most of this correspondence has been lost by shipwreck in the rapids of the Yangtze River in China. The story was very popular with the Samoans at once, and led to a great increase in the circulation of the *Sulu*. Stevenson said to me one day, 'I sometimes almost wish I had not agreed to the printing of *The Bottle Imp* in your paper, for I get such a lot of Samoan visitors, who stay a long time, keeping me from my work; and when I am obliged to excuse myself, they shyly ask if they might have a peep at the Imp himself before they go away. They think I keep him in my safe.' When a reprint of the story in Samoan was called for a few years later, Mr Newell, who succeeded me in the editorship of the *Sulu*, could lay his hand upon only a single copy.

Another of my duties at Apia was the charge for a time of the English services in the church for white residents. Stevenson attended occasionally. I remember meeting him one Monday morning in the town, when he greeted me with these words: 'I say, Claxton, that's a hot shop, that kirk of yours; you nearly broiled me last night.' I asked him if he was alluding to the physical temperature, or was it my theology that made him so hot. He replied, 'No, I don't think it was the theology that made me say that; I really meant the physical heat' (the church had then an iron roof, which did not get properly cool till about midnight); 'but,' he went on, 'since you ask me concerning the doctrine, I must say that you stirred me up when you said that a man should realise that he is accountable to God all the time, even when he has put his slippers on at the end of his day's work.'

A day or two later he wrote further on the matter. That letter has been lost, but in a subsequent note, which is still in my possession, he said: 'I am sorry I wrote you so hurriedly the other day. I knew after I had begun I should leave a false impression—that your sermon had really something to do with my heat; but I was too deeply engaged to begin again, and let it go. I do not know why you should care: but I had no fault to find. Only, the strong statement—how shall I say?—wearied me. I once wrote, long ago, something like this: "I know there is no discharge in this war, but shall there be no furlough?" And your expression seemed to blot all furloughs out; and, believe me, I understood not only the sense in which it was true, but (what is more to the purpose) the sense in which it would be needful for some among your hearers—perhaps even . . . for . . . the immaculate R. L. S.'

Stevenson's sympathetic help was always to be relied on. When the little iron church was replaced by a better building he heartily sent me a donation, and attended the opening services of the first instalment of the new building

—a new chancel. At the close, with characteristic kindliness, he waited to congratulate me on the brightness and suitability of the service, and especially on the 'artistic unity of the *mise en scène*.'

If religion could have been always and only artistic he would have been religious always, but he deplored the marring, and often the destruction, of 'the artistic or æsthetic unity' by puritanic doctrine. That is why, I think, he used to argue so fervently for the revival of Samoan dances, which the earlier, mostly Scottish, missionaries had sternly discouraged. 'Ethical principles,' he would say, 'are excellent sometimes, but they are oftener irrelevant. They must not be introduced unless the artistic unity demands them. Under any other circumstances they are an unwarrantable intrusion.' It might be interesting to discuss the religion of R. L. S., but that has been very brilliantly done by Dr John Kelman in his *The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson*, and the limits set for these 'Recollections' are prohibitive.

Stevenson was a racy raconteur, a delightful and fascinating conversationalist, especially when with a few chosen and kindred spirits, and if given a free hand and an occasional lead; but while he could think best with pen in hand, and even speak brilliantly to a small circle of sympathetic hearers, it was a real torture to him to speak to the general public. He once, as he said, 'in a weak moment,' agreed to give a lecture in the Apia English Church. He repented but once, and that was for ever after. To himself his effort proved a terrible trial, but to himself only, for his lecture was a treat to his friends. I was put into the chair and had to introduce him, and I did my best to put him and his audience, about eighty persons of many nationalities, *en rapport*. He had copious notes, almost a manuscript, but that was a matter to deplore. If he had trusted to his great gift as a raconteur, and had left his notes at home, he too would have enjoyed it.

I like to recall the day when I went to Vailima to say good-bye to him before leaving Samoa, whose climate had proved too enervating for my wife, and had necessitated my returning with her to England in April 1892. At the moment of saying farewell he followed me to the steps which led down from the veranda, and then a very kindly thought came to him. He said, 'Will you be going to Edinburgh?' I said I hoped it might be possible, for I had never had the privilege. He then went indoors again, and presently came back with a very friendly letter of introduction to Mr Charles Baxter, in which he asked his old friend to do anything he possibly could to enable me to see the best of Edinburgh. To my great regret, I did not get to Edinburgh, and did not, therefore, see Mr Baxter.

Being in Sydney a year later, at the time when Stevenson's deportation from Samoa was under consideration, because he persisted in supporting the Mataafa faction against Malietoa and the three Treaty Powers, I received an invitation to breakfast with Sir John Thurston, then Governor of Fiji and High Commissioner for the Pacific. A whole morning was spent answering questions and explaining the situation. I was able to assure the High Commissioner that Stevenson was not urging Mataafa towards armed resistance (though some others were), but that, to the best of my belief, R. L. S. was striving to secure some fitting position for Mataafa within the government of Malietoa, which was recognised by America, Britain, and Germany.

In this endeavour Stevenson found his greatest difficulty lay in persuading Mataafa. Sir John finally said that what he had ascertained from me had confirmed him in his opinion that it would be a mistake to deport Stevenson.

Stevenson's choice of Samoa to settle in, after several years of wandering among the islands, was characteristic. Mountain-ranges, sunny clime, luxuriant tropical vegetation, a delightful race with gentle and courtly manners in times of peace, and savage daring in war—a race on the borderland between savagery and Western culture—and history in the crucible ready for the making, all appealed to him. Nothing that happened escaped his notice or failed to enlist his ardent interest. His impressionable, artistic temperament lent itself to every influence. He had a rare power of being all things to all men.

In addition to the obvious attractions of the artistic and psychological kinds, another and very strong consideration appealed to him. Samoa, with a primitive child-race just becoming self-conscious, was now the meeting-place of three Western nations. The situation, to a man of his gifts, was pregnant with lively possibilities —among them perhaps a romantic and happy sequel. I gathered from many talks I had with him that behind all the other attractions mentioned, which were only subsidiary, there lay deep in his heart another attraction and another motive, the desire to complete the artistic unity of the scene by the creation of a new and visible Utopia in that virgin soil.

He congratulated himself on being an 'exile,' as his friends called him. He pitied, not ironically, but quite sincerely, those friends who were in bondage to the conventionalities of Edinburgh and London and Paris, because, to his many-sided mentality, life there was tame by comparison.

One cannot help thinking that the depression of the last months of his life was largely caused by the growing conviction that the day was drawing near when Germany would get her own way, and would ere long have undisputed right to work her own will in the more important and larger half of the Samoan archipelago.

Some of us deplored, as did Sir Sidney Colvin, that Stevenson allowed himself to be drawn into the whirlpool of local politics. He exhausted himself by partisanship. Had he taken up an attitude of greater detachment and impartiality he would probably have prolonged his life, and would assuredly have added to his already-won laurels as 'the first of living stylists.'

AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART.

By Louis Charles Douthwaite ('Pioneer'), Author of *The Regeneration of William Beverley*, &c.

PART I.

I.

WHEN Tim Rowe was demobilised from his commission in the Canadian Army Medical Corps, he boarded the first train out of Ottawa to his home town in New Brunswick. Here, for the first time since the Armistice, he had time to sit back and wonder what he was going to do in the Great Peace.

His mother and dad apart, he discovered that five years of mental and spiritual development in an atmosphere of bloody war had opened a wide gap between himself and his own people, and that more than all others he had outgrown Tilly Burton, the girl he'd been engaged to since they were children together. Though he hated to admit it, he found that she was like what the prophet warns us against—she was foolish, simple, clamorous, and knew nothing. Nurtured on dime novels, and ambitious for the excitements and the white lights of cities, she jarred on Tim's war-frayed nerves, until he felt he wanted to take to the woods.

'If I was to set up in practice here,' he said to his dad, 'either I'd ruin old Doc. Pepper, who brought me into the world, or I'd starve. The district isn't peopled to support two of us—or one either, if it comes to a show-down—so it's me for the West.'

By a stroke of luck he secured a job in Winnipeg as locum to a doctor who'd been ordered to Florida for his health. Tilly went to St John to see him off, flooding him with brine at parting. She made Tim feel like thirty cents at being so blamed glad to put time and distance between himself and their next meeting.

At Montreal Junction, where he changed into the Ocean Limited, the conductor showed him to a seat in the observation car. That coon, though he didn't look it, was the chosen emissary of angels.

Occupying the seat opposite Tim was a girl, and at the first sight of her his heart started in to broncho around, same as if it was on piece-work. I'm no sort of a hand at word-painting feminine perfection, so I'll content myself by saying that to Tim—in the steadfast gray of her eyes, the sheen of chestnut hair clustering around her head, same as if it loved being there, and the sheer joy and wonder of her charm—she had all other women from then on placed irremovably among the discards.

You can bet this lady knew just exactly what sort of impression she had made on Tim; and after a while, when she looked up from her book, there was a half-smile dancing at the back of her eyes that encouraged him to take a chance.

'Would you,' said he, 'think it a nerve if I was to start in to talk?'

Her smile as she answered made him hold on to the side of his chair. 'I should think you rather stuffy if you didn't,' she said. 'After all, there's no one else, is there?—and it's a long way to Winnipeg.'

'You gettin' off at Winnipeg!' says Tim, quick and jerky with excitement and delight. 'Fine! So 'm I.'

The girl threw her head back and laughed, showing teeth white as butter-milk against the poppy scarlet of her lips. 'Suppose, before we go any farther, we tell each other our names!' she suggested.

'Mine 's Rowe,' Tim told her; 'Tim Rowe.'

'My name is English, so is my nationality,' said the girl; 'Christian name—if it may be so described—Theresa; known to my friends as "Terry."'

Say, that was some name all right, and fitted her, Tim thought, like the paper on the wall. Somehow, too, it stirred chords of recollection. He leaned forward in his seat. 'Were you by chance related to Larry English, of the Imperial Army's Tenth Rutlands?' he asked quietly.

Memories of the lad who from childhood had been her inseparable chum shaded Terry's eyes. 'He was my only brother,' she said.

For a while there was silence; then, softening the details, Tim told of Larry gasping his life out in a trench dug-out, and of himself rendering what aid he could until the end.

Later, when the shadow of the tale had passed, Tim and the girl got together and chatted easily and happily. Tim told Terry of his job in Winnipeg, and how much he wanted to make good at it. Terry told of her dad, Colonel English, coming to Canada before the war, and leaving her in England to be educated; of how her dad had made good before he went back to join his old regiment in 1914.

When they reached Winnipeg, Colonel English was there to meet the train. He was a tall, commanding personality, with a quick, jerky diction, and a way of repeating his sentences.

He wore a monocle, as if it was his second nature, and he had a white scrub moustache. He seemed to be radiating with love for Terry, whom he hadn't seen in years. He was all kinds of grateful to Tim for looking after her on the journey.

'Come and see us, my boy,' said he, handing over a card. 'I say, come and see us.'

II.

As soon as he was settled in his surgery in the big office-block on Portage Avenue, and had got a line on his work, Tim lost no time in responding to the colonel's invitation.

As he was shown into the drawing-room, he became impressed with a sense of restfulness and tranquillity—something of the true spirit of home. It was not until afterwards Tim realised that, to him, any place where Terry was would have been home.

Thoughts of Tilly, on the other hand, made him go cold. In comparison with Tim's word, the laws of the Medes and Persians were just tentative suggestions. Unless Tilly herself handed him the frosted mitten he would go through with the marriage, even if the rest of his life was a standing menace to matrimonial aspirants. Nevertheless he knew as certain as he knew the Lord's Prayer that all the love he would ever have was given to Terry English.

After a while the colonel came in, proffering the glad hand of welcome. Afterwards, the hour that followed stood out crystal-clear against the grayness and uncertainty of his days.

For, truth to tell, Tim had not been in Winnipeg a month before he found himself landed in the biggest jack-pot of his career.

It so happened that the greater portion of his employer's work consisted of medical examinations for the big life insurance companies, for which he was paid a retainer, in addition to a fee for each individual so examined.

This was work for which his army experience specially fitted him; it was, he thought, sheer bad luck that it should have been the biggest insurance case in years, and for the most important company operating Manitoba, in which —in the opinion, at least, of the district manager —he fell down.

He was instructed by Donovan Baines, of the Western Dominions Life Company, to report on the health of Sam Morgan, the hat and cap manufacturer of Princess Street, who wanted to effect an insurance for fifty thousand dollars.

It was a coincidence that the policy, when completed, was to be assigned to Colonel English. Sam needed money for extending his business, and the colonel was letting him have it subject to this condition. If, then, Sam couldn't get the insurance, neither could he have the money.

If only to protect Terry's father from financial loss, Tim made up his mind that, if he had to put Sam Morgan's interior mechanism through a fine tooth-comb, there should be nothing about that applicant's spare parts remaining a secret from the Western Dominions' directors after he was through with his examination.

The following day, accompanied by Colonel English, Morgan called at the surgery. Sam was a big, florid man with the demeanour of one who didn't hate himself. He was fond of talking, but conversation directed towards himself and his own affairs pleased him most.

'You gotter go some before you'll find a sounder guy than me,' he said. 'Say, I'm forty-five years old, an' I've never been sick a day. I eat an' sleep fine, an' if "The Peg" wasn't as dry as a Chapel Convention, I'd love to show how well I can drink.'

'Good!' said Tim. 'Then I guess I won't have to detain you long.'

He went over Sam's superficial area, inspected his internal mechanism, and prospected for hidden deposits in his interior so long, he must have saved the colonel close on a dollar in reading matter. When the ordeal was over, Sam, though panting, was still game and confident.

'For the love of Pete,' said he, wiping the honest moisture from his brow, 'but the doctor here's no desultory inquirer, believe me! He must have extended his investigations back to the origin of species. If he hadn't have quit when he did, I'd have hired him my body for a term of years and charged him rental.'

He turned to Tim. 'Gimme my clean bill of health an' let me beat it before you start subjectin' my immortal soul to chemical analysis,' said he.

Tim unhooked the stethoscope from his ears. 'My report goes direct to the insurance company,' he said quietly.

The colonel, who had been watching Tim narrowly, broke in. 'Quite right, my boy,' he said. 'If there's anything wrong, we shall hear from them. Come along, Sam.'

He took Morgan by the arm and led him to the surgery door. Arrived there, Sam turned. 'Wrong!' he shouted. 'There's nothing wrong with *me*!'

His tone seemed to hint, though, that there was something decidedly amiss with Tim.

III.

For the next few days Tim didn't feel over and above happy. He had turned down Sam Morgan's application for insurance, and he knew that both the insurance manager and Morgan himself would register an epoch-making kick before accepting his adverse report. Not that Tim gave a hoot what Sam thought; it was the manager that was the proposition. Donovan Baines was President of the Winnipeg Insurance Council, a body of insurance officials who met weekly for mutual protection and advice. If Tim's report was not confirmed, it

was a dead-sure thing that Baines would black-list him at the Council. And to be black-listed at the Insurance Council was to Tim equivalent to the permanent loss of his meal-ticket. Unfortunately he didn't need another guess to build up his anticipation of trouble, for when Tim's report reached Donovan Baines it made that old-timer of the insurance world as mad as a wet hen.

Although Donovan's salary was large, so was his family, and the one ate up the other. What he relied on for saving and having a good time was commission, and he didn't propose losing the nice piece of change he'd make on a fifty-thousand-dollar policy without putting up a squeal that would make Tim sit up and take notice.

As he'd known Sam Morgan for twenty years, and looked on him as one of the healthiest guys in Winnipeg, Baines simply put Tim down as a half-portion practitioner who didn't know the first thing about his job. He didn't propose, however, to allow this incompetence to lose him money that was to help pay for his new auto., so he straightway sent Sam to be examined by Dr Brodie, a practitioner of good standing, and one who, incidentally, was out to corral the job of medical referee to the Western Dominions Insurance Company. Brodie confirmed Donovan's own opinion of our young friend's incompetence by handing Sam a health certificate that would have gotten him a job as a stunt air-pilot.

Baines wrote to Tim informing him of this favourable diagnosis, and inquiring, before both reports were sent to Chief Office, if Tim had any further suggestion or opinion to offer. This, of course, was only another way of saying that unless Tim rescinded his first report, a new referee would be appointed in Winnipeg.

On receipt of this communication Tim wrote back asking that Sam Morgan might be sent up to the surgery for a second examination, a course that corresponded exactly with Donovan Baines's plans. With the existence of an adverse report on an applicant, even though this was subsequently negatived by a second opinion, he knew Chief Office would decline to issue the policy. When, a few days later, therefore, he received a letter from Tim indicating that, after a second investigation of Sam's person, he regretted there was nothing to add to his previous report, Donovan stamped around his office same as if he was on fire. He called Tim all the names he could think of, and looked a few others up. As matters stood, both reports would have to go to Chief Office, and the delay would mean he wouldn't be able to buy his new auto. in time for his vacation.

Chief Office did just what Baines expected. 'In view of the conflicting opinions,' they were not prepared to issue a policy unless the applicant would consent to examination by a specialist; they named Dr Julius Darwin of Montreal, and offered to pay Sam's expenses for the journey.

Though swearing at wasted time, a free trip to Montreal looked pretty good to Sam Morgan, and he took the first train east. A week later he returned full of triumph and Scotch whisky —the first because he'd gotten a clean bill of health from Dr Darwin, and the second because Quebec is an 'open' province.

Donovan Baines shared both the triumph and the whisky. Over the latter both were as one in declaring that unquestionably Tim was the most inefficient practitioner on the North American Continent. He should, they decided, be unfrocked, disbarred, struck off the rolls, and his name be removed from the Register. Donovan declared that, so far as he personally could arrange, same should be done forthwith.

The next move in the drama was one that Baines had not anticipated. Chief Office wrote to Tim direct, asking for a further and more detailed report on his two examinations of Sam Morgan. Tim's reply, apparently, was not without its effect. Chief Office wrote further to Donovan Baines saying that the proposed policy was too big to take chances on, and though there were two medical reports favourable to the applicant, the one remaining was not, in their opinion, sufficiently negatived for complete acturarial safety. Would, therefore, Morgan be prepared to go to New York and be examined by Dr Curtis Yeo, by whose opinion they pledged themselves to abide?

Cursing Tim by all the gods there are plus a few improvisations, Donovan put the position before Morgan. Sam said that just so long as Chief Office liked to pay for round trips he'd be satisfied to travel. He had to have that insurance, anyway.

After running the rule over Sam's person, Dr Yeo reported his client's condition—for a man of his age—as perfect. He could find no trace of disease—organic, incipient, constitutional, or political.

Thus it was that at the earnest solicitations of Donovan Baines, Chief Office wrote to Dr Shaw, for whom Tim was acting as locum—addressing the letter care of Tim himself—that, failing return to his practice within thirty days, the directors would be obliged to appoint a successor to him as their referee in Winnipeg. The other companies, also at Baines's invitation, joined in the anvil chorus of knocking Tim, and issued a similar ultimatum. Private patients joined the Board of Censors after allotment, and intimated their absenteeism from the surgery until Dr Shaw's return.

Donovan Baines certainly had it in for Tim.

(Continued on page 648.)

TO-DAY IN CHILE.

By Oswald H. Evans, F.G.S.

I.

DURING the last few years the hospitable pages of this Journal have published sketches of Chilian life and manners — Chile a century ago, the country in the crisis that marked the opening months of the war, and the development of German colonisation and activities. The present seems an appropriate time in which to give a brief outline of the present state of the country, and some indication of the working of the new spirit that has arisen of late, and which is directing the destinies of the Republic into new and perilous channels.

Recent events have brought Chile into a more prominent position than she formerly held in the eyes of the world, and there is less excuse for the ignorance with regard to the country that used to be general. It is a fact, however, that last year, when an earthquake devastated the district of Mendoza, in the Argentine, the Geneva Red Cross sent a message of sympathy to the Chilian president!

In order to make clear the difficulties of administering the country, it may still be necessary to remind the reader that Chile, which stretches for about two thousand six hundred miles in a general north and south direction, with an average width of under sixty miles, from the tropics almost to the antarctic, is divided climatically into three main zones, strikingly differentiated from one another by annual rainfall, by productions, and by their inhabitants.

The extreme north, where the armed forces of Chile and Peru watch one another distrustfully across a disputed frontier, verges on the region of possible sugar-growing. As we proceed south, the blank, rainless desert yields here and there, along the eastward flank of the coast Cordillera, the nitrate of soda that is at once the fortune and the bane of the Republic. Desert conditions persist, with tiny patches of cultivable valley, to within a few hundred miles of Valparaiso, the chief port, but with an increasing average rainfall, the annual fluctuations of which decide the loss or gain of millions of dollars derived from the uncertain harvests.

The centre is a glorious land of mountain and fertile plain, watered by many shallow, sparkling rivers fed by the Andean snows, and destined soon to produce electrical energy that will revolutionise the conditions of industry. In one of these great extensions of inland plain lies Santiago, the capital, 'beautiful for situation,' with the huge brown barrier of the Cordillera for background. This is the main centre of population, where modernity fights, hitherto with imperfect success, against the placid conservatism of ideas inherited from colonial Spain.

Some ninety miles in a straight line from Santiago, but effectively separated from it by the meandering line of a State railway that adds a third more to the distance, the port of Valparaiso huddles round a raised beach at the foot of erstwhile barren hills that now begin to respond to the judicious planting of innumerable eucalypti. Santiago and Valparaiso are as the poles asunder. The latter, in great part destroyed by the earthquake of 1906, rose from its ashes with unprecedented rapidity, with wider streets following an ampler plan. Reconstruction still progressively continues, the cramped buildings of an earlier day giving place to modern concrete structures, with the sky-scraper looming in the near future. At the same time, the port works, a wonderful feat of engineering to the credit of Messrs Pearson & Son, go quietly on, with every month some new extension of massive masonry, and in the end, unless unwise counsels prevail, the full scheme will be carried out, and Valparaiso will be converted from a dangerous open roadstead into a commodious and secure harbour for the merchant fleets of the world.

I would emphasise this note of quiet activity, carried on in face of innumerable difficulties and delays. Under our eyes, Chile is changing, modernising. The statement applies not only to the capital and the chief ports, but to nearly every town of importance throughout the Republic. Everywhere there is talk of paving and draining and improved water-supply, and in some places South American eloquence is actually bearing unwonted fruit in accomplished facts. Much, very much, remains to be done before the country is brought into line with the needs of to-day. It will be necessary in the present article to indicate many dark shadows and discouraging symptoms, but none the less we may take heart from the conviction of the fundamental soundness of the country, and from the existence of forces that are continually working for better things.

To return from this brief digression. To the south of Valparaiso the rainfall and the fertility of the country, actual or potential, increase. The leading town of the middle south is Concepción, with its port, Talcahuano, an important naval base. Near at hand lies the coal region, a group of mines working near and under the sea, the deposits lying in small basins of Tertiary age, and furnishing abundantly the essential fuel for Chilian industries—when the miners are not on strike. Important deposits remain to be investigated, whilst inland there are big outcrops of oil

shale awaiting study and development. Near Rancagua the American Braden Copper Company has its immense establishment, with a town of its own, Sewell — at present, like the twin establishment in the north, Chuquicamata, temporarily under a cloud.

The true south, a region of heavy rainfall, of forest, volcanoes, and industrious Germans, hides vast potential riches for the future. There are great timber possibilities, and wood-pulp of excellent quality has been made on a small scale. Farther south still, wide areas are known only imperfectly, though German and Scandinavian explorers — Nordenskjöld among them—have done excellent work in mapping and charting. The tangle of mountain, forest, island, and fiord stretches southward, till the increasing rigour of the climate stunts the forest trees and the mountains sink into pasture-lands feeding countless flocks of sheep, where men speak of nothing but wool and frozen mutton. Such, at least, was the former burden of their conversation; to-day they have strikes and 'sabotage' and the work of Bolshevik agitators to deal with. Tierra del Fuego is parted equally between Chile and Argentina, and hardy settlers have exploited the island to within measurable distance of Cape Horn.

II.

This slight outline will suffice to remind the reader of the great distance that separates the north of Chile from the south, and the consequent difficulty of administering the Republic fairly and effectively even from its centre. The problems of north and south are quite different; and as great a difference exists in the physical type and the mental temperament of the nitrate worker or the miner of the desert and the mountain, the agriculturist of the centre and south, the sheep-farmer of the Strait of Magellan, and the cosmopolitan inhabitants of the towns. The difference would be still greater were it not to some extent compensated by the adventurous, restless character of the true Chilian, who wanders from end to end of the country as the whim takes him, to the inextricable confusion, be it said, of his family relationships.

It is necessary to say a word or two about the population. The census, taken at the beginning of 1920, when every allowance has been made for the difficulty of securing absolute results among people who take to the hills at the sight of an official or a vaccinator, proves that the population of this vast extent of country is considerably under four millions. The rate of annual increase is very slow, 1·18 per cent., a discouraging fact explained by the enormous mortality among infants and the recurrence of devastating epidemics. Last year typhus wrought havoc in town and country. At the time of writing smallpox is firmly established in the north, and tends to spread southward. In 1905–6 this scourge devastated the country, and although conditions with regard to vaccination have improved, the financial crisis through which the country is passing, the prevalence of unemployment, and the resulting malnutrition of the people give occasion for the gravest apprehension. The housing of the poorer classes is deplorable, incredibly bad, and improvement, even in the large towns, is almost inappreciable. In Valparaiso itself, though the drainage service, in the hands of an English company, is excellent, the municipal cleansing of the city leaves much to be desired.

With regard to the distribution of the population, it is interesting to note that the foreigner has supplanted the middle and lower class Chilian in nearly every branch of industry in which the quality best described as 'stickability' is required. There are very few Chilian shopkeepers, Italians of the rapacious type having a practical monopoly of small retail business, shared only with Turks, Syrians, and Levantines. The Oriental element, principally Chinese and Japanese, is steadily growing in importance, though not as yet sufficiently to attract public attention.

The Chilian of the upper class, in general, seems to have but one ambition: the law, or Government employment as a gate to politics and 'soft jobs.' Honourable exceptions to this rule are to be found in the naval and military services, and it is far from my intention to convey the idea that Chilians are missing in the front ranks of the medical and other learned professions. Chilian educationists, for instance, form a class of men and women of whom any country might be proud; they are worthy of all honour, for the future of the race is largely in their hands. It is well that the present Liberal administration recognises this fact, and that President Alessandri, in his first message to Congress, has stated his belief that popular education must be the keystone of the structure of reform.

None the less there is a manifest tendency among Chilian youths of good family to seek their living along lines widely parted from actual production. They are obsessed by the idea that manual work of any kind is derogatory, and that it behoves one to follow an *occupación decente*—that is, one with collars and cuffs. At a time like the present, when the main source of the revenue of the State has dried up, and an energetic executive is reducing staffs and cutting down public departments wholesale, the result of this misguided idea is seen in universal distress. 'They cannot dig, and to beg they are ashamed.'

III.

Some years ago I was permitted to give readers of this Journal an idea of the conditions produced in Chile by the outbreak of the war. The dis-

location of world-commerce put a stop for the time being to all activity on the nitrate-fields in the north. Tens of thousands of men were thrown out of work, and as the nitrate establishments resemble ships at sea, being isolated posts in the desert, entirely dependent on the coastwise trade for supplies, it became necessary to bring these men and their families south and distribute them over the country, where it would be easier to feed, if not to employ, them. This was done, little by little, at the cost of infinite distress. We then thought that times were as bad as they could well be.

Soon after, however, when the war had settled down into an industry, an enormous demand arose for Chilian nitrate as the raw material of nitric acid, and hence of nitro-explosives. The nitrate industry revived, and entered on a period of unparalleled prosperity. The northern ports again became centres of feverish activity, the price of nitrate steadily rose, and the tax on the huge exportation poured great sums into the national treasury. In 1918 the quantity exported reached 64,800,000 Spanish quintals.

With a view to maintaining prices, the nitrate-producers formed an association, and in the end succeeded in bringing the few dissidents within the fold. Prices still rose, until, for the agriculturist, the fertiliser became a luxury. At the same time the peculiar conditions, involving the absence of foreign competition, favoured the development of new industries in Chile, and placed the coastwise traffic mainly in the hands of Chilian shipowners. Everything that would float and could be towed was pressed into service —hulks that had long served as junk-stores, old whalers, and obsolete arks that were certainly not 'A1' at Lloyd's. During the whole period of this scarcity of shipping Chilian ports were obstructed by some ninety-five of the finest steamers and sailing-ships of the German mercantile marine, rusting at their moorings till the tide of war definitely set against Germany, when their crews deliberately blew the machinery to pieces or otherwise reduced them to hulks. Some of the sailing-ships are still in Chilian waters, under flags of the Allied nations to whom they were eventually apportioned. A line of wrecks at Valparaiso recalls the great storm of two years ago that flung several of them on the rocks.

It cannot be said that this unexpected wave of pseudo-prosperity greatly benefited the people as a whole. The price of living rose so greatly as to neutralise the advantages of the boom; and those prices, it may be added, have since gone higher still. Everybody in a position to do so was shamelessly profiteering. Mushroom fortunes were made, and, like mushrooms, have since vanished, many of them. The Chilian Government, whatever it did with the money received, certainly laid none by for the future. It is very difficult to-day to point to anything of public utility dating from the years symbolised by Pharaoh's 'fat kine.' But it may safely be said that the seeds of deep discontent and unrest were then planted in the prepared soil of the proletariat.

In commercial and political circles it seemed to be believed that these ephemeral benefits were to be permanent. It was confidently anticipated that the termination of the war would bring with it a still greater demand for nitrate to supply the depleted fields of Europe with the accustomed fertiliser.

The event proved otherwise. With the long-continued depression in trade Chile was plunged into an acute financial and industrial crisis, the more hopeless as it was contingent on world-wide conditions. The nitrate industry came to a dead-stop; the towns of the centre were once more burdened with the sheltering and feeding of thousands of nitrate operatives, at a time when these provinces were themselves suffering from the paralysis of their trade. Whilst the prosperity of the nitrate industry does not necessarily improve the lot of the general population, catastrophe inevitably spreads ruin throughout the country. An enormous stock of nearly a million tons of nitrate, fixed by international agreement at a high selling price, found no purchasers, and was faced by the competition of the German artificial product in a market where formerly it held almost undisputed sway.

The sword of Damocles, in fact, had fallen at last. Years ago, it may be remembered, the late Sir William Crookes, in an address to the British Association, expressed the alarmist view that there would be a failure of food-stuffs in the near future, as the result of the exhaustion of the Chilian nitrate deposits—a 'nitrogen famine.' He was unduly pessimistic, for there is plenty of nitrate available for extraction, even by existing processes. He emphasised the need for research in the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen, and it was not long before the problem was solved, though not as an economic possibility.

The great impetus to the manufacture of synthetic nitrogen compounds was given when the iron circle shut off Germany from the outer world. Under the stimulus of necessity, work that had long been progressing quietly was pushed through to a successful issue; our great enemy supplied her war needs and emerged from the conflict with perfected processes that have rendered her, it is asserted, for ever independent of external sources of available nitrogen, and even in a position to supply her neighbours. A cargo of artificial 'Stickstoff' has even reached Chile, the home of the natural salt.

Chile is fighting hard against acceptance of this ultimatum of the industrial struggle. But if it has not come already, in the end it is bound to come. The only hope for Chilian nitrate is to fight its competitors on the basis of low prices,

when the superiority of the native product to any cyanamides or other forms of artificial nitrogen compounds may carry due weight.

IV.

So much for the financial situation in Chile. When it is remembered that for decades Chile has looked to the nitrate revenue to pay for all, the seriousness of the position will be manifest.

During these momentous years Chilian labour, in former days the pattern of docility and good-humour, the heritage of times when the 'Patron' was the earthly representative of Providence, has become self-conscious and organised. Bear in mind the fact that a large percentage of the people of Chile are illiterate. They have more than a streak of the Indian in them, which, whilst it makes for a slow reception of ideas, fixes those ideas immovably when once they have penetrated. The war, the Russian revolution, and the extremist press have deluged the environment of the workers with 'advanced' ideas; these have fallen in suitable soil, and are now bearing fruit. In every branch of industry repeated strikes have done their deadly work of paralysation, and the virus of class-hatred has penetrated.

Apart from the strata in which extremist ideas have taken root, a widespread demand for reform and a completer equalisation of rights has made itself felt. It may be said that the demand is justified, for Chile hitherto has been only nominally a democratic republic, the actual power being in the hands of a few ruling families, to whose credit it is that they have safeguarded the national honour and good repute for a century. Times have changed, however, and the earthquake wave set rolling by the Russian cataclysm has broken on these far-off shores.

The new ideals of radical reform, social and political, found a champion in the person of Don Arturo Alessandri, some time senator for Tarapaca, and now President of the Republic. Still comparatively young, full of energy, and inspired by burning convictions, he became the natural leader of the advanced Liberal party, and came forward as a candidate for the presidential chair with an immense, though oddly assorted, following.

His opponent, Señor Barros Borgoño, was a worthy representative of the more moderate school which counted on the support of the Conservatives, the Church, and the less advanced Liberals. The many parties and shades of opinion that make a patchwork of Chilian politics ranged themselves, as best they could, under these two banners, and fought to the end in one of the bitterest and most evenly matched electoral struggles that Chile has ever seen. The system of election of the President of the Republic is complicated, and for long the result was doubtful. An election in Chile resembles those described in *Handy Andy* or in the works of Charles Lever. President Alessandri, in his message, does not hesitate to describe them as 'soul markets.' A vote has a definite price, and it must needs be a genuine outburst of popular feeling that enables a candidate to override, as in the present instance, the opposing powers of Church and State and vested interests.

So finely balanced was the final voting that a special expedient was resorted to, one that speaks well for the good sense of the candidates. An unofficial Court of Honour, made up of a group of leading personalities whose names and reputations were a sufficient guarantee of good faith, was charged with the task of deciding the rival claims. The verdict was given in favour of Señor Alessandri.

To the impartial observer, this contest demonstrates the essential weakness of popular election within a republic. For days and weeks this political business took precedence of all other, and the waste of time was appalling. The election brought others in its train, each flinging the country into confusion for the time being. The victory of Don Arturo, moreover, whilst placing in his hands the nominal authority, has left him face to face with a Senate that counts on a majority of his opponents strong enough to thwart most of his reform legislation.

I saw President Alessandri the other day, walking in the streets of Valparaiso like a simple citizen. He rather resembles Winston Churchill; his face is boyish and attractive, but he looked infinitely weary. With every desire to carry into effect an elaborate and far-reaching programme of reform, he finds the forward path blocked by Conservative influences, too powerful to be brushed aside; whilst behind him the extremists who enlisted under his banner wave their red flags and shriek for the literal fulfilment of electioneering promises, of which, perhaps, his Excellency was far too liberal.

The President opened his heart to the country in his first message to Congress. A very lengthy document, that took two and a half hours to read, it is well worth studying, and as I had to translate it into English, I have had an unusually good opportunity of so doing. In it you see a man and a brother struggling with a task that we folk of older lands know to be too heavy for him. There is something saddening in the sight of this—to me—beloved country charging, like Don Quixote against the windmills, against thick-set problems that have cost us centuries of blood and tears. The dominant note of the message is 'harmony and concord, equal rights for all citizens of whatever class, justice and public order.' 'Hatred is sterile; love alone is fertile,' he says in a noteworthy passage. But he who preaches peace is himself 'a bonny fechter' who, not so long ago, journeyed

to the crest of the Andes, where the great statue of Christ stands to mark the vows of eternal peace between Chile and Argentina, with intent to slay in mortal combat the senator for Valparaiso. His programme includes such little matters as the following: State control of the nitrate industry, separation of Church and State, equality of all creeds before the law, education to be purely secular, the provinces to have practically self-government and control of their own revenues, the Tacna-Arica controversy with Peru to be settled out of hand, nationalisation of banks and insurance companies, restriction of the coastwise trade to Chilian vessels, the establishment of a central bank, and, finally, an organisation of Labour that would be thought rather advanced in South Wales. The list might be extended indefinitely; the main thing is that every one of these propositions bristles with controversial aspects, and in South America controversies have a very low flash-point.

v.

The painful state of the national finances has brought to the front a host of 'projectors,' each with his scheme of national salvation. If Daniel Defoe had not forestalled me, I might have given an account of them, under the title of 'An Essay on Projects.' Some of them are truly remarkable. One, fired with war-like zeal, we may presume, urges the exchanging of a portion of the huge stock of nitrates for the *Inflexible* and the *Indomitable*, for its author is not satisfied with the *Almirante Latorre* (ex-*Canada*), a warship that blots out most of the seaward horizon like a gray mastodon—not to say a white elephant. Another wants the fluctuating exchange value of the dollar (it has varied between sixpence-halfpenny and seventeenpence during the last five years) to be fixed once for all by supreme decree. Easier said than done!

A law likely to come into force will render it obligatory upon all foreign firms to employ Chilians to the proportion of 90 per cent. of the staff, which will make Chile the paradise of office-boys.

The fact is that Chile is only beginning to realise that in future her finances will have to be based on securer foundations than those afforded by the nitrate and mining industries, which are at the mercy of external events and the vagaries of 'big business.' A greater measure of real well-being for the people will be obtained by the development of less pretentious sources of revenue—those, namely, that depend on the primal task of cultivation of the soil. There is something ludicrous in all this financial reaching and overreaching in a little country that has been endowed with every good gift of soil and climate. A benevolent despot, with absolute power like that of uncanny old Dr Francia, might follow his Paraguayan policy of isolation and internal development. But such a policy would never be permitted in this century!

Chile has corn and wine, oil and honey, sheep and kine and goats, the raw material of food and clothing in far greater measure than sufficed ancient Greece to develop her civilisation. The parallel as regards material resources is, indeed, a striking one. The same predominance of mountain, the same ready access to the sea, mark the physical structure of both countries; the absence of navigable rivers and regional scarcity of water are characteristic; whilst both alike are bathed in glorious sunlight and pellucid atmosphere that impart to the mountains of Chile the violet hue ascribed by Ovid to the distant hills of Hymettus.

There the parallel ends. Greece throughout her history looked back on the Golden Age; in Chile the Golden Age has never been. The future of the country lies, far more than they are to-day able to believe, in the hands and hearts of her own people.

President Alessandri has been much criticised because, in his presidential message, he omits all reference to the Divine Ruler of the nations, and in this solemn public utterance, which is, as it were, the nation speaking with the voice of its chief magistrate, he has given no indication that Chile relies on His guidance and protection. But there are many men and women in Chile who pray daily for their country in this time of difficulty, and we may express the hope that their petitions will be heard, and that prosperity will return, based securely on 'the righteousness that exalteth a nation.'

THE CASSAVA PLANT.

THE cassava or manioc plant, like the potato, is alleged to be a native of South America. It is essentially a tropical plant, and is widely cultivated in the West Indies, where it is considered a valuable and nutritious vegetable.

There are two distinct species of this tuber—the sweet and the bitter—and many varieties of each.

As a commercial product the 'bitter' cassava takes precedence over the 'sweet,' on account of the larger yield in weight of tubers per acre and a corresponding larger return in by-products.

It is from the juice of the bitter cassava that the valuable product called 'cassareep' is obtained, which is the main ingredient or base of many of the best sauces of the day. Cassareep is a remarkable antiseptic, which will preserve for a considerable number of years meat boiled

in it, and the West Indian 'pepper-pot' (known to be kept going, it is said, for a hundred years without deteriorating, but rather gaining in appetising flavour with age) is prepared with this wonderful antiseptic.

The many and various tribes of Red Indians, descendants of the Caribs, Arawaks, &c., prepare and use a drink called 'cassirie,' which is also obtained from the juice of the cassava. This they consider a refreshing beverage, but it is highly intoxicating if allowed to ferment.

Among the many and various preparations made from the cassava-roots are conac, or cassava meal of a coarse grade; cassava meal proper; cassava cake, a biscuit similar to oatcake; starch; tapioca; and cassareep.

Conac, or coarse cassava meal, is made from the root by grating or pounding it, then expressing the juice and sun-drying the residue.

Cassava meal proper is obtained by grating the roots and expressing the juice, and after the residue has been sun-dried, it is pounded and passed through a fine sieve. Cassava cake is made from meal which is not sun-dried, but baked on flat, open iron sheets by means of a fire.

Cassava starch is prepared by pulping the roots on a grater, after which the starch is separated from the pulp by the use of water, termed the 'washing-process'; the mass is then strained through cloth or wire gauze with a very fine mesh, after which the liquid is allowed to settle and the clear water drawn off, the remaining sediment being the starch, which is later sun-dried, and becomes a fine flour. The fibrous pulp is discarded, but could be utilised as cattle-food if thoroughly dried and mixed with molasses, in the same manner in which the stock foods known as 'molascuit' and 'calco' are manufactured.

Tapioca is obtained by the same practice as is followed for preparing starch, and is in reality starch slightly parched.

Cassareep is the result of finely grating the root, and, after straining, boiling while the liquid is disturbed.

The cassava is a drought-resisting plant, requiring only a minimum annual rainfall. An average of about twelve inches a year is considered ample. It is essential that it be well drained; otherwise it gets waterlogged, when it becomes absolutely unfit either for human consumption or for any other purpose. Propagation is carried on by cuttings from the stem—the young upper and hard lower portions excepted—six inches long, stuck into the soil at an angle of slightly less than forty-five degrees in clayey loam, and slightly more than forty-five degrees in sandy loam.

The cassava grows and yields as well under irrigation as it does with a rainfall; but with proper attention and a knowledge of agricultural details, irrigation has a slight advantage, because during the first two or three months the young plants require a moderate and regular supply of water.

The plant, after the land is prepared by ploughing and planting, requires no attention other than keeping clean by weeding, and the crop takes, on the average, about six months to mature, although some varieties take a year or more.

The yield depends on the variety planted, soil and climatic conditions also having an important influence, but under proper supervision seventeen tons of tubers per acre can be obtained, although less than one-fourth of that quantity has been recorded under conditions not very favourable.

The cassava plant is said to feed largely on air and water, and its demand on the soil for mineral matter is so low as to be almost a negligible quantity. Therefore it can, under these circumstances, be grown as a paying crop on poor sandy soils where other crops would fail to become established or find difficulty in so doing.

A comparative analysis of cassava and tapioca shows:

Cassava.	Per cent.	Tapioca.	Per cent.
Water	70·25	Water	11·23
Protein	1·12	Protein	0·37
Fat	0·41	Fat	0·03
Starch	21·44	Carbohydrates	88·16
Sugar	5·13	Fibre	0·12
Crude fibre	1·11	Ash	0·90
Ash	0·54		

It is said that in the fresh state the sweet cassava contains 0·017 per cent. of prussic acid, and the bitter variety 0·028 per cent., but this is quickly dissipated by heat.

'CHRIST'S HOSPITAL FIVE-AND-THIRTY YEARS AGO.'

By Robert Wilkinson.

SUCH was the title of one of the best-known essays of the foremost of all English essayists, Charles Lamb. Christ's Hospital has fallen somewhat out of the public notice of late days since her removal from the City of London, and there are even rumours that, like other distinguished families, she has been hit hard financially by the World War.

Still the school commands an interest different from, and perhaps superior to, that of all other great public schools or foundations for several reasons. In the first place, she occupies a place peculiarly her own, and is emphatically *sui generis*. Then, again, while being beyond all question one of the greatest schools—perhaps the greatest—in England, she is

not, strictly speaking, one of the 'public schools' at all; they are a later growth. No school is more intimately linked with English history, and more especially with London history—Stowe and Camden were themselves Christ's Hospital boys.

The school, though modestly claiming so late a date as 1553 for its foundation—in reality this is the date of its latest refoundation by Edward VI.—is no younger than the Greyfriars' Monastery, erected on its Newgate Street site in 1225, and rebuilt in 1327, after which it was reckoned one of the most superb conventual establishments of London. The immortal Dick Whittington presented it with a sumptuous library in 1429, and its magnificent church, only half of which is now occupied by the modern Christ Church down Greyfriars Passage in Newgate Street, vied even with 'Paul's Church' as a fashionable promenade; while the church and its cloisters (the Christ's Hospital of five-and-thirty and of twenty years ago) vied with Westminster as a favourite burial-place for the great, and even for royalty itself. Four queens lie there, countless lords and ladies, brave knights and godly monks; Margaret, second wife of Edward I., the 'Hammer of the Scots'; Isabella, infamous wife of Edward II., known as 'the She-Wolf of France'; Joan, daughter of Edward II. and wife of David Bruce, King of Scotland; and yet another Isabella, wife of William, Baron Fitzwarren, and titular Queen of Man.

Here also rest Isabella, daughter of Edward III.; John Hastings, the young Earl of Pembroke, slain by accident at a Christmas tournament in Woodstock Park, 1389; John, Duke of Bourbon, one of the noble French prisoners taken at Agincourt, who had lain in the Tower eighteen years; Walter Blunt, Lord Mountjoy, Lord Treasurer to Edward IV.; and the 'gentle Mortimer,' the wretched paramour of Queen Isabella mentioned above, who was hanged at Tyburn, and left two days withering on the gallows. Lastly, there lie there two rapacious favourites of Richard II.—Sir Robert Tresillian, Chief-Justice of England; and Sir Nicholas Brembre, Lord Mayor of London. Both were hanged at Tyburn.

State criminals of the Middle Ages also sought the sanctity of burial in the friars' burial-ground, and in a monk's cowl; for here also was Sir John Mortimer, an unhappy Yorkist, hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn by the Lancastrian party; and hither also came a victim of Yorkist cruelty, Thomas Burdet, for speaking a few angry words about a favourite white buck which Edward IV. had carelessly slain. A murderess too lies here—a lady called Agnes Hungerford, hanged at Tyburn in 1523 for murdering her first husband. Richard Baxter, author of *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*, lies here, himself a saint who dared to speak boldly before Cromwell, Charles II., and James II., and who suffered indignities at the hands of the ferocious Judge Jeffreys.

So here, again, the antecedents of Christ's Hospital are, like its later fortunes, not dissimilar from those of the greatest homes in England and elsewhere. Its foundations are upon the bones of the exalted, the illustrious, the pious, the profligate, and the predatory. It excels other houses in the degree in which it is the concrete embodiment of the prayers, the piety, the charitable aspirations, and the vows of ages. Surely it should be the proudest boast of every son of Christ's Hospital that he is, in the highest sense, an heir of the past and a promise of the future greatness of England.

None has greater cause for pride of ancestors than the Christ's Hospital boy. The Catholic martyr, Edmund Campion; Peele, the Elizabethan dramatist; Bishop Stillingfleet, of the Stuart age; Richardson, who gave us our first novel with a love-interest; Samuel Taylor Coleridge; Leigh Hunt; and, above all, Charles Lamb, are among a number of these.

The mention of the last great name, the one among them all in whose veins Christ's Hospital blood ran thickest, calls me back to my text, which is, as was his, the Christ's Hospital of five-and-thirty years ago.

I went to Christ's Hospital, London, in 1883, and it was still in many respects the Christ's Hospital of Charles Lamb's time.

The boys lived in 'wards,' forty-six boys in a ward, of which wards there were sixteen, each presided over by a matron or 'dame.'

The masters attended daily for three hours in the morning and two in the afternoon, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when they attended for three hours in the morning only. They had no concern with the discipline of the boys out of school, which was under the warden, a retired colonel, a splendid old boy, who did not trouble us much. Actual supervision out of school was left to the 'dames' inside the wards, and they, with a few exceptions (I remember one in particular was *très maîtresse femme*), exercised no control whatever. Bullying, of course, prevailed to some extent, and life was no bed of roses to the weak.

Supervision out of school was by the warden's myrmidons, known as beadles, half-a-dozen or so in number. Their duty was to arrest malefactors, and convey them before the warden for summary trial. Dear, beery fellows they were, and 'half-a-pint' to 'Mac' or 'Ozzy' has secured the release from custody of others, I 'll warrant, besides the present writer. A better stamp of man, recruited from the best class of non-commissioned officer of the old army, was employed towards the end of my time, and good friends I found in them to point the steps to my callow youth.

The life was an interesting contrast to that lived by my sons at the regular public schools.

It was more rough and ready; indeed, it was a struggle for existence, and, to look back upon, almost brutal at times, though one does not remember having been much troubled with self-pity at the time. The dietary, though better than in Lamb's time, was still spare—bread-and-dripping and a bowl of cocoa for breakfast, meat and potatoes and sometimes greens for dinner, bread-and-butter with a bowl of milk-and-water for supper at six, and a hunk of bread-and-cheese with cold water at nine. Still, we throve on it, and even managed to play our Rugby football interward matches before breakfast on an empty stomach. What would my sons say?

The games were the boys' own, far more spontaneous and less systematised than is the fashion now; rough, no doubt, but such as to develop initiative. We played on an asphalt ground, in india-rubber shoes. After morning school (from 12.15 to 1 P.M.), we played any game that came handy, or kicked the ball about; and after afternoon school, from 4.30 onwards, we played Rugby of the same sort (half-a-dozen games on one ground at the same time!). There were also informal games such as Widdy, Storm-the-Castle, Walk Peacock Walk, Popshout, and even the cherry-stone game of Lamb's day.

In summer we played cricket on asphalt against the hall buttresses, or attended the out-door gymnasium in what was formerly the old Giltspur Compter (a debtor's prison), the back of which was on Giltspur Street. The site of the gymnasium is now an open yard for postal-vans in the new General Post-Office. (One of my earliest school recollections is of a party of boys climbing over the fence of the gym. to see the black flag run up after the execution of O'Donnell for shooting Carey the informer in the Phœnix Park murder case in May 1883!) Or we attended the swimming-bath, or played 'rounders,' or some of the games named above, in one of the smaller playgrounds, of which there were two, the garden (on the site of the old monastery garden), and the ditch, on the site of the formerly open public sewer of the famous City of London. Our matches against other schools were played on our ground at Herne Hill, later at Penge, and we held our own against good teams, being especially good at kicking, owing no doubt to our practice of the art in india-rubber shoes!

Besides games, I recollect rough festivities more like a general fight than a game on Guy Fawkes' Day, rightly abolished in the late 'eighties, and even actual fights between wards (houses), which were put down with a strong hand a little earlier, after a boy losing a leg (and eventually, after several amputations, his life) as a result of an injury received in one of these battles.

The fall of snow brought on a perennial feud between 'First and Second Eight.' The numbers refer to wards, and as passion occasionally ran high, and the combatants numbered about three hundred and fifty a-side, allowing for absentees, the mimic war had a serious aspect occasionally for those who were not well able to hold their own.

There is no doubt that a school in which this condition of things obtained turned out a kind of boy less drilled to type than the more systematised and ordered school of to-day.

I know that the rate of sickness and mortality was low. The life was hard and healthy. When sickness did occur the boys were really well looked after in a splendidly run infirmary, under the excellent Dr Alder Smith, himself an old Blue.

When Henry VIII. in 1538 refounded the school, broken up by the dissolution of the monastery, it was at the request of the citizens of London, for the education of the abject poor; and its re-endowment and refoundation by Edward VI. in 1553 had the same class in view. Although much of the later endowment had a different class in view, there was some reason in complaints that the charity had reached the hands of others than those for whom it was intended. These complaints were, however, much exaggerated. I have seen it stated that the school was filled in my time by the sons of well-to-do parents. This was certainly not the case. A few boys there may have been to whom this description applied; but as far as I know most were, like myself, sons of the poor clergy (about one-fourth), or of widows of army or navy officers (probably left almost destitute), or of clerks with large families who could not have had an education worth the name at all unless Christ's Hospital had received them.

There they received an education to fit them 'to serve God in Church and State,' which has abundantly fructified, and I do not myself believe that the charity was in their case misapplied or wasted.

May these lines help to refresh and sustain the interest of Londoners and others in their once familiar neighbour now spending her old age (a fresh and green old age) in the country—'The religious, royal and ancient foundation of Christ's Hospital. May those prosper who love it, and may God increase their number.'

YOU.

When years have laid their burden on your soul,
And taken toll
Of the pure gold of your dear hair, and left
Your cheek bereft
Of its soft bloom, and where your dimples were
Carved lines of care,
And robb'd your form of its fine lissomeness,
Not less, not less
I'll love you, but the more. Time can but bring
The perfecting
Of your rare spirit, vibrant, strong, and true—
The *You* of you.

MARIE HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE NEW AUSTRALIAN GOLD RUSHES.

THE new Australian gold finds at Muriel Tank, near Nyngan in New South Wales, and near Lucknow in the same state, seem likely to develop into flourishing gold-fields. At Muriel Tank the line of auriferous reef has already been traced over a four miles' 'strike.' It will probably prove much greater in extent as time goes on and the diggers' impetuous work develops the ground and opens out the reef underneath. Already patches have been struck carrying as high a gold value as thirty-five ounces per ton, but, of course, this is exceptional, although parts not yet disclosed may possibly prove even more sensational. The present workings are sunk on an outcrop of one of several parallel reefs, the existence of which was known over twenty years ago, the writer himself having been one of a party who found gold near Muriel Tank then; but he left the place to join up for the Boer War, and promptly forgot all about the existence of gold in that locality.

Many years afterwards chance found the writer and a companion prospecting among the ranges near the town of Orange, a beautiful, well-watered spot among the mountains of the last parallel chain, from which the entire country slopes down to the Darling River. We had camped for the night by an outcrop of wolfram, and, as that mineral was then at a high price owing to French demand, we meant to examine it thoroughly in the morning. A few miles down the eastern slope we could see the lights of the mining-town of Lucknow, and even hear the winding engines' signal-bells and other sounds indicative of working mining machinery. The mines in Lucknow, however, were all deep-sinking propositions, owned by big companies and syndicates, and we had no interest in them. But another and nearer sound fell on our ears—the sound of pick-strokes. We extinguished our camp fire and awaited the rising of the moon, being as jealous of our find as our neighbours evidently were of theirs, seeing they were working at night. And presently the bright moonlight disclosed them. About a hundred yards beneath us, in the bed of a dry creek, two men were washing out gold with a primitive cradle, carrying water to it in kerosene-tins from a water-hole near, not yet dry. Knowing the etiquette of the bush, Big Sam, my companion, called out to them, and we walked down to fraternise. The men were intensely surprised and greatly annoyed.

'Here's a rush already, Charlie,' we heard one say; 'I knew we couldn't hide for long.'

'Don't worry, old man,' Big Sam cried. 'We're not a rush, and we're not out after gold.'

'It's Big Sam and the inventor fellow,' yelled the second man in delight, as he recognised us, and scrambled up the banks of the creek to meet us. 'Sail in, boys, an' welcome. We've struck a good thing here, an' we're so mighty frightened of a rush that we work only at night. Look!' He led us up to the shallow workings, into which his mate had been hastily shovelling barren sand in an attempt to hide what had been exposed. We knew each other very well. Long Tom and Sydney Charlie were known as famous prospectors everywhere, and could scarcely move from any township without being followed by others, who hoped to profit by their finds. They showed us the result of two hours' work. This included five slugs of gold, ranging from a pennyweight to a quarter-ounce, about a dozen pin-head pieces, and nearly an ounce of fine particles—in all, about five pounds in value. 'It's come downhill from somewhere,' explained Long Tom; 'but I reckon it must be shed from a reef crossing the creek, for we can't get a colour higher up than that water-hole.'

'Why not costeen [trench] on top for the reef, if you think it crosses the creek?' I asked. 'The creek must have cut through it in a soft place, and worn away everything that might show in the banks.'

'We're not over anxious to do dead work where any one could see us,' Long Tom laughed. 'A rush would then break out, sure. No; we can get all we want here, an' move on when we're tired.'

Big Sam and I gave them nearly two hours of our strength and skill, and greatly increased their results for the night; and next morning we saddled up and rode off. The others wished us to stay and share; but four men known as we were couldn't work in secret, although two might for a time, and we could not risk spoiling their 'show.' But they had reinfected us with the gold fever, and we did not even look at our wolfram in the morning. We cut down along the Macquarie River head-waters to the main stream, followed its mulga-clad eastern divide past Warren, and through the great waterless

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

sheep-country westward, until we seemed to have left the mineral belt behind. We found gold, and almost every mineral known to us, wherever we made any attempt to prospect while amongst the ridges; but we were hard to please, and seldom did more than break a few pieces of the visible reef to enable us to guess the value. We knew where to go back when we cared. At length we decided to change our course, as the water was getting scarcer, and the Macquarie was actually dwindling down to a small, almost stagnant mud canal. Thus, one day we struck the Bogan River, and ran it up to Nyngan. The Bogan was, if possible, carrying less water than the Macquarie, although near their sources both rivers are fairly large, swiftly flowing streams, like the Spey or the Tummel. The intense evaporation while flowing over the sandy plateau towards the Darling is the cause of the rivers in New South Wales and western Queensland being greater at their sources than at their mouths. All are flowing away from the sea!

Nyngan is a hot, stuffy, mosquito-infested township, the inhabitants of which seem to live chiefly to see the train go and come between Sydney and the towns of Burke and Cobar, Nyngan being the junction where the train splits for these two places. Our horses required a rest, and, as we didn't care for town life, we rode out to the nearest tank to camp and recuperate. It was just then that I remembered I had been there before. A tank is an excavation in the ground for the purpose of receiving and conserving all the chance rains that fall for many miles around. The water is sold to travelling stockmen, and is very precious, as without it sheep could not be taken in from the outlying districts to the railway. Tanks are constructed along all travelling stock-routes, or, rather, the stock-routes are marked off so as to pass near the tanks.

At this now famous tank we fraternised with a teamster travelling into Nyngan with wool-bales, and one or two others indulging in the rest cure—their only profession! We stayed there for some days, washing and repairing clothes and saddlery. The teamster told us one night that, when he could sell his horses, he meant to go gold-mining in the Mount Boppy hills, near Cobar, as he knew of a big reef there rich in gold. Big Sam and I laughed. We knew a big reef there too.

'I wish some fellows would find gold here,' said one of the resting fraternity. 'No gold is ever found now where a man can go easily.'

'There's gold not fifty yards from where you are sitting,' I told him. 'Over there, behind that gidgya patch.'

The man stated his disbelief in very plain terms, but five minutes later was convinced when we all walked over to some shallow workings which looked as if they had been part of one of the tank drain-channels. Gold was plainly visible in the rubble, even by matchlight. 'There's your chance,' Big Sam said sarcastically. 'You can lie down beside it and work it in your sleep.'

We rode off next morning, our well-laden pack-horses following free. But we did not go very far before dismounting to examine some of the old prospect-holes of the earlier days. They had all fallen in, but five minutes' shovel-work soon proved that the gold was still there.

'Why did you fellows leave this?' Sam asked. 'Anything wrong?'

'I don't remember whether we thought it was too poor to pay or not, but the Boer War took us all away,' I answered in effect.

We continued our journey, always keeping the crest of the sand-covered ridge, which could scarcely be distinguished from the country on either side. But the ridge was the backbone, and perhaps the denuded top, of what had been a mountain in an island in the inland sea which at one time covered Central Australia, the remnant of which is now Lake Frome, in South Australia. We followed this reef, as far as conveniently possible, right into the Mount Boppy hills, and never failed to find 'colours' in the sand when we lost the reef, which often happened because of its dipping, and the depression being filled with sand swept in from the desert, or from other causes we did not know—or care about. Mount Boppy hills have yielded gold and made fortunes for many since the very early days, but we had no interest in deep mines, and, after watering at a tank near Cobar, we struck into the so-called hills, avoiding the very well-known mining district termed 'The Peak.'

We soon found our reef, which we believed to be the same as, or a parallel one to, that which we had traced from Nyngan, but it seemed to be joined where we struck it by a right-angled outcrop, which we could see for miles running northwards from Nymagee.

We worked here, with profit, for some months, replenishing our stores frequently in Cobar, the great copper-mining town, but suffering much inconvenience from the scarcity of water. We did not fear a rush, and were glad when four other prospectors joined us. But in time we got the 'move on' feeling, and hearing of some sensational finds of molybdenite in the far north of Queensland, we left our claims to our friends and rode back to Nyngan, covering the intervening sixty miles in a day, although we had taken a week on our outward journey. We fully expected to find a canvas city on the site of the tank discovery, but there were no people there, except the tank-keeper and a Chinaman growing vegetables. The former told us that the 'resters' had been afraid of a rush for the first few days after our departure, and then, getting tired of working, thought it would pay

them better to start a rush. But even this they couldn't do, and thus the place was again as we had left it.

Among the first men we met in the far north were Long Tom and Sydney Charlie.

'Well, did the rush chase you away from Lucknow?' I inquired, after greetings had been exchanged.

'No; we wish it had,' Long Tom replied. 'We told every one of our find, but all just laughed, and we got so lonely we came up here after molybdenite. People don't know enough for a rush now.'

An old professor of mineralogy, who was a guest in our camp, smiled. 'Don't worry, boys,' he said; 'a rush is like an epidemic. Some day your finds will be rediscovered when the conditions are more favourable for a rush, and then nothing will stop it. The rush microbe thrives on bad times, labour unrest, and general discontent. Then men go forth to wrestle with nature for their livelihood in the hope of escaping from their environment. When that time comes some one is sure to run across your old working, and——'

The professor was correct; bad times are now everywhere, unrest is universal, and—the rushes have started. I have now, without regret, scored those early locations off my tattered old map; and when next the fever of unrest seizes me, it is the call of the far north—the glorious Gulf country—that I will answer.

LEARNING BUSINESS.

CHAPTER II.

IT was in a somewhat nervous and apprehensive mood that Reggie the next afternoon paid his postponed visit to Mottrams, the firm which his father had so often met and beaten in fair and open competition, but to which it seemed that hard necessity was now about to compel him to surrender.

'The dad would be awfully cut up if he knew,' Reggie found himself thinking, dismally enough.

But all that morning he had seemed to be listening to one tale of disaster after another as on every side Mr Thewn showed where they had lost ground. Nor had the manager seemed to feel anything but a gloomy satisfaction as he piled proof upon proof of the precarious condition of the business—the Scottish contract gone, the Jackson connection going, the Singapore Planters Supply threatened: such was the tune on which Mr Thewn had played adroit variations all the forenoon, till Reggie had come to feel that he scarcely ought to expect Mottrams to be willing to give anything at all for the business, since it appeared that in getting it they would get little more than they had already, except a mass of complicated losses to liquidate as cheaply as possible.

At Mottrams, it seemed, he was expected, but he was kept waiting for nearly twenty minutes before being admitted to the presence of Miss Mottram, the wait being designed to produce in him a proper sense of his unimportance. Then he was informed by a pert youth, one who looked, Reggie thought, as if six months in the ranks would improve him out of all recognition, that Miss Mottram was now at liberty, and would see him. As he followed his guide down a long corridor to Miss Mottram's private room he had an odd memory of a tall German officer he had once seen meekly following the little Cockney to whom he had surrendered down a long trench on his way to headquarters. It seemed to him he also had surrendered and was following his captor, to be shown in triumph to the victorious commander. His guide stopped before a door marked 'Private,' and opened it for Reggie to pass through.

He found himself in a large, well-lighted room, furnished in a strictly business-like style, without a trace of feminine fripperies such as he had half-expected to see, or indeed any touch whatever of softness or beauty. At a large writing-table in the centre of the room, covered with papers in orderly array, sat a woman, middle-aged, very plainly dressed, her hair brushed tightly back from her forehead, her features thin and sharp, and with as little trace of gentleness or refinement showing in them as was displayed by the room in which she sat.

'Hard as nails,' was Reggie's instant thought as he saw her. 'Put her in khaki, and she would make a first-class R.S.M.'

She looked up as he entered, nodded in curt greeting, and, pointing to a chair, said in a harsh, abrupt voice, 'Young Mr Halstan, isn't it? Pleased to see you. Sit down. Try a cigar. I can recommend them. I smoke them myself.'

'Oh, thanks awfully,' said Reggie, lowering himself into the indicated chair, and becoming vaguely aware of another presence in the room, that of some one seated at a small table near the window, and busily engaged bending over a writing-pad. That this form was that of another woman he was dimly conscious; but his mind was too full of his errand, and his attention too much occupied with Miss Mottram, for him to have any thoughts to spare for this third occupant of the room.

Indeed, he forgot all about her as he lighted his cigar and watched Miss Mottram light hers. When she had it well alight she leaned back in her chair, and, looking at him through the cloud of smoke she puffed out, said briskly,

'Well, young gentleman, I suppose you 've called about our offer to buy your business.'

This was the second time she had called him 'young,' and Reggie did not like it. Also, he didn't like her, and he didn't like her harsh, snappy voice, or her manner, or anything about her—except, indeed, her cigars, which were excellent—as good, he was forced to admit, as any he had ever come across. But he remembered that business is not a matter of personal likes and dislikes, and, besides, beggars—and after his morning's talk with Mr Thewn he felt exceedingly like a beggar—can't be choosers. So it was meekly enough he answered, 'Mr Thewn showed me your letter. He thought I might as well come round and see you about it.'

Miss Mottram's cold eyes flickered with a quick scorn. The boy would be easy to deal with, she thought. Mr Thewn that—Mr Thewn this—evidently young Halstan had no mind of his own, and would be as clay in the expert hands of herself and of his manager.

'Frankly,' she began—and she was of those people who always begin 'Frankly' when they contemplate some specially gross deception—'things have changed since we wrote that letter. Of course, we should have been bound by it if you had accepted at once. Luckily for us you didn't. The sum we mentioned was ten thousand, wasn't it?'

'Yes,' answered Reggie gloomily. 'I know six or seven years ago my father refused even to consider a much larger offer.'

'I dare say,' snapped Miss Mottram in her abrupt, harsh voice. 'But this is to-day, not six or seven years ago. And what we are buying is the business to-day, not the business of six or seven years ago. Frankly, I don't see how we can possibly give more now than half our previous offer.'

'Half?' repeated Reggie in tones of utter dismay. 'Oh, I say!'

'Frankly,' added Miss Mottram, 'we are not very keen on your accepting. I am not sure the business is worth anything. If we buy, it is only the name we shall pay for.'

'Oh, the name,' said Reggie, and remembered that Mr Thewn had remarked that morning that the firm's name was about the best asset left to them.

'Of course, I haven't seen your balance-sheet,' Miss Mottram went on, 'but I doubt if it will show very satisfactory results this year. I don't know if you have had one drawn up. If not, do so. When you come to look at it, you won't see much shown there that my firm need be anxious to acquire. If you compare it with our results—I asked Miss Selwyn to take the figures out of the books to-day—— Miss Selwyn, have you that balance-sheet I told you to prepare?'

The figure at the table by the window rose, and Reggie saw it was that of a small, thin girl with a pale face, of which the most prominent features were the eyes, large, dark, and very clear, and the firm little mouth. Except for the beauty of the large and mournful eyes, not one feature of the girl's face even approached prettiness; nor was her complexion good; and as for her hair, it was tucked away into the tightest and closest of glossy bands. Yet the total effect of the face seemed to Reggie curiously charming, with a quiet and wistful appeal that was all its own. But it was not all this that he thought of at the moment; indeed, he hardly noticed her looks at all, so much was he impressed by the apparent fact that this frail little slip of a thing seemed to be able to deal with the dark mysteries of balance-sheets as with familiar friends, and was even able to perform the staggering, baffling feat of 'taking the figures out of the books' as easily as he himself could eat his dinner.

She came forward now with a quick, light step and with a paper in her hands, and as she laid it on Miss Mottram's table Reggie was able to see two neat parallel rows of figures and the most beautiful red-ink ruling.

'I say, how awfully jolly!' he murmured, and Miss Mottram looked puzzled, and frowned at a remark she did not understand but decided to ignore.

'This shows our position to-day,' she said, picking the paper up.

Miss Selwyn had remained standing by the writing-table in case she was wanted. Now she was in the act of turning away to go back to her own seat, when Reggie, unable to control any longer his honest admiration, burst out, 'Oh, I say, did you do that all by yourself?'

Miss Selwyn gave him a surprised glance from eyes of whose strange depth and sadness he now became aware for the first time. She did not speak, and Miss Mottram interrupted impatiently, 'Miss Selwyn is a competent book-keeper. That is why I employ her. These figures—they are confidential, of course, but in the circumstances I think I am justified in letting you glance at them.'

She handed him the paper as she spoke, and to her keen, observant eyes his manner as he took it, his glance, even the way in which he held the thing, betrayed the fact that to him it conveyed no more meaning than a lot of ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics would have done.

'You can see for yourself,' Miss Mottram went on. 'A firm like this, showing such results, is not likely to be very keen on taking over a concern in the position of yours. You lose ground every day. Take the Scottish contract—we have it. Take the Jackson connection—we are getting it.' She selected another paper from one of the orderly piles before her. 'That came from them to-day,' she said. 'A big order. Frankly, I don't think you will get much more from them

in the future. We believe we are handling their business to better advantage than any one else can do or than Halstans ever did. And the Singapore Planters—well, I want to be frank with you, Mr Halstan—anyhow, you would know it soon enough—we are preparing to offer for that also.'

'Are you, though?' said Reggie, trying to laugh, and not succeeding very well. 'Why, by Jove! you won't leave us even a bare bone soon.'

Miss Mottram condescended to smile, though it was not a smile that seemed much to deserve that pleasant and friendly name; a wrinkling of thin lips to show sharp yellowish teeth would describe it better.

'That is why,' she said, recovering quickly from such unwonted relaxation, and looking as harsh and grim as ever, 'we must withdraw our offer of ten thousand. But if you care to accept five thousand, Miss Selwyn shall make you out a cheque on the spot.'

In his depressed and melancholy mood Reggie felt strongly tempted. Five thousand was little enough, but, for the wreck of business left him, perhaps it was as much as he could expect. And, five thousand pounds—it is not a great fortune, but it is a capital more than most possess, and with it one could make a good start in one of the colonies. And it would be worth something to break loose from this atmosphere of failure and suspicion by which he felt himself surrounded, to get clear away from all these mysteries of business he so little understood, away to a fresher, cleaner life, where at least he would be a man among men, not a pigeon among hawks, a lamb helpless in the hands of the shearers.

And this hesitation that his features showed clearly enough Miss Mottram felt she understood. 'Miss Selwyn,' her voice rang out harshly, 'make out a cheque to Mr Halstan's order for five thousand pounds.'

She took his consent for granted then.

Nor, for his part, did he feel much inclined to contradict her.

Suddenly he was aware that Miss Selwyn was looking at him, and in her great mournful eyes he seemed to read—was it a touch of contempt that showed glimmering there?

'Miss Selwyn, did you hear me?' Miss Mottram snapped out.

The girl started violently, and began to unlock a drawer of the table at which she sat. But though her eyes were averted now, Reggie still seemed to feel them resting on him with their look of questioning doubt and wonder, and he came to a sudden, swift determination. After all, to sell out like this—was it not a little like abandoning a position the moment the enemy began to bombard it? If the army had held on to the front with no greater tenacity than he was showing, would the war ever have been won? He rose to his feet.

'We won't trouble Miss Selwyn just now,' he said, and even at the moment was aware of an odd satisfaction in pronouncing her name. 'I must think it over—take advice.'

Miss Mottram's face, which had clouded over at his sudden revolt, cleared again. She had no doubt but that those two last words meant Reggie intended to consult Mr Thewn—probably his character was so weak he did not dare to decide without consulting his manager—and she knew very well what advice Mr Thewn would give.

'Right!' she snapped out in her abrupt, aggressive voice. 'I will keep our offer open till the end of the month. That is sixteen days. But if you haven't accepted by then, don't blame me if we refuse to give five thousand pence. Goodbye, Mr Halstan.'

She struck the bell on her table for a clerk to show Reggie out, and became instantly absorbed in the papers before her, as though the very memory of his existence had already passed entirely from her mind. But as Reggie walked slowly away it occurred to him that two things were a little strange, each in its own way: first, that Miss Mottram had used that expression about the concern being soon not worth five thousand pence which Mr Thewn had also employed the previous day; and, secondly, that Miss Selwyn, who had not spoken one word during the whole of the interview, had nevertheless been in it the dominating factor.

'But for her I should have consented,' he said to himself.

CHAPTER III.

MISS ANNIE SELWYN, confidential clerk to Miss Mottram of Mottram, Ltd., was in fact, as her employer had remarked, a highly competent accountant. Figures were to her friendly and familiar things, ever ready to do just what she wanted. But all the same even she, with all her skill, was finding it difficult to devise a method whereby a weekly salary of three pounds five shillings would fit into weekly bills amounting to three pounds fifteen shillings, the task on which she was employed on the evening of the day of the interview between Reggie and Miss Mottram.

For when one has an ailing mother who requires many small comforts, and when prices, apparently subject to the same law as balloons, perpetually rise, it is difficult to cut down expenses; and when one is in the employ of a Miss Mottram, it is even more difficult to secure any increase in one's salary.

'She would simply sack me on the spot if I asked for a penny more,' mused Miss Selwyn sadly. 'All the same, something has got to be done—it's a case of spend less, or earn more, or bust.'

Having said this, she wept a little, and while thus engaged perceived, to her enormous sur-

prise, the figure of Mr Reginald Halstan appear at their garden gate, and open it, and pass through, and approach their front-door, and ring their bell—all this happening in the most ordinary manner, just as though it was real, and not a specially absurd dream.

She was, indeed, so astonished that she stopped in the very middle of a sob, and even the tear trickling down one cheek paused likewise, and hung suspended, poised on the very summit of the roundness of her cheek's soft curve.

'Whatever is the man coming here for?' she said aloud in her bewildered surprise; and she still sat there, rigid in her amazement, as her mother came out of the kitchen and went down the passage to the front-door.

With even increased bewilderment she heard Reggie's voice inquire if Miss Selwyn lived there, and if she were in, and her mother's reply, as they say in police courts and in Parliament, in the affirmative to both questions. And she still sat completely paralysed as the door opened and her mother announced in tones of mingled gratification, surprise, doubt, suspicion, and warning, 'A young gentleman wants to see you, Annie. He says his name is Halstan, and that he met you in the City this morning, and that it 's on business.'

Business! But what business could the head of Halstans have to discuss with a junior employee of Mottrams?

Hard on this announcement of Mrs Selwyn's, Reggie himself appeared; and when she saw him Annie shut her eyes tight, believing that when she opened them again the absurd, impossible vision would have vanished. But when she did look Reggie was still there, and, moreover, he had somehow edged himself quite inside the room, and was in the act of speaking.

'Oh, I say,' he began, 'I know you must be awfully surprised and all that, and you must think it 's the most awful cheek, too, but it isn't really that at all—not a scrap. Honour bright, I 'm most awfully serious, and I thought you wouldn't mind if I had a chat with you—about business, you know—business—and all that sort of thing, you know.'

Annie was still feeling too hopelessly astonished and bewildered to be able to stir a finger, or so much as utter a single word. All she could do was sit and gape, and she even forgot to wipe away the tear still trembling on that exact spot where the curve of her cheek was at its fullest, while Reggie worked his way to the centre of the room like one establishing himself there for an hour or two at the least. Feebly Annie looked at him, and wondered if it was not due to herself to order him out of the house on the spot, only she did so want to know what on earth he had come for. So she compromised by looking still more feebly at her mother, who quite misunderstood her silent appeal, replied to it by another look full of all those emotions her voice had expressed before, and so many others as well there is not space to catalogue the list, condensed them into one final nod of maternal triumph, and, to Annie's horror, discreetly melted away, closing the door behind her with a firm, yet kind, significance there was no mistaking.

It was at this precise moment when Annie saw herself thus abandoned to her fate that Reggie Halstan noticed the tear still quiescent on her cheek, as though it loved to be there—a sensible, right-minded tear, one perceives.

'Oh, I say,' he exclaimed in tones of the most heartfelt dismay and sympathy—'oh, I beg your pardon; I didn't know; I——'

He stopped abruptly, blighted by such a glare as a tigress robbed of her young might have bestowed on him.

For at that moment Annie felt she simply detested the man.

It was like his impudence to come there at all. It was still more like his impudence to notice her tear—after all, it was only one, and quite a little one, too. And it was most of all like his impudence to presume to dare to appear to offer her his sympathy—as if she wanted his sympathy, indeed!

(*Continued on page 660.*)

THE TREASURES OF SKOKLOSTER.

By Hon. GEORGE A. SINCLAIR.

SWEDEN has a number of imposing castles, such as Vadstena on Lake Vettern, Gripsholm on Lake Mälar, and Kalmar on the Baltic, which are easily accessible to the tourist. The isolated Château of Skokloster, sometimes called the 'Forest Monastery,' from the religious house suppressed here in the sixteenth century, lies off the beaten track and receives bare mention in the guide-books. Although it cannot compare with the castles named in architectural design, it stands amid beautiful surroundings, and contains the very pick of the spoil of the Thirty Years' War—the total value of the arms, armour, and ornaments in the château being estimated at several million kronor. It is about two-thirds of the distance, by water, from Stockholm to Uppsala; but the best method of reaching it is by way of the university town, which in itself is full of historical interest.

This route enables one to appreciate the varying aspects of Swedish scenery. For an hour or more the southward-bound steamer winds slowly down between the banks of the small river Fyris, and as it leaves its berth the twin spires

of the cathedral dip from view behind the clumps of tall pines on the sloping ridge to the west. Eastward to the horizon stretches a level plain, and on the right is an expanse of undulating meadow-land reaching to the uplands, which are flanked by belts of fir-trees. Many a picturesque rustic bridge and thatched homestead is passed, and the ground becomes more wild and wooded on both sides of the river before it widens out into the great Lake Mälar. When the open water is reached, the engines of the little steamer throb to their utmost capacity, and the towers of the château soon become visible in the distance.

Shortly before his death, Charles IX. gave the estate of Skokloster to Herman Wrangel, a young Esthonian nobleman, as an inducement to the aristocracy of the East Baltic provinces to enter his service. The new owner was content to live in the canon's house, which he restored and enlarged; and his stormy life prevented him from enjoying his property, though he spent the end of his days there. The present château was begun in 1654 by his son, the more famous Field-Marshal Karl Gustaf Wrangel, Lord High Constable and High Admiral, who, towards the close of the Thirty Years' War, took over the supreme command from Torstensson, united his forces with Turenne, and contributed to the ultimate overthrow of the Imperialists.

Forty members of the Scottish Major Nisbeth's company were ordered to Skokloster to help in the construction. The plain building, which forms a perfect square enclosing a courtyard, is composed of four storeys, and at each corner there is an octagonal tower in Gothic style, surmounted by a copper-covered dome and spire. The Italian count, Lorenzo Magalotti, who was the guest of Wrangel at Skokloster twenty years later, mentions a splendid semicircular landing-stage, with balustrade in front of the main entrance, of which all trace has now disappeared. He gives a graphic description of the owner, who was then about sixty years of age: 'He is fond of pomp, generous, and a man of his word, but irritable, and partial to the fair sex. He takes an interest in many things, likes books and scientists, although himself not very accomplished. He is never unoccupied; he either reads, or works at his turning-lathe, or models buildings and fortresses.' By marriage between Wrangel's daughter Juliana and Nils Nilsson Brahe, the posthumous son of the heroic Count Nils Brahe, who fell by the side of his royal master, Gustavus Adolphus, at Lützen in 1632, the property passed into the family of the present owner, Count Magnus Brahe.

The magnificent art collection of Skokloster is the finest in Sweden. Every inch of wall-space which is not allotted to pictures or tapestry is lined with inlaid cabinets, cases of valuable china and precious jewels, and weapons of all sorts. The Wrangel armoury contains a unique assortment of muskets, swords, shields, and helmets, and a number of beautiful saddles ornamented with rubies and turquoises. The greatest treasure in the château is a silver-embossed shield, said to have been the work of Benvenuto Cellini or of some member of the Negroli family in Milan, which is worth a small fortune in itself. It belonged to the Emperor Charles V., and was taken at the sack of Prague in 1648 by Königsmark, falling, as part of the spoils of that city, to Field-Marshal Wrangel.

The portraits of Herman Wrangel's companions-in-arms, painted by his order in 1623, are conspicuous for their novelty, being alone worth a visit to Skokloster. These warriors of the Thirty Years' War, grouped round the quadrangular corridor overlooking the courtyard, had a nice taste in dress, and, like our Cavaliers, loved fine feathers; but the lavishness and extravagance of Elizabethan and Jacobean fashions are easily outdone. Though some are clad in modest black velvet trimmed with gold braid, the prevailing hues are pink and white, yellow and light blue, and the colours are as fresh and bright as if they had been painted yesterday. Each of them wears a huge ruff, an embroidered sash across the right shoulder, lace cuffs, reaching in some cases to the elbow, full breeches fastened above the knee, wide garters tied with a heavy knot, silk stockings with clocks on the ankle, and large rosettes on the high-heeled shoes. The artist, whoever he was, has depicted them in much the same attitude, with a sword or a pike in one hand, and a broad-brimmed felt hat, with a single plume, in the other. Such names as Sparre and Polman are obviously foreign; others are of doubtful nationality—Herman Kapel, Willum Man, Thomas Muschampe, and Karl Kammel (probably Campbell); but those marked Patrick Ruthven, Capitein Jacobus King, and David Drummond are patently Scottish. The first-named, erroneously described in the Swedish guide-book as Earl of Bramford, was Sir Patrick Ruthven, who was afterwards raised to the peerage as Earl of Forth and Brentford. He held successively the governorships of Memel, Marienburg, and Ulm. James King, created Lord Eythin by Charles I., and Baron Sanshult by Queen Christina, was Governor of Vlotho, and died in Sweden. Both these men were trusted generals of Gustavus Adolphus, and subsequently served in the Civil War on the Royalist side. Little is known of Drummond, except that he was knighted and became Governor of Stettin. The good-natured attendant has a great deal to say about these curious pictures and the connection between 'Sverige och Skottland,' but, unfortunately, he is unable to impart his knowledge except in his native tongue.

If the family portraits at Skokloster are not exceptionally interesting, one cannot fail to pause for a moment before the picture of the lovely Ebba Brahe—so like a canvas by Lely—

and to examine her ring, a large ruby set with brilliants. Gustavus Adolphus very nearly made her his queen. Part of their correspondence is preserved at the château, including a letter which the young king wrote to her during the Russian campaign of 1616, enclosing a little flower 'which the Germans call "Forget-me-not."' They played duets together on the lute when he was at home, and he inscribed sonnets to her from abroad. Although the Brahes are one of the noblest families in Sweden, the queen dowager, who was a managing woman, did everything in her power to discourage their meetings. She persuaded her son not to see the lady for three years. The continuous war and the troubled state of the country, which fully occupied the king's attention, favoured his mother's design, and she ultimately arranged a match between Ebba Brahe and James de la Gardie.

This episode forms the theme of one of Gustavus III.'s plays, and it is at least doubtful whether the queen dowager's intervention was in the best interests of his hero, whose marriage with Maria Eleonora of Brandenburg was hardly a success. In a touching letter written shortly before his death he begged his Chancellor, Axel Oxenstierna, not to lose heart, but to look to the welfare of those he left behind him. 'I have had no other end in life but to do my duty in my station. But if I fall, my dear ones will be in a pitiable state; they are women—the mother none too wise, the daughter a tiny maiden, too weak to advise themselves in danger, and equally weak if they receive advice.' The Chancellor did not fail in the trust imposed on him, for it was entirely owing to his brilliant statesmanship and wise prudence that Sweden eventually emerged triumphant in her prolonged struggle.

AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART.

PART II.

IV.

THUS, some two months after his breaking into Winnipeg, the city intimated with no uncertain voice that Tim was as welcome there as a guano plant in a garden city.

He had no choice, of course, but to forward the sheaf of dismissals to Dr Shaw, and also to break the news to Tilly Burton. He made no excuses in either letter. He just put forward his own view-point and definite convictions, and let it go at that. He did say to Tilly, however, that he felt certain he would make good eventually if she would only wait for him.

Three days later a Western Union night lettergram advised Tim of Dr Shaw's return the following week, and instructed him to vacate both his job and the premises by that date.

Tim was packing up prior to his get-away when Tilly's reply came, and he read the letter in his shirt-sleeves, leaning up against the chimney-piece.

'DEAR TIM' (it ran),—'I am very sorry to hear you have not made a success of your new job. Perhaps it is only having to do with soldiers so long has made you careless. Anyway, there it is, and I suppose there's no help for it.

'It seems a shame, but mother says for me to get engaged to a guy named Ed Johnstone from Halifax, N.S., who is here on vacation. Ed has a dandy store, and a house full of swell fixings. Mother says if I've to wait until you make good, I'll die an old maid.

'I hope this letter won't make you sore. I shall never like Ed like I like you.

'Ed says I shall be the swellest bride that ever came down the pike, and the dandiest looker. We are going to Niagara for the wedding-trip. Ed has a Ford car.

'Do not send me a wedding-gift, as I guess you have no cash to spare. Ed says it takes a doctor a long time to make good—even if he's clever.

'So no more at present from your loving,

'TILLY.'

Tim read this three times before he got on to it that the girl he'd been tokened to since he was knee-high to a grasshopper had handed him the icy mitt at the first hint of trouble. He was never so dead-sure of anything in his life as that he didn't want to marry Tilly; what jolted him was that Tilly had reached for her hat at the very first sign of trouble. Thirty cents was a Rockefellian accumulation to what Tim felt at that moment. And then the door opened and Terry came into the room.

Even in his surprise Tim saw that her eyes were troubled and her lips not quite steady. He thought her, at that moment, the most beautiful thing that ever took the round trip from heaven.

'I've come to tell you,' said Terry slowly, 'how sorry, how *very* sorry, I am.'

Tim took both her hands in his own. In the frame of mind he was in then, he felt like he never wanted to loose hold of them. 'It's like you!' was all he said.

Terry's smile as she released her hands and seated herself in a big wicker chair in front of the open hearth had in it an infinite tenderness. 'Tell me about it,' she said.

Usually Tim was not an ace-high talker about his own affairs, but now he had an accumulated weight on his soul he wanted help to get rid of. He told Terry how dead-sure he

was of the soundness of his own diagnosis in the case of Sam Morgan; of how, under the banner of Donovan Baines, the insurance companies had joined together and fired him from his job; and of how private patients had fallen in at the rear of the column.

'And your fiancée, Miss—er—Burton, isn't it?' inquired Terry, trying all she knew to keep the keynote of rivalry from her voice. 'You are lucky to have her to sympathise with you at such a time.'

Until marriage had given him some slight hint of feminine subtlety, it didn't occur to Tim that Terry's motive for this visit consisted of but 75 per cent. sympathy, the remaining proportion being devoted to plain feminine curiosity to find out just how Tim's girl was standing up under fire.

By way of answer Tim handed over Tilly's letter.

The girl flushed. 'But I can't possibly read this!' she protested. 'Surely it should be sacred?'

'As hell!' said Tim.

Terry looked up sharply, and then she took the letter from its envelope. Having read it, she said nothing for a while—she was too mad. Womanhood is a spiritual state, and the closest guarded corporation in the world. Terms of membership are high, and penalties for the infringement of rules severe, which is perhaps why so few females are admitted.

'A letter like this,' she said at last, 'leaves one gasping. Also, it leaves one nothing to say.'

Tim took the letter from her and tore it into little bits, throwing the pieces on the fire. Then he turned to Terry, and something she read in his eyes set her heart beating as though she'd been running.

'I hate to say it,' said Tim slowly, 'but that letter, instead of jolting me half-crazy, is like a trip to the beach. . . . I'm no quitter, and I'd have gone through with the marriage, and been good to Tilly afterwards. But I never loved her, and well I've known it—of late.'

This last left an opening Terry might have taken had she so wished, but she turned from the subject. 'What are you going to do?' she inquired.

'Hit the trail for Vancouver, and try for a job on one of the C.P.R. boats trading to Japan,' said Tim promptly.

As he quit speaking he got up from his chair. 'You've got to go,' he said abruptly. 'If any one knew you were here, there'd be talk. All Winnipeg knows I've no patients come here now.'

At the prospect of Tim going away all the flush caused by her quick walk faded from Terry's cheek, leaving it dead-white. She rose slowly from her chair, went to Tim, and laid both her hands on his shoulders, paused irresolutely for a moment, and then looked deep into his eyes. 'Tim,' she said, 'will you marry me?'

In the wonder and marvel of his surprise, and the unbelievable happiness of his realisation of what her words implied, Tim's heart took a quick leap into his throat. 'Will I *which*?' he gasped.

'Marry me,' confirmed Terry. 'You won't ask *me*,' she went on shyly—'but there's nothing to prevent my asking *you*.'

Tim dug his hands deep in his pockets, went over to the fire, and with his foot on the fender stood staring into the flames in an endeavour to assemble his faculties.

What he had hungered for to the innermost substance of his dreams was now, in the unbelievable generosity of a great nature, offered him without stint or reservation, but it was unthinkable that he could take advantage of it.

His manhood put up a great and a bitter fight, and it won through all right. When he turned once more to Terry, his face was lined and fallen away, and he was shaking as though with cold. 'Terry,' he said, 'you know—just as you know that you are the one woman I'll ever care for—why I can't marry you.' He smiled rather bitterly, shrugging his shoulders in dismal inquiry. . . . 'What have I to offer you?' he added.

But Terry smiled too, and I guess there's not many times in a woman's life she wears just that particular smile. 'Nothing,' she confirmed; 'you've already given me all I want.' She paused, corralling all her thoughts and will to the one big issue. 'Material things don't count,' she said—'or else they hurt. If it's money, I've enough—more than enough—for us both.'

Tim shook his head; apparently Terry had not got on to his point. 'It's not money,' he said. 'It's just that I haven't made good.'

It was the first time he'd ever kissed the woman he loved, and the memory of that stays with a man always. . . . And with the woman too, I guess.

'Wait for me!' was all—or nearly all—he said.

V.

Colonel English was genuinely sorry for Tim, and had considerable admiration for the way 'the youngster' had stood up for his professional convictions. As marking this goodwill he invited Tim, four or five days before the latter was due to leave for the coast, to dine and go on to the theatre.

This communication surprised Tim, though—probably correctly—he suspected Terry as being its inspiration. He had, however, expected the colonel would have a bad grouch against him for turning down Sam Morgan's application for insurance, and it was with a feeling of considerable relief at the expression of goodwill involved by the invitation that he promptly and enthusiastically accepted. He could not help wondering, though, whether the old gentleman would have been as cordial if he'd known what had passed between Terry and himself at the surgery.

In after-days the evening that followed stood out as one of the landmarks of Tim's life. It was at the theatre, moreover, that the event occurred that changed the whole current of his future.

The lady on the stage was in the act of pleading for the forgiveness of her father for having done—so far as the audience could gather—nothing in particular, when suddenly some one in the orchestra stalls let off an involuntary intonation that was something between a gulp and a whoop, and a dame near by collapsed hooting into her seat. Then one of the attendants called out, 'Is there a doctor present?'

In the light of recent experience Tim almost paused for contradiction when he said that he was the man; but no one offering any objection, he followed the manager to the private office, where, in the meanwhile, the sufferer had been conveyed.

Tim nearly jumped through the roof when he found that his involuntary patient was none other than Sam Morgan. Sam was lounging on the settee, his face empurpled with congestion, his lips pursed up as though whistling, his breath coming and going sharp and quick in spasmodic gusts.

Seeing that the sufferer was the man through whom all his troubles had originated, Tim settled down to his job armed with the foreknowledge of what it was he had to fight. Fortunately there was a drug-store handy, and he was able to send out for remedies. Then, as soon as he could leave his patient, he 'phoned Dr Brodie, asking him to come right down to the theatre.

Although Dr Brodie was a practitioner with a laudatory opinion of his own proficiency, his impregnability of conceit was hardly proof against the concrete example to the contrary gasping out his immortal soul on the manager's best settee.

'And I examined Mr Morgan most particularly for any sign of heart trouble,' he complained, as though poor Sam's passage to another world was nothing short of ill-considered presumption, 'and I found nothing wrong.'

'And I,' said Tim, who couldn't resist the temptation of registering a kick against the ignorance and self-esteem that had jockeyed him out of the city—'and I,' he said, 'examined Mr Morgan thoroughly, and I did find something wrong. . . . That's the reason I got fired from my job,' he added.

'Humph!' remarked Dr Brodie.

VI.

Tim was down to the depot in good time the day he was to leave for Vancouver. As he sat in the smoking-car waiting for the train to pull out he was in one of those moods that come to every man once or twice in his life, the mood when he feels Fate has some special grouch against him that there's no use in fighting.

A Western Union telegraph-boy who had been throwing his weight around the platform attracted his wandering attention at last, and in a dim sort of way Tim seemed to recognise his own name as the one the lad was shouting, and he went to the doorway of the coach to inquire.

'Yer name Dr Rowe?' asked the boy truculently.

'Yes,' said Tim.

'Then for the love of Mike rouse outer yer stooper and take this tallygram!' instructed the lad with heat. 'I've had ter beat it down to here from your apartment house already.'

Tim gave the boy a quarter, tore open the wire, and read: 'Call here to-day certain; urgent. —Donovan Baines.'

Just for a moment Tim had a mind to let the telegram and Donovan Baines rip, and to beat it out West without replying to the summons. It wasn't long, however, before he thought better of it, and he decanted himself out of the C.P.R. depot without further delay.

. . . . . .

When he reached the insurance building he was shown through to the private office. Here he found Baines and another man—a tall guy, dignified and well dressed, who was a stranger to him.

Baines greeted Tim quietly, but without demonstration either of friendship or the reverse. Then he turned to the stranger. 'This is Dr Rowe, sir,' he introduced.

The stranger looked shrewdly and searchingly at Tim, and Tim returned the inspection.

'My name is Clarke,' said the stranger; 'John Russell Clarke, president of this company.'

'Good-afternoon,' said Tim.

'I've come to Winnipeg especially to make your acquaintance,' announced Mr Clarke impressively.

'Glad to meet you,' said Tim without enthusiasm.

'It appears,' continued the president, 'that quite inadvertently we have done you an injustice. In taking the step we did, however, it must not be forgotten that we were supported by the evidence of three doctors, two of them eminent specialists. In face of this consensus of expert opinion we had only your diagnosis and, forgive me for speaking frankly, your experience.'

'Yes,' said Tim.

'It seems, however,' the president went on, 'that if we had disregarded the advice of those specialists, and taken heed to your warning, we should have saved the not inconsiderable sum of fifty thousand dollars. In plain words, it has since been demonstrated that you were right and the other three physicians wrong.'

Mr Clarke paused for a moment to peer in-

tensively at Tim through his tortoise-shell glasses. 'We want to know why?' he shot out at last suddenly.

'Eh?' inquired Tim, the question taking him unawares.

'We want to know,' repeated the president, 'how it is that your knowledge in the case under discussion was more accurate than that of the three specialists.'

Tim drew a long breath. 'Because,' he said, 'they are specialists on heart trouble generally, and I happened to have studied the particular disease from which Mr Morgan died. I have learned to look for, and to recognise, its symptoms. It is a disease so rare, incidentally, that even the most eminent doctors are inclined to pass it by.'

Mr Clarke, apparently, was considerably impressed by this exposition. 'And how, at your age, do you come to be an authority on such an obscure disease?' he asked with more human friendliness than he had previously displayed.

'When I was wounded at Arras,' said Tim, 'I was sent not to a British hospital, but to a French one—at Bordeaux. The commandant, Colonel Oulette, is the leading heart specialist in Europe. He happened once to lecture on this particular disease, and, being convalescent, I was privileged to attend. The subject interested me intensely, and as I had nothing to do I studied it closely under the personal guidance and tuition of Colonel Oulette. This study I have since continued and extended.'

The president rubbed his chin thoughtfully. 'Are you,' he inquired at length, 'by way of being an authority on disease of the heart generally, or only upon this particular one?'

'I have studied them all,' Tim assured him promptly.

The president turned to Donovan Baines, who had followed the conversation with the closest interest. Suddenly Mr Clarke nodded his head decisively, and turned once more to Tim. 'We are creating the appointment at Chief Office of consultant physician,' he said. 'The salary is five thousand dollars a year and fees, and the duties in no way forbid private practice. I am authorised to offer you this appointment.'

Although his heart was racing like a ship's propeller, and he felt he wanted to leap to the ceiling and yelp his delight, Tim had learned, in a business deal, to camouflage his feelings. 'Thank you,' he assented calmly; 'I accept with pleasure.'

'Good!' exclaimed the president heartily. 'I have an agreement here, which I am empowered to sign on behalf of my directors.'

'Good!' said Donovan Baines, but less enthusiastically.

VII.

The light in Terry's eyes at Tim's unexpected, excited entry into the drawing-room that afternoon was a revelation to Tim of the depth and intensity of her feelings. Her joy in his presence was indeed so spontaneous that there and then Tim was all for taking her into his arms, only the colonel happened to be present.

While Tim was telling his story Terry never took her eyes from his face. He could almost follow with his words the sudden, well-nigh unbelieving dawning of her hope, and, as his tale progressed, the irradiating joy of confidence.

'My boy,' exclaimed the colonel, almost, but not quite, dropping his monocle in his delight and appreciation—'my boy, I'm glad; I'm dam glad. You've got pluck. You stood up to all those stodgy specialists like a man and a soldier. I say I'm glad. I always had faith in you. I say I always had faith in you, and now that that faith is justified, I'm glad.'

Suddenly Terry looked up, the light of a sudden and overwhelming resolution in her eyes. 'Have you still faith in him, dad?' she asked quietly.

The question was put so casually that if the colonel had been a wise guy he'd have made for cover. But in this case the colonel wasn't a wise guy—or perhaps he was! 'Faith in him?' he repeated sternly. 'Of course I've faith in him. I've *said* so, haven't I? Always had faith in him, and always will have.'

'Sufficient to allow him to marry me?' asked Terry interestedly. 'He wants to, you know.'

For perhaps the first time in history the colonel's monocle actually did fall from his eye. His jaw dropped, and he stared at Terry with open mouth. Then his glance travelled to Tim. 'God bless my soul!' he exclaimed, reaching over to retrieve his monocle. 'God bless my soul, he wants to marry Terry!' He hesitated for a moment, and his cheek grew a fiery red. 'Why—why—you hardly know each other,' he stuttered.

Terry smiled very tenderly, first at her father, and then at Tim. 'Then,' she said, 'I think it's time we were both better acquainted with the officer who was decorated for bringing Larry into the trench under fire, and staying with him until he died.'

For a moment the accumulation of shocks appeared to have deprived the colonel of speech. His face went suddenly pale; the strong jaw trembled.

'I did what I could,' admitted Tim lamely. 'Larry was my side-kicker in the regiment, and it was up to me.'

The colonel laid his hand for a moment, very gently, on Tim's knee. 'If that is your conception of friendship,' he said, 'I need have no hesitation in trusting my girl to your care. God bless you both!'

And very quietly he went out of the room, leaving Tim and Terry alone together.

THE END.

A LONDON HOUSE.

THE house was full of shadows—shadows which could be felt. They were not the normal shadows of everyday which flit and pass. These had gathered, one would say, in odd corners, like cobwebs, and remained there after the object that cast them was removed. Perhaps the heavy atmosphere of the house collected them, as a web collects dust, and held them, like flies caught in some sticky substance, unable to fade. Also the fogs of many Novembers had left soft layers of themselves in the hall, and remained, rolled in soft folds, round the lower flights of stairs. The fog, chilly and insinuating, permeated the air always, but was perhaps most evident when the summer sunlight, embarrassed, like an unwelcome guest, flickered timidly through the high windows.

Outside, the house was gaunt and grimy, pompous and established—built at a time when pomposity and respectability appeared the last words in human development. It seemed the last post of a rigid and relentless conception of life about to pass for ever from the world. Too sure of itself to be defiant, its windows gazed unseeingly over the head of the eager new life which must gradually destroy it. Its ugliness at least was unashamed, and attempted no compromise with the facile prettiness of a lighter period. It had memories which it treasured—even if in all its past was nothing worth remembering. It was already an anachronism—a poor anachronism which had never existed—shut out equally from past and future, like an ancient spinster with no personal memories but a strong family tradition, who will die as lonely as she has lived, scorning to understand or be understood.

These were its virtues. But still behind the thick layers of fog and shadow lay something sinister and unconfessed, could one but penetrate so far. Frightening memories—a sordid mystery—suggesting dull tragedy. You felt it on the staircase—the stairs which rose from floor to gloomy floor, to end at last on the servants' narrow landing above. Especially were the back-stairs haunted—those dark, steep, gloom-enveloped steps which seemed, looking from the top, to lead to the bottom of a gloomy pit. The back-rooms, too, were haunted, whose windows blinked upon a small square garden surrounded by high brick walls, black and crusted with grime, where tall Jerusalem artichokes—why or when planted there no one knows—raised their smutty leaves. Some queer calamity had everywhere left an indelible impression—something sullen and unlucky which shunned the light—a ghost too indefinite to be exorcised—a suppressed secret filling with uneasiness any sensitive minds which came within its influence. Those whose youth was passed under this shadow might carry the faint imprint of it upon them for the rest of their lives—like the trace of a forgotten nightmare—and in them, too, would be something secret and suppressed.

An imaginative child who lived there once had a waking-fancy, or a dream, of hosts of dark spirits swarming up the stairs and through the rooms, until at last the human inhabitants were driven out. But this was too definite a fancy. The terror was little more than suggestion. It was evil, but a negative evil, crouching like a torpid spider in a dusty web, too feeble to pounce. Rather than the shadow of a crime committed, it may have been a crime accomplished in thought only, morbid broodings never actually realised, which so poisoned the atmosphere. Whatever it was, it was incomplete and shapeless. Sin frustrated—unrealised evil desires. Who shall say? At all events, the spirit of the house turned inwardly upon itself.

Some houses are made for gaiety, for life and laughter—they demand to be lived in, and gladly complete the personality of their possessors. Others are so wrapped in dreams of a vivid past that their living owners and daily events are no more than reflections falling on a silent pool. Some are actively hostile. This house was hostile, but resisted passively. It drew itself back into its folds of accumulated gloom, waiting in grim patience until it should again be left undisturbed. Though lived in continuously, it was always solitary. It brooded on a long prosaic past, untouched by poetry or romance. Yet, in spite of its essential commonplaceness, it held its secret—a secret dank and dreary, smelling of the black earth of London gardens. Its end was strange. Suddenly one night it sprang into flame, and was quickly consumed. Not even the thick accumulated shadows could put out that fire!

A MORNING AT TABORA.

FIERCELY burns the adamantine morning
On the coral roads that cross the town;
Comes no cloud to give the rain's forewarning,
Stirs no wind to chase the earth's deep frown.

Sleeps the beggar in the shadowed byway,
Sick awhile of dusty, peopled street;
Cart nor traveller on the lonely highway
Passes in the noonday glare and heat.

Yet, as always, move the throngs pursuing
In the market rumour that is rife:
Tales of far-off daring and of doing,
Welcome news of track and *shamba** life.

And o'er all the stone-walled *boma*† gazes
To the Lulanguru hills around,
Hills mist-veiled before the sun that blazes
To his zenith's throne—world-hailed and crowned!

MALCOLM HEMPHREY.

* Farm. † Fort.

THE RAVEN.

By ETHEL F. HEDDLE.

CHAPTER I.—IN KIRK O' FIELD.

I.

'LOOK to the window. Is there any sign that the Queen cometh?'

The voice came from the great bed of violet-brown velvet, with the royal arms and insignia in encrusted gold. The candles had not yet been lit, and the wan, cold light of the February day filtered bleakly through the window, past the inlaid cabinet and garderobe, and the rich tapestry of the walls. A mean room, of small dimensions, it seemed overladen with the magnificence and the splendour of its furnishing; it was like a plain woman in the dress of a queen.

Darnley, Henry Rex of Scotland, lay high on his pillows, his pale, peevish face, marred and seared by illness, turned towards the gloomy sky.

Taylor, the servant, treading deftly, pulled aside the curtain. 'Not yet, your Majesty.'

Darnley sighed.

On the table at his side there were a dice-board and dice. He stretched out his hand and took up the dice, threw them half absently, then tossed back to the other side of the bed. 'She is late—late—and she promised——'

His voice broke off. He wanted her to come, yearned and thirsted for her—and yet trembled, feared.

All the long journey from Glasgow he could see her riding by his litter; he could see her face, under the waving plumes of her hat. He had pulled the taffeta from his own to gaze, and could visualise again the look of the country they passed through: the ruined fanes, the broken altars, the fire of destruction—Scottish Protestant bigotry and English revenge—the ivy, scarce grown over the black of burning; the gallows, terrible, spectre-like, with its hideous fruit. Mary never looked at those things, nor seemed to note them. She had a 'diamond heart,' she told him once, while his was 'of wax!'

He seemed forced to remember these things in the long hours; the blackened country—and the gallows—and those horrible ravens! One had followed—he had seen it—it had swept over his litter—and croaked! Croaked! He could hear it—he always heard it! It perched over his lodging!

Darnley tossed, and threw out his thin hand. 'The handsomest lang youth e'er she had seen' had lost his good looks now, was peevish and ghastly; even his furred purple velvet night-gown, with its sable collar, could lend no colour to his grayish-yellow face. He tossed again. Why did she not come? 'Look out once more! Do you see nothing?'

Taylor, at the window, gave, unseen, a faint shrug. Nelson, a second page, had come to the door, and the two men exchanged glances.

They hated the place; there was an atmosphere of horror about it: its meanness, its nearness to my lord's in Hamilton House; those gloomy vaults below, from which, last night, had issued such odd sounds—even the Queen's room—below this one. Why had they moved her bed yesternight? That was Paris's doing; Paris—the page of Bothwell—gifted to the king. Did she not return? And if so, why not? Why?

It was all 'why?' at Kirk o' Field.

'Well? Well?'

And then, as Taylor passed, he could see Nelson behind his shoulder, pointing. Something in the pointing hand from the shadow of the doorway made Taylor look, with a sudden heart-leap.

But, after all, it was nothing.

Nothing at all. Only a raven, on the wall, black even against the black night. A raven? The same raven that had followed and croaked over my lord's litter while the Queen rode back and bent her beautiful face to speak to him.

'I—see—nothing, my lord.'

II.

The two men were out now; they whispered in an inner room. Whispered, as Darnley's entourage was given to whispering in those days, and the dark fell, and nothing moved till at last there was a flash of light. Torches spluttering in the gloom, the sound of horses' feet, a ripple of noise and laughter. Then one clear, low, musical voice that penetrated all.

Nelson clutched Taylor's arm. 'The Queen!'

She was in the dark room then, and it was as if many candles had been lit. She bent over Darnley, and the torches outside seemed to illumine her face and her hair. He could see them as if aureoled.

'Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright.'

'Mary! At last!'

She moved back. Her red lips had scarcely brushed his hair. Somehow they felt cold. She told him she had been detained at the Palace. Had she forgotten to tell him of Sebastian's marriage to Margaret Carwood? She had promised to dance at the wedding, and grace the feast. She could not stay now—not long. She would return soon.

Always that—always to hurry away.

'There are those from whom you do not hurry so fast,' Darnley muttered furiously, in

his weak, high-pitched voice. 'If report speaks true—at the hermitage—when you rode—rode——'

'My lord—have a care!'

She was seated by his bolster, and the servants had left the room. Mary had waved away the lights when they had proffered them, and Darnley could only see the lovely reds and whites of her face, and her glorious hair, by the light of the torches, flickering still from outside, on the tapestried walls. He could see her through the shadows. He gazed like a parched man. He had never so loved her when he possessed her; had tired of her so soon, and gone to other and vulgar amours; but now—now when she hated and despised and puzzled him—the old love, a new love, burned in his veins, and he would have died for a touch of her hand, for the kiss he had once accepted so carelessly.

'Come, my lord, you forget our pact,' she said in her lightest voice. 'Was it only last night I read your letter to your father, my Lord Lennox? Let me recall it. I kissed you for it.' She laughed again, then began to repeat in her mocking voice: '"I have thought good to write to you, by this bearer, of my good health, I thank God, which is the sooner come through the good treatment of such as have this good while concealed their good will: I mean of my love, the Queen, who, I assure you, hath all this while, and yet doth use me herself, like a natural and loving wife." You so writ only last night, Henry. Hast forgotten?'

'Ay, I had,' he said. 'But stay now, Mary. All is well when you stay. I can forget——'

'Forget what?'

Leaning back a little, she watched him. The torchlight caught the glorious gleam of her hair, reddish gold and russet; the perfect oval of her face, the stormy beauty of her hazel eyes, the white perfection of her hand, as her fingers played with a great pearl depending from her neck. Darnley's red wedding-ring of enamel and ruby shone upon it.

'Forget what?'

He leaned on his elbow then, and poured it all out—incoherent, passionate; accusations, repentances, promises, rights, revilings, reproaches. Now it was she who was cruel and cold, forgetting he was young; she forgave others—why not forgive him, and be, as of old, at bed and board? Now it was he, the heart of wax (oh me! what wax! and Mary's lips had curled), he who had betrayed and insulted her; but she forgave others—why not him? For Riccio—yes, even for Riccio. She would forget the Italian. There were others in the bond—it was not all his plot—though they had taken his dagger—and thrust it in the body.

He began to weep and moan. The terror was coming down on him again—he, the braggart and the bully! who had his dagger ready, of old, for every trifle. He could see again—had to see—the dark place on the floor in Holyrood, where the secretary lay in a horrible pool of blood. He could hear the shrieking voice: 'Madam, save me! Justitia! Justitia!'

She had had to hear it, too!

'Why, my lord'—the Queen spoke suddenly, in the strangest voice, for her eyes were very cold, and yet she laughed—'you speak of it strangely now—the name we had buried—on this night—for it is just a year since David died, and I stood by the tomb in the Chapel and said foolish things, in my haste.'

'*A fatter than he shall lie here!*'

Darnley could hear the words, though she did not speak them. He shivered as he lay, and then told himself she was smiling, and she had forgot, and he held out again his piteous hands.

'Mary! Mary! You forget—you forgive?'

'Mary Stuart always forgets and—forgives!' she said in a dulcet voice. 'When you are well and purged of your sickness, all will be as hitherto. I will believe your word, and we shall be one again. And now—I hear voices.'

III.

The Queen rose. Two noblemen had come into the room. Darnley looked up impatiently, but, after a glance at Mary's face, he said nothing. Velvet cloaks, rich brocade doublets, and sweeping hats—and yet he scowled. My Lord Bothwell, and Lethington, of the pale face and shifty eyes—and there was Crawford with his drink and medicine. The room seemed crowded. He moved sulkily to the other side of the bed, and only watched her, and scarcely heeded; and they tossed the dice, and laughed; and Mary stood at the window looking down at her torch-bearers waiting for her.

She turned round suddenly, as if she had seen something that startled her, then walked away, and put her hand to her hair and swept it back. She bade them sharply, 'Come on, my lords! I must go.'

Darnley found the two men were bidding him farewell. He had enough of them, and let them go gladly—he hated them both; but for the Queen's presence, he would have bidden Crawford refuse them admittance.

They went, first telling the Queen they would await her—would see her through the Thieves' Row, and up by the Blackfriars, beyond, and the Nether Port, to Holyrood. They would wait. Darnley stretched his hands again to the Queen. She would stay? She would stay? It was barely eleven.

'Nay, Henry, I have told thee,' Mary said. 'I promised Margaret and Sebastian. Mary Stuart keeps her promises'—she gave another little laugh. 'Good-night, my lord! Sleep well! Sleep—well!'

Just for a moment she seemed to tremble. A faint tremor passed over her face.

'Were not my heart of diamond, I could not have done it.'

Then she got to the door, paused, and came back. She bent over the king, and he waited, his eyes on her face. Had she relented? Forgiven? The letter she had read, and he had meant her to read, had it done its work? She had kissed him. Would she kiss him again?

The room was in sudden darkness. Darnley waited.

'Just a year, my lord. Strange! Just a year!'

He heard the words. They fell on his ear like molten lead. David again.

And she was gone!

CHAPTER II.—THE RAVEN.

I.

ELEVEN! Twelve! He could not sleep.

The torches, flickering together redly before the Queen's train swept up Blackfriars Wynd and the Canongate to Holyrood, had illumined the small, mean room, with its look of crowded panoply and royalty, but Darnley would not let Crawford bring lights. He bade the man stay. He could talk to Crawford. Crawford was a resourceful and brave soldier, and a man of parts. In the past he had fancied he saw a look of cool disdain in Crawford's eyes; now there was an odd look of pity. He told Crawford all—he felt he must tell some one—he always had, and had blabbed and talked and boasted of his conquests. Now he talked to Crawford of all that had passed. Told of the Queen, and what she had said, and what he had said. Even those strange last words. He would like Crawford to take it all down, and tell my Lord Lennox. He was too sick to write. Crawford would take it all down? Send it to the Earl?

What did she mean? That about 'a fatter than he' (Riccio) 'should lie there'? And—about its being a year—a year since they killed that traitor in her presence?

'Though once I had even liked Signor David,' he said suddenly and weakly. 'He was my friend once with the Queen—about my kingship. And he had a voice of gold, and sang in the Chapel at her masses. I did not hate him always. And sometimes o' nights, Crawford, I see his eyes—Jesu! I see his eyes—and hear his shrieks—and see the blood—so near.'

'Do not think of it, my lord,' Crawford said. He could see the sweat break out on the king's face. 'Drink this, and sleep. Her Majesty was well pleased. You say she kissed you?'

'Her lips felt like ice, Crawford!'

The other said nothing. He could hear the weak voice, with its undernote of terror, 'And, Crawford!—Crawford!—there was—that raven—the one that followed—followed the litter, and croaked. It has gone, Crawford—gone? Look! look! It has gone?'

He pointed to the window, and Crawford went and looked. He could see the black silhouette of the raven there, perched on the wall. There was a faint moon. It lit up the old peaked and gabled houses; lit, far off, the outline of Holyrood, where the Queen danced.

One does not tell the truth to royalty.

'It has gone, my lord,' Crawford said.

II.

Darnley turned on the bed. The pages next door had retired. He knew Crawford also wished to leave. The unaired room felt close and stuffy. The fire burned low; the faint perfume of musk left by the Queen had vanished. She had held her lace handkerchief to her nose, always, by Darnley's side.

Yes, Crawford wished to go.

Something in the place, in the room, was horrible: the darkness of the great brown-violet velvet bed, with its heavy hangings—subtle Mary of Guise's bed; the pale, marked face with its terrified eyes; the memory of the Queen's look. Strange, baleful, inscrutable face.

Inscrutable woman!

Were they true, those horrible stories? He believed, before God, they were.

He had seen her face looking back, in the shadow of the staircase, at Bothwell's giant frame; had seen her eyes; heard a faint, musical whisper.

Yes, he wished himself well out of it—and out of this house. He would go!—would go and write his 'deposition' for Lennox.

'Wait! Wait while I pray and read.'

Of late Darnley had always 'prayed and read.' Crawford, with a look of half-pitiful scorn, waited, and Darnley opened his velvet book and propped it up.

He began, half speaking, half chanting: 'Lead me, O Lord, in Thy righteousness, because of mine enemies. Make Thy way plain before my face. . . . .

'And let them that put their trust in Thee rejoice, . . . because Thou defendest them. They that love Thy name shall be joyful in Thee.

'For Thou, Lord, wilt give Thy blessing unto the righteous; and with Thy favourable kindness wilt Thou defend him as with a shield.'

'The righteous!'

'Poor poltroon!' Crawford thought. 'Poor shadow of a king!' But he stood with bent head and heard the faltering voice.

'You see, Crawford,' Darnley said, 'the Lord will defend me—against my enemies! I have enemies, Crawford. Not the Queen! She kissed and forgave. Not the Queen!'

'No, your Majesty. Not the Queen!'

He was out of the house then, and the door closed. Crawford was walking up the Thieves'

Row and looking over the dim gardens. Darnley's garden lay in inky shadow. A door opened into it from the Queen's lower room.

'Sleep on, poor fool!' he thought. '"The Young Fool," as they call thee. Thou wert no match for a tigress. She is a tigress, I think. The place seems full of whispers. God help thee this night!'

III.

Darnley was alone in the darkling room. The pages snored. Even a king has to be alone—sometimes alone with the dark, and fear, and memory, and thought.

Mary! Mary!

Why did she say—that?

He could picture her dancing—her grace, her beauty; picture her as he saw her first at Wemyss that snowy day, so beautiful, so radiant, so kind.

'The handsomest lang lad that ever I saw.'

God help thee, 'lang lad,' to-night!

The hours passed. Twelve, and then one, from St Giles'. Oh sleep! sleep! the innocent sleep! It would not come.

Below, in the shadowy, chilly garden, shadows came—black, whispering shadows; the moon grew dim.

Whispers—chilly whispers. A little troop of men stole through the streets, and, challenged, said they were 'Friends of my Lord Bothwell's.'

What did his friends, in the chill of the night?

Darnley could not sleep. It was as if his flesh crept, as if he heard footsteps, whispers—whispers—and always her face—her strange, brilliant, terrible eyes.

Just a year! Just a year!

He got out desperately, trembling, shaking. He got to the window, and threw it open. He would repeat the psalm. God defended him—from his enemies. But he must see—see——

Jesu! what was that?

The raven!

The raven! And they said it followed those 'about to die a violent death,' or who would one day die a violent death.

Mary had told him so, once. Mary, laughing and scornful. Fools' talk!

The raven! There—again.

He caught at the velvet curtain—dragged it down—cursed in terror—called to them to drive it away—called to the pages.

But steps were coming up the staircase—steps; slow, quiet, secret steps. The room was in deepest gloom. Huddled back against the wall, the miserable man waited, his throat too dry to shriek, and the steps came on and on. Dark figures crowded the room, caught him in iron hands, forced him to his knees.

He had time for one last prayer. It shrieked through the room, and out on the Thieves' Row, where a sick woman heard it.

'Jesu! for the sake of Him who had pity—have pity—pity—on me!'

It was over. A cloth steeped in vinegar was on his mouth; hands were on his throat. A page, rushing in, was caught—and killed.

Silence. The raven croaked, flapped his inky wings, and fled. The figure in the purple velvet cloak was out in the garden—on the wet grass.

Silence—as if waiting for more.

'So long a three minutes,' Bothwell said later, 'had never passed.' And then came a violent explosion. It was as if the earth were rent.

Kirk o' Field?

Where was it? No stone upon stone left.

Only in the garden the 'lang lad,' in his purple and sable, and the dead page. Side by side—dead.

IV.

Mary sat up in bed. She had heard the explosion; it shook the town and the Palace.

She sat up and stared stonily before her.

Free?

At last she rose to her white feet, and walked to the window, and looked out. She could see nothing; but the dawn was pale and virginal in the east, and she could see the outline of the lovely Chapel.

Something was perched blackly on the wall.

Something!

The raven!

And Mary Stuart, in her white night attire, stood and looked with her gold-brown eyes—looked down the years—and knew!

She too. She too?

The raven knew!

LAND O' LORN.

THERE'S starlight on the mighty hills
That stand above Glencoe,
When eastward, over Cruachan,
The moon is sinking low.
Can't you hear the dawn-wind crooning
As it whispers of the morn
To the glens above Lochaline,
In the fairy Land o' Lorn?

There's dusky pine-trees standing up
In Duror, dark and stern;
Ardgour is tipped with crimson heath,
And ringed with bronzing fern.
Hark! A sighing through the birch-trees,
A whispering down the corn,
For it's autumn-time in Appin,
In the fairy Land o' Lorn.

I can hear the long waves breaking
In surge that sweeps the Isles;
And I see again Iona
Wreathed in luring summer smiles.
Oh, I scent the haunting sweetness
When the dewdrop's on the thorn,
And they all conspire and beckon
To the fairy Land o' Lorn.

J. M'D.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

GEMS AND PEARLS OF CEYLON.

By ASHLEY GIBSON.

PART I.

I.

IF you honestly want to, are fortified by good advice or a smattering of expert knowledge of your own, and approach the matter with the right balance of caution and pluck, you can acquire a treasure of authentic gems in Ceylon —by which I mean enough to stock a decent jeweller's shop—for about the price of a new hat. You need not scoff, because I have done the thing myself, and it has often amazed me that more of my countrymen who have sojourned for any length of time in the island have not followed suit. Perhaps I had better qualify this by stating that your bargains will not include 'freak' stones, Koh-i-Noors, Hope Diamonds, or roc's-egg rubies and sapphires; but it is the plain truth that if you buy judiciously you can fill your pockets with goodish small stones of every precious species, barring diamonds, emeralds, opals, and a few exotic rarities, for no more rupees than the money-changer on the jetty will push over to you in exchange for a five-pound note.

Is this place, then, Tom Tiddler's Ground? Very literally it is, and that throughout more than one province, though all other districts in the island make but a feeble combined showing against the rich alluvial deposits which for centuries have been worked (after a fashion) in Sabaragamuwa, where, on its seaward side, the sacred Peak declines in bold gradients that fall away round and about Ratnapura city. Here every other native you meet in the streets is either a professed or an illicit trafficker in gems.

And yet the irony of it is that, though far from moribund (it could never be that), Ceylon's gemming industry has tottered for years on the verge of bankruptcy, yields nothing, or almost nothing, to the revenue, distracts the attention of thousands of potential agriculturists and husbandmen from honest work of another and very necessary kind, brings all too little benefit, material or æsthetic, to the traveller and the tourist, and lines the pockets of no one except a 'family bandy' of immigrant Moormen, interlopers and parasites all from over the sea, who have the whole of the Ceylon gem trade in those podgy, avaricious, and beringed hands of theirs. For this there is no reason that I can think of except their own mother-wit, the absence of any initiative and enterprise on the part of the indigenous Sinhalese, and finally, and by no means least, a certain mysterious official apathy. For some inscrutable reason Government appears to have preferred that the industry, from the cradle to the grave—that is to say, from the gem-pit to the foreign market—should rest under a cloud.

But let me do the authorities justice. Spurred by the importunities of unofficial enthusiasts, they did go the length, a year or two back, of appointing a committee, and the committee, in due course, issued a report. Something more than a ridiculous mouse that was, too. One thing the document succeeded in doing was to give a competent and highly interesting survey of the whole gemming industry of Ceylon, for there were at least two people on the Board who knew what they were talking about. From their findings, then, one gathers that the first desideratum was to procure for the Crown its legal revenue, it being by law enacted that all precious stones unearthed, both on Crown and on private lands in the Kandyan province, were *ipso facto* the property of the King, to whom was similarly due a tenth share of the yield of all private lands in the Low-Country (including the Tom Tiddler's Ground of Sabaragamuwa). Secondarily—and one is glad to see it—it was desired to protect the traditional interests of the Ceylon peasant in the exploitation of alluvial workings. 'The recognised fact throughout the world,' so runs the report, 'is that alluvial diggings such as now exist in Ceylon are essentially the poor man's diggings.' Treatment of such deposits differs essentially from the method in all 'pipe' or 'lode' formations. Surface gemming, in fact, is peculiarly adapted for development by people with little or no capital, who can rely at most times upon scraping up a living, though not a very fat one, by the primitive methods of surface-working.

The idea, then, is to encourage the indigent peasant and discourage the bloated capitalist, to which end Government is urged to encourage the small digger by issuing property licences freely at the nominal fee of two and a half rupees a

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

month, to be available on specially proclaimed Crown lands. Claims are to be twenty feet square and no more. No man can hold more than one on his original licence, but he can acquire any number up to five others by purchase on payment of an extra transfer fee. There is a catch in this scheme, however. If, holding an 'alluvial' licence, you strike a 'pipe' or 'lode' wherefrom accumulated treasures can be scooped out, so to speak, by the bucketful, the Crown steps in and dispossesses you. Your alluvial digging is 'deproclaimed,' and ceases to be anything of the sort. The arrangement is, perhaps, not unfair; but if you happen to be a poor peasant and do chance to uncover perhaps a barrow-load of sapphires by unearthing one of these pockets of supply, it must be rather irksome to have to turn the whole thing over again to His Gracious Majesty.

Further suggestions are made which have a lot to recommend them, notably for the immediate creation of a Mines Department with a properly qualified staff, the cost of which ought to be very much more than met out of the revenues of the industry once this is established on a proper basis. A 7½ per cent. *ad valorem* duty on the export of all precious stones is likewise advocated, the licensing of all gem-dealers, and the establishment of gem sales under such supervision as will enable the digger to escape being cheated. Perhaps the most practical recommendation of all advises the recruiting of a really expert staff of Continental lapidaries. Your Sinhalese cutter is clever enough in his own way, but nothing will deter him from sacrificing appearance to weight—cupidity, in fact, *versus* artistry, which defeats its own object. Practically every Ceylon-cut stone sent home has to go through the lapidaries' hands again. What's once done cannot be undone, and the aggregate loss to the producer is beyond guessing. But when modern methods are introduced and taught, and modern machinery is brought within the Sinhalese lapidaries' reach, we shall see what we shall see. Hitherto Ceylon has been kept out of her heritage as the richest source of supply for the jewel-marts of the world.

II.

But let us away with stodgy talk of values and percentages and industrial anomalies, and beguile ourselves in lingering over the jewels themselves. Our lapidaries could have made a better job of it, could they? Well, they have done none so badly, for you will admit in a moment they had wonderful material. Come now with me, not necessarily into one of the huge plate-glass-fronted emporiums whose sleek custodians crouch like cats behind the showcases, strangely un-at-home in their Western tailored suits of tussore silk, but merely into one of those tiny open dens in a side-street, rubbish of porcupine-quills, ebony, and cheap tortoise-shell in the window, and behind the bare boards of the counter a smirking and rotund old Moorman, in a funny fez-shaped hat (*not* a tarboosh; few Mohammedans wear them in these parts).

He knows what you have come for, and sweeping his arm beneath the counter, pulls up an armful of little bags of dirty canvas, spreads a cloth upon the board before you, and tumbles out rainbow cataracts of gems with a nonchalance that leaves you dizzy.

Piled before you—you can take them up in double handfuls and trickle them through your fingers like pebbles on the beach, if it amuses you—are all the jewels in literature, barring diamond and emerald, and a lot more besides. Sapphires take pride of place, for more than half the sapphires in the world were mined within fifty miles of where you stand. These cerulean and midnight blues you know, but can those shimmering glories of violet, green, apricot, and blood-purple be also sapphires? Verily they are, for your Ceylon sapphire is a protean beauty. Even yon King Topaz, Oriental Topaz (*Padmarachm* of the Sinhalese), Orange Ruby, call it what you will, that scintillating wonder, I say, the size of a young potato, is in reality none of these things, but merely a camouflaged sapphire. Treasured in little wallets or velvet-lined boxes of their own are other monsters that take your breath away, gems as large as thrush's eggs. One would need, surely, the wealth of the Indies to barter against baubles whose place would seem to be Monte Cristo's treasury, the vaults of a Delhi Mogul, or the rock-hewn sarcophagus of a Grand Cacicque. Not a bit of it. You can have that one for five thousand rupees, a mere bagatelle. Its colour is not perfect, or I should say it is not now quite at the top of the fashion curve, for the jewel-market has queer whims and fancies. But what could you or I do with one of these Brobdingnagian lumps of loveliness? A museum is the only proper place for it, unless you happen to be friendly with archbishops or crowned heads. Few of them find their way to Europe. They are useful here as decoys, and great the *cachet* bestowed upon its possessor by ownership of the biggest sapphire, cat's-eye, or aquamarine in the world. If you are to believe all you are told by the gem-dealing fraternity, there must be a hundred such 'unique' stones in Colombo alone.

Here, too, is the home of those fantastic beauties the 'star-stones,' sapphires and rubies both. A rough gem taken from the pits catches the artificer's eye with some unusual quality. Holding it to the light and twirling it this way and that, he sees its interior filled with a million opaque threads; there is the play of a curious silky sheen throughout the whole pebble. He knows what to do, and choosing with care the spot where the apex of

its parabolic face shall come, he cuts the stone *en cabochon*, and there, shifting and glinting on the curious semi-translucent ground of dove-gray or lilac-blue (with the rubies it will be a strange red, not unlike the red currant when the berry grows a trifle *passé*), is the perfect, unmistakable, six-sided star.

There is an odd, well-nigh sinister, beauty about all 'chatoyant' stones. The Sinhalese treasure and venerate them almost above their market worth, but one rarely comes across them in the European market. A vogue, though, might easily arise that would send them bounding up in value—not that they are cheap even to-day.

Above all these, your Ceylon gem-fancier treasures the cymophane or true cat's-eye, a really fine specimen of which you will find him loath to part with. Some people sneer at this stone, and call it ugly, prosaic, dowdy even. Truly the lesser breeds of cat's-eye are insignificant enough, with no more magic in them than some of the duller agates and pebbles with which our Victorian grandmothers bedecked their decorous bodices. Yet the cat's-eye in the land of its birth is known in a thousand grades. The best have a strange green-yellow lustre, and the longitudinal ray gapes hungrily, incandescent, dazzling. Such gems have the diabolic beauty of some of the larger *felidæ*, the black panther, or the ocelot. 'Chatoyant' is a good word, as jewellers' currency goes.

For what chances these scientific people have missed! The very names with which our forefathers dowered their treasures in the olden days are jewels. Do but run over the catalogue of such baubles as a damsel of high degree brought with her for dowry in casket of ivory and silver, curiously wrought, or miser treasured in his strong-box. Emerald, sapphire, beryl, amethyst, aquamarine, topaz, jacynth, peridot—there's music for you. Even the commoner breeds were dowered with lordly names—turquoise, chrysoprase, chalcedony, lapis lazuli, and jade, jasper, onyx. Not an Anglo-Saxon root among the lot, you say. Well, well, they are part and parcel of the world's heritage of language. Grant us at least our homely blue-john and serpentine. But what can the wise men do for us to-day? Nothing, it seems, but a dull and wearisome repetition of 'ites'—iolite, hessonite, alexandrite, rubellite, indicolite, crocidolite, and Heaven knows what. And some of these ugly labels are attached to things really beautiful in themselves, hardly as you might suspect it.

I will tell you a story about that. Only a very few years ago certain mining or prospecting folk in central Europe unearthed an exquisite rarity, a gem incontestably new to science. Not only was it something entirely novel, but a thing of extraordinary beauty as well, a stone of purest water and refulgence, tinged with the loveliest faint blush of wine-colour. You can see that very first of all such jewels ever lighted on by industrious man at the School of Mines in Jermyn Street to-day. Some one had to give the beauty a name. In fact, a special board of experts and professors sat upon the question. Weighty arguments were adduced advocating the adoption of this label or that; microscopes, jewellers' scales, all manner of fearsome instruments, were produced and utilised in the discussions, which went on interminably. In the last resort a vote was taken, and what gem of terminology, think you, ultimately crystallised from the saturated solution of all this gray matter?

Why, *Kunzite*, to be sure.

You perceive the delicate compliment to the eminent Herr Professor Kunz, at that time not an enemy alien. Had he so been, we might perhaps have been given our choice of Haigite or Beattyite.

III.

But kunzite has not yet been identified in Ceylon. We have the rare spessartite, though, that peerless variety of it burning with a fiery orange-red of singular brilliance, an exquisite jewel all but unknown in commerce, before which the anæmic spessartites of North America pale into nothingness. And we have iolite, too, another rarity, wrongly called 'water sapphire' by the jewellers, in its colourless form. It has no affinity with the corundum group, and baffles all but the expert to identify, running through a chromatic gamut from violet and lavender to the most delicate straw-colour.

We pride ourselves, too, on our queenly aquamarines, which, of the finest sea-greens and blues, incomparable in lustre and unapproached elsewhere in the world in size, abound among the alluvial gravel of the Central Province. Around Maskeliya and Talawakelle, in the high tea country, estate coolies often pick them up and put them aside till the itinerant Moorman turns up (he does it regularly, knowing what to expect) and pockets the treasure for a rupee or two. Did I tell you that the aquamarine and the emerald are twins, both beryls, though of the right emeralds there are none to show nearer than those mysterious mines in India whose location never seems to be quite settled? But all aquamarines, save of the true sea shades, go here as beryls, and many and various they are, notable among them the huge and flawless yellow beryls of the Morawak Korale.

Would you know our alexandrites, quaint chameleon gems, found first in Russia upon a Tsar's birthday, of a dull leaf-green by day and a sullen raspberry-red by night? Personally, I am indifferent to the attractions of this freakish and unlovely stone. Its colour is of bad quality and its fire but a fretful and inconstant splutter, even in the best type that men dig over Weligama way. Yet you pay seven pounds or

eight pounds a carat for them in the shops, which is dear for Ceylon.

But if we missed finding the first alexandrite, one stone at least we have christened. Two hundred years ago and more the first certified parcel of Ceylon gems found its way to the markets of Holland, labelled 'Toramalli' (Sinhalese, *Turmali*). The Amsterdam lapidaries fell upon it and quickly named a dozen old friends, which still left a great pile of gems more in number than all the rest. Of many colours, tests proved them all of the same species. Some call them jargoons or zircons, but tourmalines they were then and still remain for most people. Rose-red, pink, green, indigo, honey-yellow, the so-called 'black,' violet, and dull brown, you can match a tourmaline with each and every zone in the spectrum. They have one odd quality, only lately discovered. Apply the X-rays to a dull and heavy-looking tourmaline and you can get as brilliant a colour as you would wish for. Intense heat will, of course, do this for you with one or two other stones, and in certain cases a complete colour metamorphosis will ensue.

There are our violet, blue, and ruby-red spinels of the corundum group, no rarities, but very typically stones of Ceylon, as is the hyacinth or cinnamon-stone (hessonite as above) which abounds in the paddy-lands of Matara, and can be picked up for the trouble of walking. Its hardness is below that even of quartz, yet cinnamons of good colour and clarity continue in high favour.

The humble garnet is ubiquitous, though there are Ceylon varieties of it much esteemed by collectors, notably the dark pyrope of Kurunegala and the lighter 'flower ruby' of Pallawela in Matara.

Come we then, lastly, to the moonstones, lowly handmaids of the greater gems, the ladies Sapphira, Esmeralda, and Rubina, and dames, though of lesser degree, still within the purple. Have not these humble ancillaries—not precious stones at all, says your precisian—their beauty too? You would say so if the chance were given you to rake over the trays of our Colombo jewellers. The dull beads of silica, humble cousins of your British felspar, which find their way to Europe by the gross in tawdry brooches, bangles, and pendants, are depressing enough, I grant you, mere frozen drops of ammoniated tincture of quinine as seen when it meets the water in your tooth-glass. Here you can trade for such by the sackful, plough through dry beaches of them, if you like, in your booted feet, where they lie thick as hailstones on the uplands of the Moon plains. Hardly, you would think, could these others be moonstones too, these crystal dewdrops, each of which prisons an unearthly elusive fire of moonlight blue. Their fugitive and elfin charm is such that any cute young gentleman from Jo'burg who chose to buy out the groundlords of our Meetiyagoda Mine, where most of the beauties are turned up, could in a year or two so 'wangle' the supplies as to have all the gem-marts of the world crying for moonstones, blue moonstones at any price.

(*Continued on page 683.*)

LEARNING BUSINESS.

CHAPTER III.—*continued.*

THE worst of it was that she could not wipe away the tear without seeming to admit its presence—a thing she was steadfastly minded not to do. And it is difficult to look sufficiently cold and dignified to keep a pushing young man in his place when one is acutely aware of a tear still poised upon one's cheek. So she adopted the very poor and cheap expedient of knocking a book off the table with her elbow, so that while stooping to pick it up she might give herself a furtive dab with her handkerchief.

But in carrying out this scheme she forgot to reckon with Reggie, who sprang with such alacrity to retrieve her book for her that a collision between their two heads was averted only by inches. Now, it is difficult to remain very haughty and aloof with a person against whose head you have just as nearly as possible banged your own. Besides, Reggie had a pleasant laugh; and Annie herself could not help smiling a little at their escape as she accepted the book he had retrieved for her with such unexpected agility.

'Oh, thank you so much!' she said.

It was the first time he had heard her voice, and this amazed him when he thought of it, for he had the impression that they had known each other for years. And he perceived that his instinct had been right when it told him that the sound of her voice would be more sweet and pleasant than any he had ever heard before.

'I say, nearly a collision—what?' he exclaimed cheerfully — too cheerfully, Annie thought, and her tone had grown severe again as she said, 'May I ask why you are here?'

'I suppose it is a bit of a surprise?' agreed Reggie thoughtfully.

'Not at all,' said Annie in her most icy tones.

'Oh, I say, did you expect me?' he cried delightedly, with shining eyes.

'How—how dare you?' demanded Annie, choking with fury as she sprang to her feet in indignation.

'I say, what's the matter?' he expostulated.

'Have I said something I shouldn't? If you weren't surprised——'

'I was. Of course I was.'

'Well, you said——'

'No, I didn't; I never did; at least, I mean—I didn't mean—I did—didn't—— Mr Halstan, will you be so kind as to explain as quickly as you can what you want, and why you have come here?'

'Well, I'm trying to, aren't I?' he asked reproachfully; 'only you do jump on a chap so, both feet together. You see—well—it's that beast of a balance-sheet.'

'Balance-sheet?' she repeated, still more bewildered, and beginning to be inclined to suspect Reggie's sanity.

'Yes, rotten things, aren't they? At least, I suppose you don't mind 'em, but I would almost rather face a Jack Johnson or two, my word. I know you think I'm an awful fool;' and he beamed on her cheerfully, as though he felt he had made it all absolutely clear.

'I don't understand,' she said. 'What have balance-sheets got to do with your coming here?'

'Ah, there you are, you see,' he answered, still beaming.

'But I don't see at all,' she answered, exasperated.

'Well, I know it must seem rotten silly to you, but I can't get the hang of them at all. Honest, I can't. They are so much bally Hebrew to me. You see, we never had balance-sheets in the army—at least not in my battalion. Very likely there was a branch at General Headquarters to deal with them. I don't know. But give me a balance-sheet, and you give me a knock-out. And before I had been demobbed a week old Thewn comes along and claps the bally thing down—how was I to know the rotten idea was to have both sides the same?'

'But I still don't quite understand,' she protested.

'Well, then,' he went on, 'after old Thewn had bowled me out like that, middle stump, first ball, there you went handing another of the things to Miss Mottram, just like handing a pal a drink. Awfully jolly it looked, too, with all that ripping red ruling and all that. So I thought, if you could turn them out like that, perhaps you could show me how to do the trick myself. You see the idea?' he asked anxiously.

'Do you mean?' she asked incredulously, 'that you want me to teach you how to draw up a balance-sheet?'

'That's the ticket!' he exclaimed delightedly. 'You will, won't you?'

'But why ever do you come to me?' she asked.

'Because,' he answered simply, 'I didn't know any one else.'

'But you are the head of Halstans—in your office—Mr Thewn, for instance?'

'I have reasons,' he replied, 'for not saying anything to Mr Thewn.'

He looked full at her as he spoke, and for the first time she seemed to catch a glimpse of his real personality.

'How did you know where I lived?' she asked.

'Ah!' he said, and looked as if, were he encouraged to, he would wink. Not receiving this encouragement, he looked serious again, and said, 'Half-a-crown.'

'Why? How?' she asked.

'The office-boy,' he explained.

'Mr Halstan,' she cried indignantly, 'do you mean to say you bribed the office-boy to tell you my address?'

'Not bribed,' he protested; 'it was half-a-crown, but it wasn't a bribe.'

'Pray, what was it, then?' she demanded in her loftiest tone.

'Gratitude,' he answered promptly.

'I am surprised——' she began in the same lofty tone, but he interrupted her.

'It's all right,' he assured her; 'the kid's a little sportsman, and promised not to tell.'

'Really, Mr Halstan,' Annie protested, exceedingly angry that she did not feel as angry as she knew she ought, 'it is most extraordinary—I don't know what to say——'

'I know,' he said sympathetically; 'like me when I'm up against a balance-sheet. Now, look here, there's this one. Old Thewn gave it me this morning. It shows the position of the firm at—er—a glance.'

'Yes,' she said, taking it and looking at it.

'Well, does it?' he asked.

'Certainly.'

'Then I wish to goodness you would show me how.'

'It's perfectly simple.'

'Oh, is it? Perhaps I should find it simple if I had your brains.'

'It isn't a question of brains at all; it's merely knowing a little about book-keeping.'

'Well, then, will you teach me a little about book-keeping?'

'But I'm not a teacher——'

'Be one,' he urged. 'I'm in a regular fix. If you give me the go-by, I'm done. I know you think I'm a fool, but it's not that—at least it's not all that. I come home and I get demobbed, and I go to the office to take hold, as they say. But I don't know a thing about it, and I don't know what to take hold of, or how to keep hold if I get hold. I don't know what you do in business, or how, or why. They didn't teach us business in the army—they only taught us how to kill Germans. Well, I learned that, and it's over now, thank the Lord, unless the politicians manage to start us off again. So now I want to learn business.'

'But——'

'And I want you to teach me.'

'What——?'

'Balance-sheets first, other things later. Of course, we must be business-like and arrange terms. Shall we say a guinea a lesson?'

Annie gasped, and a vision flashed before her of all weekly bills easily settled, with something left over for small luxuries. 'But that's an absurd fee——' she began, and he interrupted her at once.

'Two guineas,' he said.

'Mr Halstan, you'll never make a business man,' she told him severely. 'Half-a-crown would be more like it.'

'Now you're rotting me,' he protested. 'Well, look here, you shall name your own terms—that's all right, isn't it? Very well; now we'll start. Take this balance-sheet. Is it square?'

'Square?'

'Yes; because I've rather thought once or twice that Miss Mottram and old Thewn were trying to squeeze me out.'

'Oh, surely Miss Mottram would never try to do that!' exclaimed Annie, rather horrified at the idea. She paused, and added hesitatingly, 'Of course, it seems ridiculous to offer five thousand pounds for Halstans.'

'I should have taken it if you hadn't looked at me just then,' he said softly.

'I didn't,' she declared with heat. 'Certainly not. I never would. I only thought you were giving in a little easily.'

'I know you did—that's why I made up my mind I wouldn't,' he answered; and she decided it would be better to change the subject and talk of balance-sheets.

'This makes a very bad showing,' she said, picking up the one he had given her. 'On the face of it, that is. But you ought to verify the items. And you ought to see the profit and loss account as well.'

'What's that?'

'Goodwill is omitted—that's all right from one point of view. I prefer a balance-sheet without that item. But there's no need to forget it altogether. Are not your premises freehold?'

'Yes.'

'That ought to be shown, anyhow. You must go through the books.'

'So I will, the moment you have told me what books, and how.'

'We should have to start from the very beginning of everything,' she warned him.

'Just what I should like,' he answered with enthusiasm.

'I mean, of course,' she explained sternly, 'the beginning of everything in book-keeping.'

'Yes, I know,' said Reggie, slightly discouraged.

'Then please listen carefully. There are two kinds of book-keeping—single-entry and double-entry. Double-entry depends on the obvious fact that every transaction has two sides—every sale means a purchase, every creditor means—— It's only necessary to listen, Mr Halstan; you needn't *stare* as well.'

'But I can listen so much better if I can watch at the same time,' he urged humbly.

'I can talk better if you don't,' she retorted. 'Besides, you ought to take notes.'

'So I will,' he declared, producing note-book and pen. 'Now, if you will kindly begin again.'

'Double entry——' she said, and for the next hour they worked really hard, Annie finding, a little to her surprise, that her pupil was intensely serious about it all, and that he displayed great quickness in following her teaching.

CHAPTER IV.

THREE weeks later, in the same room, at about the same hour of the evening, Annie sat back in her chair and looked thoughtfully at Reggie, and then at a paper in her hand on which were orderly columns of figures neatly ruled in red ink, and then back again at him.

'Mr Halstan,' she said, 'this is a very good, sound piece of work. No one could have drawn up a clearer balance-sheet.'

Reggie looked tired and a little worn. His hair was not tidy, and his collar was crumpled, and beneath his eyes black lines were visible. When Annie spoke he laid down his pen, and looked up and said slowly, 'Do you think that I can now call myself a competent book-keeper?'

'I should never have believed it possible,' she exclaimed with a note of real admiration in her voice, 'that any one could have done it in such a short time.'

'You see, I knew I had to,' he explained gravely. 'When you are right up against a thing, and you've simply got to—well, then, very often you find you can. The army rather taught that to a chap.'

'You have worked dreadfully hard,' she said meditatively.

'Twenty hours a day, seven days a week,' he agreed. 'Since you began to teach me I have never once spent more than three hours in bed.' He paused and yawned. 'When it's over,' he remarked, 'I shall sleep a week without stopping.'

'It's a wonder you haven't made yourself ill,' declared Annie severely.

'Oh, one can stand a lot for a limited time,' he answered. 'Besides, I've done it before. In March 1918 I never slept at all for six days on end. Will you look at these?' he added, passing a handful of papers across the table to her.

But she shook her head, and laid them down again without looking at them. 'There is no need,' she said; 'you know as much as I do

now—more. You have a real faculty for figures—much more than I have.'

Rising to her feet, she began with great deliberation to clear away the books and papers cumbering the table between them. When he had watched her for a little he said, 'What is that for?'

'I have taught you all I can,' she answered. 'Our lessons are over.'

'Does that mean,' he asked, 'that I am to clear out?'

'There is nothing else for you to come here for, is there?' she returned. 'I have taught you everything I know.'

'Are you sure of that?' he asked.

'Everything,' she repeated firmly. 'About book-keeping,' she added.

'But there are other subjects,' he reminded her.

'None that I am competent to teach,' she answered. 'And now, if you will take my advice, you will pack up your books and go home and go to bed.'

'No,' he said firmly. 'If I did, I should stop there, and that wouldn't do. Not yet.'

'Of course,' she conceded, 'you need actual experience, both in handling books and in office routine.'

'I'll begin getting that first thing to-morrow,' he declared, rising to his feet. 'You think I shall be thoroughly equipped then?'

'Oh, thoroughly,' she answered.

He began slowly to collect his books and papers, and to pack them into a leather bag he had with him. 'I'm awfully obliged to you, Miss Selwyn,' he said. 'You have been more than patient. I'm sure no one else would have taken such pains or been at such trouble. No poor, unlucky greenhorn could have hoped for a better teacher. I am afraid you must have found me a sad trial at times.'

'Oh no, not at all,' she said politely; 'it has been a pleasure.'

'I wish I knew,' he murmured, half to himself it seemed, 'whether you meant that.'

She did not answer, but continued silently to watch him as he finished packing up his books. When he had completed that task he turned to her again, holding out an envelope.

'I can never pay you,' he said, 'for all the care and trouble and attention you have given me. But if you will accept this as your fee I shall be very glad.'

She knew it was both foolish and unreasonable that this should hurt her so badly, and she knew it was absurd of her to wince and hesitate. With an effort she put out her hand and took the envelope. 'Thank you,' she said formally. 'Shall I write you a receipt?'

And it was a satisfaction to her to feel that now, in her turn, she had succeeded in hurting him.

'I don't think it's necessary,' he answered, flushing a little, and then he held out his hand. 'Well, good-bye,' he said; 'and thank you again.'

'Good-bye,' she said, taking the hand he offered, and dropping it again. 'When you are a well-known, successful, wealthy business man, and chairman and director of ever so many companies, I shall always be proud to think I gave you your first business lessons.'

Without answering, he bowed and went out of the room. She heard his firm, familiar tread in the passage; she heard the front-door close; she heard his step die away in the distance; and she became exceedingly busy, moving about the room, tidying it, and putting things straight. But soon her activities slackened; she came to a stand-still; slowly she let herself sink on the nearest chair; and gradually a tear or two stole out, and furtively, as if more than half-ashamed of being there at all, began to creep down her cheeks. Their timidity was justified, for the moment she was aware of them she dashed them away with an impatient gesture, and then all at once she began to giggle as she remembered that when Reggie Halstan first appeared he had found her in tears, just as now she discovered herself weeping at the moment of his departure. But she did not remember that between his coming and his going she had ever wept at all.

'Anne Selwyn,' she said aloud to herself with extreme severity, 'you are a perfect little fool, and you ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself—stop it, do you hear?'

This command she uttered with such decision, such ferocity indeed, no one but herself could possibly have ventured to disobey. But disobey she did, for first one more tear appeared, and then another, and another, and it seemed a whole downpour threatened, when the door opened and Mrs Selwyn put her head cautiously in.

'Has Mr Halstan gone?' she asked. 'He is off early to-night.'

'We've finished,' Annie explained, strolling to the window as though something in the street interested her greatly, and talking to her mother over her shoulder. 'He is not coming back; the lessons are done.'

'Oh!' said Mrs Selwyn, and looked very disappointed indeed. 'But surely he will come back after all the trouble you've taken and all?'

'No,' said Annie firmly, 'he won't. Never.'

Mrs Selwyn looked still more disappointed.

'Has he paid you?' she asked presently in a tone that indicated that in this world one must put up with the best one can get.

Annie indicated the envelope lying on the table. 'He gave me that before he went,' she said.

Mrs Selwyn picked it up. 'It's not coins,' she said with satisfaction. She bent it between her fingers. 'And I don't think it's notes,' she decided. 'Annie, it must be a cheque!'

'Open it, if you like, and see,' said Annie indifferently.

Mrs Selwyn needed no second invitation. Visions of ten, of twenty, pounds, or more, crossed her mind. She tore open the envelope and drew out a sheet of ordinary note-paper across which was written the name 'Reggie Halstan'; that, and nothing more. 'Goodness me,' said Mrs Selwyn, looking at it with great doubt and suspicion, 'whatever's this?'

'What is it?' asked Annie from her place at the window.

'It's a do,' said Mrs Selwyn firmly; 'that's what it is. He's done you, Annie, he has.'

'May I look?' said Annie, and came across and took the paper.

That was all it was, a sheet of paper with his name written across it, and nothing more. She stood looking at it with a very bewildered air, and in tones trembling with disappointment and vexation Mrs Selwyn burst out 'I never did trust that young man—never.'

'Mother!' protested Annie.

'And the hours and hours you've worked with him,' cried Mrs Selwyn, 'and then to go off like this and cheat you of your due. Annie, you must put him in the county court for it.'

'Oh! please don't say such things,' cried Annie; 'please don't.'

'But you must,' insisted Mrs Selwyn. 'Haven't you a right to your hard-earned money? What next, I wonder? How much did you arrange for?'

'I think the arrangement was,' stammered Annie, 'that he could pay whatever he thought the lessons worth.'

'Annie,' cried Mrs Selwyn in despair, 'why, then you can't do anything at all. And you call yourself a business girl? And you were to teach him business? Little,' said Mrs Selwyn grimly, 'did he need it.'

'Don't worry, mother,' said Annie soothingly; 'I'm not out of pocket, and the lessons have been quite good f-f-fun.'

'Fun?' repeated Mrs Selwyn, who, not daring to trust herself to express all she felt, withdrew, letting the paper with Reggie's name on it flutter unheeded to the ground.

When the door had closed behind her and Annie was alone again she looked at this paper, and hesitated, and then slowly picked it up. What did it mean? she wondered. Why had he played on her what had the appearance of being a specially cruel trick, for he well knew that she had need of the money? Was it simply a mistake, a piece of casual carelessness? Had he meant to enclose a cheque in the envelope, and had this piece of paper got in by some error? Or what did it mean? It came into her mind that, after all, she did not know him well; for though for the last three weeks they had spent long hours alone together every evening, yet their intercourse had been strictly confined to the matter in hand, and not a sentence had been exchanged between them that might not have been pronounced in any business training college in the country.

'Oh, well,' she said at last, 'that's all over and done with;' and with these words she folded up this piece of paper that was to be, it seemed, her fee for all the work she had done, and put it very carefully away.

(*Continued on page 677.*)

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SALMON.

By DUGALD MACINTYRE.

I.

YOUNG salmon hatch, as a rule, in March or April, and for a time carry their sole sustenance about with them in a little 'sac,' which is attached to their bodies. Ere long those 'alevins,' as young salmon are called at this stage, begin to feed naturally, and the sac disappears. The alevins soon collect into shoals, and are then known as 'fry.' By autumn the fry are two or three inches long, and are termed 'parr.' Parr are greedy and active little fish, and the angler sometimes catches one on an artificial minnow almost as large as itself, or other large bait intended to seduce its bigger relatives.

During the very cold weather of winter, parr are said to hibernate under stones, but the returning warmth of the water in spring brings them on the feed again. The majority of parr assume the silvery dress of the 'smolt' when just about two years old. Some few may assume that dress and proceed to the sea at the end of their first year of life. Male two-year-old parr often spawn, and this may quite possibly defer their entry into the sea for a year at least. The fact that the male salmon parr spawns when only a few inches long suggests possibilities of interbreeding with trout and sea-trout. Nature's methods are prodigal, but never entirely wasteful, and the male parr has few opportunities of breeding with his own kind; the mature male salmon protects his mate, and chases away all fish which approach the spawning-bed.

The fact that the normal smolt of two years does not return to fresh water in the same year in which it left it seems to have been fairly well known quite sixty years ago. The late Francis

Buckland mentions in one of his books that several hundred smolts were marked at Ballysodare, in Galway, in the year 1858. In June 1859 twenty-three of those marked smolts were caught on their first return to fresh water as grilse. Mr Buckland's comment on the matter is: 'My own belief is that some of the smolts stay in the sea one year, some two years and possibly more. It appears to me a law of nature that the salmon in any individual river shall never be subject to the same dangers at the same time. Nature seems to say, I will send some of you youngsters up the river in one year, some in the next, and so on; so that if the one lot is destroyed there will always be a reserve.'

Modern research has proved Mr Buckland to be quite correct in his surmise. The normal smolt of two years remains some fourteen or fifteen months at least in the sea. Smolts entering salt water, say, in April 1922 will return at the earliest as grilse in June 1923. In early June these grilse may be only some two or three pounds in weight, but fish from the same batch of smolts may in some cases weigh up to ten or twelve pounds by August or September. Other fish from the same batch of smolts will continue to arrive in the river during winter and spring of the following year (1924). During their stay in the sea growth is rapid; not so in the river—salmon while in fresh water continue to lose weight all the time. Some few of our 1922 smolts may remain three years in salt water, and those spawn for the first time when over five years old. Their brethren which came up the river as grilse in 1923 may have spawned twice in the interval. Those salmon which have spawned as grilse and spent a lot of time in fresh water, as clean fish and as kelts, are of stunted growth compared with the maiden fish of five years.

II.

Salmon are not automata, so it is not surprising to find that fish differ in their habits in particular rivers. Thus, in small West Highland streams there is absolutely no run of what are known as 'spring' salmon in large rivers. There is no early run of grilse in them either, possibly because of scarcity of water. When a spate occurs in late June, July, or early August, according to the weather, grilse, salmon, and sea-trout run together in numbers, and fresh fish continue to arrive with each spate during autumn. It is notable that nearly all the salmon entering small streams are small. I should put their average weight at six pounds. Sometimes a fish of twelve pounds, or even a twenty-pounder, may be had, but it seems evident that the bulk of the salmon which enter small rivers are really grilse, and are on their first return from the sea.

It would appear to follow naturally that fish bred in small streams, when they grow to a large size, must seek out larger rivers to spawn in. This theory is borne out by Mr Buckland's researches in County Galway. He found out that in a dry season few salmon ascended the small streams in that district, and the large rivers in these seasons gave an increased yield of salmon. Small salmon-streams are, therefore, most useful feeders of large ones, and young salmon reared in them have fewer enemies than in large rivers with their long estuaries.

The question whether salmon feed while in fresh water has been often debated. Anglers point to the fact that they frequently have to cut their worm-baited hooks from the stomachs of salmon, as certain proof that the fish do feed in fresh water. An instance was given in the *Field* some years ago of an angler finding many maggots in the stomach of a salmon, and similar occurrences have been noted from time to time. Francis Buckland once kept a salmon in a tank of fresh water for some time in the London Zoo. Becoming anxious about the salmon's health (as it declined dead baits), he procured some lively roach and dace, and set them free in the tank. The salmon came out from under its stone in an instant, and snapped up four or five of the little fish. Some experts have asserted that, even if a salmon does take food into its stomach, it invariably regurgitates it. As Mr Buckland makes no mention of his tame salmon acting in this way, we may conclude that it digested its prey in fresh water. The fact that individual salmon may sometimes partake of food in fresh water, and even digest it, does not affect the general truth of the statement that salmon do not feed in fresh water. Some sixty herring have been found in the stomach of a large cod. If salmon, when feeding in earnest, eat in anything like that manner (and quite probably they do in the sea), our rivers would be emptied of trout and of the parr of all kinds of fish in a very short time, and Nature never renders her own schemes nugatory.

Not much is known of the salmon's life in the sea. An occasional salmon is caught in the great lines set for cod on the banks where those fish spawn. When a fisherman catches a salmon in the sea he is careful to conceal the fact of its capture, as a rule, as it is illegal to keep the fish. In the *Field* of 1st October 1921 a note was given of a salmon's capture in a trawl. This fish was caught 130 miles N.E. ½ E. from Spurn lighthouse, in thirty-two fathoms of water. I have known an angler make a speciality of trolling in the sea for salmon. His catches were naturally not published in the newspapers, but one season he succeeded in catching four salmon. The largest fish, a sixteen-pounder, was caught in fifty fathoms of water, the other three fish in slightly shallower water. This angler began by trolling for salmon in estuaries and shallow water where salmon could be seen leaping in

numbers. He never had a 'run' in such places, so tried the deeper water with success. Salmon when they approach our coasts are, as a rule, 'fed-up,' and their only anxiety is to reach their breeding-haunts. The salmon, like the herring, seems during summer to attain a perfect condition, in which food for a time is neither necessary nor desirable. Herring, like salmon, are extremely greedy when feeding up from the kelt stage, but when in the best condition and fit for the market have not fed for some time. Remains of herring are sometimes found in the stomachs of salmon caught in fresh water, and it seems likely that the king of fishes follows the shoals of herring in their migrations. The angler who wishes to perform the unusual feat of catching a salmon in the sea would do well to fish only where herring-shoals are known to be.

III.

Salmon, from the smolt stage onwards, have many enemies. Brown trout and wild-fowl help themselves liberally to salmon-roe on the beds. The alevin for a time must fear the water-beetle and the larvæ of the dragon-fly, a veritable water-monster. Cormorants, mergansers, and other diving-birds, pollack, coal-fish, and eels, all prey on the smolt, both in the river and in the estuary. The solan has a 'go' at the poor smolt too, when at last, the gauntlet of the estuary run, it emerges into the clear water of the sea. The trout-fisher in too many cases puts a smolt into his pocket when he catches one. (To put the little fish in his basket might cause unpleasantness if he met a water-bailiff afterwards.) There can be little doubt that trout-fishing in salmon-rivers during the months of April and May, when the smolts of both sea-trout and salmon are descending to the sea, is a complete mistake, and should be prohibited entirely.

The seal and the otter anxiously await the return of the mature fish from the sea. Seals probably feed once a day, and, so far as my observations go, do not return to feed from the carcass of a salmon killed by them. The late P. D. Malloch, of Perth, told me that when he was first appointed manager of the Tay Fisheries the herd of seals in the Tay estuary amounted apparently to five hundred animals. At the time I had this conversation with him the herd had been reduced to about eighty, and the catch of salmon had nearly doubled. It is highly probable that each seal in a herd has in the season one salmon per day (and the season in large rivers means practically the whole year). If, therefore, there are eighty seals in the Tay estuary at the present time, the total of salmon killed by them must still be considerable. An instance was noted not long ago in the *Oban Times* of otters killing thirteen salmon during a short period in the Kilchrenan burn, so that too many otters in salmon-rivers are not desirable any more than are the seals in the estuary.

Francis Buckland says in one of his books that, given just a little supervision, salmon could be rendered so plentiful as to be food for the poorest. In this he is seconded by P. D. Malloch, who adds that salmon, unlike other sources of food-supply, cost nothing for their keep while they live. Mr Buckland's idea of how to increase the stock of salmon in our rivers (and Mr Malloch's too) seems to lie in simply giving the salmon the same chance in the rivers which the grouse now get in the hills. Remove a proportion of the natural enemies of the salmon, and humanity will benefit. It is probable that fish-hatcheries would be quite unnecessary if the enemies of the salmon were once put down. No one would wish seals, otters, or the rarer birds to be exterminated to make room for salmon, nor is there the slightest likelihood of such an eventuality. There are hundreds of miles of sea-board in Scotland where seals and otters are likely to find peace and security for some time to come. In the estuary or the salmon-river their presence can hardly be tolerated if we wish salmon at twopence per pound (Mr Buckland's estimate of what might be).

Besides the danger from natural enemies, salmon occasionally suffer from two or three forms of disease. The worst form is that long described as 'fungus disease.' It is now known that the fungus which grows on dead as well as live diseased salmon is not the cause of disease. Bacterial infection, as in many other diseases, is the real cause of the trouble, and the particular microbe responsible, now known as *bacillus salmonis pestis*, must be more or less constantly waiting in fresh water to obtain an opportunity to work mischief. Once admitted to the fish's system through any defect in its scaly armour, the bacteria get rapidly to work, and soon spread to other parts of the body, ultimately causing the death of the salmon. A second agent now appears—the white fungoid growth which forms on dead matter sometimes, both on land and water. This was confused until lately with the mischief wrought by *bacillus salmonis pestis*.

Quite naturally salmon disease is most prevalent where the fish are plentiful, and an outbreak at the pool below a waterfall or other obstruction to the salmon's free access to the upper reaches of a river may have disastrous consequences. It would seem highly important, as a preventive to salmon disease, to remove all obstructions in the river's course, and allow the fish to become scattered over a wide area, where opportunities of infection are less.

Besides the disease caused by *bacillus salmonis pestis*, there are two other known diseases of salmon. One of these is called the 'furun-

culosis disease,' from the boil-like effects of its course on the salmon. High river temperature and a small flow of water seem to be the predisposing causes in this disease, though, again, the agent is bacteria. Another disease, known as white spot disease, sometimes appears in salmon while they are waiting for a spate to take them up a river. A timely flood seems to put matters right and effect a cure in white spot disease. In this disease a white spot appears on the head, the affected fish sometimes becomes blind, and death may follow. The two last-mentioned diseases are so far confined to small local outbreaks, and we may hope that they will continue so.

IV.

It seems a curious fact that, while birds renew their feathers annually, snakes their skins, animals their fur, and so on, salmon wear their smolt scales during life. Nature in the case of the salmon—and possibly in other fish—makes arrangements for repairs, instead of discarding the eroded dress of the previous year.

The salmon smolt of one year old has on each of its scales sixteen rings similar to those lines or rings seen on certain sea-shells. To those sixteen rings the fish, as smolt, grilse, and salmon, adds sixteen rings in each year of its after-life. During a salmon's stay in fresh water the growth of the scale ceases for a time, as does, of course, the growth of the fish. Not only is this so, but it may lose as many as eight lines from the upper portion of its scales through wear and tear. When the fish returns to the sea and begins to feed again, in April or May, fresh rings are formed round the broken as well as round the whole part of the worn scales. The part where Nature's patchwork has begun in the scale is shown by a well-defined circular mark; and by counting the number of rings from this mark outwards, it is possible to tell, on its second, or any subsequent, return from the sea, how long the salmon has been in salt water. Salmon seldom show these 'spawning-marks,' as they are called, more than three times on their scales, as few salmon return to fresh water to spawn more than thrice during their lifetime.

Marks similar to spawning-marks, but less distinct, are seen on maiden fish which have spent one or more winters in the sea. The grilse has one such 'contraction,' as it is termed; the salmon, after April of the next year, two; when another April is passed, three; and so on. During the salmon's stay in fresh water no rings are added to its scales, and salmon sometimes remain fifteen months in fresh water, or even more. The extreme length of life of a salmon may be said to be about eight years—two years as a smolt in fresh water, and six between salt and fresh water in later life.

Salmon, of course, change colour in the breeding season. This change of colour was at one time believed to be caused by the action of the fresh water or some sediment in it. It has lately been found out that salmon change colour in the sea in autumn while they are waiting for a flood to take them up the river. The male salmon becomes red in colour, and is sometimes known as a 'red cock.' He develops a huge hook on his lower jaw in the breeding season also. This weapon (for such it looks) does not seem to be of much use to the fish. Possibly it may serve to scare other fish away from his mate, or it may be a mere appanage of the breeding male, such as we see in some species of birds. Fish and frogs are known to change in colour to suit their habitat, but the changes in the salmon's colour seem more akin to the assumption of breeding plumage by birds than to colour changes as the result of environment. The environment for the red cock salmon and for the dark-coloured female is the same, and both sexes become silvery as kelts in the environment where they had become 'red' or 'black.'

Salmon have perhaps more intelligence than they are generally credited with. When a small stream is, owing to drought, falling in volume daily, the salmon often leave it. The return journey to the sea is performed after dark. Once, while watching on a bridge over a small salmon-stream by moonlight, I saw great numbers of salmon ploughing their way over the shallows towards the sea.

The salmon's fear of its natural enemy, the otter, sometimes makes it leave the river; and when the splash and whistle of hunting otters is heard, it is quite usual to see salmon pass, either up stream or down, in search of quieter quarters. The angler, too, after fishing a pool fruitlessly, often hears behind him the splashes made by wily old salmon which, too cunning to be beguiled, evidently recognise that they have escaped a danger, and are celebrating the occasion.

THE LADY OF THE PLEASAUNCE.

SHE roameth in the gardens of the sky;
Among those shining paths where blossoms swoon
With ecstasy she glides—the lady moon.
Her silver gown of rare embroidery
Goes trailing thro' the cloudy woods that lie
Beyond, dark borderings of joy. And soon
He comes, the black-browed night, to crave the boon
Of her white love, for which young sea-winds sigh.

Thus, in the pleasaunce of my soul's demesne,
Thy gracious image smiles, a silver light
Amid the wood of care. Thy beauty bright
They shun, those creeping shades of grief and pain.
High voices in my heart vow fealty,
And all my love brings homage unto thee.

MARJORIE TILDEN.

TALES OF THE ESKIMO.

IV.—THE LAW OF THE NORTH.

By Captain H. T. Munn.

PART I.

I.

PANIG-PAH, the best hunter of the Ivul-ik Innuits, the swiftest runner who had ever run down and killed a bear single-handed, lay on the deer-skins in the *igloo*, sick and weak as a boy. For two months he had been like this, and his young wife, Sud-lu, whom he had but lately taken, sat looking sadly at him and thinking of a year ago, when she had been the proudest girl in the tribe because the great hunter had asked her to come to his *igloo*. Her mother was dead, and her father had taken a woman who hated Sud-lu and had made life a hell for her. Then there was Ak-kaan, a Portuguese half-breed. He, too, had coveted pretty little Sud-lu, and wanted her for his second wife, for polygamy is common among the Ivul-iks. But Panig-pah's first wife had died last winter, on the Wager Inlet, and he had instantly set out for Repulse Bay, and asked for and taken Sud-lu.

The Eskimo woman, especially if young and friendless, has little voice in her matrimonial affairs; these are usually settled by the parents when the children are young, even as babies. Sud-lu's allotted husband, a boy a year older than herself, had been drowned the previous summer, and so Panig-pah knew she was free. Though only seventeen, she was a quick, clever needlewoman, a good maker of boots and clothes, and a bright, capable housewife.

Poor, pretty little Sud-lu, her dark eyes were red with weeping and her rosy cheeks sallow and shrunken, for it had been a starving winter on Repulse Bay, and her man had been long sick. When hunger is stalking through the camps, the sick fare badly. Her father, Ak-shadu, a rather stupid, middle-aged man, took no trouble of Sud-lu's on his shoulders; he had many young mouths to feed, which kept him long hours at the seal-holes in the bitter cold, and seals were scarce; he could not feed his own *igloo* sometimes. The new year was but just begun; the days dragged on; one by one the dogs disappeared—some from starvation, some for food. Of Panig-pah's fine team not a dog remained. Their owner lay sick, unable either to use or to feed them; and he knew, too, that Sud-lu's baby was only one moon from being born.

Then one day Ak-kaan arrived; arrived with a little deer-meat, a well-fed team, and the glad news that deer were plentiful six days inland. Soon all was bustle and preparation for the journey. Ak-kaan made no remark when he heard Panig-pah had taken Sud-lu for wife, but talked in friendly manner to the sick man, and suggested to him that she should leave on his sled with the others—for dogs were very few and starving, and there were many children to take—riding thus, as her time was so near. At the second sleep they would make he had left plenty of meat, and from there he would return light, and bring the sick man on in one long day's travel.

Sud-lu vehemently refused to leave her man; but the idea seemed a good one to Panig-pah, for he knew the girl was hungry; so he ordered her to go, and, unwillingly and weeping bitterly, she left her big, good-looking, but sorely wasted husband. Little Sud-lu surely had some premonition of coming evil, and lightly as infidelities lie on any Innuit woman's mind, she had had eyes for no one but her man since he took her.

Some deer-meat, his rifle and ammunition, sealing-spear and harpoon, and deer-skin blankets were left with the sick man, and the party started. Two days' travel and they came to the meat cache, and camped; and the next day Ak-kaan went back for Panig-pah. He was away four days, and the rest of the party, according to arrangement, had moved slowly forward, leaving Sud-lu alone, when Ak-kaan arrived with the news that Panig-pah had become worse, and had died the second day after he reached him.

Little Sud-lu was broken-hearted, and when Ak-kaan told her his own wife was dead and he would take her, she instantly suspected foul-play. But she was helpless and alone; nor, when they caught up the others, could she prevail on any one to listen to her suspicions. Ak-shadu was stupid, and his children were hungry, and whatever the others thought, they would not interfere; it was none of their business, and if Ak-kaan said Panig-pah was dead, there was an end to it. So, when Ak-kaan claimed Sud-lu, her father consented—and what could she do, poor child? Do not forget he was a Portuguese half-breed—crafty, scheming, and cruel.

II.

But Panig-pah did not die. Ak-kaan had not been near him. He was too superstitious to murder his rival with a bullet, but as there were no other natives at Repulse Bay, or likely to go near there, it was, he knew, only a matter of a

week or two, and his victim must starve to death.

A week passed, and Panig-pah, lying in his deer-skin blankets, realised that he was mending slowly; realised, too, why Ak-kaan had left him to starve.

Suddenly one evening he heard voices, and, on his crying out, three men crawled into the *igloo*. They were Nechillings from King William Land, far to the west. Having been slowly following, and living on a herd of cariboo for half the winter, they found themselves near Repulse Bay, and came on to see if any Ivul-iks were about. The two tribes met only occasionally, and knew little of each other.

Panig-pah instantly made up his story. There had been a fall of snow since the others had left, and all signs of recent sleds were obliterated. They had been a small party, he said, and the others had gone a month ago to Wager Inlet to try for seal, as food was scarce; they were to have returned for him in two weeks, but none had come, and he thought they had all been lost on the ice by the treacherous tides of that dangerous place. His wife was dead, he added.

The good-natured Nechillings accepted his story, and offered to take him back with them to where their women were camped. Deer were plentiful, they said. Hospitality such as this is part and parcel of an Innuit's life when the cooking-pots are full. No man knows when his turn may come to be found helpless and perhaps starving; accidents are many where Nature shows her most savage moods.

So Panig-pah went west with the Nechillings, while little Sud-lu wept in Ak-kaan's *igloo*. Long before the first signs of spring began to show on the illimitable snow wastes, her baby was born, the while Panig-pah, now fast becoming a strong, active man, was steadily and methodically planning revenge. His marriage with Sud-lu—if the Eskimos' matrimonial affairs may be dignified by the name—was as nearly a love-match as they are capable of. He had known and liked her from a child, but had never been one of those frequently found natives who exchange their wives as they do their sled-dogs; nor would Panig-pah have two wives in his *igloo*. He had no children by his first wife, and had looked eagerly forward to Sud-lu's coming motherhood, for, like all his race, he was passionately fond of children.

Summer found Panig-pah far to the south, at Chesterfield Inlet, amongst the Kini-pitu Eskimo. There was no Hudson Bay Post there then, and this tribe, being mainly an inland one, from the head of the inlet, mixed but little with the Ivul-iks. Panig-pah had got some dogs together, and even a few fox-skins, but he avoided the whalers at Marble Island off the mouth of the inlet, and went south with a few Innuits who were hunting deer for clothing.

When autumn came he parted with these new friends, though they would have gladly kept him with them, for many maidens' bright eyes, both Nechilling and Kini-pitu, had looked longingly at him; but he wanted no wife yet, he told the men laughingly. His plans were already taking shape in his mind. Far to the northward of Repulse Bay was the country of the Iglu-liut Innuits, a people whom the Ivul-iks sometimes met. Could he but get some swift, powerful dogs together, he would find Sud-lu, settle his score with Ak-kaan, and go through to the Iglu-liut country. From there he would travel round the head of Fox Channel, and then south till he reached the great river which flows from Lake Nechilling, in the heart of Baffin Land, to its western shores. If he could keep his route from the knowledge of the Iglu-liut Innuits—which would be easy, as every one goes his own way for the summer, meeting again in autumn—the Portuguese half-breed and his brothers would seek him in vain.

Once, in his grandfather's time, two whale-boats full of Innuits had come from Cumberland Gulf, crossed the big lake, descended the river, and scattered amongst the Ivul-ik and Iglu-liut tribes. The record of the migration was well known to him, for he was descended from one of these bold voyagers on his mother's side. He could summer on the eastern shore of Lake Nechilling, where deer were plentiful, and when the ice made again travel to the sea at Cumberland Gulf, and join the Tinnit-juak-buit tribe ('the people of the great tides') at Kekerten. Here, it was said, seals were so plentiful that the people never knew what starvation was. It was far away from the Ivul-ik country, and he had that to do which would make it no place for him to live in peace in, since Ak-kaan had brothers. Once he had seen a chart of the Arctic, and the mate of the ship had pointed out to him the different places; it was printed clearly in his tenacious memory, for, next to pictures of animals, an Eskimo loves to look at a map of his own Arctic land.

III.

Panig-pah was now about two hundred and seventy miles from Fort Churchill, a journey along the flat, limitless-looking shores of Hudson Bay. There only, he knew, could he get the dogs he needed for his great journey. From Fort Churchill north to Repulse Bay was over five hundred miles, and thence to Iglu-liut some two hundred and fifty more. Panig-pah could not think or count in hundreds, but he knew that it was many months of travel—many, many long days' journeying, with only his rifle and the chance of finding game between him and starvation—and that he must get enough to feed his dogs too. Also, there were ammunition and knives and a new rifle to get, as well as sled-dogs, and foxes were often scarce and hard to

catch. Yet Panig-pah never faltered from his purpose, and leaving his Kini-pitu friends, he went on steadily southward.

Then fate, which had so far dealt hardly with him, sent him Luck, who took him into her care with open arms. All along the coast of Hudson Bay that year deer were plentiful, and the white foxes followed in their wake. For a week he would set his traps and kill cariboo, caching the meat at intervals of one or two days' travel for the return journey; then he would go on south and do the same, Luck staying faithfully by him. Late in February he was within forty miles of Fort Churchill, and on his last visit to his traps he took a splendid silver-fox—the great trapper's prize of the North, and rarely seen north of this Post. With his silver-fox, and one hundred and thirty white foxes, he went on, and the trader at Fort Churchill gave him a hearty welcome.

His trading was very practical, for neither the usual gaudy watches and attractive gramophones, nor the luxuries of flour or biscuit or sugar, interested him. He secured instead a new rifle, five hundred cartridges, powder, lead, caps for two years, the best spy-glass in the store, a small tent, wood for a strong but light dog-sled, an axe, knives, five pounds of tea and three boxes of tobacco, matches, needles, screws for the bone-shoeing, a brace and some bits, a small saw, and other small tools, and a few enamel-ware cooking-pots. One luxury he indulged in—a small oil-stove and five gallons of paraffin, the stove being especially for the far-north trade, for there are no seals on the west shore of the bay to give blubber for the lamps, and he knew that when his work was done at Repulse Bay or elsewhere he could not tarry to kill seals, but must travel far and fast.

All this left him with a balance still in hand, and every evening saw him sizing up the many dogs about the Post. Some women's stuff he got, such as beads, men's underclothes for summer wear (greatly valued by the women), thimbles, two small silver finger-rings, braid, and some brilliant-coloured cloth; and then he told the trader he wanted to buy a dog-team, and produced for the first time his silver-fox.

Now the trader had eight splendid young dogs in a team belonging to the Post, all from a strain of the famous Labrador blood, powerful and enduring beyond any other breed known in the north. These Panig-pah boldly asked for, offering his silver-fox in payment. Much as the trader valued the dogs, he soon found that unless he let them go he would lose the pelt (and it was worth fifty dogs to the Post—nor were they short of dogs that season), for Panig-pah was smiling but obstinate. 'All the team or no trade,' he said. In truth, the trader liked this bold, upstanding, smiling stranger, who knew what he wanted, never cavilled at the price, and had trusted him the night he arrived with his bags of fox-pelts.

So Panig-pah shod his sled with bone, bade farewell to the trader, and started on his long journey northwards, the first lap of which to Repulse Bay was five hundred miles as the crow flies. It was the month of the Young Sun [March], more than a year since he had lain in the *igloo* at Repulse Bay, a sick man left there to starve to death. Of his old team he had kept three, and the eleven dogs and lightly loaded sled made the dry, powdery snow fly, and the miles slipped swiftly by when they reached the treeless shores and sped over the hard, smooth ground-ice of Hudson Bay. The long, flat beach, which floods and freezes daily with the tides in the autumn, soon becomes too high for the water to overrun, and a smooth, unbroken level road lies before the traveller for some hundreds of miles.

At Neville Bay, one hundred and seventy miles from the Post, the shore was left, and he travelled through a labyrinth of islands to Ranken Bay and Chesterfield Inlet. There had been food left under the stones at different points along the shore, and the dogs gambolled and played as they swung on and forward, for the weather was cold and calm—ideal travelling conditions in the Arctic. Some days of gales there were, when Panig-pah had to lie up in the *igloo*, the world beyond its inner circle being a blinding, smothering fog of flying snow; the dogs, sheltered in the snow-porch, curled up and resting. No low temperatures daunt an Eskimo, no matter how far below zero they may be, provided there is no wind, or at least no head-wind, to accompany them.

The man killed only one bear on the journey to Chesterfield Inlet, and this for the sake of the fresh, warm meat for the dogs. Four more bears he saw, and could easily have run down with his powerful dog-team and killed, but he left them unharmed, though the whale-ships at Marble Island would have eagerly traded for them. Green bear-skins are heavy, yet it speaks volumes for his stern tenacity of purpose that he, a hunter to the core in every instinct, now held his hand from the Arctic's noblest game animal.

Near Chesterfield Inlet he had gradually loaded his sled with the previously killed and frozen meat for the journey overland, and avoiding Marble Island and the whale-ships there, he steered like a homing pigeon for Wager Inlet. Once on the well-known route between the two places—as yet, he observed, untravelled that winter—he urged his team to their utmost from daylight till dark, and advanced as if in an enemy's country, his rifle handy, and his keen eyes looking forward from every rise in the land he was crossing. If he met Ak-kaan or his brothers, he must kill or be killed.

Once more Luck gave him her generous hand. But one sleep from Wager Inlet he killed a large bear, and camped to feed and rest his dogs. Towards evening he saw a sled coming south, and his spy-glass soon told him it was old Kar-gun and his wife, two of the party at last winter's starving camp. Great was their astonishment to see Panig-pah, who, before asking any questions, told them of his journey to the Nechilling land, and later to Fort Churchill. Then Kar-gun spoke, and told how the Portuguese half-breed had taken Sud-lu to wife, watching his listener narrowly the while; but the man's face betrayed no sign, for he had expected this. He heard how the party were camped on Wager Inlet, and that there had been no starvation; but when Kar-gun said that Ak-kaan had gone with his wife alone to Repulse Bay, Panig-pah stooped down to cut some meat, lest the joy might show in his face.

Kar-gun left next morning, generously supplied with bear-meat, and Panig-pah gave him the two bear-skins to trade, so he said, though he knew he would never see the trade now. 'Wife,' said the old man thoughtfully when they were under way, 'all the whale-ships at Marble Island have not enough trade goods to make me change places with Ak-kaan.' For Kar-gun knew the law of the North—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.

Panig-pah swung westward when the other sled was out of sight, and crossed Wager Inlet far above where the party were camped; then he headed swiftly for Repulse Bay.

IV.

Little Sud-lu sat weeping silently in the *igloo*, her baby, now over a year old, playing naked on the deer-skins beside her. This morning Ak-kaan had again beaten her, and her back was livid with bruises from the heavy whip-handle, but she had made no sound at the time. Long ago she had sworn secretly to herself she would bear no child to Ak-kaan, and now he began to make this another excuse for ill-using her. The smiling, pretty girl of a year and a half ago had vanished, and in her place sat a thin-faced, sorrowful-looking little woman, a world of grief in her dark eyes. The man had gone to fetch in some deer-meat killed the day before, and would not be back for some hours. Suddenly she heard the little wooden door of the snow-porch open and shut, and she wondered dully what Ak-kaan had forgotten, and if he would beat her again for it. She looked down at the low entrance to the *igloo*, and saw the face of Panig-pah!

Always at the back of little Sud-lu's mind had been the dim hope that Panig-pah was not dead; his spirit had come to her so often in her dreams, had so often held her in his arms and smiled at their boy and called her by the old endearing name 'Anana-ka' (little mother), this unspoken, secret hope had never left her. To see the dead in sleep presages evil and terrifies an Eskimo; but she had never felt any terror, so she faintly hoped he might be alive, after all. It was but a slender reed to lean on, and sometimes she wondered, in her simple, heathen way, if she and her boy were going to die, so that their spirits might join Panig-pah's in some happy hunting-ground, if he were in truth dead. Of late she had hoped this would be so.

The baby looked up from the deer-skin rugs and held out its little arms with joy, crying '*Adada, adada*,' that world-wide word for fatherhood which the very young give to all men. And the next second little Sud-lu was in Panig-pah's arms, and he was pressing his nose to hers—the Innuit kiss—again and again, holding her close to him in a passion of love and joy.

Presently she outlined simply and briefly all that had taken place. The man took off her deer-skin garment, and saw the blue, livid bruises, and his eyes narrowed as he gazed. 'And the baby?' he asked abruptly.

'No, no,' she replied; 'he was good always to him; or I think I should have killed him while he slept.'

The man looked at her figure keenly a moment, but she wrinkled her nose—the negative sign—instantly. 'I told him there would never be one of his; it is for that he beat me to-day,' she said simply.

'Come,' he said, 'put on your warmest deer-skins, and bring your own things and the baby—our boy. We have far to go presently.'

They walked to the ridge behind which Panig-pah had built an *igloo*, and that morning had fed his dogs generously to keep them quiet. His only fear had been lest the wind should betray his presence to the other's dogs, for he had been watching the *igloo* through the spy-glass since daylight, till he saw the man leave and pass west out of sight. All had come about as he had planned, and the rest was easy. He had brought blubber from the other *igloo*, and he told Sud-lu to light the blubber-lamp and wait there till he came back. Then he tethered his dogs securely. He cut the long dog-whip lash of bearded seal-skin about two feet from the handle, where to its lashing it was thick, double, and plaited together—a more terrible instrument than the Russian knout. With this in his hand, and his rifle on his arm, he returned to the empty *igloo* on the shore.

Ak-kaan came back before sundown in a better temper; he had shot more deer and seen a large herd, and plenty of food on hand and in prospect always spells happiness to an Eskimo; also, he had taken four foxes in his traps, and this meant tobacco and other trade luxuries later, when the bag of fox-skins should be full. He called to Sud-lu to come out and unharness the dogs, and getting no reply, again called, but no one

answered. Ak-kaan looked up, and saw the faint wreath of steam rising through the ventilation-hole of the *igloo*, and knew the blubber-lamp was alight and she must be inside. His face darkened, and with a scowl he reached for his heavy-handled dog-whip and entered the porch. He would teach her to come when he called, he said to himself, and dropping on his knees, crawled into the *igloo*. A sinewy arm closed round his neck, and he was flung on the sleeping-bench, choked, and tied hand and foot with stout seal-skin thongs before he realised who his big assailant was. Then he saw Panig-pah's face looking into his.

The Portuguese half-breed was no coward, but he was helpless, and he knew the law of the North, and instantly divined that justice would be meted out to him. 'The knife is there,' he indicated sullenly, and threw back his head defiantly for the blow to drive at his heart. But the other shook his head. 'Not thus shall I do it,' he said gravely, and reaching for the whip, he ripped open the back of the man's deer-skin clothes as he spoke. Then, handling him as easily as a child in spite of his desperate struggles, Panig-pah began to flog his enemy with the thick-plaited lash. Soon livid wheals rose on the bare flesh and the blood spurted, but he continued methodically and without haste, branding the half-breed's back with marks which time would never efface, till at last his victim fainted. Then he ceased, and turning him over on his face, slit the lobes of his nose as an indelible and disgraceful mark, cut his thongs, and waited for him to recover consciousness.

Presently the wretched man sat up, and before he spoke Panig-pah stitched the ripped deer-skin garments together over the blood-stained back. Then, taking a deer-skin blanket and some deer-skins, his rifle and the knives in the *igloo*, he curtly told the half-breed to follow him. Outside the *igloo* he smashed Ak-kaan's rifle and bent the barrel; broke his seal-spear, spy-glass, and everything which might be of use to him, except his sled; lashed on some deer-meat and the blanket-skins and a snow-knife, and pointed south. 'Had you treated my child as you have treated Sud-lu,' he said slowly, 'I would have broken your arms and legs and left you here to freeze to death; but you have been kind to the boy. Only for this have I spared you. Go back to Wager Inlet and tell the Innuits Panig-pah has dealt out the Law to you—but more mercifully than you deserve.'

The Portuguese half-breed turned his blood-smeared face towards him. 'You are a fool,' he said thickly. 'I and my brothers will come and hunt you down to a dog's death.'

Panig-pah laughed—an idea suddenly struck him as humorous. Perhaps he could send these half-breed murderers on a fool's trip. 'Pah!' he said; 'what do you know of the Nechilling country and the land where the sun goes down? Come out there and the foxes will pick your bones. Now, get you gone, lest I change my mind.' And Panig-pah stood watching as the other's sled slowly disappeared to the south.

(*Continued on page 681.*)

THE CURBSTONE'S SOLILOQUY.

FOR scores of years I have borne the tread
And the beating tramp of men,
Since leaving my quarry home afar,
In the cliffs of a wooded glen,

Where for cycles I dwelt in solitudes
Unknown to human feet,
Ere taken by man from my rural home
To the city's pulsing street.

Deftly, with care, I was anchored here,
Where the busy crowds converge,
Forming a stair in the pathway now
Where onward the legions surge.

Strange are the scenes that confront me now
In this new and altered life,
A parade of wealth and pomp and power
In step with poverty rife.

I've watched men's wild pursuit of wealth,
I've seen the widow's tear,
Seen many a shivering orphan pass,
Watched many a moving bier.

I've heard the cry of the auctioneer
And the faker's garbled tale,
And as wealth's grandest carriage passed
Heard hunger's plaintive wail.

I've watched the children pass to school,
Seen them to manhood grown;
Oft felt the tottering step of age
Upon my breast of stone.

I've watched the circus grand parade,
I've seen the soldiers pass,
Seen many a lover proudly walk
Beside his chosen lass.

I've watched love in her mad pursuit
Pause, wounded by a sting,
Then scorn another beckoning hand
Where purest love would spring.

I've watched the handcuffed prisoner march,
Beside his wary guard;
I've heard the blind man's organ whine
The ballads of the bard.

Where do they go, those legions all,
That pass me every hour?
What is the cause, what is the force,
Where is the hidden power

That actuates the step of man,
His mental power as well;
Controls the passions of his soul—
Where doth that power dwell?

I wonder will they ever rest,
Will this tramping ever cease?
I long to return to my former home,
To find eternal peace.

JOHN GEDDES JEFFREY.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

PRIVATE DETECTIVES.

By JOHN C. GOODWIN.

I.

THE private detective agency is a modern product entirely. Official police forces of some sort there have nearly always been, but the private inquiry agency is a nineteenth-century development, called into being by the requirements of private individuals whose difficulties necessitate the employment of a man trained, and naturally adapted, for the unravelling of intricate and delicate problems without actually making an arrest.

Before we examine this latter-day factor in matters bordering on things criminal, it will be of interest to trace briefly the conditions which gave it birth and the lines along which progress has been made. For this purpose one is constrained to hark back to the year 1684, the date which appears to have witnessed the first unofficial detection of crime recorded in our annals. In this year a skilfully conceived fraud was planned by a 'Lady Ivy,' who laid claim to a large estate near Shadwell. In support of her contention she produced deeds said to have been executed in the year 1555. The notorious Judge Jeffreys tried the case, and, through the skilful scrutiny of the documents involved by counsel instructed by the other side, who embodied in his speech an admirable exposition of the art of forgery, Lady Ivy was shown to have forged the title-deeds, and lost her case accordingly. Thus this seventeenth-century barrister, of whose name, even, there is no record, was, perhaps, our first unofficial detective.

The next recorded case in point occurred in 1747—the 'Thomas Chandler' case. This man, according to Major Arthur Griffiths, was walking from London to Reading on 24th March of that year, and when near Maidenhead was, he declared, attacked by three bargemen, robbed of £960 in cash, bound hand and foot, and flung by the roadside. He managed to reach Sonning, and there recounted the story of his mishap to the local constable, lodging at the same time a claim for the £960 against the parish of Sonning, within the confines of which the alleged outrage had been committed. The sum was in those days a very large one, and the inhabitants accordingly briefed Edward Wise, an attorney of Wokingham, to defend them. Wise visited the scene of the alleged attack, and did much thinking, as a result of which he placed his finger on four weak points in Chandler's case—namely, that it was a most unusual thing for a clerk to have £960 in his possession, especially on his person and on the public highway; that, though he had failed to free himself by daylight, he yet succeeded in doing so when handicapped by darkness; that his failure to free himself for some hours was incredible, in view of the fact that he was bound with tape only; and that he appeared to be quite unruffled by his loss and his ill-treatment.

Getting wind of the turn matters were taking, Chandler thought it prudent to flee, but was 'shadowed' by the indefatigable Wise to Amsterdam, Colchester, Ipswich, Southwold, Easton, and Coventry, where he was arrested and punished in due course.

The next incident of note in the history of private detection occurred on 14th July 1811, when the Paisley Bank, Glasgow, was robbed, the alleged ringleader being James Mackoull, an accomplished burglar of vast experience. The matter was 'hushed up' in the interests of the bank, conditionally upon Mackoull restoring the stolen money. He had only partly done so when it dawned upon him that the bank, fearing publicity in the matter as it was, would naturally hesitate to press for the restoration of the amounts outstanding, and he accordingly refused to make any further refund, thereby committing himself to a thinly veiled form of blackmail.

Contrary to his expectations, however, he was arrested in London in 1812 for breach of faith, but was again set free; and, emboldened by success, he now brought an action against the bank to recover his 'property.'

The case turned, of course, upon the question of Mackoull's complicity in the original burglary, the story of which had by now become public property, and, to save their faces, the bank officials had to show fight. They accordingly engaged the services of a Mr Donovan, an astute official attached to the Scottish courts.

To cut a long story short, Donovan, in his endeavours to learn Mackoull's movements from

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

the time of the robbery, traced him through Dunbar, Berwick, Morpeth, Newcastle, Durham, Darlington, Northallerton, Welwyn, Holborn, Brighton, and Margate, gathering at each place witnesses who promised to attend the trial at Edinburgh. The story of the means by which he won over to his side even Mrs Mackoull and Scoltop, the man who actually constructed the tools with which the burglary was committed, is an object-lesson in the fine art of wheedling. Confronted at his trial by such an array of witnesses, Mackoull practically crumpled up, and was duly sentenced.

II.

Perhaps the most picturesque figure in criminal history is Vidocq, the famous French cracksman, who ultimately became a detective, and whose personal memoirs have been translated into almost every European language, while a brief biography of him has been written by Major Arthur Griffiths.

When, in 1809, during the term of office of M. Fouché, Vidocq offered his services to the French Government, he met with a peremptory refusal, and, out of pique, allied himself with a gang of coiners, who, however, betrayed him to the police.

While serving his sentence in La Force prison he acted as a police-spy among his fellow-convicts, and it was arranged that, for his services, he should be allowed to 'escape.' He returned to his former haunts, ostensibly as a fugitive, but actually as a police-spy, and was instrumental in the arrest of Guenvive's band of housebreakers; of Fossard, a notorious burglar who was invariably armed to the teeth; and of the leading lights of Desnoyez's tavern, the rendezvous, according to Major Griffiths, of half the criminals of Paris.

In 1812 he established the nucleus of the modern Sûreté, or detective police, commencing with but four men, themselves reformed criminals. Vidocq worked early and late, sparing no pains, sometimes assuming, it is said, ten different disguises in a day, and achieving extraordinary successes.

In 1832 Vidocq, having feathered his nest, and having retired from the official police, founded his famous *bureau de renseignements*, the first-known private detective agency.

By dint of hard work and the glamour of his past achievements, he soon built up a flourishing business. At one time, indeed, his books contained the names of eight thousand clients; while in his spare time he invented a burglar-proof safe and a type of paper that could not be imitated or used for purposes of forgery. He also inaugurated a 'trade protection society' in the interests of shopkeepers.

His offices were sumptuous and well ordered, his staff being divided into departments, and including commissionaires and pages wearing livery with buttons stamped with his initials, after the manner of an exclusive Mayfair club.

The jealousy of the official police, however, constituted a perpetual menace to his efficiency and well-being, and, impoverished by successive lawsuits, he was ultimately compelled to break up his unique agency and earn a living on the French vaudeville stage. He died in poverty in 1857.

III.

In this country the genesis of the modern private detective agency was the foundation of the Metropolitan Police and the consequent disbandment of the old Bow Street Runners, who either retired or set up in business for themselves as private detectives. Their achievements, incidentally, were graphically described by Charles Dickens, their contemporary, in *Household Words*.

The first-known private detective agency outside France was that of Pinkerton, and to-day 'Pinkerton's' is the most famous organisation of its kind in the world.

Its origin is as interesting as it was fortuitous. Allan Pinkerton, its founder, was in business in 1847 as a cooper at Dundee, a town some forty miles west of Chicago. In that year a bank was established at Milwaukee. It presently became obvious that a gang of forgers was at work counterfeiting its notes; but this gang, led by a John Craig, was quickly laid by the heels by Pinkerton, who engineered the arrest of Craig in a Chicago hotel.

That incident decided Pinkerton's career and laid the foundation of the present vast organisation, which has its agents in nearly every town in the world, and without which the work of the official police forces of the United States would be seriously crippled.

'Pinkerton's' has, of course, its counterparts in other countries, the chief of which in Great Britain is Wright's Detective Agency, to the credit of which firm stands the 'shadowing' of a man round the world for nine months, though the quarry adopted every known subterfuge and assumed every conceivable disguise.

Watching and shadowing play, of course, a prominent part in the work of a private inquiry firm, as do the guarding of wedding presents, the tracing of petty cash leakages in commercial houses, the handling of divorce and blackmail cases, and a thousand and one other activities.

A blackmailer generally has several other sources of income, and can frequently be forced to cease his blackmailing efforts by the threat of exposure of his connection with a gambling-saloon, a begging-letter syndicate, the drug traffic, the white-slave market, or with any other illegal enterprise with which he may happen to be concerned.

In these days of industrial unrest it is interesting to learn that one strike, at least, was fore-

stalled by a private detective agency. A certain firm, whose name is a household word, learned that its employees were contemplating a cessation of work. The directors of the firm arranged to meet the men's leaders, but felt, at the close of the parley, that the men's case had not been fully and frankly stated, and formed the opinion, moreover, that the men were being virtually cajoled into a strike policy to serve the personal ends of their leaders.

A private detective agency was accordingly consulted, and a detective 'signed on' as a workman. By dint of careful observation and judicious inquiries he was able to ascertain the true feelings of the men, with the result that at the next meeting of directors and leaders the latter were badly beaten and their real purpose was exposed.

IV.

Space does not permit a closer scrutiny of the history and the achievements of the private detective. An examination of his methods, however, may now be attempted.

Into almost every case which a detective is called upon to handle, the questions of shadowing and disguise enter so largely that they may be said to constitute the foundation of his craft. Like the scout, his function is to see without being seen, and to acquire information of value to his side.

Shadowing, or keeping in constant touch with a person's movements without that person's knowledge or consent, is performed in one of two ways—either personally or by means of agents.

In the latter event the real 'shadow' remains in the background, following his quarry, it may be, from town to town, but never actually intruding himself, his information being obtained by daily reports from agents or 'narks,' as they are termed, in each place.

The citation of a simple case will illustrate the typical methods employed. A certain man was shadowed from London to Bath, thence to Oxford and Birmingham, and back to London. The real 'shadow,' a young detective—'Mr X.'—boarded, at Paddington, the same train as the subject, who may conveniently be called Jones. Mr X. had been instructed that Jones would probably travel by that line on that day, was shown his photograph, and told to follow him. He hung about Paddington until Jones and his baggage appeared. X. noted the destination on the labels, and booked for Bath accordingly.

On arriving at Bath he noticed that Jones engaged a room at a boarding-house, and instructed an agent of the firm, a 'blind' man selling bootlaces and matches, to station himself opposite the house, watch Jones's comings and goings, and report to X. every night, X. taking a room at the Royal Hotel, by the Great Western Railway Station. It was agreed that, should Jones leave in a hurry, the 'blind' agent was to send some boxes of matches at once to X. if Jones had gone to the Great Western Station, and some bootlaces if he had proceeded to the Midland Station.

Nothing of note happened until the fifth day, when X. received six boxes of matches from a little girl, the granddaughter of the 'blind' man. He arrived at the Great Western Station just in time to hear Jones booking for Oxford. Thither X. travelled too. He was favoured by fortune, for Jones engaged a room at a hotel, the under-porter of which was also an agent for the firm. This man actually affixed Jones's labels to his luggage and carried it to the Great Western Station, having previously telephoned the news of Jones's intended departure for Birmingham to X. at his hotel. X. was able to catch an earlier train to Birmingham, and shadowed Jones from Snow Hill Station to a hotel near New Street Station. Having made sure that Jones had booked a room at that hotel, he made a few slight alterations to his own appearance and boldly booked a room under the same roof.

To shadow Jones back to London *viâ* New Street Station and St Pancras was the easiest of tasks, and in a subsequent Divorce Court suit in which Jones enjoyed an unenviable publicity X. was able to swear to his movements with damaging accuracy.

The leading private inquiry agencies, as has already been mentioned, have their agents in nearly every town to assist the real 'shadow,' who, for obvious reasons, must needs remain in the background. Hawkers, newsboys, taxi-drivers, hotel porters, waiters, cloakroom attendants, chambermaids—these and scores of others are often in the paid service of some person or persons, employed by inquiry firms, private individuals, the official police, or even by criminal gangs themselves.

In one case two detectives worked for several days in a road-repairing gang opposite a suspected house. In another instance a second pair assumed the rôle of master and valet at a famous hotel; while a detective of the 'young man about town' type was the means of exposing a certain house in Mayfair which, to use a euphemism, can best be described as a 'safe resort for gentlemen of leisure'!

The detective of melodrama and cheap fiction is often portrayed as a stealthy, suspicious sleuth, wearing an obviously false beard and wig, and so decked out in all the known *impedimenta* of disguise as to excite comment from the least observant; and inasmuch as he looks precisely what he is, the intelligent reader or audience is merely left wondering why he succeeded at all.

In real life there are, of course, circumstances in which one detective, and only one, can be employed on a case, and it becomes equally

necessary that he should from time to time effect minor changes in his appearance, in order to avoid recognition by his quarry or others. If, for example, a man or a woman travels rapidly hither and thither, staying at, say, twenty hotels in two months, and finds another person staying in the same hotels at the same time, such a series of coincidences is bound to arouse suspicion.

V.

A few practical observations on the methods of disguise most commonly employed may serve to enlighten readers.

It may be remarked at this point that the man who thinks he is being followed, and is therefore suspicious, is, strange though it may seem, the easiest man to shadow, since his suspicion is not necessarily focused on his actual shadower, for the simple reason that he is suspicious of *everybody*, and 'cannot see wood for trees.' Should the shadower, however, discover that he alone is suspected, the chase should be forthwith abandoned and a 'relief' substituted, if and when practicable.

A disguise is assumed with one of two objects —to personate either a certain individual or no one in particular. The former necessity hardly ever arises off the stage, though probably every living person has his or her 'double.' King George and the late Tsar were, of course, 'doubles'; that of Mr Winston Churchill is a well-known West End waiter; while the late Mr W. E. Gladstone once owed his life to his 'double,' for an anarchist was on the point of shooting him, when he noticed a most striking resemblance between his own father and the venerable statesman, and found it impossible to shoot.

The simplest form of impersonation is, of course, the production of some one else's visiting-card, and one famous cracksman, at present 'disguised' as a convict, invariably used to complete a burglary by pocketing the contents of the householder's card-tray.

The keynote of disguise is simplicity, and it is really astonishing how great a change in one's appearance may be effected by a few simple alterations. Over-elaboration is fatal, the best policy being that of taking a few salient points in one's appearance and substituting their opposites.

Hair parted normally on the left side should be parted on the right. The arch of the eyebrows may be altered with a little pomade and a fairly energetic use of the hair-brush, aided, perhaps, by the scissors. A fig inserted in each cheek will 'fatten' a thin face, while a third pressed against the palate will even disguise the voice. A small pad of cotton-wool on each shoulder will raise them, and this will, in itself, make a world of difference; while a little lead shot placed in one boot or both will alter one's gait or produce a definite limp—a most important factor. The wearing of spectacles or of a different style of hat and of collar will further assist.

The essence of disguise is, in fact, the rigorous insistence on the trivial. Anything in the nature of 'make-up' will merely serve to attract attention, as will the wearing of a bandage, an eye-shield, a sling, or the adoption of a too pronounced limp.

The official detective is, of course, trained to disregard all these subterfuges, and is encouraged to develop an 'eye' for the shapes of head, ears, nose, and mouth, and for the colour and the expression of the eyes; but a person fleeing from justice or from his wife (probably accompanied by that of another man) does not look for these points.

The writer will conclude with an account, furnished by Major Griffiths, of the extent to which a certain person was assisted by disguise.

An actor, Burbidge by name, who was also secretary to a theatrical manager, absconded with a large sum of money, gaining a start of several hours. The ports were watched, likewise the railway stations, but this vigilance yielded no result. His rooms were visited by a private detective, whose firm had been consulted; their careful search, however, disclosed nothing in the shape of a clue beyond the photograph of an actress. He was preparing to leave, when an agent came in to say that Burbidge had taken a ticket to a place called Shrivelsby. Inquiries at this place proved that only a working-man—a mechanic—had left the train there.

The next step was the tracing of the actress, a Miss Jessie Junniper, through the medium of the photographer. It was discovered she was living in Hammersmith. The detective accordingly took rooms in the house opposite, and watched Miss Junniper's house day and night.

One morning she travelled by the underground railway to Temple Station, the detective closely following her to a theatre where she was rehearsing. She was met at the stage door by a decrepit old man, and together they purchased trunks at a shop in the Strand. They parted at Hammersmith; nor was the old man seen again: but next day a middle-aged lady called for Miss Junniper, and stayed several hours.

It then struck the watching detective that the mechanic at Shrivelsby, the old man, the elderly lady, and Burbidge were all one and the same person—Burbidge, in his vocation as an actor naturally being an adept in the art of disguise. The detective's 'brain wave' was the beginning of the end.

LEARNING BUSINESS.

CHAPTER V.

MR THEWN was quite surprised, and possibly not too well pleased, when the next morning Reggie reached the office before the hour of eleven. For that was early for Reggie, and the later he appeared the better Mr Thewn liked it; indeed, had Reggie never come near the office at all Mr Thewn would have made no complaint. But the manager's face cleared as he noticed how pale and wan Reggie looked, and how the great dark rings beneath his eyes seemed to-day more marked even than before.

'Morning, Mr Halstan,' he said genially; 'morning. You look tired.'

'Got a beastly head,' Reggie confessed, quite truly, for he was beginning to approach the limits of his endurance, and this morning his head ached badly as a result of his recent nights spent in tedious study instead of sleep. 'I shall have to go out and get a pick-me-up,' he added, for he knew he would have need of clear brains before that day was over.

'I hope you weren't making a night of it?' said Mr Thewn, laughing.

'Got to bed,' confessed Reggie ruefully, 'at half-past four.'

Mr Thewn laughed again. He knew life, he would have told you; he knew young men, too, he was well assured; above all, he was persuaded that he knew Reggie Halstan through and through; and when Reggie confessed to having been up till half-past four, Mr Thewn as instinctively connected such hours with things like night-clubs, dances, cards, champagne suppers, as he instinctively connected two and two to make four. Nothing very dreadful, of course—just youth at the helm and pleasure at the prow, and dull old business quietly dropped overboard. The vision of a youth, with a wet towel round his head, engaged in wrestling with figures and studying works of finance and books of business theory was not one that entered the field of Mr Thewn's consciousness, and had it done so he would have hailed it as the best joke he knew.

'Ah, well, Mr Halstan,' he said tolerantly, 'I 'm glad you have a little pleasure at night, for I feel I have not too good news for you. I had a message over the 'phone yesterday afternoon after you had gone out to lunch—I was hoping you would look in again. It was from Sir John Jackson himself. He is coming in to-day. He said that, in view of the long connection between his firm and Halstans, he does not wish to make any change too abruptly, and so he wants a chat with us this morning. I think it would be as well for you to stay in this morning till he comes, so that you can hear yourself what he has to say.'

'Well, if you really think I ought to be present,' agreed Reggie meekly.

'It would be better,' declared Mr Thewn emphatically, for the presence of his principal—his nominal principal—would be a protection against any unkind rumours the future might see developing, and he had no fear that Reggie would understand the coming discussion with Sir John Jackson sufficiently well to be able to form any opinion on it. 'Of course,' he remarked, 'we shall have to go into the figures rather closely. You need only agree with me when I appeal to you, and say "Yes" or "No," as the case may be.'

'I see,' said Reggie; 'I shall only have to be careful not to say "Yes" when it ought to be "No," and "No" when it ought to be "Yes." Eh, what?'

Then they both laughed heartily at Reggie's little joke; and Reggie asked, 'What do you think the old thing is coming round himself for?'

Mr Thewn shook his head dolefully. 'I have had the feeling for a long time that the Jackson connection was slipping from us,' he sighed.

'Mottrams, I suppose?' remarked Reggie.

'Oh, Mottrams undoubtedly,' agreed Mr Thewn. 'Well, we must hope for the best.'

But Mr Thewn made the remark with an air that said plainly that also they must expect the worst. He added that Jacksons had a new manager—a Scot—very keen—a demon for figures—hard as nails. It was most likely he who had suggested to Sir John that Mottrams would suit them better than Halstans. 'A perfect demon for figures, they say, this new manager,' repeated Mr Thewn admiringly.

'Sort of chap who knows all about balance-sheets,' said Reggie, and he and Mr Thewn laughed again together.

'But that 's not the worst,' continued Mr Thewn, recovering his gravity; 'there 's a letter from Singapore Planters saying they consider that expenses are high, and asking if development should not be possible now on the Continent, especially in Belgium, and they want us to submit a scheme. They hint that a scheme has been submitted from another quarter by which they have been much impressed, and they want us to give them our views. Here is their letter.'

'I suppose that means,' observed Reggie, 'that some one is after them to cut us out—Mottrams?'

'Oh, Mottrams beyond a doubt,' declared Mr Thewn.

'Why are Mottrams like roses?' asked Reggie dreamily. 'Because it 's Mottrams, Mottrams, all the way. Well, I suppose we can't complain. She gave me full warning that day I went to see them. I told you, didn't I?'

'Yes; but I never dreamed they would act so soon,' answered Mr Thewn. 'I shouldn't have thought they were ready yet.'

'Is it Mottrams who have the Malay States Producers' business?'

'Yes,' answered Mr Thewn, faintly surprised that Reggie had ever heard of the Malay States Producers Syndicate.

'I suppose,' suggested Reggie timidly, 'it wouldn't be any good our trying to retaliate there—sort of hitting back, you know—trying to cut Mottrams out there, just as they are trying to cut us out everywhere else.'

Mr Thewn roared with laughter at the idea. He thought it too funny for words. 'I am afraid,' he said, 'we have our hands too full trying to keep our own connection to attempt to raid other people's. And I only wish we had half the grip on our business Mottrams have on all theirs—on the Malay States Producers in especial. Why, even your father never dreamed of trying for them.'

'It was just an idea,' said Reggie humbly. 'You see, in the army, when we could hardly hang on to our own lines by the skin of our teeth, that was the time when we used to raid the Germans for all we were worth.'

'Army methods are hardly applicable to business,' smiled Mr Thewn. 'You must forget the army now you're in the City, Mr Halstan. You'll remember about Sir John Jackson's visit?'

'I'll be on hand when you want me,' Reggie promised.

'You see,' said Mr Thewn, 'if we go on losing connection like this—there is only one possible end—bankruptcy.'

'Oh, bankruptcy, eh?' repeated Reggie; and looking for once thoroughly disturbed, he went out of the room, muttering to himself, 'Bankruptcy, eh, what?'

'I managed to wake the young slacker up a bit that time,' Mr Thewn thought with some satisfaction, and turned again to his work, with which, however, he was not destined to make much progress, for before long one of the clerks announced that Miss Mottram was in the outer office, and wished to see him.

Mr Thewn was not pleased, and his manner to his visitor when she was shown in was somewhat disturbed. 'I didn't expect you,' he said, closing the office door with some care. 'I thought we agreed it would be more prudent—we don't want to give any opportunity for stupid gossip, do we?'

'Oh, stop cackling like that,' snapped Miss Mottram. 'This is serious. That's why I'm here. Not for pleasure, you know. Besides, there's a perfectly good reason. I've never had any reply to my offer. Quite natural I should call to see what you are doing about it, isn't it? But never mind that. Have you heard from the Jackson people?'

'Sir John himself is calling this morning; he may be here any minute,' answered Mr Thewn. 'That's all right. He evidently means to give us a last chance, and the young slacker here is too big a fool even to see it.'

'If you think that's what it means, all right,' said Miss Mottram, looking relieved. 'He has written to say he is coming round to see us as well.'

'No doubt,' said Mr Thewn easily. 'Quite natural. Having broken with us definitely, he will want to offer you the sole agency. Really, Miss Mottram, I wish you hadn't come round here, especially for such a trivial reason. One can't be too careful.'

'Perhaps I am a bit too jumpy,' confessed Miss Mottram. 'I sha'n't feel all right till this deal has gone through. When Halstans is in my pocket, I shall feel different. Till then I shall be raggy. I wish we hadn't tried to cut the figure. I believe young Halstan would have taken the ten thousand, and, Lord knows, it's worth that ten times over.'

'You can get it for half the five soon,' declared Thewn, 'though I dare say he will take more if you wish to offer it. This Jackson affair will go near finishing us. If he tries to hold out, let him go into bankruptcy. I shall be trustee, and I shall earn the gratitude of the creditors if I get as much as five thousand out of you for the wreckage. Then, once you have control, we can go ahead; we shall have something like a monopoly for the time.'

'We shall be able to cut expenses,' Miss Mottram agreed; 'we shall be able to sack half your staff and some of mine. I made a start this morning. A fool of a girl asked me for a rise. I gave her five minutes to collect her week's salary in lieu of notice, and walk out of the office. That was Annie Selwyn.'

'Oh, we shall have a little gold-mine,' declared Mr Thewn.

'A bit rough on young Halstan, eh?' suggested Miss Mottram.

'It's the young rotter's own fault,' declared Mr Thewn vehemently. 'Serves him right. If he had chosen to take me into partnership, I could have kept the firm afloat well enough. But he wouldn't. He must take the consequences. Besides, he will be all right. With your five thousand, if you choose to pay as much he will do well in the Colonies somewhere. Of course, if you are weakening——?'

Miss Mottram chuckled grimly. 'Not me,' she said. 'But I am a bit jumpy. Another thing. I've had rather an odd letter from Malay States Producers—they say they think expenses seem a little high, and they suggest that development should be possible now on the Continent. Belgium especially. Want us to submit a scheme. Hint they have one from another source.'

'Why, that's almost exactly what Singapore

Planters have written to us,' exclaimed Mr Thewn, much startled. 'Don't you think you were a little premature in approaching them? I thought we had agreed delay there would do no harm. Here's their letter.'

Miss Mottram took it, and looked very bewildered and worried. 'I don't understand,' she said. 'It's not us. We made no such suggestion to them. Who can it be?'

'Not you?' repeated Mr Thewn incredulously. But it must be. There's no one but Mottrams and Halstans with the experience or the facilities for handling the business. It's not us—that's certain. So it must be you.'

'Don't talk like a fool,' retorted Miss Mottram. 'Is it likely we should make competitive proposals against Halstans, when I mean to have control of Halstans myself in a few weeks?'

'But there's no one else,' persisted Thewn—'no one in the City except Halstans and Mottrams.'

'Looks like there is,' snapped Miss Mottram, 'unless they're bluffing—and that might account for this letter you've had from Singapore Planters being so like the one I've got from Malay Producers.'

Thewn brought his clenched fist down on the table before him with all his force. 'That's it,' he cried excitedly; 'we ought to have seen that at once. It's a bluff. They've put their heads together—old Syd Mears very likely; he's on the board of both concerns. It's a bluff to try to squeeze us; that's the game.'

'If I thought that,' said Miss Mottram slowly, 'I'd call the bluff. If they are trying to squeeze us—I won't stand that. I'll call their hand. Why, as soon as I get control of Halstans, I mean to increase all charges 50 per cent.'

'So we will,' cried Thewn, 'or more. They're trying to run a bluff. Very well; bluff back. We hold all the cards.'

'I will,' said Miss Mottram, and walked over to the 'phone. 'May I use it?' she said, and gave the number without waiting for a reply. When connection was made she lost no time in beating about the bush. 'You are Malay Producers?' she asked. 'This is Mottrams talking. About your letter—we have considered it. We have no other scheme to suggest. We don't think one necessary. If you don't like the way we handle your business, we are quite willing to withdraw. If you wish it, we cancel all contracts and arrangements here and now—if you think you can find any other firm to act on lower terms and show as good results.'

'That's the stuff to give them,' chuckled Mr Thewn delightedly. 'You see we've got them where the hair is short. They know as well as you no other firm in the country can take on the business without at least twelve months' preparation.'

'Certainly I mean it.' Miss Mottram was speaking into the telephone again. 'Our considered decision. By all means I will confirm it by letter at once.—Mr Thewn, pen and paper, please.'

She turned away from the telephone as she spoke, and, to her extreme surprise, saw Reggie standing smiling inanely in the doorway.

'Oh, beg pardon,' he said. 'So sorry—didn't know you were here. Come to talk things over with Thewn, Miss Mottram?'

'Yes,' she answered quietly enough, though in reality more than a little shaken by his sudden appearance; 'or, rather, with you. I must know what you mean to do about that offer of mine. You see, young gentleman, a firm like ours can't keep five thousand locked up for weeks at a stretch. We must know one way or the other.'

Reggie looked all round with a very worried air. 'Oh, I don't know,' he said. 'Tell you what, I'll let you know to-day. I was just going to slip out for a little drink—got an awful head this morning. But you shall know for sure sometime to-day.'

He nodded again and withdrew, and Mr Thewn smiled. 'That means,' he said, 'he will accept.'

'Good!' said Miss Mottram, and drew a long breath, and then looked faintly anxious again. 'You don't think,' she said, 'he had been there long enough to hear anything?'

'What would it matter?' asked Mr Thewn contemptuously. 'The young fool wouldn't understand a word.'

Miss Mottram sat down and wrote her note to the Malay Producers, and had it sent off by a boy messenger. Scarcely had it gone when one of the clerks appeared with word that Sir John Jackson had arrived.

'He's before his time,' Thewn said, and looked at Miss Mottram a little uneasily.

'Oh, that's all right,' Miss Mottram said carelessly; 'let's see him together. Why not? I'll let him know I am negotiating to take you over, and if he has any idea of trying to cut terms, he may as well know what he'll be up against.'

(*Continued on page 693.*)

THE FAIRY MARKET.

FAIRIES! buy our dainty goods!
Here are velvet pansy hoods,
Bows and bonnets, frocks and frills,
Culled from golden daffodils;
Filmy stuffs of thistledown
Fit to make a summer gown.
Seek our market in the woods,
Fairies! buy our dainty goods!

Fairies! buy our dainty goods!
Leafy aprons, cobweb snoods,
Dewdrop pearls to trim a frock;
Come and buy our pretty stock!
Gossamer the spiders spun,
Hats to shield you from the sun.
Seek our market in the woods,
Fairies! buy our dainty goods.

JOAN NOBLE MACKENZIE.

THE EXTINCTION OF THE MOA IN NEW ZEALAND.

By Lieut.-Colonel J. L. SLEEMAN, C.M.G., C.B.E., M.V.O., M.A.

I.

IT may not be generally known that when New Zealand was first discovered by man it contained little life, with the exception of birds. The first of the human race to inhabit this strange country were the Maui-Maoris, whose origin and history are shrouded in antiquity, but who were unquestionably Maoris, as they were found to speak the same language as themselves by the Hawaikian-Maoris who arrived from Raratonga about 1290.

This unique bird population was not the only peculiarity of this strange country, for it possessed the greatest bird in the world, the 'Moa,' a gigantic bird standing up to fourteen feet in height. That the moa lived and was hunted by the Maori is proved by the fact that moa bones, crushed and broken to extract the marrow, have been found in Maori 'middens'; and near Moeraki, in the South Island, moa bones were found together with human implements. Maori traditions also contain many references to encounters between ancient warriors of the race and the moa. But this huge bird had ceased to exist long years before the arrival of the first white man. So many moa skeletons and bones have been found in caves, many of which must have proved uncomfortably small for so huge a bird, as to suggest that some great catastrophe overwhelmed the entire species. One theory is that extensive fires once swept through New Zealand, driving the moa into these caves, where they perished, while the smaller bird-life escaped. But it is improbable that fire was responsible for the extermination of the moa, seeing that they existed in both islands, which are separated by miles of sea.

It is obvious that the moa shared at least one propensity with the ostrich of to-day, in that it swallowed small pebbles, probably in order to aid its digestion: usually, wherever the complete skeleton of a moa is found, the position of its gullet is denoted by a number of small variegated pebbles, smoothed and polished by the action of its gastric juices untold centuries ago. The owner of a large sheep-station in the Cold Lake District told me that, when the rabbit scourge swept through his property some forty years ago, the ground about his homestead was stripped bare of grass; on the cleared ground could then be seen numerous small collections of moa stones, each indicating the tomb of a moa whose bones had long since crumbled to dust. This ground had undoubtedly been a forest at some remote period, for the charred remains of large trees were extant at this time. Probably forest fires did account for great numbers of moa, and there is little doubt that such discoveries as this gave rise to the theory of the extinction of the moa by fire.

Recently I visited a cave, situated in a remote gully in the mountains of Lake Wakatipu, in which the skeletons of three moa had been found. The difficulty experienced in reaching this cave was amply repaid by the wild and picturesque scenery; while it was possible to reconstruct the tragedy which had ended the lives of these great birds. The gully was narrow, and flanked on either side by towering cliffs thousands of feet in height. At some remote period a portion of the overhanging crest had become detached, breaking into a number of great boulders which had ended their fall by a snow-water stream at the bottom of the gully. One of these huge boulders, fully twenty feet square, had fallen with such force that its momentum had buried half its length in the ground. The rain of ages had washed away the earth beneath this rock, with the result that it formed the roof to a small cave, the open mouth of which faced the mountain-side.

This cave had become the home of the moa, possibly for centuries, until another similar fall of rock from the main ridge had blocked the entrance, imprisoning the three birds within. There they must have remained until starved to death, for their bones were found in perfect condition at the far end of the cave, the height of which must have necessitated their last hours being spent in a wretchedly cramped position.

The present entrance to this cave consists of a small crevice just sufficiently large to admit the entrance of a man; this opening is flush with the ground, and concealed from sight by thick scrub.

Considering its position, in a desolate gully many miles from civilisation, it is a remarkable fact that this cave was discovered in the midnight hours of a stormy night. Two sheep-farmers, caught in the wilds in a heavy storm, sought refuge amidst these rocks; at midnight the storm increased in severity, and compelled them to search for better shelter. By a singular stroke of fortune they happened on the opening to this cave, and spent a comfortable night in company with the moa skeletons.

II.

Having for countless centuries existed in a country where man and the carnivora had no existence, the bird-life of New Zealand had nothing to fear until the Maori arrived. Food being plentiful, many of the New Zealand birds found aerial motive-power unnecessary, either becoming wingless birds, or possessing rudimentary wings of no value. This was to prove their undoing when man, and the animal-life he im-

ported, settled in 'Aotea Roa' (the Maori name for New Zealand, meaning 'the Long White Cloud'), for the wingless birds were slaughtered wholesale. These unfortunate native birds possess another disability, for countless centuries of freedom from aggression have imbued them with a fearlessness best described as the courage of ignorance combined with inordinate curiosity, a combination fatal to any species.

For example, the Weka, a New Zealand bird with rudimentary wings, which still exists in many parts of the Dominion, possesses these suicidal defects in a high degree, with the result that it is rapidly disappearing. Unfortunately for the weka, it is an impudent thief, and its depredations in this direction alienate the sympathy of man. A watch, ring, spoon, or other bright article left within reach of a weka is promptly carried off to its lair, entailing complete loss to its proper owner, or necessitating hours of patient search. The cheek of the weka must be seen to be credited. My introduction to this bird took place soon after my first arrival in New Zealand. I reached my camp late in the afternoon, and had not been in my tent ten minutes when a large bird, about the size of a fowl, marched boldly in, and started to explore its interior, putting its beak through a packet of butter. Thinking I had happened on a tame bird, I called my companion, who told me that it was a weka, and that this boldness was characteristic of the bird. Any noise, such as hitting two stones together or rattling a tin, brought this weka running to see what was happening, curiosity being depicted in its every line.

I have mentioned the weka in connection with the moa because, if the small wingless birds of New Zealand possess such confidence and display such curiosity, how much more must the moa have shown? For, monarch of all he surveyed, the moa had nothing to fear for æons of time until the arrival of man.

The fate of the moa was sealed when the first man arrived in New Zealand. To such a warrior-people as the Maori, then a cannibal nation perpetually at war with each other, the moa could not have constituted a formidable quarry. The fact that the Maori did not use the bow and arrow, essentially weapons for distant attack or defence, makes it clear that they killed the moa at close quarters. This huge bird constituted the only satisfactory meat, other than human, obtainable. Therefore the moa was remorselessly hunted by tireless, brave hunters; while, improvident as the savage always is, the moa-nests were rifled of their eggs, and no attempt made to preserve the species.

In those far-off days New Zealand was very densely populated by the Maori, in comparison with to-day. Describing a portion of New Zealand, which to-day contains a few dozen Maoris only, an ancient tradition speaks of the Maori as 'covering the face of the country like myriads of ants.'

With such formidable hunters the extinction of the moa was probably effected in a remarkably short space of time.

The passing of the moa forms an interesting study, and it is to be deeply regretted that this, the world's greatest bird, apparently became extinct before the arrival of the first white men in New Zealand. The deeper the problem of its disappearance is studied, the more does it appear possible that the moa may still be in existence. For New Zealand still possesses a large area of wild, mountainous country as yet unexplored. It is most improbable that the Maori ever penetrated into this part, and it is surely possible that the moa, cut off from civilisation by huge mountains, lakes, rivers, and dense bush, may still live in splendid isolation in the land of his ancestry.

Judge Wilson, in his book *The Story of Te Waharoa*, written in 1894, makes the following statement regarding the moa:

'The ancient inhabitants hunted the moa until it became extinct. The last bird was killed with a *taiaha* by a man at Tarawera. The habits of the moa are described as solitary, living in pairs in secluded valleys in the depths of the forest near a running stream. It fed on shoots, roots, and berries, and was particularly fond of nikau and tree-fern. It was supposed to feed at night, for it was never seen to eat in the day-time. Hence the proverb, "*Moa kai hau*," as it always seemed to have its head in the air, eating wind. The moa has a plume of feathers on its head.'

There are many hundreds of secluded valleys in the depths of unexplored New Zealand to-day —where the foot of man has never trod—possessing the running streams, the shoots, roots, and berries favoured by the moa. Can we be sure that the moa is extinct under these circumstances?

THE LAW OF THE NORTH.

PART II.

V.

LITTLE Sud-lu asked no questions when her man rejoined her, but she was trembling when he took her into his strong arms. She had obediently waited in the *igloo*, unable to eat all day, for suddenly the idea had seized her it was only a dream, after all. 'Think no more of him; the past is only a dream,' said Panig-pah, divining her unspoken thought; and then, with her hand in his, he told her in part where he would go. 'It will be amongst strange Innuits and

over far lands—are you afraid, little mother?' She blushed quickly at the old endearing name, and then wrinkled her little nose as a negative. 'I am afraid of nothing now,' she answered softly. 'You are my man; where you go I will go too, and we will make those Innuits our Innuits.' Thus, divided by the centuries and the great seas, once spoke Ruth to Naomi in far-off Palestine.

At daybreak Panig-pah loaded his sled, taking all the deer-meat he could carry. He showed Sud-lu his oil-stove—a wonderful contrivance to her—and his paraffin. They need not trouble about blubber, and the heavy stone lamp could be left behind. It would be a week before any one came from the south, and even if they found his trail, he did not fear pursuit: there was no dog-team in the country equal to his. Spring was on the way, and in another moon the land would be poor travelling. Once across it, between Repulse Bay and Fox Channel, the sea-ice northwards would be smooth and good going. So they drove steadily north, getting a few cariboo on the way, though often the dogs were hungry; but by the time they reached Cape Penrhyn, on Fox Channel, half the journey to Iglu-liut was over, and little Sud-lu's rosy cheeks and merry smiles were returning fast.

On the sea-ice at Cape Penrhyn seals were now basking in the sun, and, with food in plenty from day to day, the well-fed dogs made the miles spin quickly by, with the lightened sled behind them. When Panig-pah arrived at Iglu-liut, the travellers received a warm welcome from the Innuits, many of whom he knew; but after a few days' rest, he found a party going to summer at the north of Fox Channel, and joined them. Not even to Sud-lu had Panig-pah told his final destination, and when they arrived at Murray Maxwell Inlet, on the north side of Fox Channel, he parted from the other Innuits, going east along the coast, with Sud-lu and the baby on his dog-sled. As a blind, he had asked many questions as to the route to Ponds Inlet, four hundred miles farther north; if he did not go to Iglu-liut, he would go there, he said. In a bay in the north-east corner of Fox Channel he pitched his tent for the summer, and with a kayak (skin canoe) he had traded from his friends, he soon had seals in plenty for footwear and summer clothing, finding plenty of cariboo a day inland to provide winter wear for use later.

VI.

'Hi-ya, hi hi, hi-ya, hi, hi-ya hi, hi, ho, ho ho,' sang little Sud-lu, as she sat in the sun before the tent: a plaintive-sounding song, although the singer was singing from pure happiness. Sud-lu was perhaps the happiest Innuit girl in the wide Arctic. She gave not a thought to the long journey her man had now told her was ahead of her, down the unknown coast; still less did she care that, save for her man and her boy, there was not a human being within a hundred miles of her. The sun shone brightly and the snow-buntings piped their loudest. A seal would put up his head in the smooth, shining water of the bay, look unblinkingly at the white tent, and suddenly dive with a splash. White whales were blowing off-shore, and overhead red-throated divers passed back and forth with fish in their bills for the young nestlings in the little lakes near by. Burgomaster gulls sailed past in stately flight, and terns and kittiwakes screamed and wheeled and dived to the water for feed for their little speckled chickens hiding amongst the pebbles along the shore.

Little Sud-lu sang on, watching her boy rolling about at her feet, and the fat, lazy dogs stretched out round about her. Her man would be back to-night with some deer-meat and a load of skins for winter wear and blankets. All was well with Sud-lu's world that bright August day, as she worked on at the seal-skin soon to be made into foot-wear. Little beads of sweat stood out on her forehead and her sturdy back, for she was stripped to the waist, her brown face and neck contrasting oddly with the paler skin below. The spare rifle stood at the tent door, and she could use it well enough if a loafing bear came along to see what he could pick up. Little Sud-lu was of the stuff to breed brave men; she did not know what fear—for herself—was. As to the journey ahead—pah! was not her man a king of hunters? All would be well with them wherever they went.

Presently Panig-pah came over the rise behind the tent, five dogs with pack-loads of meat and the man with a load of deer-skins on his back. These were laid, hair down, in the sun, with stones on them to keep them from curling or blowing over, and the family then went inside the warm tent, where soon all three were sitting naked and as unashamed as our first parents in the Garden; the adults eating raw tit-bits of cariboo-meat and cracking the bones for the marrow; the baby toddling and tumbling about on the deer-skins; Sud-lu laughing and chattering like the happy child she in truth was.

Sud-lu was blossoming before her man's very eyes, so it seemed, growing rosier and plumper and more desirable every day, and a tiny chill of fear crossed his mind lest his luck, which had for so long and so wonderfully befriended him, might some day desert him again on the long journey ahead.

Came autumn and the big winds from the north, and as soon as the ice along the shore had set they started, the dogs in good fettle, with a big load of meat on the sled. In February they reached the big river by easy stages, Panig-pah and the dogs lean and hard,

little Sud-lu rosy and happy. Here they camped for a month, getting seals and resting the dogs; and twice Sud-lu was left alone with the old rifle and two dogs to guard against a prowling bear, while Panig-pah made long journeys up the river, placing seal-meat ahead for the final trip to the big lake. When he returned the second time, Sud-lu proudly showed him a large bear-skin, the owner of which she had shot.

The kayak was left behind, and when the days began to lengthen out they started up the river. But the crossing of Lake Nechilling was a hard task. The snow became soft and heavy; five of the faithful dogs died; and though some young puppies helped to take their place, several of them had to be killed for food later, for no deer had been seen since leaving the sea. For the first time since Panig-pah left Fort Churchill his stout heart failed him, and he feared Luck had let go his hand on this, the last lap of the journey. He was in a strange country, of unknown food resources, and the grim phantom of starvation loomed near and terribly real to him; it is the only thing a brave Eskimo knows which he really fears. But little Sud-lu would have none of it; laughed at his fears; laughed at hunger; saved scraps for the baby; and sang as merrily as if it were summer-time, and the cooking-pots were full, till the man took courage again from the courage of his indomitable little partner. At last, amidst the labyrinth of islands at the eastern side of the lake, they saw from a hill the mainland, and, best of all, a large herd of cariboo quietly grazing there. Sud-lu pressed the baby's small nose to hers many times, and whispered to it there would be milk in plenty soon, as the man urged the tired, famished dogs forward.

Here Panig-pah, even as he had planned so long ago, spent the summer, for he knew the Innuits from Cumberland Gulf often came there for deer-skins. That night little Sud-lu pinched her man's ear when they were turned in under the warm deer-skin blanket, and told him that when the birds had gone south there would be another added to their little party—'a girl,' she said confidently, 'and the best hunter of the Innuits shall be her man,' thus, child-like, lightly leaping the coming years.

Summer came, and with it the Innuits, bringing a whale-boat to use on the lake. They welcomed the big man and his gallant little wife, and in autumn took them down to the sea and over the straits to their settlement.

. . . . . .

Little Sud-lu sat between the thwarts, dressed in her carefully kept, clean summer deer-skin clothes, beaded, fringed with beads and deer-teeth, and decorated with bright, scarlet cloth. Peeping out of the brilliantly beaded hood on her back was a tiny baby's face, and opposite her, gravely watching it, sat her sturdy three-year-old son, with her big, kind-faced husband beside him, pulling at the oar.

. . . . . .

Long afterwards Panig-pah got word from Repulse Bay (by a whaling-ship which had wintered there the previous year, and come now from Ponds Bay) that Ak-kaan's two brothers had gone to the Nechilling country, and one had died there; and a year later Ak-kaan and his brother, having met some Iglu-liut folk, had started for Ponds Bay. They had reached there to find the Innuits starving, and in a fracas, originating from their denial of any knowledge of Panig-pah, one of the Portuguese half-breeds had stabbed a man. The Innuits, angry at these strangers' violence and the loss of a hunter so sorely needed, had killed them both in their *igloos* and given their women and children out amongst the tribe.

THE END.

GEMS AND PEARLS OF CEYLON.

PART II.

IV.

OTHER divinities have their home with us. Outside the strict category of gems perhaps, but consorting with them as equals by a traditional courtesy, lovely frail ladies of a half-world that is neither wholly organic nor wholly mineral.

Beyond the bar of far Mannar the diver seeks for —Pearls.

You will find that line in no Victorian or Georgian anthology, but the librettists of our musical comedies have produced worse. Do you remember *The Cingalee?* You won't, but you may take it from me that it was not bad for the type of thing. As for the loathly spelling that debases the delicately balanced consonants of our Sinhala, I blame no one but the race of British editors of the baser sort, dull and incorrigible dogs who will never let the people learn.

But we were to speak of pearls. They have a topical interest at the moment. Let me finish with that first.

It would have been odd if the sensation caused by the success of Japanese enterprise in the manufacture of 'culture' pearls had not set Ceylon gem experts agog during the last year or so concerning the chances, if any, of improving the Ceylon pearl industry. From New York, for instance, comes the voice of a Mr John Solomon, who several years ago was

experimenting locally with a view to the production of a Ceylon culture pearl, but failed to secure effective backing either from the Government or from private sources, thereafter making Rangoon the centre of his operations, with somewhat more success, though the war put a premature end to his labours when his experiments with the culture of spherical pearls had been in progress only a few months. It seems he has some fresh facts to impart of such potential practical importance as to merit, or so one would think, the serious attention of Government.

What Mr Solomon says is that his experiments in the production not of button but of round pearls, as now carried on in Japan (he spent some months there in 1920 or thereabouts, obviously 'taking notes'), were so successful as to enable him to dispose (in the markets of China, Japan, and Europe) of every single spherical pearl of his own manufacture, after having conserved them all through the war during his service with the American Army, without the abnormal circumstances of their origin being suspected by any one of the experts to whom they were submitted. There is no suggestion of sharp practice in these transactions. They were not offered specifically as 'wild' pearls, a distinction now approved by the United States Bureau of Fisheries, and Mr Solomon's contention is that the new type of culture pearls are not only true pearls, but are intrinsically likely to be as superior to the natural product as are the artificially cultivated varieties of the horse, the ox, the pine-apple, the cabbage, or the rose. He tells us, moreover, of other things about the pearl which we did not know before. Hatton Garden experts and others claim to be able to detect any Japanese culture pearl placed among a parcel of natural pearls. Mr Solomon admits that this can be done by any expert, but states that this is only on account of the greenish-yellow tinge of all pearls ripening in Japanese waters, a peculiarity shared with the product of the Venezuelan fisheries. Arguing from this, one would assume that the experts cannot distinguish as between the Japanese culture pearl and the natural Japanese pearl, a point which one would like to see put to the proof. Those which expert buyers in Europe, China, and Japan purchased so readily from Mr Solomon—pearls produced after only a few months' treatment in Burma waters—were of the varied shades of whites, grays, and pinks peculiar to the natural pearl of the Ceylon, Burma, and Persian Gulf fisheries. If they could be produced at Mergui, they could obviously be produced at Mannar.

And there is another point of immense practical importance. In the more temperate waters of Japan the natural accretion with which the living oyster slowly clothes the nucleus that human ingenuity has insinuated within the living tissue of his epithelium takes at least twice the time to accumulate as is the case under tropical conditions.

What this process is I may as well describe to you. The feat which these amazing Japanese have accomplished is, shortly, the imitation of a natural process in a fashion so ingenious in itself, so incredibly delicate in the manipulative surgical skill which it demands, as to induce in one considering the achievement the belief that Mr Mikimoto and his associates deserve whatever material profit they can reap.

Briefly, the process can be summarised as the manufacture, from the live epithelium removed from the cuticle of one oyster, of an artificial pearl sac, and the transplanting of this sac, now charged with the artificial nucleus of the 'culture' pearl that is to be, into the sentient tissues of another oyster, who is then dropped back into the sea to finish the job properly. His part, I may say, takes several years to perform.

Picture, then, with how light and skilful a touch the first oyster must be opened, so that its body shall be dissected out from the containing shell without the delicate mantle suffering aught of injury. To think that one had once a sneaking admiration for the white-coated individual at Scott's, with whose busy knife not even the blue-chinned customer with the astrakhan collar and (presumably) the rubberoid œsophagus could keep pace. Watch, please, the little yellow man handle this naked and defenceless jelly as tenderly as if it were a new-born infant. Pop in the middle of the quivering blob goes a five-grain globule of mother-o'-pearl; a tiny scalpel whittles out a disc of filmy epithelium with lightning quickness, prises it ever so tenderly from the tissue beneath, folds up the edges, and brings all over (hast seen the apple in process of getting into the dumpling?). The fairy reticule, now filled and bulging, is whipped about the neck with a thread of fairy silk. You must remember that the whole thing has taken seconds merely, and that the operator's material is many times more friable and tenuous than the finest tissue-paper known.

But we are only half-through. Bring up the second victim, ready at our elbow, his jaws gagged and agape to an angle sufficient to admit the surgeon's probe. The steel twirls in those uncanny fingers, and No. 2 suffers a quick puncture in one of his less vital parts. Gently the little reticule is pushed within; the wound clips over it and closes. Even that is not the end. The scar, if you please, must be cauterised to stop the bleeding. Out now with the gag, and drop No. 2 back upon his ocean-bed. Not always, they tell us, can he be counted on to survive. Strange.

V.

One wonders whether we shall ever catch up with people like that, years ahead of us in the field as they are. But we must pin our faith to Mr Solomon. Some one has now gone to

the length of proposing that the Ceylon Government should approach him with an olive-branch. The retention of his services in reviving experiments in pearl-culture on the Ceylon banks will soon remain the only alternative to inviting Japanese co-operation, unless the local pearl industry is to be allowed to die out altogether. Either alternative suggests possibilities that will have to be put to the proof. It is, for one thing, more than likely that the Japanese would refuse to co-operate, or might at best offer to rent the Ceylon pearl-fisheries for their own exclusive use, without offering to share the treasured secrets of their new industry with any one. Conversely, Mr Solomon might refuse his assistance, if, as is conceivable, he still cherishes any trace of resentment against Ceylon for her somewhat frigid reception of himself and his schemes.

Why exactly Ceylon should work herself up into such a state of excitement over these Japanese enterprises when she has never really put her heart into the task of exploiting her own pearl-fisheries is not altogether clear. Not that any one would withhold from the Government credit for taking the thing up with tremendous keenness every few years or so, engaging all sorts of learned gentlemen to come out and draw up reports, and handing these documents over to the Government printer for reproduction. Very jolly reports some of them have been, too. Much that was formerly mysterious about the life-history and habits of the Ceylon pearl-oyster has been made plain, and lots of new and remarkable sea-beasts have been discovered, catalogued, and described by the way; but the practical suggestions most of these people put forward before they depart to other hunting-grounds of research rarely seem to be acted on. There was once a Ceylon Company of Pearl-Fishers, now defunct, whose superintendent's parting words of advice to those he left behind him were that it would be folly not to make frequent and systematic inspections of all the rocky areas of the sea-bed off the island's western coast, from the fields off Karaitivu Point —that is, down as far south as Colombo. In many such places, he said, he had identified immense accumulated deposits of ancient oyster-shell, deducing therefrom that here natural beds had come into being, matured, and died of old age, without a single individual ever being the wiser. For I must explain how our oysters differ in habit from those of the Persian Gulf and the Somali coastal waters, where pearling is a never-ending business that goes on all the year round. Our Ceylon oyster, you must know, is a nomad, and we catch him, if at all, only on the hop, in March and April, and at no other time. The life of a normal oyster is eight years at most, and his capabilities of producing a marketable pearl become developed only in the latter half of his existence. Nor is there any such thing as a 'Ceylon-bred' oyster. Ceylon coastal waters being in continual movement, swirling this way and that in swift and variable currents that in some way follow the seasons, but are never so constant as to be relied upon, no baby oyster spawned upon our beds is able to stay with us, he being a free and floating agent during infancy, though, I take it, absolutely helpless so far as any choice of his objective goes. North, south, east, or west, he bobs with the tide, eating and growing if food comes his way, expiring in disgust if he misses it. Assuming the gods to have been kind enough to put sustenance within his reach up till the age of six weeks or thereabouts, at which Nature requires him to retire below and establish a veritable *pied à terre*, he takes one last look at the sky, sinks gracefully to old Ocean's bed, and trusts in Providence to meet something solid that will bring him up short. Into sand or mud he disappears straightway for evermore. If he be a lucky oyster, his grand climacteric will synchronise with his achieving the harbourage of a bed of rocks or coral, or, likelier still, a submarine bar of such detritus as any river or considerable stream will wash out to sea. These last, indeed, would seem to be his favourite habitat, and once installed thereon, he proceeds to flourish exceedingly. It is here that he sets to work to produce pearls, not for amusement or vanity, but by way of a plot to checkmate the activities of a tiny parasite in his inside. The longer this duel goes on, the bigger grows the pearl, whose successive 'skins' are all the time in process of enwalling the offending stranger. When his eight years are up the oyster dies a natural death, his byssus rots from the rock, his jaws gape asunder, sea-beasts and the deep-water currents scatter his remains abroad, and a pearl, fit perhaps for the aigrette of a Shahzada, sinks irrevocably into the ooze. Or an extra large pearl in an awkward part of his anatomy may bring about his premature decease, when the result is the same. It is tragic to think how futile must be his nursery activities throughout his adult period. He was born on the Tuticorin beds, so he never was a native, rightly speaking. There is no hope, alas! for his offspring, here or elsewhere. Off they float, and are never heard of more, for Australia is more than a six weeks' journey for such frail morsels as these be. Even the Tuticorin-Karaitivu passenger is beset with perils, and only a strong monsoon will take him safely past the hungry mouth of Paumben Channel, which, if he loiters in the jaws of it, sucks in the little stranger, to shoot him out again, should he survive the passage, into the inhospitable wastes of the Bay of Bengal. Even when he is lucky enough to find a good home in one of the 'paars' of our Western coast, Fate may still have its horrid surprises in waiting for him. Though he is no true oyster, but a somewhat stuck-up cousin merely of the plebeian British mussel, many sea-foragers

there are that find him toothsome, notable among them the wolf-packs of the lower deep, the giant rays.

VI.

An Englishman—a jolly sailorman he was, too—who knew more about the pearl-banks than any other man alive, told me that at a certain preliminary inspection twenty years or so ago he borrowed a diving-suit and marked down the oyster-bed of a dream. What he found was a huge patch of ideal 'paar,' acres of coarse granite sand and shells of oysters, dead and gone, welded by the busy coral polyp into a solid amalgam coated with millions of living oysters, larger and older than any he had ever seen. That was in November, when these submarine reconnaissances are best made. He took a careful record of the bearings, and passed on. Days later, homeward bound from neighbouring waters, he steamed over a shoal of colossal rays on the move, hideous nightmare brutes, ranging from the size of a tea-tray to that of a full-sized billiard-table. It was an extraordinary sight, but he never thought of connecting it with any possibility of danger to his precious oysters. Four months later, in the second week of the fishery, boats and men were piloted to the spot. Over went the divers, and were up again in no time, empty-handed. 'No live oysters? Impossible!' So on went the diving-dress, and down went my sailor gentleman to the bed of beds. There was something to be seen, certainly. The place was now no bed, but a cemetery, a Golgotha pillared with innumerable pale memorials to its departed dead. Away on all sides of him over the wide levels of the 'paar,' stretching as far as the eye could carry through that sea-twilight, were millions and millions of empty shells, the nacreous lining of each valve turned uppermost, glinting with a ghostly light. He picked up a handful, every shell, without exception, broken into three symmetrical pieces by the steel jaws and adamantine teeth of the wolf-pack.

It was the hero of this adventure, too, who used to tell of a certain four-mile walk he took on the floor of the sea, in this same diving-dress, *not* the one he originally experimented with, drawn from Government stores, and found afterwards to be twenty-three years old. What happened that time was that a Sinhalese fisherman, about his workaday task of dredging for the juicy Mount Lavinia prawn (which indeed earns for that haven of week-enders and tourists the bulk of its hotel's dividends), brought up two oysters. Opening one, he found a pearl in it, for which a speculator on the beach made him a sporting offer of ten rupees, promptly accepted. Finding that in five minutes it had changed hands again for six times that figure, the fisherman took himself and his alleged grievance before the Government Agent. Hence much official excitement, the chartering of a launch, and the requisitioning of the fisherman as pilot. But the most gallant gentleman who put on the diving-dress sank like a plummet for nearly eighty feet, enjoyed an instant's vision of an oysterless wilderness of soft sand, took what was meant to be a huge breath, felt his chest buckle up like a collapsed air-balloon, and lost his temper and his consciousness simultaneously. In doing so he luckily jerked the life-line so hard as to inspire those above to haul for all they were worth. The air-pump, of course, proved on examination to be long past work at that pressure. But that adventure did not deter him from borrowing the dress of an English diver just recruited for the harbour works and taking a submarine stroll one sunny morning. During four hours the boat and his helpers drifted above him at varying heights, while he covered as many miles on the sea-floor. A little helpless and nervous at first—yes; but that soon wore off.

Throughout those two months of pearling-time the water is safe to be as clear as glass; the sunshine on the sea-bottom is tempered to a radiance of pale emerald and jade; the tangles of the submarine forest wave long fronds dreamily across the intruder's path, or bar his passage altogether with soft but impenetrable thickets, whose million fronds are in ceaseless rippling motion. Crowd about you, more curious than alarmed, rainbow-hued fish, striped, ring-straked, and spotted; fish scaled or slimy-smooth; fish with heads like augers and bodies like curving whip-lashes; fish all heads and no bodies that come lolloping and goggling at you from their weedy lairs, and should you wave a slow and ineffectual arm at them swell to monstrous football, spike-armoured like a Crusader's mace. Around you fans, trumpets, and lacy ferns of coral pattern the green background; giant madrepores and sponges bulge in your path. Here the coral grows in white and branching trees, there in little dumpy bushes of lapis lazuli starred with flowers of a bright and startling blue, though all goes white when the flower dies. And there is one famous bed known to the Tamil divers as 'Ani Verlundun Paar' (elephant's ear rock). Here the coral takes the shape of the flat Turkey sponges you see in chemists' shops, or of the mammoth fungi of our own woods. I have seen it compared to leaves, or, a comparison which conveys nothing to me, 'the paper holder that a bouquet of flowers is contained in.' Broadly speaking, 'elephant's ear,' which is the Tamil's own contribution, cannot be bettered. Some of these 'ears' are a yard across, hard almost as granite, and most difficult to detach from their base without spoiling the edges of the leaf, which taper to the thinness of a knife. Here it is a joy to watch the naked divers at work. While you, an armour-plated, bloated golliwog, stand feeble and all but paralysed, they swoop down to you like creatures native to this element. No diving-dress for your Arab or

your Tamil; not even the horn nose-clip without which no Bahrein diver ever ventures below the surface. They do but hold their nostrils with finger and thumb of the left hand during the quick downward rush on the weighted rope, then swim freely hither and thither a foot or two from the sea-bottom with an easy paddling movement of all the limbs, backs and necks arched with the proud curve of the sea-horse, long black tresses rippling behind and above them like a mermaid's.

A basketful of oysters is gathered while their pent-up breath holds (with a Tamil not more than a minute, but with an Arab half as long again), and each strange figure soars skyward out of your ken. Should avarice or bravado keep him down too long, he will collapse in the jerking agonies of a death most horrible, from which no heroic efforts of those above who haul on the ropes will serve to rescue him.

(*Continued on page 696.*)

MY CABIN.

By Iain Munro.

WE aboard ship form a community selected by Articles of Agreement, and partitioned off into little cantonments according to rating, with lives punctuated by dog-watches, boat-drills, and changes of linen; but walk forward along the working alleyway until you come abreast of a point on the ship's side which makes with the Plimsoll mark an angle of depression, say, of about forty-eight degrees, and you are at my door. There are several doors in this locality, but you can hardly mistake mine. It has a distinction. Instead of having an ordinary knob-handle on the outside, it is furnished with a brass ring, similar to those frequently seen in the nostrils of capricious bulls.

Before we cross the threshold, it may be observed that I am sandwiched between other strata of nautical society. On the one side is the purser's office, where the blue-eyed quorum conduct business as usual; on the other side is the 'glory-hole,' or stewards' quarters, where men live and hope. Forward may be seen the crew's galley, part of the forecastle, seven well-going winches, and a stalwart boatswain. Along the alleyway aft are the quarters of the bakers, butchers, cooks, and engineers; while in the distance is the doctor's sick-parade ground—redolent of fairy-tales, black draught, and recriminations.

Who would be an egoist thereafter?

Apart from presenting an air of general respectability, and supporting a few of the recognised necessaries of a normal existence, the interior of the cabin shows nothing else that would commend itself even to the most covetous of the proletariat. A large wardrobe, half-way between the door and the port-hole, is bound to attract one's notice, however. Within it my 'go-ashore suit' awaits each port in folded suspension; on the floor stands a jar of black-currant jam for teetotalers with sore throats, and to the right of it a bottle containing a few drops of 'the old familiar juice' for some of the other multifarious nondescripts who forgather from time to time. Sets of chess and draughts rest on the corner of the settee, awaiting the pleasure of Trophimus, who, of an evening, sits along with me in reasoning silence, moving and counter-moving over the chequered board. A solitary chair forms the bulk of the portable furniture in the room. It harmonises, like myself, with the simplicity of its surroundings, and fulfils its mission without much creaking. Then there is the black cabin trunk, which contains some interesting photographs, books, real amber beads, and other souvenirs, including a pair of sandals made near the harem in Constantinople, and dipped by a Turk for luck in the cool waters of the Bosphorus. And the photographs—what a sheaf of memories they constitute! Sunshine and shadow; some agreeable; others I would fain forget, but cannot.

In fine weather the port-hole may be opened, admitting the ozone, and scattering papers and cigarette-ashes around. The door, also, may be put on the hook, leaving an aperture sufficient to create a draught, and wide enough to afford the more inquisitive of the 'Syrian Sisters' a glimpse of brother Man *en déshabillé* around shaving-time.

A North Atlantic winter makes a change. Ports are screwed up tightly; all movables in the cabin have either to be lashed or otherwise compromised for the preservation of peace; and when the lower flap of the iron door is closed, the alleyway assumes a very sombre aspect. Nevertheless, my cabin seems to be in a position for providing me with the tit-bits of life's variorum, even in winter-time. If I cannot see very much owing to so many doors being closed, I sometimes hear an elegant sufficiency of various kinds of sounds, which have a disconcerting way of penetrating the remotest part of my dwelling; and I find that the less I am inclined to listen, the more am I likely to hear. One moment it may be the sound of the footsteps of a lady—a pansy-blossom or a deadly night-shade—as she trips along to the purser's office; it may be a shrill, piercing cat-call from a trimmer who has seen a backyard on a moonlit night; or it may be a party of recalcitrants exchanging maledictions outside my door. But

in a storm the alleyway is no place for blandishments, mimicry, or attenuated moralities.

A gale was blowing in mid-Atlantic one night last winter, and the ship was rolling and pitching relentlessly. I was in my bunk when she took a heavier roll than usual. In a twinkling the chess-box and a tin of hypo came clattering about my pillow, and the next thing I remember was hearing the roar of a huge sea which came pouring along and flooded every room in the alleyway. I switched on the light, and could see my carpet swaying up and down like the Bog of Allen; boots, slippers, papers, and photographic trays floated hither and thither with the roll of the vessel; while knight and bishop were kept bumping ignominiously against each other in a corner. I must have been gazing at this scene of confusion for some time, as, in the intensity of my abstraction, I had not observed the arrival of the night-watchman, who came wading along and asked if all were well. He smiled as I answered in the affirmative, and then he proceeded to tell me a very humorous story about gold-digging in Kalgoorlie. This had a temporising effect on my humour, and made the baling out of the room almost a pleasure.

After the gale had abated I looked out of the door, and saw a fireman come sauntering along, five minutes or so before going on watch below, when a stray wave splashed over the side and drenched him to the skin. With remarkable agility he sprang into the alleyway, cursing in low tones to himself while the water ran out of his boots. Then, suddenly addressing an imaginary second engineer, he shouted in polished accents, 'I'm coming along to see you, dearie—shortly—but not in these trousers.' Like a kingfisher he darted back to his quarters for a change of clothing, and doubtless met his 'dearie' later on.

It is true that in foreign ports the waves do not come into my room, yet it seems to prove an attraction for people who frequent all the 'highways, byways, and hedges' imaginable, and the visits of some of them are considerably less salutary than a splash of salt water. I have always a few regular visitors. Others, again, have the knack of inviting themselves in such an unobtrusive manner that I have not the heart to withhold from them any form of courtesy which I am in the habit of extending to friends. But if imposition is likely to result therefrom, I lose no time in bringing the 'Exclusion Act' into operation, and they have their reward. There is a limit to the breadth of a man's humanity or good-nature, even as there is to the depth of his whisky-bottle.

Quite recently, however, I had a visit from an exceptional type of person. About three o'clock one morning, while we were lying in New York, I was awakened by the sound of a man coming stotting along the alleyway. This, in a Prohibition country, I thought somewhat strange. However, he meant to pass my door; but in trying to do so he fell with a crash. His head burst through the ventilating framework near the base of the door, and he lay there in a sorry predicament. I probably got as much of a surprise as he did, and for a minute the one stared at the other, speechless. He was plainly a 'rough-neck' who had been drinking 'hooch,' and had over-estimated his capacity. With an effort he addressed me thus: 'Say, boss! I see a lot o' stars about. Am I in heaven?' 'Not yet,' I replied sparingly; 'popcorn and soda-fountains for you all the time after this!' He gave a languid nod of approval, and, with a far-away look in his eyes, slid out into the darkness. I thereafter patched up the door and tried to finish my sleep.

Such, then, is a short description of my cabin and its environment. It does not come within a league of forming part of a Utopia, but, for all that, I have a great regard for this little corner of our floating caravanserai. Most of my neighbours are agreeable, and do not expect to reap where they have not sown; although some are inclined to sharpen their scythes before the corn has ripened. Nevertheless, I am comparatively happy when I take into account the conditions sometimes prevailing elsewhere. As soon as I approach certain latitudes on terra firma I am conscious of a change, and a rarefaction of the social atmosphere. The limpid, off-hand welcome and doubtful glances are a trifle too subtle for me to appreciate. Likewise are the economics of people who ignore the niceties in meaning of such words as 'cause' and 'effect,' 'utility' and 'value'—who maximise or minimise to suit the exigencies of the moment, with little regard to consequence. As for those who, in presence of equals or superiors, adopt the *suaviter in modo* attitude, whilst reserving a snarl or a diatribe for their more humble associates—well, a peep at them through a periscope on a Sunday morning is a strained, but sufficient, acquaintanceship.

After all, 'a good name is better than a golden girdle,' whether it applies to dwellers in cabins, caves, or palaces; and, to a certain extent, we may adapt our powers to make for ourselves whatsoever kind of name we choose. We are not all paragons, but we ought surely to strive for an elevating consistency, and hope that the presence of energy or ability in a man be not permitted to alienate the finer sentiments at this stage of civilisation, when a unifying force seems all the more desirable.

RETROSPECT.

WITH quickened feet each promenader hails
That ancient dance-tune rippling o'er the pier;
To me alone upon its waves looms near
A phantom ship, with torn and faded sails
Blotting the sun: make haste, you boys and girls,
Before the gray barque *Long Ago* unfurls
The shadows one day dimming Now and Here.

W. S.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

SOCIAL seasons may have their flashing fling, and such as love pretty pleasures hold that early summer is when London is at its best; but the finest month of real London, as believed by all who know her well, live in her, and are keen with her, is October. The finest city of the world lives and is known best by her intelligence, and it is in October, after the heats and the playtimes of preceding months, that she is sharpest. Her people return to her eagerly, with a zest for the activity that only London can afford. There are the cool atmosphere—mattering nothing if it is wet—the early-lighted evenings, and a general mellowness conducing to a quick intellectual spring. Such alertness is observed among the clubs, the theatres, in the streets, in the newspapers, in everything. In October London is fast alive as not in any other month. And in her general appearance, her colouring, her soft harmonies, she then has charms displayed as at no other time. In the month of May, indeed, the big trees of the Broad Walk, with light winds soughing through glistening leaves, and Kensington Gardens, the Rotten Row, and many of the favoured social sights are pleasant. There is a sparkle in London then. But the best colours of the town are its soft and mellow opal grays, tints that scarcely have their match in any other part or place; and they are most splendid in October. Entering the Park at the wane of day, and looking over from an open space westwards and a little south towards the tower of the Westminster Cathedral, looming over banks of trees beyond the Serpentine, one may perceive the very richest of these colourings of cloud and sky, and such a delightful softness of atmospherical effect as itself makes for a certain tranquillity. The qualities of London's atmospheric colour seem rarely to be appreciated properly save by the artists. One hears too oft repeated 'fog' and 'grime' and other words—used often exaggeratively. When this is done by one's own people, perhaps one has hardly cause to blame a professional humorist, and a clever one, like Mr Stephen Leacock, who, needing something to say about the London atmosphere, writes that its victims are a little sensitive on the point, and flatter it by calling it a fog; which it is not, he says, but 'soup.' He says that 'one night about four o'clock in the afternoon he saw the sun distinctly appear through the clouds.' He remarks that 'in practice daylight is but little used. Electric lights are burned,' and he adds that this is called 'Daylight Saving.' Perhaps as foreign comment this is clever in a way, but one who lives in Westminster at times, and upon many evenings ascends to the roof of his building to enjoy the colourings of London's sunsets, especially in autumn days, for their delicate harmony without an equal, might hint to Mr Leacock that his simple Montreal can yield nothing that is worth a thought compared with them. This October we may find the town something more of her natural self, more settled and composed than for some years past. And it is one good thing in the account that the view which many consider as the finest in any city, across the lake in St James's Park, from the iron bridge towards Whitehall, seen at dusk or when the moon is up, is again presented, after the hideous obstructions of the war, when the lake was emptied and filled with wooden offices and eating-rooms. In faint lights the pointed clusters of the Whitehall buildings assume an Eastern look; the whole is like a glimpse of fairyland. Then, if we turn the other way, with Buckingham Palace in the distance, there is a companion picture of beauty, with the dignity of a great city. The soft opalescent lights of early autumn yield to scenes like these their most exquisite tones. Sometimes one imagines that with a certain purification—if it is that—of the London atmosphere, as compared with twenty or thirty years ago, through electricity, as it is believed, the value of these tones has somewhat declined. Autumn evenings in the past are recalled when in the Strand, with the bells of St Clement Danes softly chiming, London in its gentleness of dusk, this tending to repose, seemed the most heart-warming, the cheeriest place there could ever be, and fancies leaped among all the famed romances of the town. The 'city,' the eastern financial and business parts, preserve their old looks and manners better than the rest of London, and it is not easy to think believingly of Whittington west of Fleet Street now, though that is where, as reported, he rose to his fame.

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

But in those old days all the children's stories of London's marvels seemed simple truths as one wandered homewards through the streets on October and November evenings—streets with no mechanical cars in them, only hansoms and the queer old 'buses that were always going to 'The Bank,' or back from it.

* * *

For foreigners, perhaps even for those of our own country who live far away, London in the future, with new streets, taller and more imposing buildings, grand 'improvements,' such as the suggested destruction of Charing Cross as generations have known it, and the substitution of spacious approaches to magnificent bridges across the Thames—all these and much more, with a Franco-American influence seeming to pervade the city—may be brighter and more brilliant; but as each new degree of this progress is marked one more degree of the individuality of London is lost, and by so much is its charm decreased for those who have known and loved it at what they truly believe to have been its best. The movement (if such it should be called, so meretricious as it was) that was set up a few months ago for the achievement of a 'brighter London,' with the suggestion involved that the town had suddenly become dull, indicated no appreciation of the true values. Perhaps there were peculiar influences associated with it. Paris is gay; she is gayest, perhaps, in the middle of the night. Though she be poor, and kronen the meanest of all money, Vienna can still be gay as well. Madrid hardly approaches her own form of social brightness until some way past the midnight hour. New York is always fast and sparkling. But London gathers her charm from dignity and sense, well-tried and proved in the last eight years; and they are poor Londoners who think that to 'brighten' London is a matter only of granting 'suppers' in restaurants, on the tables of which wine may be laid when the hour is late. The town is above such a paltry detail, and that constant talk of 'suppers' and the demand for them, as though humanity needed always suppers, suppers, for its sustenance and its happiness, is most misleading. At the same time a wail arose in places that London did not desire to go home from the scenes of its suppers, the haunts of such peculiar happiness, as early as authorities and controllers made it necessary, and that there should be later trains to suburbia and beyond; that the roysterers should have facilities for making journeys at one, or two, or even three hours after midnight. But though London still retains some of her war-time stupidities, she has better sense than that. The suppers were yielded, the late trains were arranged; but it was found, surprisingly, that there were only a few to sup, and so empty were the trains that they had to be discontinued. So much for a phase of this process of 'brightening' London. The times have changed, and so has the mood of our people, and not in this way is any brightening to be accomplished. Such as can be must come from the spirit and the intelligence of London, and it must always be compatible with her dignity, for when London loses dignity she loses the best of what she has. There are night-clubs that flourish now in London, frivolous affairs. They are of a comparatively new kind; their essence is unintelligence, and though they take the place of something else, as that did of something that was there before, all such developments are evidently unstable, and these trifling things will pass away. Again there is talk of the really bad night-clubs, and there are bad ones; but London in such matters is assuredly not more evil than other cities of great consequence and size. A bishop once said that this was the worst place in the world, and no man of knowledge living in this town could ever believe entirely, without some corroboration of his statements, in that bishop again. But if it be not like heaven, and if it is thick with vice, as everywhere where humanity throngs and engages in its most materialistic conflicts, it is no worse than is to be expected in the circumstances of life and the present times. In general it is a fair and well-ordered city.

* * *

The truth is that London is turning away from that old night-life; and though the war-time experiences and habits very plainly assisted the tendency, it had set in long before the great upheaval. It comes from certain changes in the nature of the people, the increase of devotion to sport especially; from the extending population and the enlargement of suburbs, and suburbs beyond them; from the motor-cars, and latterly from the greater cost of house-room, especially of the better kind. These have their plainest effect in the changes encompassing club-life in London, which is a vastly different thing from what it was a quarter of a century ago. One used to speak of the 'club-man,' and some still speak of such a person, though in the sense that is indicated there was perhaps never such a one, or, if there was, he existed only in small numbers. But not far back one of the particular features of the intelligent London existence was the evening club-life, and it is there no more. At the luncheon hour the clubs are often crowded now; at dinner there are rows of vacant chairs, and after dinner there are empty halls. There are smoking-rooms in St James's and Pall Mall whose atmosphere scintillated with life and wit in our fathers' vivacious days, in which often not a single person is to be seen or heard at ten o'clock on these present nights. By this there is something truly good that has been lost. The clubs themselves, some of the best of them, have fallen into financial difficulties as the consequence, and the further result, inevitably,

is that in many—perhaps in most—cases they have lost their exclusiveness, and so they have lost their character. They ask for money from their members; they even 'tout,' as it is said, for strangers to come to join them. There are a few exceptions. Some would cease to be ere they would thus depart from their traditions and their exclusiveness, their dignity, but others must yield to the press of economic necessity. In the midst of war, when all things seemed to be changing, and for apparently sufficient reasons, it appeared that every kind of concession should and would be made to womankind, the sight was seen of ladies in the dining-halls of certain clubs, sanctioned by committees. It was prophesied then—just as it was prophesied that after the war arms would be laid down for evermore—that henceforth man and woman would share rights in all big clubs. Male sentiment and feeling were shocked, male security in London seemed more assailed than ever it had been. The case was apparently worse than that of the clubs in many continental cities, particularly in Spain, where, situated in the main streets, the entire front part of the premises consists of large plate-glass windows, through which the populace may view every member there, note with whom he converses, and the hours during which he dozes. Such continentals clearly have no conception of the true form of club-life as it has been brought to perfection in the past in London, based alike on the fact that man is a gregarious creature, loving intellectual exercise and conflict with his kind, and on the opportunity for tranquillity and solitude, refuge from the strain of life, even as such have but a faint conception of what is meant by sport in Britain, though daily they practise what they think is sport. While in some of the wider clubs these privileged ladies appeared, in all of them there came the women-servants, and these also seemed at the beginning to be strange and unharmonious apparitions, impossibly and negatively established; but in those hustling days it was patriotic and convenient to make the best of everything, and in this case, as in others, the most disgruntled of club-men looked as pleasant as might be, and murmured that the women were truly splendid. But as the captains and the kings have gone, so likewise, with a struggling and only half-successful return to normality, the ladies who came to dinner and the dainty wenches who waited at the tables have largely, if not universally, disappeared. In this those complaining club-men seem to see a certain promise for the ultimate salvation of the world, even though the present international and diplomatic case may not be a happy one.

* * *

In a manner they are right. The life of London clubs is still a key to the life of London, which is the register of the empire. Men may go to bed betimes at nights, but if the keen minds give up their conversations and their arguments, if wits do not play, there will be some shortage in the general progress. But for the moment the economic question is that which bears most severely on these institutions, threatening them in their form and constitution, and in every way. The question is not small; those who are not of such communities may have little notion of the figures that are involved. Here on a table are two balance-sheets of clubs of widely different character in the West End of London, each celebrated in its way. The annual expenditure of one of them is rather more than sixty-four thousand pounds in the year, and among the many items that make up this sum there is a couple of thousand pounds a year for laundry, more than a thousand for the maintenance of a library, some fifteen hundred for printing and stationery, and five hundred for newspapers and magazines. On the other hand, we find that the members of this club, a somewhat intensely political institution, ate, drank, and smoked to the annual tune of just on sixty thousand pounds. In the result this circle of men is not fearful of the advent of the brokers, as some others are, or profess to be. In the case of a very much smaller, but more exclusive, club in one of the most agreeable parts of club-land, we find the receipts for the year amounting to some twenty-seven thousand pounds, with the costs, by careful manœuvring, much about the same; and such sums might be considered as not distant from the average of good clubs in London. The difficulty of the clubs is serious in its indication that the social life of intellectual, thinking London is becoming less and less closely knit. Reading the classical reminiscences, it seems to us that London of old, in such times as those of Johnson, was, for all its size and strength, but like a parish in its sense of community and general acquaintance. All such as were worth knowing, and many others who pretended to be so, were known to each other; they looked in and chatted upon occasion; they drank wine and said smart things, many of which are recorded unto this day, and still seem a little smart. It all looked somehow to make for the advancement of London and civilisation; the world and the spirit were moving on. Some people, as we know by positive evidence, still call casually upon each other; but the delightful, colourful idea of the splendid London as the convivial and intellectual parish has gone entirely. The town is too big, the folks too many, the motor-cars too fast, electricity too ubiquitous, and the old spirit is in the dust. Of late, with such things in mind, I have talked to men who have known London and its circles with intimacy and affection for longer than myself, and they agree in such ideas, or suggest them. There is none yet left who talks well of a more intimate

acquaintance with the warm life of London of mid-Victorian times than Mr George R. Sims, who applied himself to it with that cheerful enthusiasm which characterised the people of that age. Round a club fireside he was telling us one day tales of the 'eighties such as few others can tell, and how he would always work at his writing until the post at three o'clock in the morning, which indeed was the custom of quite a large proportion of the writing men of London until the action of the Germans brought about the abolition of that most useful early morning collection. Then he would sleep from four to eight, saying that the forms of waste of time which he most abhorred were the time spent in bed and times of holiday. That does not matter; but what he for one notices more than all else in the changed London is the decline of hospitality, the absence of gatherings of friends of good mental parts in their own homes, the cessation of all 'dropping in,' the unknitting of the community, and its flying loose in almost useless and disorderly threads. . . . It is a phase; it may be good. But the lovers of London like not these signs.

* * *

But though all the buildings should become tall and the streets straight, and the people should scatter, and life be feverish and jerky and not what it was of yore, London is still and will remain the most splendid and intelligent city in the world, with a charm of heart and sense that none other in the most faintly comparable degree possesses. And whether it is as good now as it used to be, and whether it is 'bright' or otherwise, it is beyond doubt the foreign people's favourite city. Its attraction and its strength have increased since the war. There is proof of that on every hand, and British people coming home, talking as they do to travellers of other lands journeying this way, learn the truth as it can scarcely be so well discovered in any other manner. The wanderers—thinking, perhaps, as is now commonly the case, of such as the Americans—flirt with Paris; but they will tell you that Paris has not improved, nor has it in any way maintained its old attractions for them, even though there you may have that most desirable 'supper,' and the wine with it, as you please, at virtually any hour. It is proved in the case of Paris and Berlin, Rome and Madrid, that after all suppers make not splendid cities. Paris, for all her infinite and wonderful charm, is less loved than for long past. The strangers say with sincerity that never did they find London so wonderful, so sensible, and even so warm-hearted, hospitable, and entertaining, and in all respects so thoroughly good. There is the stamp of quality on her and all that she shows and offers to sell. A walk down Bond Street was never a better pleasure. There may still be complaints of the dearness of commodities, but wanderers know that everywhere else in the world more has to be paid for less assured quality, even though the quality of goods that Britain makes is often not nearly equal to that of ten years ago. The home-comer from afar, absent from England for many months, feels on his return to London a sense of obtaining the best that the world can give, of the willingness of service and the politeness thereof, of the tidiness and the niceness of all, betokening a degree of civilisation that perhaps had not before been appreciated. Many travellers will affirm that they know nothing so exquisite as the blend of these sensations when they arrive at Dover from the Continent, and travel smoothly and comfortably through the lovely fields of Kent to London. Here is needed no imagination for the fulness of the joy. To return to London after a long journey is the utmost pleasure of all a traveller's experiences. The kindly town mothers him anew, and wraps herself affectionately about him; all that his circumstances justify and his comfort needs is yielded him. At last he is tranquil. None but the Londoner knows how good is this town of his; but the stranger has an idea. Otherwise he would not in the bulk spend thirty-eight million pounds in London in a year, as it has been estimated by business men he does in the way of his visiting and touring.

* * *

There is a new society come to existence that has many ideas for the improvement of London. It proclaims that it would make it economically the most worthy and beautiful city in the world; that it would 'dispel its drabness,' 'abolish its smoke evil,' and 'disperse its too frequent fogs'; that it would help the theatres, hotels, restaurants, and shops in the metropolis to increase their facilities, and 'thus attract the merchants and tourists of the world'; that it would 'improve its streets and ban excessive noises'; that it would 'beautify its public places and improve the parks.' We are told in this connection that, 'owing to the dulness of London life, many thousands of prospective visitors from North and South America, and from the Continent, have been lost to London in recent times.' It may be so, and the objects of the society seem to be worthy enough in their way; but sometimes people who think of improving London speak of Paris, and her open-air cafés, and the gay whirl of her life, as if London, the keen, the intelligent, the serious and successful member of the family of cities, could ever be like that, or any one really wished her to be so. Her character is subject to influence with years, as is the case with persons, but societies and forced efforts of propagandists can never have effect upon her. She is very old, and she has the completeness of her age as no other great city has, a completeness for the enjoyment and satisfaction of life. We find fault with her; we feel that her new-time changes are bad for her. But that may be

because we also are older and greater grumblers than we used to be. There is evidence enough that the young love London, as young ever did. And when one becomes for ever tired of her, would go away, and after the test of a time still feels no desire to return to the old place, never again to walk down Piccadilly, or Bond Street, or the Strand, never to stroll down Pall Mall or St James's Street, and drop into the club in the course of the way, never just to look at London and feel that peculiar exultation of being part of this great achievement in communities, with a sense of membership or ownership—then, alas! it is a sign that the love of life and the goodness of it are fading away. For—even with all her latest faults and nonsense—it is still true, as Johnson said, that the man who is tired of London is tired of life.

LEARNING BUSINESS.

CHAPTER VI.

SIR JOHN JACKSON was a tall, portly man, with a very red face, and side whiskers in the Victorian style, that gave him an odd resemblance to the traditional stage butler. At the moment of his entry into Mr Thewn's room he wore a somewhat troubled and worried look, for he was genuinely sorry to feel, as he did, that Halstans was going downhill. He had known Reggie's father well, and by no means wished to sever the connection with his firm, but at the same time he did not see how in justice to his own shareholders he could do otherwise.

His look of worry and concern changed to one of considerable surprise as he saw that Miss Mottram was present, since she was about the last person he would have expected to see comfortably established in the private office of her chief competitor's manager. Nor was she a lady for whom he had any great liking, though he had a deep respect for her business abilities.

'I was coming round to see you later, Miss Mottram,' he remarked as they shook hands; 'I didn't expect to meet you here. Is Mr Halstan in?'

'I'm afraid not,' answered Mr Thewn with apparent reluctance. 'I reminded him you would be here soon, but I think he felt the need of a little liquid refreshment—army ways, you know, Sir John.'

'I see,' said Sir John, looking vexed and disappointed.

'I had better explain, Sir John,' said Miss Mottram. 'I have made an offer to purchase Halstans. I looked in this morning to try to settle details. Of course you understand this is confidential.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Sir John, much startled. 'Is young Halstan thinking of giving up, then?'

'Oh, I dare say life in one of the colonies will suit him better than the city does,' declared Mr Thewn.

'I shall endeavour,' observed Miss Mottram, 'to carry on Halstans on the same lines. Increase efficiency, too. That will make up for the increased charges we shall have to make.'

'Ah, yes,' said Sir John warily, feeling that here was a challenge thrown down; 'yes, that's a point I wanted to discuss. The fact is, a scheme has been laid before us. It impressed M'Lean a good deal. He showed it me, and it impressed me too. It provides for a considerable decrease in expenses, and a very marked development of business. Unless you can put something of the same sort before me, I shall have to consider this new scheme seriously, very seriously—in fairness to my shareholders I could do no less.'

Miss Mottram and Mr Thewn looked at each other, and Mr Thewn's lips formed the word 'bluff.' Miss Mottram saw, and nodded almost imperceptibly to show she thought the same, and then turned to Sir John. 'Indeed,' she said. 'Frankly, I'm surprised to hear any one but Halstans or Mottrams is in a condition to handle your business. May I ask who it is has submitted this wonderful new scheme?'

'That I can't tell you,' Sir John answered, 'because I don't know.'

Miss Mottram permitted herself to laugh outright. Mr Thewn, more prudent, contented himself with smiling at the ceiling.

Flushing slightly, Sir John said, 'Naturally I shall require adequate guarantees for carrying the thing through, but it did not impress me as put forward by any irresponsible person. Quite the contrary. But before going further into the matter, I wished to see your two firms—both Halstans and Mottrams—as we have had dealings with both. I wished you to have full warning before we took any steps in the matter.'

'Oh, very good of you,' declared Miss Mottram, 'but please don't consider us at all. Frankly, our position is, that no firm except my own and Halstans could begin to handle your business without at least a year's preparation—or longer. And, frankly, we can't handle it any longer on past terms. I have drawn up a memorandum on the point. I will send it round to you to-day. It will provide for considerable increases. If you can find another firm to handle your connection at a lower figure, you must do so, of course. Frankly, I don't believe such a firm

exists. To submit a scheme is one thing. To be prepared to carry it out in actual practice is another. Sir John, we have the selling organisation and—no one else has. Don't forget it.'

Sir John hesitated. He knew there was much truth in what Miss Mottram said. There existed, so far as he knew, no other firm with the organisation ready to carry on the business. If the scheme that had so much impressed his manager and himself turned out not to be backed with adequate experience or resources, he might find himself in a very awkward position if he had broken with Mottrams and with Halstans. Miss Mottram saw the impression she had made.

'I must go now,' she said. 'I dare say you and Mr Thewn have business to talk over together, and my purchase of Halstans is not formally complete yet. I'll send you that memo., Sir John. You will be able to let me have an answer this week, I hope.'

'Oh, certainly,' said Sir John, beginning to feel he had been rather foolish in allowing a communication from an unknown source to impress him so much. 'Oh, quite so'—and as he spoke the door opened and Reggie came smiling in.

'They told me you were here, Sir John,' he said cheerfully. 'Miss Mottram, too! How do, Miss Mottram? Regular conference, isn't it, like those peace johnnies? Eh, what?'

'I came in to ask for a prompt reply to my offer,' explained Miss Mottram. 'I must know now, one way or the other. Sir John is thinking of handing over his firm's business to another quarter. Frankly, that 'll mean a heavy loss to both you and me, young gentleman. But, of course, I stand by my offer. Can't very well draw back now I've made it. But you must let me know.'

'I hear you are thinking of selling to Miss Mottram?' observed Sir John.

'Not at all,' answered Reggie amiably. 'Miss Mottram is thinking of buying; but that 's quite different.'

'Well, I can't buy without your selling, can I, young gentleman?' demanded Miss Mottram.

Reggie was 'fed up' with being called 'young gentleman,' and the glance he gave Miss Mottram was almost malign. 'No,' he said; 'you jolly well can't.'

'Well, then?' said Miss Mottram, puzzled by some indefinite change she perceived in the young man, a new briskness in his voice, a new energy in his manner.

'Sir John,' explained Thewn, 'has had a new scheme laid before him from an outside source, containing suggestions for handling his firm's affairs. He is thinking of adopting it, he tells us. He is kind enough to warn us, so to speak. If he does decide to sever his connection——'

'Oh, I've not at all decided,' interposed Sir John with some haste. 'I merely thought it would be fair to mention it to you. Naturally, acceptance will have to depend on guarantees for the successful carrying out of the suggestions——'

'You will find those quite satisfactory,' interposed Reggie smilingly.

All three turned to stare at him in blank amazement.

'What do you know about it, young gentleman?' snapped Miss Mottram.

'Sir John is speaking,' explained Mr Thewn, as you might explain elementary matters to a quite small child, 'of the scheme for a different handling of his business I told you has been shown to him from another quarter, and of the necessary guarantees for its being successfully carried out. I shall be surprised to learn that any firm except our own and Miss Mottram's can give such guarantees.'

'Well, if we can, isn't that enough?' asked Reggie.

'It would be,' agreed Mr Thewn still more patiently, 'if we had happened to submit the scheme in question. But as we did not——'

'That,' interrupted Reggie, 'is where you miss your guess. We did.'

'Do you mean——' began Sir John, and paused with a puzzled and bewildered air.

Mr Thewn began to laugh, and in the middle of his laughter stopped abruptly and looked very oddly across the table at Reggie.

In her loudest and harshest voice Miss Mottram said, 'Rubbish!'

'Not at all,' answered Reggie mildly. 'I drew up the scheme Sir John refers to, and dropped in yesterday to show it to M'Lean. I asked him to show it you, Sir John, but not to say at first whom it came from. However, if we are to discuss business I should like a shorthand writer present to take a note—my confidential clerk.' He went to the door. 'Miss Selwyn, will you please come in?'

Annie entered promptly, note-book and pencil in hand, and looking rather dazed, as if she did not quite understand the position in which she found herself. Reggie pulled forward a chair for her to seat herself at the table, and Miss Mottram burst out indignantly, 'She's not your clerk; she 's mine. I sacked her this morning.'

'Quite so,' agreed Reggie; 'and thereon I engaged her. I happened to meet Miss Selwyn as I was passing your place on my way to see the Malay States Producers people.'

'The Malay States Producers?' almost shouted Miss Mottram. 'What did you want there?'

'Well,' answered Reggie, 'if you will discuss your business with my manager in my office in a loud voice, you mustn't wonder if you are overheard. I was lucky enough to drop in on Malay Producers just as they got your message giving notice of cancelling all your contracts with them. I had submitted them a scheme

on much the same lines as the one I showed Sir John. They seem to have liked it all right, and as I turned up just when your message came to hand, they signed at once a new set of contracts with me.'

'But—but—but——' stammered Miss Mottram, 'you said you were going out for a drink?'

'A cup of tea,' explained Reggie blandly, 'at the nearest A.B.C.'

'But this—this is absurd,' stammered Mr Thewn. 'How could you get to know enough about the business?—to prepare schemes or anything else? Why, you told me yourself you were not in bed before half-past four or five in the morning?'

'No,' agreed Reggie mildly. He turned to Sir John. 'You see I had a lot of leeway to make up when I was demobbed,' he explained. 'I've been rather swotting. I had to start at the beginning. Miss Selwyn taught me a lot, starting at the elements of book-keeping. Once I got the hang of the figures the rest was pretty simple. As Thewn says, I was up till four or five every morning, working out new plans, and studying the details of the business.'

'I thought,' groaned Mr Thewn, 'it was cards, dancing, suppers.'

'No; it was hard work, jolly hard work,' answered Reggie. 'So when I felt I had the hang of the thing, I thought I saw how the show could be reorganised. I sent in schemes accordingly to Sir John, to Malay Producers, to Singapore Planters. I have the Malay Producers' contract signed. I signed with Singapore Planters first thing this morning. I am hoping to sign with Sir John——'

'Sir John,' interrupted Miss Mottram, her voice shrill and excited, 'I'll reduce all our charges to you fifty per cent.'

'Ah,' said Reggie, sighing, 'that's an offer I can't rival. Only it will mean Mottrams will be working at a dead loss—and business handled at a dead loss is not, as a rule, handled satisfactorily. It don't develop. But, of course, Sir John must decide if he thinks it good enough.'

'I don't,' said Sir John promptly. 'Mr Halstan, you seem to have shown much energy and ability. But what on earth made you think of selling out to Miss Mottram?'

'I never did,' answered Reggie gently; 'it was quite her own idea—all her own. I think she mistook us for the bargain basement.'

Miss Mottram's look at him was not pleasant. She had lost that morning fully a half of her firm's business, and she realised that unless she were careful the rest might well follow. Without a word or a look to any one she walked out of the office; and Thewn, ghastly pale and shaking in every limb, looked pitiably at Reggie, on whom he realised his whole fate now depended.

'Thewn,' Reggie said slowly, 'you were a long time with my father, and I believe you felt you had a grievance. You shall stay on if you wish to. In his last letter to me my father said you would do well as manager under my strict supervision. I hope he was right.'

Overwhelmed by a relief almost too great to be borne Mr Thewn sank back in his chair, covering his face with his hands; and Reggie turned to Sir John, 'There may be some little details,' he suggested, 'you might care to discuss——'

. . . . . .

When, an hour or so later, after a long and detailed discussion of many matters, Sir John rose at last to go, he was in a very good temper. 'I shall look for great results,' he purred, with visions of an increased dividend to declare to appreciative shareholders at the next general meeting. 'I congratulate you, Mr Halstan. For so young a man you show a remarkable grip of essentials. Your father had an unusual gift for figures; you have evidently inherited it in an even more marked degree.'

'Oh, I don't know; anyhow, I'm very glad you think so,' said Reggie, blushing a little. 'It's chiefly that I've been tackling the thing good and hard—had to, you know. If you stick to a thing you're bound to master it in the end, gift or no gift. Plugging along is what does it. And then I was well grounded by a jolly good teacher. It's really Miss Selwyn taught me what I do know.'

Sir John looked at Miss Selwyn, who had been very pale, and now began very slowly, but none the less thoroughly, to turn exceedingly red. Sir John chuckled. 'Well,' he said, 'I congratulate Miss Selwyn on her pupil—you on your teacher.'

Then he chuckled again and went away; and Reggie remarked carelessly, 'Well, I suppose there had better be a memo. drawn up of all this. Miss Selwyn, please come into my room. I shall want to look through your notes.'

Into the privacy of Reggie's own room Miss Selwyn therefore followed him, and the moment the door was closed behind them she burst into tears.

'Oh, I say!' exclaimed Reggie in dismay.

Miss Selwyn positively howled. 'I haven't got a single note hardly, not any proper ones,' she wailed. 'I was too excited; I was all upset; I didn't know what was happening to me. It wasn't fair; oh, it wasn't—it wasn't.

'What wasn't?' asked Reggie. 'I——'

'I only told you Miss Mottram had sent me away,' Annie answered reproachfully, 'and you rushed me here and you rushed me there, and you never listened, and you never explained, and'—she added in tones of still deeper reproach—'you gave me a pencil without any point.'

'Did I, though?' exclaimed Reggie, conscience-stricken.

'Yes, you did,' she declared indignantly; 'and I was all in a muddle, and I didn't hardly know where I was, or what had happened, or whether I was standing on my head or my heels, and you tell me to take a shorthand note—I did get the last half down pretty well, but all the first half is just the most awful mix-up you ever saw—like I was myself.'

'Is it, though?' said Reggie, much concerned.

'I suppose,' said Annie dolefully, 'you 'll want to send me away now, like Miss Mottram.'

Reggie got swiftly between her and the door. He thought it well to take no chances. 'You 've never told me yet,' he said gently, 'whether you mean to accept the fee I offered you yesterday for teaching me book-keeping.'

'But you didn't offer me anything,' answered Annie, a little puzzled and even resentful. 'I thought you meant it wasn't worth anything. There was only your name——'

'My name,' he interrupted—'yes. Of course, the man goes with the name, you know.'

Annie cast a hurried glance towards the door. But Reggie, with his gift of foresight, stood between her and it. 'I—s——' she stammered.

He leaned forward and took her hand, a most unbusiness-like proceeding. 'My dear,' he said. And then he kissed her.

'You mustn't—you mustn't,' she cried, though she could not truthfully have protested that she found the sensation disagreeable. 'Oh, you mustn't—why, I 'm only a poor girl, and you 're rich, you know.'

'Now I 've got you,' he answered contentedly, drawing her nearer to him, 'I certainly am.'

THE END.

GEMS AND PEARLS OF CEYLON.

PART III.

VII.

OTHER dangers there are, though in these waters the sharks are the shyest and rarest of visitors. More to be dreaded, for his venomed filaments may be brushed against almost unawares, is the giant jelly-fish or medusa. It abounds all round the coast at certain seasons, and is the dread of bathers, European or native. Contact even with a dismembered fragment of this devil's gelatine often sets up intense local irritation and a queer malaise of the nerves, affecting some people more than others, but always unpleasant. I have scrambled back to the rocks at Mount Lavinia with a livid blaze on my shoulder and red-hot needles all down one arm, to see my Sinhalese 'boy' dash into the near-by undergrowth and run back with a handful of some grass or weed (I never identified it) which, macerated and rubbed on the afflicted part, brings almost instant relief. Those who are stung and are attacked by dizziness should avoid alcoholic stimulant like the plague for some hours. I have seen a passenger whose nerves were shaken by a red-hot wire winding itself round his wrist in the surf toss off one liqueur glass of brandy and relapse straightway into a very good imitation of delirium tremens.

The very useful vegetable I have referred to is not, I believe, available in the vicinity of the banks, and it is the fishery officers' custom to make use of medicinal oils to relieve cases of jelly-fish sting among the divers. My sailor friend reported that he had even applied castor-oil with huge success.

Super-pearls are rare with us, though there is somewhat doubtful documentary justification for the popular ascription of a Ceylonese origin to many of the famous pearls of history: Cleopatra's earrings, for instance, valued at £161,000, and the single pearl, worth £50,000, given by Julius Cæsar to the mother of Brutus. Here, too, the Phœnician of old, with his truly Semitic nose for treasure, came prowling round our coasts to pick up bargains in Ceylon pearls. Here Solomon's agents priced pearls to rope the bosom of his mistress Sheba. The Dutch held few fisheries in their stewardship of a hundred and forty years, the aggregate proceeds during their occupation coming to no more than £200,000. With their customary indolence the Portuguese hardly fished the banks at all, though they seem to have had more to choose from, notably one at Mount Lavinia, which is known to have been fished, albeit no records have come down to us of the profits.

Ourselves have done better, though none too well. One 'super-pearl,' and only one, is on record as having been found within the last fifty years, a black pearl sold to Tiffany's of New York for something like £5000. There was an odd find, too, in Colombo harbour some years ago. Two common or garden mussels clinging to a buoy were pulled off and prised open. One held two large pearls of a delicate slaty-blue, the one a perfect and lustrous globe, the other flawed and misshapen.

We see to it in Ceylon that the ancient craft and mystery of pearling does not belie its name. Few outsiders know exactly where the banks are, and certainly we put up no beacons to encourage the inquisitive. A fishery happens when it happens, and that is all about it. It is generally understood that it is up to the official inspector to keep his weather-eye open, prowl about the likeliest waters at the due season—which is to say November—lift a sample of at least twenty thousand oysters, extract the

pearls by the time-honoured process which I shall describe, and have their value assessed by that other ancient rite of the secret hand-clasp, which, it should be noted here, is the invariable procedure for pricing any gem in Ceylon, and nothing will induce a dealer engaged in any branch of the jewel trade to depart therefrom. No words whatever are exchanged during the business. Buyer and seller, or it may be the two joint assessors, hold each the other's paw, cover hands and wrists with a cloth, some kind of masonic inter-communication ensues of which the nature is not apparent to the bystander, and the bargain is made or the price fixed. When a real transaction is effected, any stranger present has a right to a commission on the proceeds, presumably as the price of his silence.

VIII.

Obstinately, too, do the pearling fraternity cling to the old Portuguese or Dutch nomenclature throughout the 'shop' of their calling. Even the valuations just described are made in terms of the ancient coinage, and have to be reduced to pounds, shillings, and pence by Government. Once a fishery is declared to be worth while, word goes out to the scattered brotherhood of divers, who are assembled at a kind of base-camp and numbered off into two equal bodies. It is exhausting enough work, and a day off and a day on is the rule of the fishery. One-third of his daily harvest is the immemorial due of every diver, and the gamble involved is just such as his Eastern soul delights in. Not that he is any pearl of honesty in himself. A time-honoured dodge for besting the Government used to be for two men to conspire together when one of them found a pearl of obvious value, the scheme being that the accomplice stole a small and valueless pearl and hid it, let us say, in his pants. He was then denounced with much vociferation and parade by his friend, the whole labour force stopped work and gathered round, and a tremendous hullabaloo ensued, while in the general confusion the arch-criminal got well away with the real plunder. The staff-work here involved is also of a peculiarly Oriental character.

The divers' third share having been allotted, the oysters (pearl-bearing or otherwise, no one knows at present, so the thing still remains a gamble) are dumped straight upon the beach, and Government auctions the remaining two-thirds of the catch each evening when the boats come in. Why the State should not continue to direct the whole business nobody knows, but that is the way we have always done the thing in Ceylon. The private buyers bear off their purchases to their own *kottus* or enclosures, and leave them to rot for a week or ten days in a canoe or any large receptacle, shielded from direct sunshine or strong light, but deliberately easy of access to the flies. Not unnaturally, they are not odours of Araby that are wafted from the pearling camps at this stage. Putrefaction being more or less complete, the whole mess is rinsed repeatedly in clean water, miscellaneous rubbish all removed, and the residue left to strain on a black cloth. From now onwards lynx-eyed attention is necessary to avoid wastage. You will observe, for example, the precaution of the black cloth. Again and again the stuff is gone through, and long after the fishery is over, and all the genuine pearling folk have departed, the wild jungle-women of this desolate coast may be observed scratching in the sand for the almost invisible seed-pearls that in bulk are in enormous request on the mainland, alike for the ornamentation of rich embroideries and the supply of *chunam* (powdered lime for betel-chewing) for princes and other very particular people who can afford these extravagances. But only the tiniest seed-pearls escape in this way, all other grades, up to the size of an average pea, or even larger, being graded in colanders which run from the finest sieve-mesh up to a strainer in which there may be twenty apertures within the circumference of an average-sized ash-tray.

I must tell you, too, of the Manduck, who is by way of being an eponymous fraud. One Manduck is allotted to each five divers in a boat, of whom there are ten, who dive and rest alternately. But the Manduck never wets even the sole of his foot. His job it is to work the tackle, to see that all his five sinkers of shapely stone are firmly spliced to the ropes, and that these run freely over the outrigger contrivance which holds them clear of the gunwale. Standing on his stone, the diver takes the biggest breath he is capable of, gives the signal to his Manduck, and, that his descent shall be the speedier, heaves himself into the air as the Manduck lets go the rope. When the pressure on the stone ceases, the Manduck hauls up again at once and makes all taut and trim, for the diver wants no aid on his upward journey.

Thus we did in the days of the Rajavali Chronicle, two thousand five hundred years ago, and precisely thus we do to-day. Steam-launches have their uses for examination work and patrols, but in the actual process of oyster collection and the extraction of their precious freight we prefer not to adopt any of your scientific dodges. Some of them have been tried, and failed—European divers, for instance, in full panoply, whom our Tamil and Arab amphibians left standing. The only difference nowadays is that there is no Tamil princess doing policewoman's duty from a throne at the extremity of Karaitivu Point. Even that might be arranged, only it happens that the last three miles or so of the spit have gradually submerged since the Rajavali epoch, and telescopes, you will understand, are barred.

THE END.

GIPSY GUILE.

By E. Burgess.

I.

THE gipsies were on the move. Their caravans went swaying down the road in creaking line, with a following of barking dogs and shouting children. The gipsy men for the most part elected to drive, leaving their womenkind to trudge alongside; but some of the youths slouched beside them, and their rough voices and coarse jokes seemed out of keeping with the fragile prettiness of the spring morning.

The dogs rushed excitedly hither and thither, and the children rushed with them, poking in the hedgerows with shrill cries of delight. Occasionally a vicious kick sent a cur yelping beneath a van, or a cuff on the head brought a child up if it lagged behind; but, on the whole, the party went good-temperedly enough.

They had been long in their last encampment, and were glad to take the road again; also, a little matter of poaching made it advisable to quit. A goodly number of rabbit-skins lay hidden beneath the rubbish they carted with them, and these would fetch a pretty penny in the next town.

The gipsy mother drove the foremost van. Her old face peered out from under the tilt, wrinkled and shrivelled, but with fire still smouldering in her dark eyes. She smoked and mumbled, keeping a look-out for customers at the scattered cottages they passed, and uttering a peculiar note of warning to those behind. This was a signal to stop their jolly badinage and assume the professional whine. But there was not much to be made out of the country people; they knew all about the gipsies, and the most harrowing recital generally met with a curt command to 'be off, or I'll set the dog on ye.'

The hedgerows were gay with hawthorn, and the tender green of the young larches was exquisite against the blue above. Larks sang joyously, the gorse was sweet, and it was indeed no great hardship to tramp the countryside on such a day as this. And so the gipsies came to Little Middleton.

Miss Flick had been gardening, weeding her beds and spudding up dandelion roots in her grass-plot. She was middle-aged, and lonely, and any small excitements in life were welcome, so she paused as the first heavy van went lumbering past, and, glad of a respite from her labours, stepped down and looked over the gate.

The caravans drew up just beyond the village green. The men made a brave show of busying themselves with the horses, and fetching water from the common pump; the dogs slunk to their allotted posts; and the women, snatching up their baskets of lace and clothes-pegs, scattered in all directions to waylay passers-by.

A sturdy, handsome girl stood debating a moment, a mixture of shrewdness and mischief on her swarthy face. Then she darted up the steps of a caravan and spoke to one inside in a noisy whisper. 'Georgina! there 's a blitherin' old idjut peekin' over the gate yonder. Gi' me your kid. We 'll get her fine.'

Georgina, with a wink, rolled her infant in a frowsy shawl, and, despite its sleepy protests, bundled it into her sister's arms. Then she disappeared again within the depths of the van, to stir the rabbit-stew, and to finish putting her rough locks in curling-pins, 'against we make Epsom.'

II.

'Good-day, my lady! I be givin' you a call.' The girl approached, her attitude half humble, half defiant. 'Show a kind heart, lady; give us some old boots or a gown. See, I'm Lucindy, and this is my little baby. She 's so cold, bless 'er.'

Miss Flick regarded her disapprovingly. '*Your* baby, my girl? Why, you 're only a child yourself.'

'Yes, lady, that 's so.' Lucindy looked mournfully up with her black eyes. 'An' it 's been a crool winter for us with the snow an' all, me an' my baby. Buy a comb, lady; buy a few clo's-pegs, do now!'

'No,' said Miss Flick decidedly. 'You must go away. I've nothing for you.' But her gaze lighted pityingly on the baby's bare toes showing beneath the shawl. She was not to know that Lucindy had whipped off its warm socks a moment ago, and thrust them into her capacious pocket.

'We 're so tired, lady, I dunno 'ow we 'll get to Epsom, for true.' Lucindy began to sniff.

Miss Flick stood ruminating. The gipsies were a set of lawless vagabonds, of course; if she turned her back this girl might steal something and be off. They ought not to be encouraged, and yet—her heart softened as she looked at the sleeping child. It was very dirty, but its little brown face and tiny fat fists were adorable to a lonely spinster, and those little, cold feet . . .

Lucindy saw her advantage, and wisely refrained from further begging. There was a pause as she stood waiting, a ragged but taking figure with her daring eyes and devil-may-care expression.

Then Miss Flick doubtfully unlatched the gate. 'You may come just inside.' She had

seen the village constable sauntering by on the opposite side of the road, and constables were not partial to gipsies, she knew. 'I think I've a pair of socks that would fit that child, and perhaps you 'd like a bit of bread and cheese?'

'Thank you, me lady.' The girl slipped in with alacrity. She also had seen the policeman, and she stepped adroitly behind a laurel bush.

The 'blitherin' old idjut' ought to be good for something more than bread and cheese. Lucindy had already eaten a substantial 'levenses' on the way, and had money enough in her pocket for a far finer feast than Miss Flick's larder could provide; but gipsies never refuse anything, so she waited.

Miss Flick upstairs was surveying her scanty wardrobe. 'That girl's boots are much too broken for tramping. I wonder if I could spare my second gardening pair? Yes, I will.' She seized them before she had time to repent. 'And this old petticoat, too. That dear baby! How lucky these socks were left over from the jumble sale.'

She descended to the kitchen, but left her bundle in the hall, for Mrs Pratt, the charwoman, disapproved of gipsies, and looked upon any 'left-offs' as her own perquisite. Not that Miss Flick had much to give away; she was sadly hampered by her slender means, as all Little Middleton knew.

She cut a generous hunch of bread and cheese, and after a little reflection produced a silver sixpence for luck, and armed with these spoils returned to the garden, with a glow at her heart at the thought of warming the gipsy baby's feet. But the garden was empty.

The caravans had moved on, and Lucindy, evidently tired of waiting, had moved with them.

'Dear, dear!' said Miss Flick regretfully. She ran a quick eye over her tools, but they lay intact upon the grass. Lucindy would have scorned such old-fashioned implements. Even the shapeless gardening-gloves remained.

'It was a darling baby,' she mused, as she returned to her weeding. 'Very shocking, of course; a young girl like that. Still I believe the gipsies are good to their children; it looked well nourished in spite of the dirt. I wish I 'd seen it awake——'

Her wish was miraculously realised, for a sudden wail sounded from behind the laurel bush, and hastening to investigate, there she found the baby.

Miss Flick stood transfixed. Had she been a man, she would have sworn; as it was, she could only feebly ejaculate, 'What on *earth*!'

The baby was equally attractive awake. It lay tightly wound in its shawl like a mummy, staring at her with bead-black eyes, sucking one grimy thumb.

'That shameless girl!' cried Miss Flick. She ran to the gate, but there was no sign of the caravans, no sign of the gipsies. She halted, nonplussed.

III.

Strange to say, the delightful baby did not seem so desirable now. Miss Flick was frankly horrified at the thought of the legacy. Of course it was a well-planned ruse, a way of disposing of an unwanted child. What could she do?

She certainly could not leave it lying on the grass—grass was always damp in spring. She picked it up gingerly, and, holding it awkwardly, hesitated as to the next step.

The child, missing the warm comfort of its mother's bosom, began to whimper. Miss Flick endeavoured to soothe it; she was reluctantly admitting to herself that she would be obliged to seek the charwoman's help, when a gray felt hat bobbing above the hedge told her that old Major Benson was passing, and, like a shipwrecked mariner, she desperately hailed him.

'Eh, what?' said Major Benson, looking over the gate. 'What d'ye want now, Miss Flick?' He caught sight of the bundle in her arms. 'Any more jumble sales on?'

'Do come inside,' begged Miss Flick. 'Major Benson, such a dreadful thing has happened, I've got a baby——'

'God bless my soul!' said the major, startled; then recovering himself, 'what *do* you mean?' he inquired crossly.

'Look!' said Miss Flick tragically, and she held the child towards him.

'Good gad!' said he, stepping hastily back. 'Where in the world did you get that from?'

Miss Flick explained, adding helplessly, 'And now what *am* I to do?'

''Pon my soul,' said he thoughtfully, 'I don't know.' He prodded the bundle gently with his stick. 'It 's a rum little beggar, ain't it?' The infant, gobbling its fists, emitted a sudden shout of hunger. 'Take and feed it, I should say,' he added.

'But how?' said poor Miss Flick.

The old maid and the old bachelor regarded each other blankly.

'Mrs Pratt?' he murmured.

'I'll see,' said Miss Flick doubtfully. She raised her voice. 'Mrs Pratt, will you come here a minute?'

The charwoman, who was sweeping down the miniature stairs of the cottage with much knocking of the broom against the wainscot, came to the door.

'Look,' began Miss Flick nervously, clasping the baby to her viyella blouse. 'The gipsies have left this behind, and it 's hungry. What ought I to do?—you know all about babies.'

'I know naught about gipsies' brats,' said Mrs Pratt severely, 'or what they feeds 'em on. Snails and hedgehogs most likely. If you take my advice, miss, you 'll put that child right

down, and don't bring it acrost the threshold unless you want the place smothered in fleas.'

'Ahem!' coughed the major.

'I don't hold with gipsies,' said the charlady contemptuously—'nor yet their belongings; and them as has truck with 'em must put up with the consequences.' She turned to resume her work. Miss Flick gazed despairingly after her.

'Give it to the postman,' suggested the major, as that worthy slipped off his bicycle to deliver a letter. 'Hi, Barnes! You carry His Majesty's mails—can't you add this one to your bag?'

'It's a girl,' said Miss Flick bluntly; then eagerly, 'did you pass any gipsies, postman? Have they got far? Can we overtake them? Perhaps a bicycle——'

She looked wistfully at him.

He shook his head, grinning.

'I've seen no gipsies, miss, an' I couldn't interfere with my dooties, to be carrying babies about the country. Two letters, thank you;' and he was off.

IV.

The baby, thoroughly awake now, began to cry in earnest. It had strong lungs, and used them. The major started to beat a retreat. 'I'll call at the Vicarage,' he said basely, 'and see what they suggest.'

'Oh, don't go!' cried Miss Flick, alarmed. 'I must have some one to consult, and we must feed it somehow. Will you hold it a moment?'

'Good Lord, no!' cried he, backing into the hedge.

'Then will you bring me out a chair, and tell Mrs Pratt to get a cup of warm milk?'

He disappeared within the cottage.

'There, there,' crooned Miss Flick, trying to pat and rock her burden as she had seen village mothers do. But the child cried lustily.

It was a sadly humorous sight later to see Miss Flick attempting to force spoonfuls of milk and water down the baby's reluctant throat, while Major Benson stood unwillingly by. The child stiffened itself and screamed; it beat the cup away, and milk was spilt all over Miss Flick's skirt. She, who had often envied other women their children, began to wonder if the joys of maternity were not over-rated.

'There!' she said at last, flushed and agitated. 'I've got a little down. And now, major, will you kindly order Mills' fly, and I'll be off after the gipsies, for to have this child much longer will be the death of me!'

'Certainly, delighted.' Major Benson, only too glad to escape, made for the gate; but the sight of the hot and tired spinster touched his tough old heart.

'You wouldn't like me to come with you, I suppose?' he hazarded, hoping his offer would be refused.

But Miss Flick accepted with joy.

'How kind of you—it would be the greatest help. It needs a man to tackle gipsies. I'll be eternally grateful.'

V.

Half-an-hour later they were jogging along the high-road in Mills' open fly.

The baby, tired out, had dropped asleep, its little form shaken from time to time by a devastating sob. Miss Flick had tried to wash its face before starting, but this unusual treatment had been received with such shrieks that she had been obliged to desist. She had, however, found a clean blanket to wrap it in, and, warm and cosy, it slept on her knee.

Unfortunately the open fly was open to much comment, and the sight of the major and his companion driving together with a baby provoked great mirth. Miss Flick was pained and puzzled by the astonished glances and hearty laughter which greeted them.

'Hullo, Benson, off to the christening!' cried the squire jovially. Miss Flick reddened, and the major swore under his breath; but once past the village the road was empty, and Mills was directed to drive fast and catch up the caravans.

But there were no caravans.

Mile after mile of dusty road they traversed, the horse plodding peacefully along, the driver sitting with humped back, ready apparently to drive for ever.

Major Benson had relapsed into irritable silence; Miss Flick was uneasily adding up the cab fare in her mind.

At last, 'Turn back, Mills,' called the major. 'No use in continuing this wild-goose-chase!' To Miss Flick he added, 'Sorry, my dear lady, but you'll have to take the creature home. The gipsies have evidently given us the slip.'

'But she *said* Epsom,' murmured poor Miss Flick.

'Then you may be sure they've gone elsewhere,' he snapped.

So they jogged back again. As they drew near the village they became aware of an unusual stir, and when they turned the corner, to their amazement they beheld the vans drawn up outside Miss Flick's gate, and the gipsy tribe gathered in formidable array.

As the cab appeared an angry buzz went round, one or two men advanced threateningly, and a stalwart black-browed woman rushed to the fly, climbed on the step, and thrust a fierce face in upon them. In spite of Miss Flick's bewilderment she became conscious of Lucindy in the distance, vigorously kicking her little front-door. 'And only painted last year,' she thought desperately.

'What d'ye mean?' shouted the mother, shaking a dirty fist in Miss Flick's shrinking face. 'Takin' and stealin' my baby. Lady, I'll hev the law on you. Us por gipsies has our

rights as well as you. Takin' a mother's child and makin' off with it——'

'Silence!' roared the major. 'We've been hunting the country round for you! What d'ye mean by leaving your baby in this lady's garden?'

'It's not her,' cried Miss Flick ungrammatically, 'it's that girl kicking my door; and for goodness' sake stop her, some one—she'll ruin the paint!'

'Leave 'er in your gardin—oh, very fine,' blustered the gipsy. 'What do I see, my por innocent baby drivin' about wid you and the old gent, makin' believe to pass it off as yer own!'

The old gent turned purple. 'Where's the constable?' he cried. 'Mills, fetch him along. He'll soon move the lot of you.'

'Can't leave the 'orse, sir,' objected Mills, thoroughly enjoying the fray.

Miss Flick stood up, while the gipsies crowded round. Like Boadicea in her chariot, she faced the angry mob. It was Lucindy who had played her false, and with Lucindy she was determined to reckon. 'Come here, you wicked girl!' she cried. 'How dare you tell me this was your baby? How dare you palm it off on me?'

'Me, me lady?' Lucindy was the picture of injured innocence. 'You mistook me words. That's me sister's child. I lays the little angel down while I goes over to the grocer, and when I comes back, you'd up and taken 'er off——'

Miss Flick gasped.

'An' me sister her's bin took awful bad with spasms——'

'Gi' me me baby,' moaned the sister, remembering her spasms.

'Take it, and only too thankful,' ejaculated Major Benson, hustling the child at them. 'Now be off, all of you, or I'll set the police on your track——'

The woman swore roundly. 'You'll set the police,' she jeered, 'but we'll hev the law of *you*, my sir!'

VI.

Beyond the gipsies gaped the villagers, offering comments and advice. From the top window of the cottage leant Mrs Pratt, who had evidently barricaded herself in, deeply interested. The men were slouching up with ugly looks and murmurs of wasted time and lost money.

It was a relief to see the burly village constable shouldering his way through the crowd. 'As the sunflower turns to her god,' so Miss Flick and the major turned to this homely arbitrator.

'Now then, what's all this?' The constable produced his note-book with a professional air. 'Any information, sir——?'

'For Heaven's sake, Collins,' said Major Benson testily, 'get rid of this confounded crew. What'll settle 'em, five—ten bob? That woman left her baby behind, that's the trouble.'

The constable was a family man. His eye twinkled. 'There's been a mistake somewheres,' he began, raising his voice. 'You forgot your baby, and this good gentleman's kindly took care of it.' The major groaned. 'But as you say you've lost time over the transaction, he's willing to make it up. Here's ten shillings compensation, and you may think yourselves lucky to get off after causin' this disturbance. The law is: "Any persons creatin' an obstruction——"'

'Cut it short,' prompted the major. 'Start 'em off. Hang the law!'

He slid another coin into the policeman's hand. 'And a dashed expensive business too,' he muttered.

The money acted as oil on troubled waters. The gipsies melted away. The mother and the child vanished within the van, and Lucindy, who had been impudently addressing Major Benson as 'Lovely Gentleman,' and begging breeches for her brother, rapidly followed to claim her share. The men, grumbling, began to get the vans under way. 'For you've no licence to stop here, as you very well know,' went on Collins, 'and if you're found loiterin'——'

In a few moments they were gone. The last caravan with its swinging pail, the last mangy mongrel with its ill-bred tail, disappeared round the corner; the hubbub ceased, and the usual quiet descended upon Little Middleton.

Miss Flick stood gazing down the road in bewilderment. But for her arms, which ached from holding the child, it might all have been a dream. 'But where did the caravans come from?' she demanded. 'It's like a conjuring trick the way they got here!'

'Been up a side lane,' said the constable confidently. 'Gipsies is up to all manner of tricks. You can't beat 'em—no use to try. Thank you, sir; good afternoon.' He saluted and strolled off.

'Now, Miss Flick,' said Major Benson severely, 'do let this be a lesson. We all appreciate your kind heart, but it does lead you into awkward situations. Remember, if you adopt any more gipsies, don't expect help from me!'

But he shook hands warmly enough before he marched away.

'And he's paid the gipsies, and paid the policeman, and paid the cab, and wasted his time,' murmured Miss Flick as she went indoors. 'Well, I always did say there was some good in Major Benson!'

A SKETCH.

THE bloom has faded from her cheek,
The lustre from her hair;
The lines about her patient mouth
Their own sad record bear.

But in her eyes the fire of youth
Still softly glows and gleams,
For the gray years, in their passing,
Have left to her—her dreams.

M. H. B.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A NEW FORM OF ELECTRIC LAMP.

A NEW form of electric lamp, with interesting properties, has recently been introduced. In shape and general appearance it closely resembles an ordinary incandescent lamp, but the medium employed for furnishing the light, instead of being a glowing metal filament, is neon gas. The production of a luminous glow in rarefied gases by an electric discharge (as in the Geissler tube) is a familiar lecture experiment; but the effect requires an exceptionally high electric tension, such as is available from an induction coil. By using the rare gas neon at a suitable low pressure, however, and by bringing near together the metal electrodes between which the current passes, a luminous discharge can be obtained at ordinary supply voltages.

The new lamps, which can be inserted direct into a holder on supply pressures of 200 volts and over, depend on this principle. With a continuous current the light occurs at one electrode only (the 'cathode'), where the glow appears as a layer of luminous gas a few millimetres thick. By suitably shaping this electrode, commonly made of iron, the form of the illumination can be varied within wide limits. Thus a series of lamps revealing luminous letters can be formed into an inscription, or a group of two or three lamps in line can be mounted together to indicate the number of a house. The peculiar pinkish colour of the light attracts attention, though the brightness is relatively low.

On an alternating current the luminous glow is spread equally over both electrodes. The amount of light at present furnished from these lamps is not great—apparently not more than about one candle-power. But the fact that they consume only 5 watts each—that is, about a quarter of the power taken by the smallest metal filament lamp available for 200 volts—renders them useful for night-lights and pilot lamps, and in other cases where only a weak light is needed, and economy in current is the chief consideration. (It is even said that the consumption of a single lamp is sometimes insufficient to start the meter, so that a consumer might keep a single light burning in his hall all night without any current being recorded!) Even smaller lamps, stated to consume 2 watts only, have been made abroad. In tubular form they furnish a neat and compact direction sign, a metal plate with letters cut out being mounted above the column of luminous gas.

As the light is excited practically instantaneously, whereas a metal filament takes an appreciable time to reach its full brightness after being switched on, it is thought that the lamps may prove useful for rapid signalling, where the colour of the light is also advantageous. The lamps respond readily to an electric discharge in their vicinity, and a small type, equipped with a holder about the size of a fountain-pen, can be used as a convenient detector. This idea has also a possible application to motor-cars, as, in case of the engine ceasing, a neon detector can be used to ascertain whether the magneto is functioning properly.

Practically all the light yielded by these lamps consists of radiation from the red and orange end of the spectrum, green, blue, and violet rays being almost completely absent. Equipped with a ruby bulb, they therefore furnish a safe and economical source of light for photographic work. Possibly further research may enable the intensity of light to be considerably increased, in which case their sphere of usefulness would be extended. Meantime it is interesting to record this application of the rare gas neon, discovered as a minute constituent of the atmosphere by the late Sir William Ramsay, but already available in commercial quantities.

A NEW METHOD OF PROPELLING SHIPS.

One might well be excused for assuming that every conceivable means of propelling boats and ships had been tried long ago, but the following description of what are known as 'vane wheels' would seem to show that finality has not yet been reached. To some extent vane wheels work on similar principles to the half-immersed propellers which were described in our issue for January 1921 in the paragraph on 'The Motor Sea-Sled.' But they are so much larger, and their speed is so comparatively slow, that they may be fairly said to constitute a new invention. An experimental ship has been fitted with vane wheels by the noted Scottish shipbuilders, Messrs William Denny and Brothers, of Dumbarton. This vessel has a length of 100 feet, a breadth of 23½ feet, and a mean draught of 4 feet 6¾ inches, the displacement being 186 tons. The two vane wheels at the stern bear some resemblance to the small rotary air-vanes to be seen at the back of windmills for keeping the sails facing into the wind; but they have only three blades, instead of six or more. Each blade is in the form of a segment of a disc, the size being about one-sixth of the complete circle, so that the gaps are nearly equal in area to the blades. A pitch of 16 feet is given to the blades by setting them at an angle on the arms. The diameter is 11 feet; and only the lower portions of the vane wheels are immersed, the shafts and bosses being well clear of the water. They are driven at 66 revolutions per minute by two Diesel oil-engines, each of 100 horse-power, and give the vessel a speed of 9 knots. Naturally the vane wheels revolve in opposite directions, so as to

equalise the side-thrust due to the partial immersion. Their action is really similar to that of the screw-propeller, the partial immersion making no substantial difference in the principles involved. The results obtained, compared with those from ordinary twin-screws, show that the speed is maintained with 116 shaft horse-power, against 197 for the ordinary propellers. These figures indicate a higher efficiency than alternative methods of propulsion; hence we are likely to hear more of these vane wheels in the near future, especially as they confer great manœuvring power.

AN ECONOMICAL TOOL.

In engineering and other workshops a large amount of emery-cloth and sand-paper is almost inevitably wasted through strips being torn from a sheet, used for the immediate job in hand, and then thrown away. A tool which entirely obviates this waste should, therefore, serve a useful purpose, and such a tool has recently been brought under our notice. The permanent portion of the appliance comprises a piece of wood closely resembling a razor-strop in shape, level along one side, but with a broad groove cut across the other side about a third of the way from the end. This third of the piece of wood forms the handle; the remaining two-thirds is covered as to its two flat faces with a movable strip of emery-cloth, sand-paper, or 'axolite,' which passes round the end and is firmly held in position by means of a wedge, a tapered metal sleeve surrounding its extremities at the place where the groove already referred to occurs. The abrasive material being thus held quite tight, and being provided with a solid back, its effectiveness is greatly increased. The taut position also preserves the material, as each particle does its full share of the work, whereas when a loose piece is used the various particles rub against each other, the material is folded and cracked, and thus a considerable amount is wasted. Moreover, the use of the holder gives the workman much greater command; consequently the work is more expeditiously performed. The abrasive material, being fixed in the holder, is not thrown away when a particular piece of work is finished, but is used again and again until 'virtue has gone out of it,' when it is easily removed and a fresh strip is readily put in its place. Axolite, emery-cloth, and sand-paper, it may be added, can be bought in rolls of suitable width. An engineer who has kindly tested the apparatus on our behalf with great thoroughness, reports that it does its work most admirably.

BENEFICIAL INSECTS.

The investigations of the scientific observer are yearly becoming of greater value to the farmer and the gardener, and the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries is performing a most useful service in making available to the community at large, by means of a series of cheap pamphlets, the results of the latest researches into the science and art of agriculture in all its branches. One of the most recent of these pamphlets, on *Beneficial Insects*, is before us as we write. Insects are too often regarded as being wholly harmful to vegetation, but it is here shown that certain groups, including Ladybirds, Lacewing Flies, Hover Flies, Ichneumon Flies, and Tachinid Flies are, by their habit of attacking and destroying some of the worst insect pests, among the very best friends of the farmer, the gardener, and the fruit-grower. To assist in the ready identification of these often unrecognised benefactors, accurate descriptions of them are given, with brief accounts of their life-histories, illustrated by beautifully coloured representations of them at various stages of their existence. This is the more necessary because, while the adult forms are sometimes well known and respected for the good which they do, the same insects in the grub stage, being so very different in appearance and somewhat repulsive to look at, are by no means so generally recognised, and frequently fall a prey to the uninformed zeal of the gardener, who complains of Greenfly while he busily destroys perhaps its greatest enemy—the Ladybird grub. The appetite of these grubs is enormous, and they appear to feed almost continuously, 30 to 40 Aphides (Greenfly) being consumed with scarcely a pause. Equally voracious devourers of these pests are the Lacewing and Hover flies; the Tachinid Flies do immense good in destroying caterpillars; the Ichneumons, one of the most potent of all the forces operating to keep in check a disastrous increase in insect life, exact a heavy toll from practically all orders of insects. It is to be observed that the Tachinid and Ichneumon flies do not achieve their beneficent work by devouring their prey outright, as the others do, but by laying their eggs in or upon their victims. When the eggs are hatched, the resultant grubs feed upon the juices of their unwilling foster-parents, and thus bring about their destruction. In addition to giving hints as to how the pest destroyers may be artificially encouraged, where this course is advisable, the pamphlet issues a useful warning. 'Beneficial insects,' it says, 'seldom, if ever, exterminate a pest, or extermination of themselves would be likely to follow. The most they do is so to check the pests (which would otherwise breed in colossal numbers) that the damage suffered by crops is reduced to an almost negligible amount. Their work of destruction goes on unobtrusively, and only fails when some influence favours the pest or acts adversely on its foe, allowing the former to survive in such overwhelming numbers that an effective control no longer obtains. The cultivator himself must then resort to artificial measures of pest destruction; but in doing so he must remember that he

is often killing both friend and foe alike. He must, therefore, having once begun, be prepared to continue his spraying or other measures, and himself carry out the work previously left to Nature.'

A CARBON-REMOVER FOR CAR-MOTORS.

The irksomeness of having at intervals to scrape out carbon deposit from the cylinders of petrol and paraffin motors is appreciated by every motorist, but hitherto no other really satisfactory method for its removal has been devised. An appliance for which effectiveness is claimed admits water-gas to the induction pipe, and this is, of course, instantly converted into steam when the explosions take place. The steam is said to loosen the carbon, which is blown away with the exhaust gases. In its simplest form the device is screwed into the water-outlet manifold, but it is more conveniently placed on the dashboard. A reduced end of a short cylindrical boss passes through the dashboard, and is coupled to a flexible pipe connected with the water-outlet manifold. The boss itself, on the front of the dashboard, is hollow, and a pipe from the underside leads to the induction pipe. The entrance to this pipe is opened and closed by a screw-down valve with a knurled head. When this valve is opened the partial vacuum in the induction pipe draws water from the outlet pipe through the flexible pipe already mentioned, and by way of the boss and lower pipe to the induction pipe. A very small quantity is enough for the purpose of loosening the carbon. The device is also made to perform two other functions. By means of a screw-down valve at the front extra air can be admitted to the induction pipe; while a conical hole above this valve may be used for priming with petrol or ether when starting. We understand that the device has been tested for more than two years.

A NOVEL MOTOR AND CHANGE-SPEED GEAR FOR CYCLES.

It is not often that, in connection with motor-cycles, a development occurs which is of sufficient importance to justify mention in these notes; but there has lately been placed on the market a new design of engine and gear, involving a novel form of frame, in which we think many of our readers will be interested. The engine has two opposed cylinders, of which the pistons work on to opposite cranks, as is usual with this type of engine. It is of the two-stroke pattern, and is lubricated, like other small two-stroke motors, by mixing lubricating oil with the petrol, the proportions in this case being as 1 is to 12. The cylinders are horizontal, and are set across the machine, with the flywheel at the rear end of the engine. Fitted to the flywheel is a friction disc, against which is pressed the rim of a friction wheel on a cross shaft, which is also fitted with a V pulley for the driving belt to the back wheel. This friction wheel can be moved nearer to or farther from the centre of the disc, with the effect of reducing or increasing the speed of the cross shaft correspondingly; in other words, the arrangement forms a change-speed gear with infinite graduation. Movement of the friction wheel is effected by a lever within easy reach of the rider, the lever passing over a rack with nine notches, and giving 9 speeds, varying between 1 to 6 and 1 to 19. A foot lever pushes the friction wheel out of gear, so that the engine can be left running when manœuvring among traffic. The top member of the frame slants down to the hub of the back wheel and carries the petrol tank below it. Joining the front end of this member are two bars, united at the top, but spreading out to carry the engine at the bottom. Here they are joined by two more frame bars, which slant upwards to the rear end of the top member, thus completing the triangular frame. One very interesting feature is the magneto, which is housed in the flywheel. In the ordinary magneto the coil or armature revolves between the poles of a horse-shoe magnet. Similar results would be obtained if the magnet were revolved round a stationary armature. A horse-shoe magnet, however, would wobble round in a very awkward manner. To avoid this difficulty the horse-shoe is opened out into the form of a ring, with a gap between the pole pieces, and is mounted inside the rim of the flywheel. The armature consists of an iron core, with pole pieces to coincide with those of the magnet, on which is wound the usual coil. It occupies about one-third of the circumference inside the magnet. Another third is taken up with a similar coil, of which the function is to supply current for lighting the front and rear lamps. This is a much more effective lighting arrangement than that which depends for its current upon the ignition armature, but it would be impracticable in the ordinary magneto. The remainder of the machine closely resembles other motor-cycles.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (*a*) a reply post-card, or (*b*) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

For its return in case of ineligibility, a stamped and directed envelope (or postage-stamps) should accompany every manuscript.

To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

SALVAGE UNDER-SEAS.

By Robert Steven.

PART I.

I.

LITTLE Jamieson had brains. I'll not deny that. For a man that had never been through the shops, and had no more than a B.Sc. behind him, he was as clever an amateur as I wish to see. He had pluck, too, of a kind. It took a certain degree of moral courage to risk his all on such chances as his salvage scheme offered; but, mark you, he had not the nerve to risk his own life too. It was I took that chance. Why? Well, an out-of-work marine engineer in these days of shipping depression is not likely to throw away 10 per cent. on a possible salvage of one hundred thousand pounds, even though the prospect of success is not particularly rosy and the risk just awesome.

I fell in with the man through an advertisement in a Liverpool paper: 'Wanted, an engineer for dangerous salvage-work. Risk and pay proportional. Physical fitness essential. Apply by letter only,' and a box number. I applied. There was nothing wrong with my nerve, and I could be doing with big pay as well as anybody. As for the risk, I was fairly on my uppers, and gave it never a thought.

Well, the upshot of it was that I was asked to call on Jamieson at his hotel, and after some talk he told me his scheme. I mind yet how he laid it off, the wee man just twittering with nervousness, leaning over the table, dropping cigarette-ash over the blue prints—he was never without a cigarette in his mouth, unless he was eating or asleep—arguing out all the points of his invention, and always harking back to the ruin it would be for him if he failed. Every penny he had was in the scheme, and nothing I could say would daunt him. But, as I said, it was I that had to take the big risk. He hadn't the nerve. But he was all there when brains were served out. No doubt of that.

This was the outline of his yarn. He was the son of a diamond merchant in a middling big way (I rather think not altogether on the square; but that is just my idea, and there may be nothing in it). Anyhow, it seems that the old man had been on his way back from the Cape in the *Brodick Castle* when she was torpedoed and sunk by night, somewhere off Ascension, early in 1918. You 'll remember the affair? Only one boat got away, and the rest went down with the ship. A bad business. One of the men saved was a steward, and him Jamieson had talked to. He minded old Jamieson well. The old man's state-room was to port, the third aft from the forward well-deck, and the torpedo hit just opposite to starboard. The steward had run aft along the port alleyway, and found it blocked. It seems that the blast of the explosion had fairly crumpled up the starboard side, and had driven in the starboard wall of the port alleyway till the plating was hard up against the doors of the state-rooms opposite. There was no time to do aught, and the unlucky passengers in the six after state-rooms had just to drown—if, indeed, they survived the explosion. The *Brodick Castle* went down in under ten minutes, and, as I said, only the one boat got off safe.

It appeared that old Jamieson had with him diamonds to the value of some one hundred thousand pounds, and it was the salvage of these that the wee man was after. The rest of his fortune was a few thousands only, and Jamieson, being an inventor with any amount of belief in his inventions, was risking that on the chance of recovering the bigger sum.

Now just there, so Jamieson said, there was a depth of over a thousand fathoms, and as the greatest depth a diver can work in is not much over thirty, you 'll see that the problem was not an easy one. And the way Jamieson had solved it was just this. He had had made a kind of globe or sphere—I believe he got the idea from a mooring-buoy. It was built of two-inch mild steel plate, reinforced with tee-irons inside, and calculated to stand a pressure of two tons to the square inch. It was about nine feet in diameter, and fitted with a man-hole and various gadgets which the man inside could work electrically. But the main idea among the fitments was a big electro-magnet, with its poles sticking out through the plating, and ending in brushes of soft iron wire. The idea was that when the current was switched on the magnet would get a grip on any iron surface, such as the side of a sunken ship, and hold the globe steady while the occupant worked the

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

long, lazy-tongs-like grippers and hooks which he depended on for his actual salvage-work. He could move the globe about a little by means of a screw arrangement with a magnetic attachment on the end.

There were ports at intervals, glazed with heavy plate-glass, but only some four inches or so in diameter, owing to the awful pressure they had to bear. Power and light were to be supplied by a cable, and the whole affair was to be worked from a big tug up above.

Jamieson thought that if the concern was lowered overside with me inside it, I could hang on beside the port of his father's cabin, and fish about inside with the grippers till I got hold of the diamonds, which, he said, were certainly in a belt about the old man's middle. It seemed a gruesome job, and no wonder he had no relish for it himself. Yet it seemed possible enough if I could only get the globe there. But anything might happen or have happened. Jamieson assumed that the port side of the wreck was get-at-able. She was just as likely to be lying on that side as not. Worst of all, though he had the position of the wreck accurately, he said, a mile or two is nothing at sea, and, at the depth he mentioned, God alone knew where the wreck might have drifted in her sinking. She might pass through a dozen cross-currents in that depth.

So I did not consider our chances overly bright, and I felt queer to think of myself shut up in that steel shell, down alone where never living man had been since the beginning of the world. No, it wasn't inviting; but, as I said, I was fairly on my uppers, and the bait was a big one.

II.

We had a bad passage. The tug was a fine seaworthy craft, but she was small, and overloaded with coal and gear. However, it 's no use spending time over that part of the yarn. You will be wanting to hear about the diving. So I 'll skip all that happened till we began our search for the wreck. We should never have found her but for one of Jamieson's inventions. He had some sort of an electrical detector which was lowered overside at the end of a two-mile insulated cable, and which rang a bell when it came near any mass of metal.

It was a weary business enough, and Jamieson was a plain nuisance. I could think of quite enough troubles for myself, and to have him twittering up every half-hour or so with a 'Suppose the cable gets foul of some of the *Castle's* gear, could you hitch on the belt to a line and send it up, do you think?' and lots more cheerful ideas like that. I told him he wouldn't get the diamonds at all unless he got me up too, so he had better just arrange things so that none of these mishaps came about. But they were unchancy things to think about, all the same.

It was near a month before we found her, and we were just on the point of running back to port for coal, when one morning, as I was coming back from the fore-deck, where a deck-hand had been sluicing me with a bucket or two of the warm water from overside, the bell in the chart-room set up a steady sustained ringing. I bounced in as I was, in a towel by way of uniform, and found Jamieson, unshaven and haggard, fairly dancing round the table.

'Got it, Mac!' he yelled. 'Got it at last! That ringing means a big wreck, not any mere bit of scrap-iron.' And I 'm dashed if the little fellow didn't keel over on the floor in a dead faint.

Well, we buoyed the place at once, and when Jamieson recovered we got the hatches off, and hove the globe up to deck-level. Jamieson spent a couple of hours overhauling his contrivances, water-tight motors, and so on, and seeing to the attachments of the three-inch wire rope and the fat insulated cable, which was coiled on a drum on the after-deck. One end of this led to the casing of the motors and magnetic grippers, and the other to a big dynamo which had been specially fitted for the job. There were new and powerful winches and derricks too, and when all was ready they got to work and hoisted the globe over the stern, where it swung to a stumpy davit.

To tell the truth, I would have given all my hopes of salvage to back out just then; but a man owes something to his own good opinion of himself, so I just choked down my fears, which were many and various, and climbed overside on to the big round globe. I even waved my hand jauntily as I slipped through the man-hole; but I tell you, as I seated myself on the big magnet inside and heard them screwing home the man-hole bolts, I was sick with funk, and had to hold myself down as one does in a dentist's chair, lest I should yell to be released.

I heard faintly the clattering of the second engineer's tackety boots as he scrambled back on deck. There was a bump, a little jar, and then the light vanished from the ports and was replaced by a feeble greenish glimmer as we sank swiftly and steadily. You know what it 's like when a lift starts down? You feel as if some essential parts of you had been left up above somewhere. Well, I felt like that, only worse—much worse. I reached out and clicked over the switch, and a little glow-lamp above me shone out. I felt better then, and after a while began to get almost cheerful. The little chamber, with its lamps, switches, and oxygen-cylinders, seemed so matter-of-fact and ordinary. All was dead silence. There was a slight vibratory movement communicated through the wire cable from the winch, which I knew was clattering away gaily up above; but that soon died away, and a queer sort of vague thrumming began, which

I put down to the rip of the currents past the tense wire. Time passed slowly. I wondered how far down I was.

Then we hit something—a soft, muddy sort of thump it was, which hardly jarred me in my seat. The globe swayed a little and settled down at a slight angle. The telephone-bell burred at my ear. I pulled myself together.

'On the bottom. Stand by for the present,' I called into the transmitter, and turned to the nearest port. The thick glass was clouded with the mist of condensation, but I wiped it clear. No faintest glimmer of light was visible, though I stared till my eyes ached. Then a vaguely luminous form glided past. Some sort of eel it might be, but it had no outline, no definition. The luminosity seemed to be concentrated in a thin line along its sides, and the shadowy body was all but invisible. I pushed over the switch of the big lamp, which, enclosed in a crystal globe of three-inch glass, hung to the cable a few feet above me. The light blazed out at once.

I could see for some thirty or forty feet only, and but dimly. At this depth the electric light seemed to have but slight penetration, and the darkness around was not blue or greenish, as I had expected, but rather a neutral gray. The globe rested on a bank of gray mud. No weeds or vegetation of any kind broke its smooth surface, only here and there were tracks in the slime—snail-like tracks, wide and sinuous. Nothing moved.

I spoke into the transmitter, and as the cable tightened the globe slid forward over the ooze, canted to an uncomfortable angle as the cable dragged at the big ring on top. I thought how much better it would have been had Jamieson fitted sledge-runners to the thing; and then I ceased thinking for a space as the globe suddenly swung in a long arc across some hidden gully in the bottom and fetched up with a stunning 'wump' on the slope of the other side. I was badly shaken and bruised, having been flung from my padded seat into the bottom of the shell, and when I recovered I shouted wildly into the 'phone for speed to be reduced. The tug was, you understand, moving back and forward across the area in which the wreck was believed to lie, dragging me behind her, with but the vaguest notion of where I actually was. Signals were of little use, for I could not tell what was coming in time to give warning, and the varying depth and the enormous length of cable, at the end of which I swung like a fisher's plummet, made the whole business one with more of chance and luck than a reasonable man desires.

III.

How long this went on I can't say. They told me later that it was about three hours, but to me it seemed as many days. I hung on there, braced in my seat, staring through one port or another at the feeble circle of illumination, bounding and dragging from mud-bank to mud-bank, thanking my Maker that there was little rock about, for that first smack had put me in terror of a leak. Well I knew that the globe was bearing a pressure of over a ton to the square inch, and that if any weakness existed, or if a single rivet gave way, I should be squashed like a puddock under a steam-roller. And then I saw it. For a moment I had a glimpse of a wall of rusty iron looming above me, and then, as I shouted frantically into the 'phone to stop her dead, the sphere fetched up against the plates with a thunderous clang, and was dragged up and over the side on to a gently inclined surface, where it stayed, as the tug reversed her engines and the cable slackened.

I could see nothing. All was obscured by a cloud of whirling gray mud. Jamieson was squeaking down the 'phone—silly questions they were—and I had to tell him to shut up, and just stand by and keep the cable taut till I could see what I was doing. At last I told him that if he didn't keep quiet I would wring his measly little neck for him when I got back. As I said before, the man had no nerve, and I simply couldn't be bothered with him just then. It was all very well for him. He was up above there in the sunlight, while I was sitting in a blasted steel coffin, lying on the deck of a sunken ship, which was herself the coffin of close on three hundred folk. I was more than a little afraid that the number might be added to by one, and just then I was wishing most heartily that Jamieson had tested his own beastly invention for himself, and come down with me. I should probably have killed him, though.

I had to wait for the water to clear, and it struck me that I was getting very hot and uncomfortable. I turned on a little more oxygen, and felt better. In fact, I fancy I turned on rather too much, for I became quite elevated, and began to scorn the difficulties ahead, and to wonder if I couldn't get some salvage on my own account besides the diamonds. However, as the mud settled I got steadier, and by the time I could see again I'd have been glad to compromise on half my commission to be sure of getting back to the upper air again.

But I was there, and the business had to be gone through with. I switched off the interior light, and took observations through each port in turn. Now that the mud had settled, I could see that the globe lay on the fore-deck of a big ship, presumably the *Brodick Castle*. It wasn't likely that there was another wreck of such dimensions within a mile or two. She was lying with a slight list to starboard, but on a fairly level keel, and her decks were thick with the gray ooze of the depths. I could see the dim outline of the bridge looming over me, and

just beside me was the oblong shape of her fore-hatch. There was no sign of the hatch-covers, and I presume they had been blown out by the rush of air when she sank, and so the hatch gaped open.

As I watched, a swarm of small fishes fled out of the opening. Following them, a thin black tentacle slowly protruded itself over the gray ooze which lay level with the hatch-coamings. Another followed, and then a most horrid brute hauled itself into sight. It was an octopus, and of no great size, but I 'll admit that as the brute humped itself up on its eight wavy tentacles, and looked at my light through a pair of great staring round eyes, it fairly scunnered me. 'But,' says I to myself, 'your job isn't to collect curiosities. You came here to earn that 10 per cent commission, and you had better be attending to that.'

(*Continued on page 724.*)

INDIA'S CRIMINAL TRIBES.

By Horace Wyndham.

I.

INDIA is essentially a land of heredity. Hence, when the time comes for him to choose a career, a son selects that of his father as a matter of course. To adopt any other, indeed, would be regarded as distinctly unfilial. For this reason the supply of labourers, grooms, sweepers, and shopkeepers, &c., never lacks recruits. There is always a fresh batch to carry on the family tradition.

But, while the system works well enough where certain useful (if humble) callings are concerned, it is by no means the same with all employments, for this fetish of heredity is equally applied to the less reputable pursuits. Thus, if a man happens to be a professional thief (and in India many thousands are such), immemorial established custom ordains that his entire progeny shall follow in his footsteps.

It is this worship of tradition that is largely responsible for the existence throughout India of organised bands of individuals who are professedly at war with society. They are so well known to the authorities that the names of their thousands of members are registered in the books of the admitted 'criminal tribes.' So far as possible, a vigilant eye is kept upon them, and steps are taken to check their more pronounced activities. They are kept under constant police supervision, have to attend frequent muster-rolls, and are not permitted to travel from one district to another without a permit.

Unfortunately, the police are few, while the members of the criminal tribes are many, and are also extremely cunning. The Moplahs, who were responsible for the recent disturbances in the Madras Presidency, are included among their number; but hitherto they had not been considered nearly so dangerous as others on the official list. The fact is, the main activities of the Moplahs are political, rather than criminal in the ordinary sense of the term. The other tribes, however, do not care in the least about *Swaraj* (Home Rule), but are particularly interested in dacoity, highway robbery, cattle-lifting, and thieving generally. These pursuits, in short, are their profession. Also—and what makes them so difficult to check—they happen to be their 'religion.'

Conspicuous among the admitted criminal tribes of India are the Yerkalas, Karwal Nats, Sansias, Kaikadis, Kanjars, Doms, Bhats, and Haburahs. There is not much to choose among any of them. Perhaps, however, the worst characters belong to the Hur community, who are extremely fanatical Mohammedans. These people are very similar to the Thugs of fifty years ago in their attitude towards society, and are given to murder and violence on the smallest provocation.

The freemasonry of crime, that exists in India as elsewhere, has the effect of joining all these predatory and marauding bands in a sinister brotherhood. Thus, while they speak different languages and occupy widely separated districts, yet they have certain common passwords, customs, signs, and superstitions by which they can make themselves known to one another. Although, too, they are quite illiterate, and firm believers in portents and omens (which they are always consulting), they have an excellent 'Intelligence system'—in which the women members play their part—and a good organisation. Each is, in its way, a little commonwealth, with its own leaders (who plan the different raids), and its own laws. The booty secured by a gang is 'pooled' and distributed equally among all the members. Should one of them be arrested, his share is set aside for his wife, who is supported until the 'bread-winner' returns from prison.

It may perhaps sound a little odd, but, according to their own views, these criminal tribes are all intensely religious. Even the blood-thirsty and fanatical Moplahs, before starting off on their campaign of murder and destruction, invariably spend twenty-four hours in a mosque. The same custom prevails with the other gangs. Prior to a marauding expedition, they visit a temple and endeavour to propitiate their special deities with animal sacrifices; and they also

make a point of presenting their priests with a substantial portion of any booty secured. It is, moreover, an article of absolute faith with them that they were sent into the world for the express purpose of living dishonestly, and that in doing so they are merely fulfilling their natural and proper destiny. So firmly do they incline to this unfortunate belief, that they regard any attempt to interfere with it as nothing less than impious. This is why the well-meant endeavours of missionaries and prison administrators to wean them from their malpractices nearly always fail. Their creed also forbids them to rob one another.

Sir John Strachey says of one of these tribes, the Barwars: 'They live quietly and honestly at their homes for some months every year; and the rest of their time is spent wandering over the country, plundering everything they can find. But they may not steal cattle. . . . If a man of the tribe gives up his thieving profession he is excommunicated and disgraced.' Of another criminal tribe, the Minas, in the Punjab, an official report states: 'They give no trouble at home; and, judging from criminal statistics, it would be supposed that they were an honest community. . . . There is no end to their charity.'

II.

It is part and parcel of the criminal tribesman's theory that his women-folk should lend a hand in furthering his nefarious interests. Even the children are pressed into this service; from their earliest years they are systematically trained to pick pockets and steal poultry, and, when they are old enough, to wriggle through narrow windows and loosen door-fastenings. The women are employed in the higher flights of burglary. One direction in which they are made 'useful' to their lords and masters is to pose as domestic servants, and thus gain the entry to houses that contain valuables. On the appointed day (or, rather, night) a window is left open, the master and the mistress are drugged with an opiate, and when morning comes any money or jewellery on the premises has vanished beyond recall.

With reference to this matter of disappearing jewellery, in a remarkable case that was recently heard at Bombay it transpired that one of these helpful ladies had actually swallowed eight solid gold bangles. Under X-ray examination in the local hospital, these articles were found concealed in her anatomy.

Another direction in which the wives of criminal tribesmen make themselves useful (although in a wrong direction) is that of assuming masculine attire and impersonating their better halves at the muster-rolls which are held by the police to see that none of the men on the list are absent. As these muster-rolls are called at dusk—the theory being that the men are working during the day—it is a comparatively simple matter to carry out this deception. One consequence is that, if a man is arrested on suspicion of being concerned in a night theft, he can often set up an *alibi*, since the police records appear to show that he attended roll-call when the crime was committed.

So long as the members of a criminal tribe can persuade the local police that they are working, the practice is not to interfere with them, beyond applying the system of muster-rolls and permits to move from one district to another. When, however, their depredations get too pronounced, the provisions of the Criminal Tribes Act, India, are set in force. What happens then is that the entire tribe are committed *en bloc*—or at any rate a substantial portion of them—to a special 'criminal settlement.'

There are now quite a number of these settlements or colonies established in different parts of India. The Bombay Presidency alone has half-a-dozen; and there are others in Madras, Bengal, the United Provinces, the Punjab, and Bihar and Orissa, &c., with a special one for youths at Hotgi. The totals of occupants vary from three thousand five hundred at Sholapur, Bombay, and one thousand eight hundred at Kavali, Madras, down to a mere handful of two hundred and fifty at Cawnpore; and at some places there are even less. Still, where the settlements have only a small population, they seem to make up for it by an additional degree of criminality. Thus, that at Visapur is peopled by one hundred and four men and thirty-three women, all officially classed as desperate characters and convicted of atrocious crimes. The Amritsar settlement also is used entirely for detention of 'intractables' from other colonies. At Dhariwal (in the Punjab), however, the eighteen hundred occupants are well conducted, and have, by the fruits of their industry, managed to deposit sixteen hundred rupees in the savings bank, and to invest another eleven hundred rupees in War Loan. These colonists belong, for the most part, to the Sansi and the Kuchband tribes.

III.

The express object of the criminal settlements being to secure the reform of the inmates, they are not run on the lines of prisons. Hence very few of them have either walls or jailers, bolts or bars. Prison, however, always looms in the background, and is promptly meted out as a penalty for misconduct. The necessary watchmen are all criminal tribesmen themselves, and are selected for their position of trust as a reward for five years' good behaviour. They are also accorded the privilege of occasional passes to visit their relatives. Such people regard themselves as Government officials,

and are zealous in detecting breaches of discipline and bringing offenders to the daily *panchyat* (court). 'Set a thief to catch a thief.' The usual charges dealt with at the *panchyat* are those of quarrelling, drunkenness, and disobedience.

The compulsory inmate of the average criminal settlement finds his durance very mild. Drink is taboo, certainly; but he lives in a pleasant cottage or bungalow, has abundant food and clothing, is provided with schools and hospitals, and is accompanied into his enforced seclusion by his wife and family. He has to work, it is true; but it is part of the system that he shall be paid for his labour, and on the same scale as if it were performed voluntarily. This eminently wise and humane plan preserves the man's self-respect. Incidentally, it does much to ensure good conduct.

The work performed in the different criminal settlements naturally depends on local conditions. At Sholapur employment is found in cotton-mills, at Saidpur in carpet-weaving, at Cawnpore in a boot-factory, and at Stuartpuram in agriculture. Other forms of labour adopted elsewhere are basket-making, carpentry, well-sinking, and road construction. Work in the mills is the most popular, as a man with a wife and two children can then earn as much as thirty rupees a month. Compared with the average free native, such a man is very well off, and gives himself the airs of a 'profiteer.'

Although the majority of them answer their admitted purpose admirably, this does not seem to be the case with all the criminal settlements. Thus, there is one at Saidpur, in Bengal, for the reception of Karwal Nats, concerning which an official report states: 'The inmates are believed to be responsible for a large part of the crime in the neighbourhood. The proceeds of robberies and dacoities are brought into the settlement and hidden there; and it has become a raiding centre and a centre for the criminal Nat.'

Still, there are all sorts of individuals among the occupants of the different criminal settlements scattered up and down the length and breadth of India. It is clear, too, that they are not all black sheep, for during the war a proportion were released and sent on active service as *syces* and sweepers to Mesopotamia, where they did well.

The safe-guarding of society from the malpractices of the criminal tribes is a big problem, and the authorities have tackled it energetically by the establishment of these criminal settlements. It sounds perhaps a little inhuman thus to segregate large bodies of men and women from their fellows, and keep them so for indefinite periods, without first bringing any specific charge against them. The system also leads to a good deal of blackmail and bribery. This is because, Indian officialdom in the lower grades being what it is, a venal constable who quarrels with a criminal tribesman, or who is conducting an intrigue with his wife, can always secure his deportation by accusing him of being a 'habitual offender,' when he is possibly nothing of the kind. Thus, the last official report on the Dhariwal Settlement (Punjab) reveals that only one hundred and thirty occupants out of its seven hundred and one had been previously convicted.

Still, every member of an admitted criminal tribe is, *ipso facto*, at war with non-members, and thus with society generally. If the criminal settlements were abolished, the only alternative would be more than double or treble the existing prison accommodation in India. This is not a feasible solution of the problem.

MERRAN'S TRYST.

I.

MY host was a country doctor, whose practice extended over two or three parishes. He was an elderly man, with a gruff manner; but, for all his sharp sayings, he was much beloved of the country-people, though it was only by chance that one came to the knowledge of his selflessness and extraordinarily wide view of duty. I often went with him on his rounds in the gray two-seater that had taken the place of his old Barra pony. One evening in the late autumn he ran the car into the side of the road, and got out in his abrupt fashion.

'No use going farther to-night. We'll take a step up the loan. Will you stay here, or come on? I'm going to an infectious case two miles across the moor from the loanhead, but you can sit by Mrs M'Lagan's fire; she'll be only too glad of a chance to give you the clash of the parish. We could get up there ordinarily, but the wood-carting has made the road almost impassable, and I can't risk a smash-up to-night; I may be needed six miles on the Dron side yet.'

He shrouded the bonnet in rugs as he spoke, took out his bag, and bade me keep my coat on.

'There's a caller nip in the air these evenings,' he said, and plunged into a dark by-road with high banks crowned by a straggling thorn-hedge. The loan was deep in mud, and the going was very bad. I remarked casually that the moon would be welcome, though it was only

a faint sickle, showing through the tracery of bare birch-branches on our right.

'H'm, yes; I forgot that,' said the doctor absent-mindedly, and splashed on through the mud. I awaited some explanation of what he had forgotten, but none was forthcoming, and I knew from experience it was useless to ask. Presently the road became more open, and the mud less succulent. I followed the doctor with thankfulness.

Suddenly I caught the sound of a sob, and by a stile on our right I saw a woman leaning on the fence, her head on her arms. The faint moonlight seemed to gleam on a cloud of hair. I made up my mind to risk breaking the monumental silence.

'She 's surely in trouble, poor soul?' I hazarded. 'I 'm sure I heard sobbing.'

'Who? what?' snapped the doctor, splashing ahead. 'I declare the road 's worse than ever. We should have risked going round.'

I looked back as I followed him, hoping to catch sight of the still figure. We had risen several feet, and the field beyond the stile was visible, open and cold in the faint moonlight. There was no one either by the stile or in the field beyond, and I wondered if my eyes had been deceived by some trick of light and shade; but the low, despairing sob still sounded in my ears. The thing mystified me, and I pondered as I kept pace with the doctor, who seemed tired with his onslaught on the hill, and had dropped once more into his familiar stride. About half-an-hour after we left the car we saw the faint lights of a cottage window, and the doctor turned in at a gate by the side of a road running at right angles with the loan.

An old woman answered his knock, after much shuffling, and only on the loud and ungrammatical assurance, 'It 's me, Mrs M'Lagan.'

'Och aye. Hoo 's a' wi' you, doctor? Whatna nicht!—it 's that cauld; but frost or snaw 's a' ane tae you. Hae ye yer caur?' She peered round. 'Ye niver cam' by Merran's Tryst the nicht?'

'Why not, why not? Though the road 's enough to sink a battleship. Here 's a friend of mine, come for a crack at your fireside; I have to go on to Wattie's at the ford. Two of the bairns are sick. I 'll not be long, and I 'll hear about your rheumatism and get a warm up when I come back.'

'Tak' a heed crossin' the moor,' began Mrs M'Lagan; but the doctor emitted a hoarse chuckle that on rare occasions served him for a laugh, and turned away.

II.

Mrs M'Lagan ushered me into her kitchen. She was a curious, sharp-eyed old woman, with a red shawl crossed over her bosom and a man's cap adorning her thin sandy locks.

An old man rose as we came into the stuffy kitchen. 'The doctor 's fey the nicht, surely? Yon was niver him lauchin'?' he observed in mild jocularity as Mrs M'Lagan clattered a third chair over the stone floor and offered me her own, deftly snatching a slumbering cat from its depths.

'Did you call the loan Merran's Tryst?' I asked, by way of a conversational opening.

Mrs M'Lagan glanced at her husband before answering. 'Some calls it that. Its richt name is the Leddy's Loan. Folk says the Laird o' Happerony made it, lang syne, to save his leddy gaun by the ford.'

Now I have a love of odd names and the stories attached thereto, and knowing I had the best part of an hour on my hands, I plied Mrs M'Lagan with questions, which she, good soul, answered with many words, if debatable knowledge. The old man commented from time to time on her replies, but with ill success. I wondered how to bring the conversation back to the loan, for the still, sobbing figure filled my thoughts.

'Are there many neighbours?'

'A wheen. Wattie M'Farlane at the ford—Wattie M'Farlane at the kennels doon bye. Then there 's Happerony, and the farm, and Easter Happerony, and three-four farms on the braes.'

'And down the loan?'

Mrs M'Lagan shook her head. 'There was juist the toll at the ither end, but it 's no used these ten years.'

'And where did Merran live?' I asked.

''Twas her faither was the last to live there,' Mrs M'Lagan replied. She rose and left the room, and I heard her clattering to some outhouse.

'She 'll be meatin' the coo,' observed M'Lagan, spitting into the fire with fearful dexterity, and resuming his malodorous puffing at a cutty-pipe.

'What a pity it is that the old tolls are, in so many cases, mere ruins!' I said.

M'Lagan half turned, and cast a watery blue eye in my direction. 'Ye 're affy ta'en up wi' names, and ye 're thinkin' Merran's Tryst 's a daft-like name, but I 'll juist tell ye, though the wife says it 's no canny.' M'Lagan spoke with the joy of one, usually a mere listener, at finding an audience. He leaned towards the fire, pushing aside the sooty 'sway' to heap on logs.

III.

'Merran was a bit mitherless bairn when I first kenned her, a bonnie bit thing, wi' lang, tously, yellow hair; a maist mischeevious lassie. There wasna a laddie her equal for pliskies—though, mind ye, she keepit her faither's hoose fine, and Sauny was unco prood and ta'en up wi' her auld-farrand weys; but, like the mither afore her, she kenned hoo to manage him.

Syne she grew to be a gran', big young wumman, a comely lass, and the laddies she focht wi' and bested at the schule cam' seekin' her; but she'd no word for ony, only for a great, black-a-vised felly—Byde, they ca'ed him—that niver looked the rod she was on. He was feed by Andra Menzies—him that had Easter Happerony, and died sax year come Candlemas. Then folk saw them walkin' oot. I saw them mysel'. She would wait for him at the stile, doon the loan, an' mony 's the sly lauch me an' the wife would hae, for a' the lassies were fair daft about yon Byde. But Merran's een were bluer, and her hair the colour o' the corn rigs in thae days, and mony a time I heard her singin' blythe eneuch, mair like a laverock nor a lassie.

'Twas well on i' the year, I mind o' comin' up the loan and seein' her stand waitin' by the stile. She was quiet, and seemed a wee dour, and I called a bit joke up till her, but she would ha' had the lugs affen me. I mind o' tellin' the wife. 'Twas no lang efter that that we heard Byde had cleared oot, and though Merran cairried her heid high, folk said it garr'd her greet sair. I was on the low rod then, and I used to come up the loan ilka nicht, and, as often as no, Merran was waitin' aboot the stile, gey and white, puir lass. I was minded to gie Sauny a word, but sweir to meddle wi' ither folks' consairns. Then the bad weather set in. I was a knapper, an' ye ken we canna wark i' the snaw. So I got an orra job here and there, and for lang I niver cam' back by the loan. The wife was ailin', and ae nicht the doctor cam' that wey. In thae days it was a powny he had. The nicht was mirk, but below the stile the powny stappit, and naething would get her forrit. Syne the doctor gets aff, and here he finds Merran, maist covered wi' snaw, in a sorry plight. 'Twas lang ere she cam' roon. Puir lassie, she had fented by the stile, and micht 'a lain lang eneuch, for Sauny was at the mairket. The doctor wrocht wi' her, and the wife wis doon, ailin' and a', to mind her, but Merran niver throve, and or New Year she was awa', and Sauny clean daft wi' grief; she juist slippit awa', gin she found life stawsome, quiet eneuch. There 's folk will say she 's still whiles at the stile, but it 's mebbe the moonshine on the white birk bark, for they say they see her hair gleamin'. And there 's folks say they hear her sabbin', but I doot it 's the wind soughin' i' the trees. Sauny left the toll-house, and there 's niver been folk intil't syne; it 's maist a ruin the day.' He puffed a moment. 'Aye, puir Merran, an' a' for a black-a-vised Fifer.'

IV.

Mrs M'Lagan came in and stirred the fire, with anxious comments on the night, and hopes for the doctor's speedy return; but I was divided between a warm, physical glow and thoughts of the 'maist mischeevious lassie' keeping her tryst with the faithless Boyd in cold despair, rain and snow notwithstanding, coming at last to the poignant understanding of that very human reflection, 'a wounded spirit who can bear?'

The rattle of wheels outside and the doctor's hail broke my train of thought. I went out, to find him in a high spring-cart. 'Here 's Wattie taking us round the road to the car. He 's coming down for some physic for the laddie,' he said.

Mrs M'Lagan was obviously sorry that her 'rheumatisms' were overlooked, but I climbed thankfully into the cart, after thanking her for her hospitality.

That night, as we smoked after dinner, the doctor spoke out of the immensity of his usual silence.

'Curious thing. D'you remember saying something about a sob as we came up the loan? I didn't say so at the time, but I took that as a warning. There was a poor child there once, half-dead with cold—my old Barra mare found her. Whether it was pure coincidence or no I can't say, but she simply refused to go up there after, and, unlike Balaam, I didn't try to insist. When I got to the ford to-night I couldn't see the stones, but I was preparing to cross—I 've known them too long to need eyesight there—when I remembered the sob, and I went on up the burn another mile to the sheep-bridge, built high up on stones. When I got to the shepherd's house, I found him patrolling the bank with a lantern. He 'd just come down from the fanks, and wanted to warn me that the burn was in spate and the stones "drooned." He went off and harnessed the beast before I came out. I 'd half-expected trouble with the bairns, but they are doing fine. Funny thing coincidence, you know. Just moonshine and wind and an old wife's tale. Come along to bed. I expect to be out to-night.'

MY ROSE OF GRAY.

Love has roses in her chalice:
Crimson, yellow, white—
Each a tiny perfumed palace
Lit with golden light.
But one rose in shy surrender
Holds the gates of day:
Wistful, dreaming, timid, tender—
Sweet, my rose of gray!

Rare my rose of maiden dreaming,
Neutral and alone,
For within her heart lie gleaming
Colours all unknown.
Love's supremest revelation,
Tender, sweet and true,
Answers to my adoration—
Rose of gray—just you!

J. M. Stuart-Young.

ODD FISH.

By Clifford Cordley.

I.

BROADLY, a fish may be described as an animal, or creature, that lives and swims in the water. There are, however, fishes that walk, fishes that climb trees, fishes that live for months buried in the mud of dried-up rivers; fishes that build nests, like birds; blind fishes, and also four-eyed fishes; fishes that shoot their prey, like an archer; fishes that angle for their prey, after the manner of an angler; together with many other fishes, odd, either by reason of their habits and ways, or on account of their appearance and names, and the reason therefor.

The family of the angler-fishes contains more strange forms than any other. Living on the sea-bottom and seeking their prey by stealth, angler-fishes do not need powerful swimming-muscles; consequently the size of the body and tail has become considerably reduced, so that the head, relatively to the size of the body, is unusually large (and villainously ugly). The rays of the back-fin are very long, and the foremost is provided with a flag-like flap of skin at the top, extremely sensitive to touch, and playing a very important part in the capture of *its* food. The fish commonly lies concealed on the sea-bottom, with this 'flag' erected. From its general resemblance to the surrounding sea-weed it is quite inconspicuous, so that passing fishlings seek not to avoid it. If one touches it, the jaws beneath open instantly, and the luckless trespasser is engulfed. It is probable that this *flag* serves also as a lure to attract passing fishes. Certain deep-sea forms have a luminous organ in place of the flap of skin, and this certainly acts only as a lure. This suggests mention of the torch-fish, of which more anon.

Only one species of the angler occurs in British waters. It is variously and locally known as briabot, fishing-frog, nass-fish, and monk. It must not be confounded with the true monk, which is another name for the angel-fish, nor with the frog-fish, which is the friar, sea-snail, or unctuous sucker—a funny little fish, about six inches long, and estuarine. There is an exceedingly odd fish, inhabiting tropical seas, called the wollibong, or carpet-shark, which is a *sort* of angler. The leaf-like processes surrounding the massive head serve to attract prey while the shark lies concealed on the sea-bottom.

Of the members of the archer-fish group, a tube-shaped mouth is a common feature, and two Indian species, in which this character is especially well developed, have acquired the habit of shooting therefrom a drop of water at insects resting on overhanging foliage fringing the sea, or along the banks of rivers. Having sighted its quarry, the fish moves upwards to the surface of the water, and with careful and accurate aim ejects its liquid bullet with such unerring precision that its prey is invariably knocked down and speedily seized. The archer-fishes are sometimes kept in tubs of water for the purpose of affording amusement to their captors. The brilliancy of the colouration is probably protective, since the most brightly coloured forms live among coral-reefs built by gorgeous polyps, or coral-animals, so that amidst such vivid surroundings the archers are quite inconspicuous.

Odd and most odious is the calamary, cuttle-fish, or squid, huge specimens of which have given rise to tales about the sea-serpent. Some years ago a warship cruising off Madeira came upon an octopus on the surface. The creature was fifty feet in length, and that without reckoning its eight vast arms, or tentacles. Its weight was estimated at about four thousand pounds.

In 1874 an immense calamary was caught in a net off the coast of Newfoundland. Its arms were each twenty-four feet in length. But this was an infant compared with the creature part of which was washed ashore on the Atlantic beach of Florida. The one arm left was forty feet in length, and the remains were estimated to weigh five tons. Alive, this hideous monster must have had a full stretch of over a hundred feet.

Of the Cephalopoda, or cuttles, besides the octopus there are several species with ten arms, including sepia, loligo, and spirida, and also the pretty nautilus, which has tentacles rather than arms.

II.

Odd and interesting are flying-fishes. The garpike, the flying-fishes, or flying-herrings, and the flying-gurnards, are enabled, by reason of the great development of the breast fins, to take extended journeys through the air. The flight of these fishes is, however, not quite the same as true flight, as of birds, inasmuch as the fins serve mainly as a parachute, and do not, by sustained vigorous movements, propel the body through the air. Darting out of the water when pursued by an enemy (particularly the bonito), or frightened by a passing vessel, these fish are borne along by the wind, the speed at first being very considerable, exceeding, indeed, that of a ship making ten knots. At a single flight they may cover as much as five hundred feet, but are quite unable to steer themselves,

except when, during their course, the tail fin is immersed.

On the coast of North America there is the blue-fish, also called 'skip-jack,' because of its leaping mode of progress, much like that of the true flying-fishes. It attains a length of three feet, and is much used and esteemed as food.

Very odd is the hagfish, which produces only spermatozoa for a period, and thereafter only ova, thus, so to speak, changing its sex from male to female as it grows up. And this suggests the nest-making fishes.

The torch-fish is a deep-sea fish, carrying on its nose an organ which it can illuminate with a phosphorescent light or extinguish at will. *Linophryne Lucifer* does not use his lantern to guide him on his pathless course in the dark depths of ocean, or to enable him to admire the scenery; but, when meal-time comes, he lights up to attract smaller fishes, which, mistaking the lantern for a phosphorescent insect, dart straight for it, only to find their way into the capacious jaws of *L. Lucifer*, the torch-fish.

Here it might be remarked that a smelt of America has such oily flesh that it can be burnt as a candle, and is known as the candle-fish.

The Amblyopsis, the blind fish of the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky, has eyes rudimentary and functionless, but not entirely lacking. It finds its food by means of the senses of smell and touch. There is a four-eyed fish in certain rivers of South America. There is a fish, the ocellated dog-fish, having the appearance of great eyes above the breast fins, but they are merely spots or blotches.

One of the oddest of all fishes is a member of the goby family. This is the walking-fish, so called from its habit of spending most of its time on the mud-banks of rivers, or on the roots of trees growing in the vicinity. When suddenly startled, away it goes, with a hop, skip, and jump, inland among the trees, or on the water like a flat stone or piece of slate sent skimming by a schoolboy ('ducks and drakes').

The climbing-perch is an Indian species of perch, which quits the water and makes its way a considerable distance overland. It is said to climb trees. If so, why? Probably to catch caterpillars and the like, and, possibly, birds. When climbing, the walking-perch uses the breast fins as if they were arms, to grasp the boughs. If placed in deep water, these fishes are speedily drowned.

Of piscine oddity, few examples are more arresting than that furnished by members of the stickleback family, of which, marine or fluviatile, there are eight or more varieties. The stickleback is remarkable as being a nest-builder. Pugnacious in courtship, the victorious male sets about constructing a nest. First he forms a depression in the sand by rolling his prickly body about therein; then he collects delicate vegetable fibres, lays them longitudinally in the hollow, and secures them in position by the secretion of mucus from his skin. Next he begins to build walls of similar materials, leaving an open space as a front-door, and finally roofs the nest. By this time the stickleback has attained his utmost degree of brilliancy, and swims about abroad to seek a bride. He inspects and addresses many females before he finds one to his taste. Having made his choice, the bridegroom conducts his mate towards the nest, with elaborate gestures of attention. Sometimes she is coy. Sometimes the lady hesitates. Then he sets up his spines, and dashes about in an agitating way. Perhaps he gives her an admonitory nip or two with his powerful little jaws, and finally she whisks into the nest, lays a few yellow eggs, and bores her way out through the wall at the opposite end, thus creating a back-door to the premises. Then the husband enters and pays the necessary attention to what she has left behind, and the rest of the day is spent in the usual occupations of combat and quest of food. Next morning the same process is repeated—not always with the same lady. Once the tale is complete, he dismisses his harem and builds up both doors. Then he takes up his station outside, truculently driving away all intruders, and especially careful not to allow the mothers of his family to interfere with his charge, knowing, probably, that they could not be trusted with each other's eggs. Every now and then he makes a hole in the nest and enters himself, just to see that all is well. The length of his vigil is from ten to thirty days, according to the temperature of the water. When the swarm of tiny sticklebacklings begin to escape from the eggs, the male parent assumes sole charge of them. It is the father, unaided, who runs the nursery, catching food for the little ones, and masticating it himself before he puts it before them. For the first week or ten days after hatching he keeps his offspring closely confined in the nest; then, when they are from an eighth to a fifth of an inch in length, he pulls the home to pieces, and the family assembles on the ruins. It is a strange history, which can be verified by aquarium study, and which is fully set forth by Günther, and, later, by Sir H. Maxwell in his *British Fresh-Water Fishes*. Other nest-building fishes are the spotted or speckled goby, or polewig, and the eccentrically formed sea-horse, the males of which, like the pipe-fishes, carry the eggs and the young in a pouch on the abdomen.

The lung-fishes are a peculiarly interesting group, and also important, inasmuch as they form a connecting-link between the class Fishes and the land-dwelling Amphibians—as toads and frogs. One of the best-known of the lung-fishes is the Australian barracundi—the Burnett or Dawson salmon of the settlers. It lives

among the weeds at the bottom of muddy rivers, rising frequently to the surface to take in atmospheric air by the lungs, the gills alone being insufficient for breathing purposes. Other lung-fishes, eel-like in form, occur in the rivers of Africa and South America. The African species is the better known of the two. On the approach of the dry season it buries itself in the mud at the bottom of the river, and when the river becomes dry the mud hardens, holding the fish a prisoner till the return of the rainy season, several months later. The African lung-fish is known as the mud-fish; its American relative as the South American mud-fish or bow-fin, two feet long. The gourani, or gurani, of the East Indies, twenty pounds in weight, and of very fine flavour, resembles its allies, the climbing-perch and the fighting-fish of Siam, in that it has an accessory breathing-organ, enabling the fish to exist for a prolonged period out of water.

One of the oddest, ugliest, and at the same time most dreaded of fishes is the stone-fish (a species of scorpion-fish) of tropical seas. Each spine of the back-fin is grooved. At the lower end of these grooves lies a pear-shaped bag containing a milky poison, which is conveyed to the point of the spine by ducts lying in the grooves. The native fishermen carefully avoid handling these fish; but persons walking with bare feet in the sea step upon the spines, and, receiving the poison into the wound, are killed.

III.

Remarkable is the pilot-fish (ductor) of tropical and temperate seas, occurring occasionally off the British coasts. It derives its name from the habit of accompanying ships and large sharks. How this is done is graphically described by Dr Meyer, who writes: 'The pilot swims constantly in front of the shark. When the shark nears the ship, the pilot swims close to the snout of the animal. When we threw overboard a piece of bacon fastened on a great hook, the shark was about twenty paces from the ship; with the quickness of lightning the pilot-fish came up, smelt at the dainty, and instantly swam back again to the shark, swimming many times round his snout and splashing, as if to give him exact information as to the bacon. The shark then put himself in motion, the pilot showing him the way, and in a moment he was fast upon the hook.' One may entertain reasonable doubts as to the usefulness of the pilot to the shark. It is probable that the pilots follow the sharks for the sake of feeding on fragments scattered by the latter. Furthermore, the pilot, being but a small fish, obtains greater security from enemies when in the company of its giant friend. The habit of seeking the company of more powerful or otherwise offensive and defensive animals is apparent also in other members of this family, the young of the scad, or horse-mackerel, seeking shelter beneath the 'umbrella' of a jelly-fish till they are big enough to defend themselves.

The electric-eel is a great eel of South American swamps. It attains a length of six to seven feet, and can discharge at will electricity sufficient to kill a bullock, let alone a man. There are other electric fishes, as the torpedo, the gymnotus, and the silurus. The torpedo is the electric-ray, a coast fish, four feet long. But the oddest of electric fishes is the torch-fish, already described.

No less curious and interesting is the pilot whale, or caaing whale, a cetacean which reaches about twenty feet in length, and occurs commonly round the Faroe Islands and off the north of Scotland. The name caaing whale is Scottish, and is derived from the fact that these whales can be 'ca'd' or driven like herds of cattle.

Odd, as to shape, are the scabbard, the blade, and the sword fish, all sufficiently described by their names; the gorgeous globe-fish and the globular opah, or sun-fish, akin to the bream, attaining a length of six feet, the most brilliantly coloured of British fishes; the thrasher, or fox-shark, with a long, most pointed tail; the cobra-like, purplish-brown, with yellow marks, murry; the armed gurnard, spiky and dragon-like; the ox-ray, with whip-like tail, and general outline not unlike a butterfly; and the ribbon, needle, and pipe fishes.

The butter-fish, or gunnel, of the blenny family, is also known as the sword-fish. It is called butter-fish from the fact that it is elongated in form and highly slippery and difficult to catch and hold. It attains a length of less than a foot.

Odd, by reason of their suggestive names, are the cat-fish, sea-cat, or wolf-fish; the trumpet-fish, the bullheads, the dragonets, the fiddle-fish, the gaper, the hammerhead, the kite, the lump-fish, the monk-fish, the miller's thumb, the skipper, the suckers, and the thickback.

Trouting one day, last summer, on the river Wye, in Herefordshire, I caught a tailless chub of about two pounds. Wading in a streamy shallow, I found the chub floating towards me, and I dropped my landing-net beneath it, and scooped it out. A chub ecaudate is pretty odd. The keeper in attendance upon me said, 'Otter.' I said, 'Pike.' And I was right. An otter would not have pinched the tail and left the body. In a pool, under a canopy of boscage, I live-baited out a pike of twelve pounds, which I condemned as guilty. Thus I became even.

BRAINS.

By ALAN SULLIVAN, Author of *Man's Work*, &c.

PART I.

I.

WRAPPED in profound thought, and with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, Burnaby, pathologist to the Metropolitan Hospital, stared at two jars on his laboratory shelf. They were sealed, and filled to the brim with a milky fluid, through which might be discerned two masses that looked like swollen and twisted macaroni turned a dirty gray. On each jar was a label with a date. It was not a pretty exhibit, but, judging by the expression on Burnaby's face, it meant a good deal. He murmured something about 'reflex centres.'

'I wonder!' he said under his breath. 'I wonder!'

. . . . . .

About the same time that Burnaby gave expression to this uncertainty, a little man with indeterminate eyes sat on top of a bus that wormed its Juggernaut way through the city traffic. The skies were low, the streets wet and unusually slippery. It had been raining all morning, and the little man looked as though the weather had saturated his very soul. He was known to his intimates as 'Apologising Joe,' and ran a small restaurant where the predatory house-fly kept up a guerilla campaign against fried fish. The fly generally won, but Joe had regarded the issue with lack-lustre gaze for years past. It was now impossible to imagine anything else.

Almost abreast of the bus moved a large car, through the shining windows of which a well-known profile was visible, a profile that Joe surveyed with sudden and intense interest. He experienced that revulsion which has at one time or another come to all at the sight of one who points unconsciously our own failure by the very luxury of his environment, and Joe felt it the more on account of the wind that laid its cold finger against his spine. The man in the car was Byron Mackay, and all he touched had turned to gold.

A block in the traffic halted both vehicles, and Joe fixed his eyes on this superman. He felt no particular envy, but was glad to study at close range, and, suddenly oblivious to the cold, drifted into a day-dream. The fact that dominated this was one of which heretofore he had been only dimly aware—namely, that the contents of all men's heads are remarkably alike, and the big difference lay in the reactions produced by those contents. It was, for instance, just as impossible to associate Byron Mackay with fried fish as to couple himself with that car. He didn't want men like Mackay wiped out, nor did he question their use to the world. They happened, just as he did. What's more, they provided pictures to which he automatically turned with a sort of unhoping thankfulness whenever fried fish seemed to lose their appeal to his immediate public. Mackay did not need him, but he needed Mackay. That was the way of it. These reflections were interrupted by a rattle and a shout.

What Apologising Joe then saw filled him with horror. Down the slight rise that was in front of the bus swayed a huge steam-wagon, obviously out of control. Its whistle shrieked, and a man could be seen tugging desperately at his levers, while another twisted the steering-wheel. The bus-driver leaped from his seat, and, like a rabbit, darted across the road for safety. Joe half-rose, gripping the hand-rail, frozen with fear. He could not move, and felt horribly alone. Mackay's chauffeur backed the big car into the one behind, snatched at the door-handle, shouted to his master, then followed the bus-driver. Mackay had his foot on the running-board when the inevitable happened. The bus lurched like a drunken sailor, and Joe went out and up, where, after describing a graceful parabola, he landed directly on the superman, driving him in a heap against the framework of the car. Simultaneously it got dark.

. . . . . .

Five minutes later Burnaby stood in the casualty ward of the Metropolitan Hospital, and looked thoughtfully down at two motionless figures. They were not a pretty sight. The surgeon was talking.

'Most extraordinary cases, and I'll have to do something at once if we're going to save either of them. This is Mr Mackay—you'll know him—and the other has not been identified. They've both lost part of the cortex—in fact, so much that to patch them up as they are would be taking undesirable chances. I suppose you agree?'

Burnaby nodded.

'It's a pathological matter now, rather than surgical, and since you've devoted the last few years to this particular phase of it, I'd like your opinion. We can save their lives, of course, but under what conditions those lives will continue I hesitate to say.'

Burnaby's eyes were half-closed. He was feeling delicately along that borderland which separates the known from the half-known. The deeper his research, the more profound his respect for those potent tissues in which he worked. To his mind, nothing ever really died.

It only became the repository of unfathomable problems.

'I take it that, even if you do operate, you question the continuity of motor control?'

'Exactly.'

'So that, as the thing stands, any effort to preserve it is justifiable?'

'I'd go further than that.'

Burnaby laid a cool finger on Mackay's limp wrist. 'Yes?'

'Do whatever you think right, and I'll back you up. It's got to take the form of compensation, I assume?'

The other man did not reply at once. Mackay's pulse was sending him faint, petitionary vibrations, as though beseeching for aid. He scanned the face, powerful even in disfigurement, wondering where that amazing consciousness was wandering now—what borderland it explored. He glanced at the narrow features on the adjoining stretcher. What divergent aspects humanity assumed! How fragile a thing it was! He made a gesture, sudden and oddly decisive.

'I'll do it!'

II.

Joe came to himself in the small hours of the morning. His eyes were very heavy, but he felt no pain, and looked curiously about. Memory was at work, when a nurse regarded him with professional interest, and told him not to try to think, and that he was going to get well. Joe smiled a little, and pretended to go to sleep. He remembered all about it now. The light was gray when he asked for Mackay, in the faint hope that perhaps Mackay had asked for him. Mr Mackay, he was informed, was doing well. There had been no inquiries from the private ward.

At that Joe felt a little hurt. He had had a lurking belief that, thrown into such close communion, Mackay might continue to take some interest. He said as much to his wife when she bent over him in tear-stained agitation that afternoon. Then he glanced up, and saw a tall man with a clever, whimsical face.

'Well, Binks, how are we doing?'

Joe whispered that, for a man with a bashed head, he did well, felt a pair of keen, gray eyes examining his own, and received more admonitions against thinking. Presently Burnaby went off with a smile, and the remark that the man whom Joe had tried to kill was also doing well. The patient pushed out his lips. 'What are you crying about, Emily? Don't. It hurts my head.'

Mrs Binks dabbed at her swollen cheeks, and assured him that everything at home was all right, especially the business—from which Joe immediately deduced that it wasn't. He had begun to ramble when she was led firmly to the door, and they did not meet again for weeks. It was during this period that the little man saw a good deal of Burnaby, who used to come in and talk about nothing at all in the most entertaining fashion. It was through Burnaby he learned that Mackay was making progress parallel with his own. At the end of the third week the visitor shot him a question.

'Going back to business when you leave here?'

Joe nodded. 'Yes, sir—such as it is.'

'What is it?'

'Fish,' said Joe reflectively. 'Fried.'

'Make a decent thing out of it?'

The patient wondered what his visitor would consider a decent thing. 'The business isn't going as it ought to,' he hazarded; then, with a curious light in his eyes, 'By George, I believe I know what's the matter!'

'With the fish?'

'No; with me, and the way I do it. Ought to have given them something with it—tomato-sauce, or such like. Kind of dreary, day after day—just fish.'

'I think I agree with that. Anything else?'

Now it happened that just at this moment a heap of ideas flashed into Joe's head, with such rapidity as to make him dizzy. He surmised that this was part of the benefit of several weeks' rest, even though half of them had been unconscious. They were not in any way complete, and needed a lot of hammering into shape, but at any rate they were entirely new. It suddenly seemed that he must get at them at once. Burnaby noted the change in expression.

'Does it hurt you at all to use your head?' he asked quietly.

'No, sir; seems like as I'd never used it before.'

'No pain anywhere?'

'Not a bit.'

'Memory good?'

Joe sent back an answering grin. 'Too good, sir. That's what's getting at me now. Like to shake myself a bit free—that's what I'd like.'

'Free of what?' Burnaby's face was impassive.

'Heap of foolish things I never saw before. You wouldn't understand, sir—not in your line.' Joe rubbed his chin, while a wrinkle deepened in the narrow brows. 'Sort of thing that keeps men like me where we are. Now Mr Mackay, whose head I bashed in, was never troubled with anything like that.'

The small face took on a curious suggestion of wisdom, and Burnaby did not speak. He felt rather breathless. The top of Joe's skull was not visible, being still swathed in bandages, but the eyes were not those of a sick man.

'I've thought a lot about Mr Mackay in the last weeks,' went on the thin voice, 'but I ain't a bit jealous of him now. Heard all about the flowers, too. My old woman brought me this carnation, which is just as good. It ain't so

much the things you have, as the things you can get if you want to, isn't it?'

Burnaby smiled. 'I think perhaps you're right. Mr Mackay will be going home next week when you do. But you must come every few days and let us have a look at you.'

Joe nodded gratefully. He would like to be able to do more than just come in, and said so. The nature and degree of his injury did not interest him as he thought it would. The future was calling too loudly. Even the figure of Mackay was getting blurred.

III.

Joe went back to the restaurant, experiencing what was almost contempt for his business. Familiar smells assailed his nostrils, but produced new reactions. It was a greasy job at the best. The first evening he spent over his books, then crept into bed, stared at the ceiling, and thought hard, till his head began to hurt. His thinking-machine was operating with furious life. But there was a hundred pounds he could be sure of, and that ought to be enough. He got up at the old time, feeling rather as though he had just emerged from an egg. The world looked strangely inviting.

Now what happened in the next few days was so typical of what followed that it is worth recording with some care. He did not eat fish for breakfast, and sharp at ten went to his bank, where he conferred earnestly with the manager. At the close of that interview his credit had swelled by another hundred. Back at the shop, he surveyed the stained walls, the clouded windows, the unappetising tables.

'No wonder!' he squeaked.

Emily projected a frowsy head from the kitchen. 'Who are you talking to, Joe?'

He waved a disgusted hand. 'This—you—every one—the whole damn world. And I mean what I said.'

She came towards him anxiously. 'Hadn't you better go back to bed, not being fit yet for work like?'

'Bed!' he snapped. 'Not much. You stick up a card saying the shop is closed for decorating. I'm going out. Send back that fish, or give it away—I don't care which.'

She looked after him helplessly, then obeyed. In an hour he returned with a decorator, to whom he gave certain explicit instructions, so explicit and commanding that the work started next morning, with Joe in the middle like a restless wasp. By the end of the week transformation was complete. In place of long, greasy tables were small, square ones, with white cloths; there were palms in the windows, an electric ventilating-fan in the kitchen ceiling, a new sign outside, and a new and saucy waitress within. Close to the door was the coffee-roaster, from which seductive odours drifted into the street. 'A good smell,' said Joe, 'is the best kind of advertisement.' To back up the fish, he had purchased, at a knock-down price, a barrel of tomato-sauce, which he doctored with cayenne and ginger to suit his own taste, arguing that this was the best way to determine what the other fellow liked. The product was arranged in symmetrical lines of bottles, bearing a neat label announcing that within was 'Joe's Special.' And over and through it all was the suggestion of good food, well cooked and well served. When it was done Joe nodded contendedly, and wondered why he had waited so long.

IV.

Three months later, just after he had bought the freehold of the shop and secured an option on another, the papers contained a good deal about Byron Mackay, whose career Joe continued to follow with absorbing interest. He felt that, with Mackay, he was now a joint debtor to the Metropolitan Hospital, where they had been, so to speak, reclaimed from the human scrap-heap.

This time the paragraph was not of the usual order. Mackay had resigned from the bank of which he was a director.

Joe puzzled for days. It drew his attention from his own affairs, now prospering amazingly, and he began to create an imaginary situation, in which he progressed and Mackay receded, till there was reached a point at which they stood level. Beyond that stretched a dizzy distance where all things were possible. He was not aware of any definite resolution to take Mackay's place in the world of affairs, but slowly became assured that such an event might be perfectly feasible. Stranger things had happened.

Now it is written that to be convinced of possibilities and to dream earnestly that they materialise are the first two requisites toward accomplishment, and if one adds to the dreams a sincere and restless effort, the thing may be said to be well under way. It is not the object of this record to give in any detail the successive and successful steps of Apologising Joe on his emergence from the fried-fish business. Suffice it to say that one after the other he bought a series of such establishments, transmogrified and vitalised them by his own peculiar art, and sold them again just as soon as a good profit was in sight. Then he opened a comfortable account in the bank of which the superman had been a director.

It was on the knees of the gods that, leaving the office, he should run into Byron Mackay. Simultaneously rose the overpowering impulse to speak. He got suddenly red, and touched his hat. 'I suppose you don't know me?'

Mackay glanced indifferently at the diminutive figure. He had no idea who the stranger might be, and said so.

'Matter of two years ago I sort of bashed

your head in. Wanted to tell you I was sorry ever since, but didn't have no chance. My name is Binks.' Joe shot this out in a small but confident voice. His eyes were very bright, and Mackay looked at him with sudden interest.

'You 're the man who landed on top of me?'

Joe nodded. 'Yes. I asked about you pretty often in the hospital, and they told me you were doing all right.' He had a faint hope that Mackay might say he, too, had asked.

Mackay seemed unimpressed. His face was lined, and there were wrinkles round his mouth. 'You had a hole in your head, too,' he said thoughtfully. 'We underwent the same operation.'

'Yes, sir. Mr Burnaby told me that. I felt sorry, though it was really that lorry that done it; but I was sort of comforted when I heard we was having the same thing, because I knew they 'd do their best for you, and that would help me. You see, sir, I naturally know all about you.'

Mackay smiled rather grimly. 'Quite so. I thought I knew that myself, but didn't. But what about yourself? Have you made a complete recovery?'

Joe did not answer at once. The recovery had been something more than complete, but he was not thinking about that. The bright eyes were getting a close-up picture of the other man's attire, determining how he wore his clothes, how the clothes were cut, the colour of his tie, his boots, what he did with his hands while he talked. All this, it seemed, was oddly important; and, with a gift for detail that was unusual, Joe sucked it in and put it away for future use, if ever the day should arrive. Also, he was absorbing his first definite idea of what could be conveyed by manner and presence.

'Well?' said Mackay curiously.

Joe started, and blushed. 'I—oh, I 'm doing well, sir. In fact——' He broke off, wondering if the rest would sound like boasting.

'In fact, better than ever before?' There was a little lift in the voice.

Joe nodded. 'Queer, ain't it?' There was opportunity now to ask how the superman felt and was doing, but he funked it—at least the latter part of it. 'Sort of queer, ain't it, how a man can go into a hospital with a bashed head and come out feeling entirely different?'

Mackay extended his hand. 'Damned queer,' he said abruptly. 'Good-bye—and good luck to you.'

Joe looked after him, puzzled, then went slowly home. It struck him in an odd fashion that Byron Mackay was now but the remnant of a superman, and slipping back into the general ruck. It would be a strange thing if he had lost in the degree to which Joe was conscious of gaining, as though he had edged up to another man in a crowd and filched ideas from his pocket. But they were not Mackay's ideas that occupied him now.

Philosophy being the practice as well as the love of wisdom, it is well at this point to get Joe in a certain perspective. For the first time he perceived himself standing out from the mass with sharp distinction. It was not only that he found it as easy now to do the right thing as it had been two years ago to do the wrong one, but in the manner of doing it he gathered confidence for the next venture. If he lived for the day, his thoughts linked it with the morrow, and he was fortified by the experience of the past. But some of that past he desired to bury, and only return to at times—like a dog to a hidden bone.

(Continued on page 731.)

A QUIET NOOK IN NORWAY.

OF the many Scandinavian rivers which I have fished during the last fifty years, no two present such a contrast to one another as do the Tana, which discharges on the bleak northern coast of Finmarken, and the Berby, which flows into the Ide Fjord close to the Swedish frontier, in Norway's most southern Amt, Smaalenene. The former, rising among the upland wilds of Finland, winds northwards for hundreds of miles through the wastes and tundra of Lapland, forming in its course a series of salmon-pools, which, to my thinking, put those of nearly all the classic west coast streams in the shade; the latter, no bigger than the Sutherlandshire Shin, flows down from its parent lakes in Sweden through a peaceful wooded valley, and is accessible to the migratory Salmonidæ for not more than four miles. In this short distance it does not form more than six or seven pools of any magnitude, but besides these there are many rocky holes and rapids—like those, for instance, on the upper Inver, where salmon, grilse, and sea-trout take the fly.

In some ways the Berby, or, as it is also called, the Eningdal River, is remarkable. Like the Shin, it discharges the waters of a whole series of large lakes; it is the 'earliest' river in Norway, as salmon begin to make their appearance at its mouth about the end of April; and it produces large numbers of pearl-mussels.

The main run of spring fish takes place in June, and most of these, when there is a sufficiency of water, which at that time of the year is almost invariably the case, make their way straight up to the great pool below the

foss, which, as so often happens with pools so situated, is a bad rising one; on no single occasion, even under apparently favourable conditions of weather and water, did I ever kill more than three 'fish' in it. In spring it was full of kelts, which were a great nuisance.

About three-quarters of a mile from the mouth of the river stood the fine old *herregaard* (country-house) which constituted our abode, surrounded and sheltered on all sides by pine-clad ridges; close by, in a bend of the river, lay a large garden, in which, be it remarked, tomatoes, in addition to various kinds of fruit, ripened. This reach was full of pike; but as it was also crammed with snags of every sort and description, efforts to extract these fish usually ended in disaster. Below was a series of rapids, and in the middle of these stood a cruive, which operated most objectionably. At the foot of the rapids there was a most attractive-looking pool, which throughout June and July always contained salmon, but in which I never, for some extraordinary reason, succeeded in even rising a fish.

Above the garden reach was a pretty stream much affected by sea-trout in May; and immediately above it again, at the foot of another series of rapids, there was a piece of water to which, when the ice broke up in the lakes above in spring, pike ascended, and where they took silver-bodied salmon flies and spinning baits freely. Here I one morning hooked a heavy clean salmon, which took down-stream, and broke me beneath the arch of the bridge which spans the road between Praestebakke station on the Christiania-Gothenburg line and Stromstad, on the west coast of Sweden. Among the rapids above there was an excellent salmon-cast and several short rocky pools and runs, which were the favourite resort of grilse, sea-trout, and large brown trout (from three to six and seven pounds), which had been recruiting their energies in the brackish water at the head of the fjord. These fish were always in the pink of condition, and when hooked fought with a desperation which all too frequently succeeded in dissolving the connection. About one and a half miles from its mouth the river expanded into a small lake abounding with pike and perch; and above this sheet of water, between it and the big foss pool, there was an interesting series of casts, where, owing to the happy collapse at an opportune moment of the cruive before mentioned, I, one season at any rate, enjoyed good sport.

In August came a very heavy rain-flood, which not only brought up fresh fish from the sea, but caused those which had ascended to the foss pool in the earlier part of the season to fall back into water where they were more amenable to the attractions of the fly. There was one pool more especially where I spent many happy hours. The right bank, from which it was most easily commanded, was a slope of short, crisp, heathery turf, dotted over with juniper-bushes and half-buried boulders; of human life or dwelling there was not a sign as far as the eye could reach. The only sounds audible were the murmur of the swiftly flowing river, the soft note of the wood-pigeon from the depths of the far-extending forests bathed in the rays of the westering sun, the plunge of a heavy salmon, or the splash of a lively grilse. It was a spot eminently adapted for a solitude-loving angler like myself, for the consumption of much tobacco, and for the study of entomological curiosities as contained in a fly-book.

Here I may add that, although the water of this pretty little stream was always more or less tinged with brown, the only flies for which the Salmonidæ exhibited a distinct preference had black floss silk bodies and very plain mixed wings. I experimented with patterns innumerable, but always arrived at the same result. Of large hooks, even in time of flood, the salmon would have none, nor of double irons.

At its tail the pool above referred to contracted to a width of not more than six feet, and here it was spanned by a narrow and very rickety foot-bridge. Owing to the depth of the water close inshore and a clump of large alder-trees, it was impossible to follow a fish down to it, and equally impossible to pass underneath it; so that, when a salmon insisted on trying to leave the pool, one was obliged, as soon as the alders were reached, to make with all speed for a turfy promontory which jutted out some distance *above*, and from which, with rod and arms extended to the utmost, at right-angles to the current, and with a dangerous and ever-increasing length of line out, it was possible to maintain a precarious connection with the fish. The last one I secured at this spot was a thirty-two pounder. In the course of the fight it actually got so far on the way to liberty as to have its tail showing over the lip of the effluent rapid underneath the foot-bridge. But at the last moment, when a smash seemed inevitable, it altered its mind, and responding to a severe application of the butt, allowed itself to be slowly guided up-stream into a convenient eddy, where I gaffed it. A short distance above the foss the river issues from the lake called Bullaren, a sheet of water, many miles in length, sacred to pike; while above it, again, are two other lochs, which abound with trout. These rose fairly well to the fly, but a small perch mounted on an Archer Spinner was a more effective lure.

In addition to the angling, the neighbourhood offered a good deal of capercaillie and black-game shooting. The season in Sweden opened a few days earlier than it did in Norway, and during that time I had occasion to observe that the frontier between the two countries, which was only about a mile from the house, was extremely elastic.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

KASR IBRÎM.

A ROMAN FORTRESS IN LOWER NUBIA.

By L. E. STEELE, M.A.

I.

THAT stretch of the river Nile which lies between the First and Second Cataracts, to which geographers have given the name of Lower Nubia—a designation unknown to its inhabitants, who call it the land of the Berbers—is not visited in any large numbers by the ordinary tourists. They are enmeshed on their way up the river at either Luxor or Aswân, where palatial hotels and fashionable social life prove so alluring that they shrink from the prospect of a trip through a land in which, as they have learned, there are no hotels, no dances, no lawn-tennis, and no bridge. Such is their enthusiasm for archæology! Yet the extended voyage of 225 miles is well worth the extra effort, particularly when the steamers are so comfortable, the river, as always, delightful, and the prospect of seeing the greatest thing in all the Nile valley, the superb rock-cut temple of Abu Simbel, is in view. Moreover, the natives of this region are a novelty, as they are of another race, and much more attractive than the Egyptians. The pleasant features and graceful ways of the slim and well-built men and women, with their barbaric ornaments and plaited locks and their delightful children, combine to make them peculiarly interesting. They are a courteous, patient, and cheerful folk, and their villages a pleasant contrast to the malodorous huddle of mud hovels in which the fellaheen of Egypt congregate. Even if the traveller has already had a surfeit of temples on his way through Egypt, those of Lower Nubia have certain characteristics which excite afresh an interest in these marvellous buildings. But, in addition, Nubia possesses a number of remarkable edifices in the huge brick-built forts which the monarchs of Egypt, especially those of the Twelfth Dynasty, erected during the process of conquering and consolidating this extension of the old empire. Indeed, the banks of the river as far as Halfa, and even beyond that place, are punctuated by the forts of many peoples—Egyptian, Roman, Mohammedan, and British—which tell the tale of the many military expeditions organised throughout the ages to conquer and reconquer this fascinating land.

As it was early in the season and the travellers were few, the writer found himself one of seven, like the poet's maiden, on a boat which could have accommodated fifty, with unimpeachable good feeding and a pudding on Christmas Day which worthily upheld the Englishman's ideal of what a Christmas pudding should be. It must be confessed that our fellow-passengers (three Americans of the baser sort and three Huns) were not stimulating so far as things archæological were concerned; indeed, so contemptuous did one of the Americans become that he declared that he was 'garn darned' if he left the ship again 'to see another of those beastly temples.' However, as with the man who thanked Heaven when he found that his dining companion did not eat asparagus, it was all to the good, and we were left to the unfettered enjoyment of so rich a 'feast of temples.'

One lovely winter's morning we awoke to find that during the night the ship had been moored at the western bank, and as we looked across the sunlit river we saw a sight which for impressiveness is surpassed only by that of the great temple of Abu Simbel. Three mighty sandstone bluffs thrust their scald shoulders into the river, separated from each other by deep and desolate *khors*. Their escarpments rise almost sheer from the water to the height of three hundred feet, and on the top of the centre one lies the great Roman fortress of Premis, known now by its Arab name of Kasr Ibrîm, or Castle of Ibrîm.

From a distance the summit appears to bristle with *chevaux de frise* of jagged rocks, but a closer view reveals the fact that the entire plateau is surrounded by a vast, strongly fortified wall, and we at once recognise that this noble bluff has been converted, on a very great scale, into a mighty fortress. Its imposing and commanding position, its associations as a southern outpost of the far-flung Roman Empire, set to keep watch and ward against the attacks of the swarms of negroes from the south, the 'vile men of Kush,' as the ancient Egyptians called them, combine to make a visit to the fortress an experience of transcendent interest.

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

II.

The main entrance to the fort is perched on the northern end of the headland, but is difficult of access. We can, however, see that the garrison could reach the Nile by the river frontage, as a series of rock-cut zigzag steps leads up to what we may call a water-gate. It was here that the garrison took in their supplies of sweet Nile water, which they stored in cisterns on the summit. But we are not tempted to ascend the rock by this arduous way, particularly as at the northern base there is a landing-place from which a gradually ascending path leads to a little postern gate admitting to the great enclosure; and when we skirt the base of the rock and look upwards, we notice how admirably preserved are the ramparts as they follow the contour of the hill.

When we have reached the little entrance we are surprised to find it is quite Egyptian in its architectural features, with the familiar approximating lintels and an architrave on which the well-known sun symbol has been carved. It is none the less of Roman construction, and the lofty wall in which it is set is unquestionably Roman. As we enter through a short, dark passage it is interesting to note that after the lapse of nineteen hundred years the roofing-beams of palm-tree stems are still strong and sound.

At the end of the passage a short flight of steps brings us on to the plateau, and we are within the fortress. Our first impression is one of disappointment, as nothing but a tumbled mass of ruined houses is to be seen, suggestive of a recent bombardment. These are, however, not Roman, but the remains of dwellings erected by a Bosnian garrison which the Turkish Sultan, Selim, established in the year 1517 A.D., whose descendants occupied the rock until so recent a date as 1811, when they were driven out by the Mamelukes in their flight from Egypt.

A little farther on we come across a much more arresting building, in a sad state of dilapidation, it is true, yet of absorbing interest. It is all that survives of what was once a Christian church, in which for centuries—probably from the sixth to the twelfth—the monosophyte Christians worshipped, until the savagery of Saladin's brother drove the faithful remnant from their eyrie and the place knew them no more; and then the church became a Mohammedan mosque. Only about half, and that roofless, of this pathetic building exists. It is situated in the centre of the plateau, and must have been of considerable dimensions. There is quite sufficient to make it possible to realise its original appearance. The apse is visible; three southern arches of the nave, with carved Christian symbols, and several granite pillars still stand.

But there are other objects of interest on the summit. The most perfect relic of Roman times is the main entrance, to which we have already referred. Here, again, it is surprising to find that this building is modelled on Egyptian lines. Indeed, it is difficult to realise that it was not built as the pylon of an ancient Egyptian temple; in the details of cornice and recesses for the flagstaffs it is purely Egyptian. But Egyptian art captivated successive conquerors of these lands, who became slavish but inferior copyists.

To wander at leisure through this astonishing fortress is a fascinating experience. Here and there may be seen the deeply hewn water-cisterns; and in one place, at least, is a cleft in the rock in which burials have taken place, as the gruesome fragments of bodies and torn cerements testify.

The view from the summit is unsurpassed in Lower Nubia. As we stand on the southern edge of the cliff we see the waters of the stately river merge with the distant horizon, tempting us still farther into this 'land of ghosts,' as an ancient inscription calls it. The floor of the verdureless *khor* below us slopes up to the top of the third of the bluffs, and little mounds may be detected amidst the sands and the rocks, which mark the ruins of a Coptic town; while strips of narrow cultivation and waving palm-groves on the far side of the river show where the kindly Nile has deposited some of its rich alluvial soil, of which the industrious peasants, eternally at war with the desert, have taken advantage.

But the view from the northern end surpasses this in impressiveness, as it most assuredly does in historic interest. To the right, on this side of the river, the first of the three promontories thrusts forward its sheer cliff. On the far side a long fringe of palm-trees conceals the village of Anaybeh, while as a background stretches a wide and desolate sandy plain. We should not see much to interest us were we to walk over this district, but we have the assurance of the explorers that beneath these sands lie the ruined walls of an ancient town with its temple and fortress. Between this strip of desert and a dark line athwart the plain, one of the greatest series of cemeteries in Lower Nubia has been unearthed; and still farther away in the desert may be detected the crumbling ruins of several brick pyramids, which in 1907 were excavated and identified as the tombs of the family of a 'Lord of Maam' called Pennut, whose rock-cut tomb may be visited in the line of low hills which forms a background to this ancient site. There is little doubt that this wide sweep of desert was in ages past instinct with crowded life, and that from the period of the Twelfth Dynasty to Nubian and Roman times it was a place of considerable importance and, as the existence of a fortress indicates, of some strategic value. Now Pennut's title supplies us with the name of the district, and it is more than probable that

the ruined town which lies beneath these sands was once the capital of the province of Maam, and must have flourished throughout a period of some two thousand years.

III.

And now as to the story of the place.

While we may be pretty certain that in old Egyptian times it played a prominent part in the many invasions of the mighty conquerors who time after time pushed their way into these southern lands, there is no certain evidence of earlier occupation than by the Romans; so for all historical purposes the story begins in Roman times and with Roman struggles.

During the period of her domination of Egypt the empire was engaged in almost constant warfare with two persistently hostile peoples, the Ethiopians and the Blemmyes—the latter a people whose story is too long to recount here. It was in connection with the first of these that Kasr Ibrîm emerged from obscurity and became a famous stronghold. It must be borne in mind that the Romans never permanently established their frontier farther south than Maharakah, some eighty miles above the First Cataract; the occupation of Kasr Ibrîm was only incidental and temporary.

The first of these troublesome southern peoples who threatened and then broke through the barrier at Maharakah were the Ethiopians. From time immemorial these negroes, whose lands lay above the Second Cataract, had striven to secure a lodgment along the fertile stretches of the Egyptian Nile. As 'the vile men of Kush,' they were well known to the naturally unwarlike Egyptians; and having—in the eighth century B.C. — established a kingdom, with a capital called Napata, some five hundred miles beyond Halfa, under a succession of queens who bore the dynastic name of Candace (familiar to us in connection with the story in the New Testament of Philip the Evangelist), they once more swarmed down the Nile to try conclusions with a stronger empire, and quite as unsuccessfully.

They seized a propitious moment, when Ælius Gallus the Prefect was absent on an ill-starred expedition to Arabia—for which failure he was cashiered—and ravaged the Roman district as far as Aswân. However, they met their match in Gaius Petronius, an able general and successor of Gallus, who undertook the formidable task of driving the negroes back to their distant home. He herded them to Dakkeh, where in a pitched battle he defeated them. This was in the year 24 B.C. But his task was not even half-accomplished, as he found that the negroes had, for some time past, been establishing themselves very strongly in Lower Nubia, and had fortified Kasr Ibrîm as a jumping-off place for an attack on the Roman dominions. Petronius was determined that the negroes should feel the full force of Roman power, and Kasr Ibrîm was stormed and captured. Stronghold after stronghold was wrested from the enemy, and Petronius at last compelled them to sue for peace in their distant capital of Napata.

It was on his return journey that Petronius saw the possibilities of Kasr Ibrîm, and proceeded to make it an outpost of the empire, by commencing the elaborate fortification of the rock and garrisoning it with a company of four hundred soldiers. But the persevering negroes, under the leadership of their warlike Queen Candace, who, in addition to her other negro charms, is said to have had but one eye, were soon at his heels and besieging the fortress. Again the Roman general had to turn south, and again the Ethiopians were beaten, this time so effectively that they troubled the Romans no more.

Now it was the ambition of Petronius to establish the Roman frontier at Kasr Ibrîm, fifty miles above Maharakah, as evidence of the great empire's far-reaching power. For some unknown reason the Emperor Augustus would not permit this extension, and after a short occupation the legions were withdrawn to Maharakah. This is the first act in the drama of Kasr Ibrîm, and for many hundred years nothing is known of its history. When the curtain again lifts we find ourselves in the latter part of the twelfth century and in the days of the great Saladin, who sent one of his brothers in 1173 A.D. to attack the negroes, who were once again in possession of Kasr Ibrîm.

With true Arab 'frightfulness' the place was ravaged, the church desecrated, and in their Mohammedan zeal the soldiery slaughtered all the pigs in the neighbourhood. Again the curtain drops upon Kasr Ibrîm, and for well-nigh three hundred and fifty years the silence is absolute.

Apparently the place had fallen into decay, for when, as we have seen, the Sultan Selim established Turkish overlordship in Egypt, he found it necessary to restore the great fort, in which he placed a garrison of Bosnian soldiers. A remnant of the Mamelukes at last dispossessed the Bosnians, to be in their turn driven out by Ibrahim Pasha.

Thus the history of the great fort closes amidst scenes of slaughter and devastation.

FATE.

CASKET of earth
We fill at birth,
Binding within its measured girth
A spirit but half-willing.

Come soon or late
This is our fate,
To sing awhile, to weep, to wait
Our soul's austere fulfilling.

JOAN DESTIN.

SALVAGE UNDER-SEAS.

PART II.

IV.

NOW, having found the ship, the next problem for us was to get the globe overside and alongside the port of old Jamieson's cabin. Easy enough, you might think. But hold on a bit. You'll remember that I had been trailing perhaps half a mile behind the tug and fully a mile below her level, and that the cable was in no sense up and down, but about as straight as the line on one of those fever-charts they hang over your bed in hospital. There was no way in which those in the tug could tell where exactly I lay, and they had just to hark to my directions through the 'phone, and do the best they could.

To make a long story short, when they hoisted me off the deck, the globe took a long swing and dropped to the bottom out of sight of the wreck. So it was a case of dragging round, dead slow, till I sighted her again, and then heading off first one way, then another, till at last I fetched up against the port-side about midships. I reckon the skipper must have been pretty sick with all this manœuvring, and I can imagine the state of mind of the old chief standing by the reversing-gear below. He was a convinced Wee Free, the chief was, and used to lecture his juniors on the language they used, but I heard that his own on this occasion went beyond anything even they had ever heard.

I was just about done up myself, but the excitement kept me going. Still, before tackling the balance of the job, I sat down quietly and had a square meal. I would have given a lot for a smoke, but though I had plenty of oxygen and some jars of caustic potash to absorb the carbon dioxide I breathed out, I couldn't risk that. It wouldn't have been sense to fill my little air-space with smoke, and I had to hold in my longings.

Now you must understand that secured to the side and bottom of the globe were a variety of fittings, all electrically worked by switches inside the shell. Naturally one couldn't have levers or spindles piercing its walls, for the valves could never have been kept tight under such a pressure as the globe was now bearing. To save the mechanism from damage by blows from outside, these appliances were all cased in by a heavy steel cover, which could be detached by unscrewing three bolts from inside. This I now did, and the casing fell away. I then switched on the current to the big magnet, and as the full energy of the tug's big dynamo passed through the coils, the sphere was sucked over and whirled round till it adhered firmly to the rusty plates of the ship's side.

The *Brodick Castle* was sunk in the mud to about her normal water-line, and I now lay amidships, perhaps ten feet below the level of the port I wished to reach, and sixty or seventy feet from it. Of course, I had with me a plan of the ship, and knew just what to do. Under the main magnet poles was a large horizontal screw, now lying parallel to the ship's side, and on this travelled a block of soft iron which could be magnetised by induction from a big coil. I threw over the lever, and the screw revolved till the block had travelled out to its end. A touch on another switch and the block adhered firmly to the ship's plates. Then the current was cut off the main circuit, and as the screw was reversed the globe was drawn slowly along till once more the soft iron block was directly under the central port. I switched the current again into the big magnet, and repeated the process. So, a foot at a time, we crept along the ship's side, along and up, as I varied the angle of the screw. It was a great relief to me to find Jamieson's contrivance work so well, for I had feared that the motor might fail under the water-pressure. Of course, the globe weighed some eight or nine tons when out of water, but when immersed, the water taking the weight, it was light enough, and moved easily.

How long that crawl along the ship's side took I can't say, but the time came when I hung on outside a closed port, with its tarnished brass ring straight in front of my port and the poles of the big magnet gripping fast on either side.

By the time this was accomplished I was dripping sweat and tired to the very bones. I had not been exerting myself beyond working the switches, but it was a worrying job, and though the water outside must have been bitterly cold the atmosphere in that confined space was that of a Turkish bath. I read the other day that in the Black Hole of Calcutta it wasn't suffocation killed the victims, but heat; and I believe it. Still, I had had amazing luck. The chances, you will admit, had been heavily against me, yet here I was, sticking like a limpet to the *Brodick Castle's* plates, just where I wanted to be, and, considering the difficulties, with no trouble at all.

V.

Jamieson had provided grandly for my next proceedings. When I pressed a button, a little hammer-like piston shot out and rained blows on the dull glass. It starred and shattered. Now I could see naught of the interior, shut in my steel shell as I was, and it was only possible to rake blindly about the interior of the state-room. Even that could be done only by the nicest adjustment of the jointed rods which carried the

big grippers. Then there was a bunk just under the port, and I had to work over and across that.

I mind the first stuff I got a grip of and hauled up into the light was a bundle of blankets, a pillow next, and then a leather bag. All, of course, were sodden and foul with the gray slime which had penetrated everywhere. Then I began to rake up bones. Man, I tell you, it was a gruesome job. But I stuck at it, and at last I hauled up to the upper berth a rickle of ribs and backbone, to which hung, as I could see plainly in the glare of the big lamp, a stained canvas belt.

I let the lot lie on the berth, and took hold of the belt with a special tool, a sort of pincers, the adjustment of which took me time and trouble enough. Then I threw the current into the retracting magnets, and the belt was jerked free. I was in some fear that the belt might break, but it held nobly, even when the grisly framework of the late Jamieson jammed in the port and smashed up with the strain.

Now, if I had had any sense, I should have signalled to be hauled up at once, with the belt just gripped in the pincers, and sorry enough I was that I didn't. But Jamieson had provided a sort of pocket in the shell, closed by a sliding door or valve on the outside, but having no opening to the interior. This lay just under the pincers, and was part of the main structure, not—like the casting carrying the motors and other appliances—an addition to the exterior. Into this, after some manœuvring, I contrived to drop the belt, and then closed the valve.

All thought of any extra pickings had gone from me by this time, and I shouted into the 'phone to haul up at once, switched off the power from the magnets, and sat back in a glow of joy at the beastly job being over. I felt that ten thousand commission in my pocket already, and had begun to spend it in imagination, when it occurred to me to have a final look round. Just then the second engineer at the winch up above let the steam in, and the globe was dragged up and over the side of the wreck, jarring every tooth in my head as she scraped over the plates. The tug was evidently lying forward of the wreck, and she pulled me up in a long slant, so that when the globe topped the *Brodick Castle's* rail it came down with a crash on the after well-deck, and for a moment lay there.

I had picked myself up from the bottom, where the fall had chucked me, and was looking through one of the ports—you will understand that the big light was still on and I could see about me a little, though not far, so what precise description of brute it was that now took a hand in the game I can't say. I saw the head and a fathom or two of the neck, but that was all. It was a big head, mostly jaw and teeth it seemed, rather like an alligator's, but scaleless and smooth, and behind it was a long, snaky neck. You 'll understand that my time for inspection and taking note of the creature's points was limited.

The head rose out of the empty black oblong of the after-hatch, swung round in a questioning sort of way, as much as to inquire who the impertinent knocker at his back-door was, and then that ugly big head with wide-open jaws shot past my port, upwards, just as the cable tightened again and the globe rose from the deck. I can only guess at what happened then. I judge that the creature, whatever it was, didn't approve of my light, and went for it. Anyhow, it certainly got a grip of the cable somewhere above, and the light went out.

I remember, when I was a youngster, I used to put in a good deal of my holiday-time in fishing off an old jetty, where eels were plentiful. On one occasion an eel got away with my hook and sinker. I could see it, through the clear water, lashing about, with the leaden weight hanging from its jaws, writhing and shaking its head till the hook tore free. I suppose it was something the same with this creature, but the convulsions of the brute matched its size. At least the globe was jerked hither and thither, swinging in maddening circles, till I was flung from my seat into the bottom of the shell, and the senses fairly hammered out of me.

VI.

When I came to, the globe was sitting upright again, and all was darkness and dead silence. For a time I sat trying to realise who and where I was, and why. Then it all came back with a rush, and I nearly keeled over again with the shock of it.

I crawled round the sphere and pushed over switch after switch. No result. I tried the telephone, but it was dead. The globe was just a steel coffin sitting there on the bottom in thousand-fathom water, and there it and I were likely to stop till the Day of Judgment. Man! it was a daunting thought, and it fairly crumpled me up for the matter of an hour. I wouldn't like to say what I said or did during that time. I know I was greeting like a bairn for part of it, and cursing Jamieson and his inventions, not forgetting myself for being such a condemned fool as to take on the job.

But all that didn't do any good, and after a bit I sobered down. It wasn't a man's place to be carrying on in that bairnly fashion when within a few hours of his latter end, and if I hadn't realised that and steadied myself, my end it would have been, and no mistake about it.

One has a natural longing for light, and as soon as I got myself under some sort of control I remembered a big electric torch which I had brought with me in case of any failure of the interior lights. I groped around and found it, and felt almost cheerful as the light snapped on.

I had oxygen for some hours yet, and I began to wonder if, for a man of my engineering abilities, there wasn't some sort of a way out. For a long time I thought, but could find no way. If those in the tug were able to locate me, and had plenty of time, they might find some way of dredging me up; but well I knew that with no indication of where the globe lay, or of how far that fearsome brute might have dragged me, any such attempt was quite hopeless. Anyhow, they hadn't the gear.

I had a certain grim satisfaction in thinking of wee Jamieson. What a state the man would be in when the cable parted! You 'll note I never could like the man, in spite of his abilities. He was a bit too selfish for my taste.

I began to think of submarines, and how they get their crews to the surface in case of trouble. But my particular submarine was different. I couldn't have opened the man-hole, or, if I had, it would just have been to be squeezed flat by the pressure. Then I remembered hearing that some of the earlier inventions in the submarine line were fitted with a safety-weight, a false keel which could be cast off if the pumps failed to bring the boat back to floating trim.

That gave me an idea. The globe was heavy, but not so very much heavier than her own displacement of water. Could I lighten her in any way? It didn't seem at all likely, but it was plain that that was the only chance left me. In the bottom of the globe, between the lines of rivets, showed the square heads of four big bolts or screws, which I knew held in place the cast-steel foundation-plates of the complicated mass of motors and gear. I couldn't remember whether these bolts were just screwed into the casting outside, or were through bolts, securely nutted home. If there were lock-nuts on the outer ends of the bolts, the case was hopeless. It was worth a trial, anyhow.

The only wrenches I had with me were mere toys, meant to tighten up any looseness in the switches, but I had insisted on bringing with me a good three-pound hammer and a selection of caulking-chisels. So far they had not been needed, as the seams had all held tight, which was more than I had expected; but they came in handy now. You know how to start a bolt or a nut with a hammer and chisel? The method is not one to be recommended as a rule, but it is at least effective.

I got to work on the nearest bolt-head, and when I had begun to fear that the whole head would be chipped away before anything moved, the battered head turned a fraction.

In another minute it had made a complete revolution, and I could have sung for joy, for I knew that there could be no nut on the outer end. I got them all started, and slowly unscrewed them, a thread at a time. I had to be careful, for if one of them came right out, free of the thread in the two-inch plate, the water would come through the hole as solid as a bar of iron, and that would be the end of me.

I was desperately anxious to live. I'd had a hard enough time so far, and I thought that with that ten thousand I could get some of what was due me. I thanked God as I worked for the honest labour some 'prentice boy had put in on the tapping of these two-inch plates. The bolts had been well fitted, and in spite of that awful pressure outside, the leakage past the threads was no more than a slight weeping.

Still, I had to be quick, and by the time the bolt-heads stood up three inches high inside the shell, there was an inch of ice-cold water in the bottom. Then there was a sudden jerk, and a grating rumble as the heavy casting dropped clear. Its loss upset the balance of the globe, and before I knew what had happened the whole affair had capsized, with the big ring and the man-hole underneath, and me, with a fresh assortment of bruises and a two-inch cut on my shoulder, sitting on the clamps of the man-hole—a most unaccommodating seat—and trying to cheer. For we were going up. It was the lift sensation again, but the other way round; we were shooting up to the surface, faster and faster, with the diamonds still safe in that little compartment on the outside, and a very sore and thankful engineer inside.

We were very nearly the finish of the tug, and I'm not sorry they had their fright too, though it wasn't a circumstance to mine. You see, when the globe reached the surface it had a good round pace on, and it fairly leapt out of the water not fifty feet from the tug's quarter, and fell back with a splash which pretty near drowned the skipper, who happened to be standing by the towing-horse aft.

Well, there 's not much more to tell. They had a sweet job getting the globe aboard, for, as you 'll recollect, the big ring and man-hole were now underneath, and there was naught to take hold of. But the second did a bit of diving with a line, and they soon got a wire through the ring and swayed me up on deck. I don't know much about it myself. In fact, they thought I was dead when they got me out. That last wallow of the confounded globe, added to what went before, laid me out for the best part of a month, and we were steaming up the Mersey again before I was fit to come on deck.

Even now I doubt I haven't quite recovered the nerve I used to have, and I wake up whiles shivering with fear, thinking I 'm in that steel coffin again, and a thousand fathoms under. I even keep a wee peep of gas burning at night, just like a frightened bairn.

Anyhow, Jamieson made no trouble over paying me my commission. He said he thought I had earned it. And I 'm of precisely the same opinion myself.

THE END.

COLOURED STARS.

By Professor GEORGE FORBES, M.A., F.R.S.

I.

UNTIL we know the names of flowers it is difficult to remember them by differences in their blossoms, leaves, and stalks, or to group them by colour, shape, size, or habitat. It is the same with the great variety of birds. So it is also with the stars. It is only when we know some of the stars by name that the sight of any one of them calls to our minds its individuality; and this power of placing it in our thoughts reminds us of the increasing intimacy of our friendship with the stars.

It is then that we begin to attend to the differences in brightness, colour, and position among the other stars. And we recall what we know about their distances from us; and their minute motions, perhaps in company with a group of stars; and the movements towards and from us, revealed by the spectroscope. In some cases our interest in the star is increased by knowing that it is double, one of a pair of suns that are revolving round each other, a kind of solar system. And so it goes on.

To make this clearer, let us take any one star, and think for a moment of all that is meant by its name, after our intimacy with it has increased even a little. The three stars of Orion's belt point to Sirius the Dog-star. The very name is associated in the mind of a star-lover with many qualities. It is the brightest star in the whole heavens, twelve times brighter than a first-magnitude star like Aldebaran at the other side of Orion's belt. This great brightness is certainly due in part to its dimensions and its high temperature. But also the brightness of a star diminishes with the increase of distance, and Sirius is the nearest to us of all stars we can see from our latitude. Hence its great splendour. Then we think of its comparatively large motion among the other stars. In this feature the only bright stars competing with it are old friends of ours, Arcturus, Vega, and Alpha of the Centaur. But Sirius appeals to us most of all, because we remember that it is one of a group of travellers. Far removed as it seems to be from the Plough, yet, with the stars of the Plough, it forms part of a cluster of stars all speeding with uniform velocity towards the same region of space. This is not the only wonder about its proper-motion. For one of the first thoughts we have in association with the name of Sirius is its connection with a companion star, the two revolving round each other once in fifty years. And the feeble companion was discovered, before it had ever been seen, by the fluctuations, caused by its attraction, in the proper-motion of Sirius. Then again, although it is so much nearer to us than other stars, yet it is so distant that, if an explosion were to take place there, nine years would elapse before the effect could be seen by us; although the light set up by the explosion would be travelling towards us, all those years, at the enormous velocity of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles every second.

These are some of the thoughts associated with Sirius even at this stage of our intimacy. And so it is with all of our star friends. The name of each of them is associated with peculiarities of character. Each forms a chapter of natural history, after we have begun to notice and remember what we see. The name Arcturus means now for us a flight through space at a speed of two hundred and seventy miles a second. Mizar, in the Plough, cannot be named without our thinking of it as a double-star, of which the brighter partner itself consists of a revolving pair, the first ever revealed by the spectroscope, though never seen separate.

Algol is for us the star accompanied by a dark companion which gets between us and the bright star every three days, and reduces its light to a quarter. Vega is the most beautiful star in the sky, steel-blue, making, with its two little attendants, a fine little regular triangle. It is an important star, because it lies in the direction towards which our solar system is travelling; and, moreover, after twelve thousand years, it will be our pole-star to which the earth's axis will be pointing.

So it goes on as we acquire the habit of taking notice, and soon there remains no part of the sky untenanted by stars that seem almost to talk to us and tell us about the natural history of the heavens.

II.

The brightness of Sirius must always be its greatest claim upon our attention; but the habit of observing differences leads us to note its colour too. And ere long we arrive at the conclusion, quite unnoticed before, that stars differ in colour. Of course, every one knows of the fiery-red colour of Mars, especially when seen in opposition (that is, when opposite to the sun, or in the south at midnight). In the constellation Orion, Rigel (Arabic for leg) is brilliantly white. But Betelgeuze, in Orion's shoulder, has a distinctly red flare; so also has that bright star, not far from it, Aldebaran in the Bull. Capella, seen overhead in our latitude when Orion is in the south, is of an intermediate colour, more yellow. So are many others. Alpha and Beta Centauri (pointers to the Southern Cross) are conspicu-

ously golden stars, delighting our kinsmen at the antipodes. And when we come to think of it, if we are able to look directly at the clear, unclouded sun, it, too, has the yellowish tone of Capella or Alpha Centauri.

The white stars like Sirius, and still more Vega in the Lyre, appear, perhaps by contrast with the others, to have a steel-blue tint, but they are really very white. The brightest star at the other end of the scale, which is most intensely red, is Antares in the Scorpion. This bright star is never very high in the sky for us northerners. It is best seen in the south at midsummer towards midnight. It is the middle and the brightest star of three stars in line (thus resembling the configuration of Altair in the Eagle, the line of three stars that point to Vega).

The bright Arcturus, towards which the Bear's tail points, clearly differs entirely in colour from the steel-blue Vega, generally to be seen at the same time as Arcturus. It is orange, approaching in colour to the red glow of Aldebaran. Stars, then, differ in colour, being of all shades, from an almost bluish-white, through yellow and orange, to a deep red or even crimson. And they can all be given their place in a natural scale of colours.

III.

After a person's attention has been drawn to these differences in colour among the very bright stars, he naturally points his opera-glass or telescope to see the colours of fainter stars. If he have a friend who knows the star places, and what to look at, he is fortunate, and he discovers a new field for his curiosity, of unexpected beauty and interest.

His first search for brilliant colour might well be directed, while Orion is under scrutiny, to a star called R in the constellation Lepus the Hare. Imagine a diagonal line drawn through Orion's belt from Betelgeuze to Rigel, and carried on half as far again. At that part of the sky a small glass will soon pick up the brilliantly coloured R Leporis, of a deep-crimson colour. It is a variable star of long period, and, while changing its brightness, it also changes its colour, like a chameleon, from red to orange.

Then, again, as Leo the Lion may be above the horizon at the same time, an almost equally fine deep red could be detected in R Leonis. This is another long-period variable star, near to Regulus in the handle of the sickle-shaped string of stars at the head of the Lion. R Leonis is west from Regulus, at a distance equal to the handle of the sickle. This star shows up its crimson colour, perhaps even better than R Leporis, because it contrasts so well with a white star in the same field of view, with any telescope of low power.

After an observer has thus made a start with a small telescope, a wide field of exploration lies open to him. With the aid of some guide-book to the celestial objects, his small telescope will be directed on clear nights to coloured stars in those constellations that happen to be above the horizon. And he will soon notice that most sparkling contrasts are to be found among the double and multiple stars.

For example, towards the close of the year, when the great Square of Pegasus is conspicuous, he will find that Gamma of Andromeda is a beautiful object. There is no difficulty in finding it. From the north-east corner of the Square of Pegasus, three bright stars run in a straight line, underneath the W of Cassiopeia, to Perseus. These are the brightest stars in the constellation of Andromeda, and the third one is Gamma. A telescope shows it to be double, a large orange star, and a smaller one emerald-green. A more powerful glass resolves the emerald star into two, one blue, the other yellow. This is one example of many multiple-coloured suns that give delight to all who start upon the exciting sport of hunting up double, and multiple, and coloured stars, with the help of a telescope, a guide-book, and, perhaps best of all, an experienced friend.

While our little telescope is still in use, let us turn it from Andromeda to the neighbouring constellation Perseus. This is the string of stars extending nearly from the W of Cassiopeia to the Pleiades cluster in the Bull. Alpha is the brightest star in Perseus, and the group of stars round it deserves examination, even with a binocular. Half-way from Alpha Persei to Cassiopeia is a star called Eta of Perseus. This is a brilliant double-star, one star a beautiful red, the other dark blue. This wonderful contrast of colour is by no means uncommon in many parts of the sky. It has long been noticed by astronomers that, when the two components of a pair are about the same in magnitude, they are generally the same in colour; and that the probability of colour-contrast increases with increasing difference in the brightness of the companions, the fainter star in nearly every case being the bluer.

Sir John Herschel, in his observations made at the Cape of Good Hope, described a cluster near Kappa in the Southern Cross as 'an extremely brilliant and beautiful object when viewed through an instrument of sufficient aperture to show distinctly the very different colours of its constituent stars, which give it the effect of a piece of fancy jewellery.' Out of the one hundred and ten stars he noted in the cluster, only seven exceed the tenth magnitude. Three are described as greenish-white, two as green, one red, one blue-green, and one ruddy.

We cannot analyse their beauty, or say why these objects please us much more than the coloured flashings from a diamond, but so it is. Moreover, an astronomer often has an uncomfortable feeling that some of the contrasts

of colour originate in his own mind. If so, the beauty is none the less. The mind seems to seek to catch the complementary colour, just as a white 'incandescent' gas-lamp in the street is looked upon as green among the common gas-lamps, which are more red.

IV.

Some of the coloured double-stars are called binaries, being those that revolve round each other under gravitation. Any of them may, for all we can tell, be the centres of solar systems containing inhabited planets. There, the supposed human beings would live in a magical world of colour, where the red sun sets, and a blue or an emerald sun remains shining upon the world, as when we look at woods and fields and mountains through blue, orange, or rose-coloured glasses.

When we have the good fortune to see with a telescope these sparkling gems, the imagination is apt to run riot about the inhabitants of any planets that may belong to these suns. During the time that a blue sun is eclipsing a red one, what weird alternations of colour may transform the aspect of a country scene! On such a planet there may be long periods with no darkness at night. For twelve hours a sun may have flooded the outer world, and the interior rooms of the home, with rose-coloured tints; and after it sets there may follow twelve hours of green light from another pair of suns, one blue and the other yellow. Then a moon may pass, and eclipse one or other, leaving people in a world of blue or yellow light. That moon itself may be lighted by the two or three suns, and may show varying tints of combined colours over its surface. Then, again, how inconvenient must it be to have to do with both 'red solar time' and 'blue solar time' at the same hour! And yet if there be people to see these things they probably accept them as being what ought to be expected, rather than as a heavenly wonder.

If any one is led by these remarks to look for the many-coloured suns that exist among the double and multiple stars, it is unlikely that his curiosity will lead him no further. Even with a small glass he would often be tempted to try new hunting-grounds. He might take a delight in identifying some of the wonderful cloud-spots among the stars, whether spiral nebulæ, or planetaries, or clusters. He might then look forward in hope of seeing their details some day in a powerful telescope, or at least he might take an interest in the marvellous photographs produced by the giant-telescopes of the world. In this manner many a man, having begun to use a telescope to pick up double-stars and coloured suns, has extended his field of operation to such an extent as to become an acute observer and discoverer of new wonders in the heavens.

V.

In the very early days of the spectroscope, in the middle of the nineteenth century, Father Secchi, at the Vatican Observatory in Rome, used a spectroscope to make a general survey of stars, to find out what they are made of. (One of the writer's happiest reminiscences is of an evening spent at Rome in 1871, when Secchi exhibited to him the brilliant spectra of Sirius, Aldebaran, and other stars, with his splendid prism and telescope.) In this way Secchi made a notable discovery about the colours we have noticed in different stars. He found that stars which differ in colour differ also in the chemical elements exhibited in their spectra. The white, or bluish-white, stars, like Sirius, Vega, and Spica, all have one class of spectrum, crossed by a few dark lines due to hydrogen in the atmospheres of these stars. This spectrum is quite different from the solar spectrum, where the element hydrogen is by no means so intensely shown. The solar spectrum is characterised by innumerable dark lines that do not appear in the Sirian spectrum. Among the most intense is calcium; and we also find evidence of the existence in the sun of about forty of the metals found upon our own world. Only the heaviest known metals are absent from the solar spectrum; so that gold-prospectors need not go there.

Secchi found that about half of the stars look white, and have hydrogen spectra like Sirius. The remaining half have nearly all got a spectrum closely resembling that of the sun, with calcium and other metals as the chief components of these stars. Thus it appeared that the sun is really a star of Secchi's second class, which includes all the yellow stars like Capella, Altair, or Alpha Centauri.

Then he found a third class of spectra, which accounts for all of the conspicuously red stars like Antares, Aldebaran, and Betelgeuze. These stars have a spectrum which is dominated by an oxide of titanium, a substance of so little importance, or special character, as to cause great astonishment that it should be the dominant material shown by a whole class of red stars.

Finally, Secchi added a fourth class, certain telescopic stars of a deep-red colour, whose spectrum proves the existence in their atmospheres of some compounds of carbon.

Most of the stars belong to Secchi's Class I. or Class II., the white, or the yellow, stars. Classes III. and IV., both red, are far less numerous.

VI.

Why, then, do these different classes of stars send out light of different colours? Is it possible that the light emitted by the bright body of the star is in every case pure white, containing all the colours in due proportion to

give a pure white? Is the colour then given because the atmosphere of the star absorbs more and more of the violet, blue, and green colours, and leaves more red? This might certainly give the increasing red tint as we pass in review Secchi's four classes of stars. We all know that when the sun is near the horizon, and its light traverses an unusually long path through our atmosphere, the blue colours are absorbed by our atmosphere, and the sun looks red. May not the atmospheres of stars perform the same function? This is an obvious suggestion, and may contain much truth.

But the current opinion is rather different, and is already supported by a good many observations made upon stars. The idea is that the colour of a star depends on its temperature. All of the stars are suns, but they need not be all at the same temperature as our sun. If we heat a poker in a furnace, and draw it out of the fire to examine it as the temperature rises, it is at first a dull red, then orange, then yellow, and it may ultimately reach a white-heat. Thus the different colours of stars are imitated. Moreover, we notice that on being thrown into the furnace all substances—metal or hard stones, soft stone or coal—after reaching the temperature of the furnace, shine with the same colour, so that the colour of the light emitted depends upon the temperature.

It would, however, be absurd to suppose that, in changing colour from dull red to white, the poker acquires the temperature of Secchi's different classes of stars. Colour is a question of comparison, and is largely subjective. The poker, when apparently white-hot in the furnace, looks a dull red when compared with the dazzling white on the tip of one of the carbon rods in the electric arc-light.

There is no doubt, however, that temperature might well be the true explanation of star-colours, at least in most cases. Studies have been made, in the laboratory, of the average colour that is emitted by a hot substance at different temperatures. Then, it is suggested, the average colour of any star tells us the temperature of the stars. Many plans have been devised for estimating the average colour. One of these deserves notice here.

The *visual* magnitude of a star is got by comparison with stars whose brightness has already been measured by eye, with an instrument called a photometer. The *photographic* magnitude is got by measuring the diameter of a star's image developed on a photographic plate. Now, this photographic image is produced principally by colours in the star's light that belong to the violet or blue end of the spectrum, and by the invisible colours beyond the violet. But the visible colours are different, and nearer to the red end of the spectrum. So it happens that the photographic magnitude is a measure of brightness in an average of colours at the blue end of our scale of colour, while the *visual* magnitude is in an average of colours that are nearer to the red end of our scale. Thus, when we find a difference between the photographic and the visual magnitude of a star, that difference tells us the proportion of blueness and redness in the star's light. We can then estimate the average colour of a star, and our laboratory tests enable us to give at least a shrewd guess at the temperature of the star.

There are many other ways of getting the average colour of a star, and so of estimating the temperature, which is higher or lower according as there is a larger proportion of blue or of red in the spectrum of a star. This branch of astronomy is quite new, but already there are many astronomers engaged on measuring what is called 'colour index' as a guide to a star's temperature.

Another guide to temperature is found in the relative darkness of the dark lines in a star's spectrum. It is found that some of these lines get darker and others lighter with increase of temperature. So that a comparison of the darkness of two such lines gives an indication of a star's temperature. In fact, the wonderful powers of that modern instrument, the spectroscope, go far beyond discovering chemical elements that exist in a star. This was what excited our admiration and wonder when it was invented. But it also tells us, by slight shifts in position of spectrum lines, the speed with which any star is approaching or receding from us. And now it is trying to tell us the actual temperature of any star.

VII.

There is thus found to be a grading of temperatures through Secchi's classes of star spectra, the white or bluish stars being hot, and the red ones cooler. Now there is certain evidence of some localisation of the stars according to their spectra. The stars containing helium are grouped in the constellations Orion and Argo. The white stars, like Sirius, predominate in the Milky Way, and the yellow stars, like Capella and our sun, frequent regions of space that are not so distant. Wolf-Rayet stars are on the Galactic equator. (All the same, there are many wanderers of one class into regions preferred by another class.) If it be true that each spectral class has a different temperature, are we to suppose that the different regions of space have different temperatures? Such a supposition has not been seriously entertained by astronomers. They are at present inclined to the belief that all stars are made of the same materials, and that every star, during its life as a star, passes through the whole range of temperatures until it becomes too cold to emit any light. And that the particular substances in the star which absorb some colours, and produce dark lines

in the spectrum, vary with the temperature, for some reason not at present clearly understood.

In this way many of our best astronomers are engaged on a very promising line of study. They are actually examining the life-history of each star. According to them, Capella was not always a yellow star; it once was red. Antares will not always be red, but will, some day, be as white as Sirius. And so with the others. The sun will show us titanium oxide as the principal component in its spectrum at some future date.

This speculation opens up a completely new view of the stars above. Already we have had to give up all thoughts of their being fixed and immovable. And now the theory that is for the present most generally accepted tells us that, like all else in creation, the stars themselves are in process of change towards ultimate decay; and when that time comes they all, and not last of them the sun, will be extinguished, and we shall have a dead universe.

That is the end, according to the speculations of this still very early century in the world's history. Even though it be all true, who can deny that revivifying powers may later be discovered, acting like the effect of spring upon the winter decay of trees and flowers, and bringing eternal hope and trust into the hearts of future generations, enlightened by that greater knowledge which we, pioneer seekers after truth, are groping for? For we are well aware that the whole truth can be manifested only after many more centuries of laborious but engrossing study of the laws by which our universe is ruled.

BRAINS.

PART II.

V.

A YEAR later still Mackay sold his big house. Joe went to look at it with the rest of the crowd, being desirous of inspecting it before it lost all semblance to the setting of a superman. By this time he had embarked in the hotel business, and, giving the best possible meals for the lowest possible price, progressed exceedingly. He could nearly afford to buy the Mackay place, but did not want it yet. Nevertheless, it rather hurt to see beautiful things handled by so many grimy fingers. He pictured Mackay here in evening-dress, waited on by butler and footman. The thought made him a little breathless. He pushed his way through the crowd, and, exploring the garden, found Mackay himself, seated on a stone bench behind a clump of bushes. The superman looked up with an odd smile, and made a gesture. Joe sat on the far end of the bench.

'Going to be in at the death, eh?' said Mackay.

Joe leaned forward. 'I hope it ain't so bad as that, sir.'

'Ever see two men on a ladder, going different ways?'

'Meaning up and down, Mr Mackay?'

'Yes. Then they come to the rung where they cross.'

'What about it?' said Joe.

'Doesn't it strike you that we are on that rung now?'

The blood was climbing to Joe's temples. He pulled his fingers till the joints cracked, and felt increasingly uncomfortable. 'Never thought of that,' he muttered, and knew that he lied.

Mackay sat motionless for a while, and Joe examined his face without turning. The lines were deeper, and the figure unmarked by any alertness. He missed the clean-cut, hawk-like aspect of the profile in the big car. The thick gray hair, the bushy brows, and broad forehead were there, but devoid of an indefinite something, as though an inward spark had been extinguished. Suddenly Joe realised that it was the face of a man with no future, and the discovery left him breathless.

'I guess I gave you a hard crack that time I landed,' he said after a long pause. 'Don't know how it was, but I sailed right for you.' He got this out jerkily, with a wild idea that, if he had actually met Mackay on the ladder, he would like to convoy him back to the top, where there was plenty of room. The very thought of this seemed at once grotesque, and grotesquely possible. He knew the way now.

'That's all right; you couldn't help it.' Mackay shifted on the seat, and spoke with a flash of his old spirit. 'I had it once, and you've got it now. That's all.'

'Eh?' said Joe, knowing well what he meant.

'It's the game that counts, not what you get out of it.' Mackay smiled at his own thoughts. There was no regret in his accents, but a vast retrospect. Joe realised that the superman was talking to him as an equal, and thrilled to the core. But he did not realise that Mackay was also standing out from the crowd and surveying himself for the first time as a negative, and not a positive, factor.

'What are you after, principally?' Mackay asked sharply.

Joe hesitated, for he hardly knew. It was quite clear that he must do a large number of things in a certain way as fast as he could, but he had not gone further than that. There had been no time yet.

'I want to give the best value I can,' he blurted.

Mackay's brows went up. 'New idea, that!'

'I never really thought of it till I got out of the hospital,' said Joe simply, 'but it's made things a heap easier since. Sounds foolish like, but the more you seem to give, the more there 's left over. You wouldn't think that in the fried-fish business, but it's so.'

'Anything else strike you?'

Joe nodded. 'They strike me that fast they make me dizzy. I'm in the hotel business now, and it's good. I don't get much sleep, but I don't miss it. All the money I save I put into the provision business, and buy the stuff from myself. That makes two profits on the same thing.' He broke off abruptly, and sent Mackay a curious glance, in which shrewdness battled with respect. 'If it ain't asking too much, are you tired of business, sir? I'm sort of anxious to know, being as I'm just getting into it myself.'

The other man winced. 'I'm afraid, Binks, it's the opposite, and business is tired of me.' He rose, walked a few paces with his head down, then turned and waved a long, thin hand. 'Good-bye again—and good luck to you. If you want to pick up anything in the house, you ought to be on the spot.'

VI.

Joe strolled thoughtfully back. He had lost all desire to buy. What was the matter with Mackay? It seemed that during those weeks in the hospital some mysterious transference had taken place, by which he had gained what Mackay had lost. Could it also be possible that he was heading unconsciously for the goal of disaster where Mackay had arrived? Could one man burgle the inside of another man's head? No—but a doctor might do the trick! That reflection brought a lump into his throat, and, pushing through the bargaining crowd, he made straight for the hospital to drag the truth out of Burnaby. He waited truculently in the ante-room till the pathologist sent for him. Joe stole a glance at the whimsical eyes, and considered how to begin. He need not have troubled.

'Well, Binks, it's hardly necessary to ask how you are. What can I do for you?'

'Fine, Mr Burnaby; fine.'

'No pain now anywhere, no dizziness, and it doesn't hurt to think?'

Joe grinned. 'I don't know what pain is.'

'You have the air of one who's making money. Come along—out with it. What's the matter?'

The little man eyed him suspiciously. 'I want to know if it's possible for a fellow to get his head so much tangled up with another fellow's that they sort of change over.'

Burnaby's lips curved into a peculiar smile. 'No, it isn't. Why do you ask?'

'I haven't got to that yet. Then is it possible for a surgeon to mix their heads up?'

'You mean the contents of their heads?'

'Yes.'

'Quite possible under certain extreme cases; but it isn't done.'

'Never been done in this hospital?' persisted his questioner.

'Not to my knowledge, and I should know if it had.' Burnaby's face still wore that inscrutable smile. 'Come on, Binks, out with it.'

Joe heaved a long sigh of relief, and his figure relaxed. Burnaby noted the decision in the small features, the gold chain, the well-cut clothes, and a great light began to dawn. He stared at his own fingers, as though speculating how potent might be those undying tissues in which they had dabbled. Then Joe got up with a certain dignity.

'Now that I know that what's in my head don't belong to Mr Mackay, it's all right; but, straight, I was beginning to worry. You see, I couldn't explain it anyway else.'

'What?' said Burnaby.

The little man fingered his watch-chain. 'Success,' he stammered. 'I ain't used to it yet.'

'Wouldn't the fact that you had a clear month's rest in which to think things over account for a good deal?' Burnaby spoke almost carelessly.

The little man shook his head. 'Not for my being different. There's something inside me that says all the time, "You're different now, so go to it." And I go.' He hesitated. 'Then there's that about Mr Mackay. I don't understand that either.'

'What about him?'

Joe was going to explain that Mackay was now a down-and-outer, when suddenly his lips sealed like a trap. After all, it was no business of Burnaby's. He looked round the bare room with its battered furniture.

'Place needs a bit of touching-up, don't it?'

Burnaby laughed, but thrilled inwardly with the consciousness that this man was indeed different.

'Sort of thing a grateful patient might do,' he hazarded.

'I was just thinking that,' said Joe. 'Good-day, sir.'

He went back to his hotel—his own hotel—plunged in a medley of sensations. It was good that he owed nothing to Mackay in the way of mental equipment, but he could not get out of his head the picture of that lonely figure on the stone bench. If the steam-lorry had not come ramping down the hill, or if he had landed only six inches from the spot where he did land, it all would never have happened. He knew that much. Then, being assured of what lay ahead of himself, he began to wonder what still confronted Mackay. He said nothing of all this

to his wife, but attacked the battle of life more contentedly than ever. It was in the back of his mind that the day would come when he could give value to Mackay also.

VII.

It was three years before he saw Burnaby again. In the meantime not only the anteroom, but also a good many other rooms, had been decorated, and this was the occasion of his real offering to the Metropolitan Hospital, and the opening of the Binks Casualty Ward. That Joe could afford it was well known, but that he should actually do it caused a good deal of surprise. His presentation speech was short, composed, and extremely pithy. He merely said that he was glad to give value for value—and sat down. When the tumult died, he caught an invitational glint in Burnaby's eye and followed him to the laboratory, where both men drew out disreputable pipes. It was at the end of their talk that Burnaby asked about Mackay.

Joe looked up with a grin. 'You didn't know?'

'Haven't heard of him since I saw you last, and that's some time ago.'

'Things sort of got worse with him,' said Joe thoughtfully, 'and I gave him a job. He keeps the books in the new hotel—the big one.' He paused, as though to make sure the ground was safe. 'Seemed somehow like I had to give him value too—for bashing in his head. But it's a good thing for the hotel. People like him, and he looks fine and imposing at the desk. He's fatter now, filled out quite a bit. The public sort of expects to see a gentleman round the place. You see, he's one—and I ain't. Say, what's that mess in those two jars?'

'The human cortex,' said Burnaby slowly.

'I'm a hotel-keeper. Human what?'

'You might call it a man's thinking-machine.' The pathologist's lips were a little dry.

Joe stood for a moment, his head pushed forward, his brows pulled down, the eyes that were once indeterminate now filled with a swift, searching wonder. Burnaby could not move, but stared at him while he surveyed the mysterious tissue whose subtle potency had, in truth, given him the power to gaze. What was going on now in that patched-up skull?

'Seems queer, don't it, to put something like a lump of macaroni in a mug and say that's what a fellow thinks with?' He extended a stubby finger. 'How long ago did he—did it die?'

'It isn't dead. It's been living in that stuff we call lymph for years. It's only the rest of the man that's dead.'

'Oh God!' squeaked the benefactor. 'Let me out.'

'What's the matter?

'I feel sick. Is the inside of my head like that?'

'Yes.' There was a depth of meaning in the word.

'And Mackay's, too?' blurted Joe.

Burnaby nodded. 'Science can see no difference.'

'Then how do you account for it?'

'For what?'

'Me and Mackay. It ain't quite fair, is it?' Joe's eyes were wistful now.

'I don't try to account for it, and perhaps it isn't quite fair,' said Burnaby under his breath.

For some time after Joe's steps died away he stood scrutinising the two jars. Life was still there, charged with the invisible seed of success and failure, triumph and disaster. This bottled consciousness signalled that it contained possibilities of which he had never dreamed—and dared him to go on.

'I wonder!' he whispered to himself. 'I wonder!'

THE END.

THE CASTOR-OIL PLANT.

I.

AS readers of *Chambers's Journal* are aware, castor-oil is obtained from the beans or seeds of the castor-oil plant (*Ricinus communis*), a member of the family *Euphorbiaceæ*, which also includes many other species the seeds of which yield fatty oils. The seeds of the castor-oil plant are known as castor beans in English-speaking countries, and are frequently, but mistakenly, supposed to belong to the bean family (*Leguminosæ*), to which, however, they are in no way related.

Castor beans contain a poisonous principle which renders them extremely dangerous when eaten; even picking off the seed-coats with the fingers has been followed by inflammation and excoriation under the finger-nails. For commercial purposes the oil is extracted by various methods, including decortication, heating, crushing, pressing, expelling, and solvent extraction; specially designed machinery is employed in the different processes.

Castor-oil is best known to most readers as a drug—the repugnance of children to it, owing to its unpleasant taste and smell, being familiar to every mother. Various attempts have been made to eradicate these obnoxious qualities, and an American physician, a Dr King, claims to have so far solved the problem that castor-oil may be made to simulate a custard. He says: 'I find it a very pleasant mode of administering

to boil the dose of oil with about a gill of good sweet milk for a few minutes, sweeten with loaf-sugar, and flavour with essence of cinnamon or other pleasant aromatic. It then somewhat resembles custard in its taste and appearance, and is readily taken by even the most delicate stomach.'

If such an unpleasant product as castor-oil can be made to resemble a custard, however remotely, it is well worth while to make such a fact known to all.

Although castor-oil is one of the minor oils, it possesses properties which distinguish it from all other vegetable oils, and its industrial use is increasing in a marked degree. For lubrication purposes the most valuable asset of this oil is its viscosity, and it is generally admitted that under changes of temperature and climatic conditions this oil retains its viscosity better than any other vegetable oil and most mineral oils. For this reason, notwithstanding the increasing production of high-class mineral cylinder oils, castor-oil is still used in the tropics for lubricating heavy machinery; whilst it is found to be absolutely necessary in gas-engines, and has been used almost exclusively in all kinds of aviation motors. Castor-oil, in association with cellulose nitrates dissolved in volatile solvents, is employed in the production of artificial leather; the oil imparts softness and elasticity to the product, thus enabling it to be coated readily on the cloth or other backing material. This artificial leather is an important article of trade, being largely used in upholstery, the manufacture of carriage-tops, motor-car fittings, trunks, suit-cases, boots and shoes, book-bindings, and various side-lines of novelty goods favoured by ladies.

Castor-oil is used even more extensively in what may be termed the legitimate leather trade, both as a solvent and a lubricant. It is usually directly applied to belting as a sulphurated product, but is also frequently incorporated in a commercially valuable composite grease containing, in addition to the oil, such ingredients as paraffin, vaseline, tallow, and wax. Machinery-belts coated with the composition are rendered more flexible and do not crack readily; hence their durability is increased. It is claimed that leather treated with pure castor-oil is never attacked by rats—leather goods, including firemen's buckets, are a delicacy eagerly devoured by those predacious rodents. If castor-oil is regularly applied to boots and shoes, these will last more than twice as long, and are rendered absolutely waterproof; another advantage resulting is that such boots and shoes are immune from the playful but destructive attacks of the ravaging puppy.

Castor-oil is equally important in numerous other industries. It is employed in the manufacture of the linoleum with which floors are covered, being found to impart flexibility and toughness to the material used. Sulphurated castor-oil, made under carefully controlled conditions of temperature, and with proportions of the requisite ingredients as determined according to a chemical formula, is sometimes used in the production of 'Turkey-red' dyes. In the manufacture of tire-cement for the motor industry, it forms an ingredient of good thick shellac varnish. The oil is also employed in the textile industries as a 'wood-oil,' and as a castor-soap oil, both of which are indispensable in degreasing special woollen fabrics. It is even used in the manufacture of fly-papers.

The oil known as 'lamp-oil' is also obtained from the castor-oil seed, and as an illuminant has the advantage of being very economical, as it burns slowly, gives a clear light with very little smoke, and as its flash and fire point is high, does not generate sufficient heat to be dangerous. At one time lamp-oil was in general use for lighting railway-carriages, and is even up to the present day still used extensively for that purpose. Pomades and cosmetics are also made from castor-oil; in short, its uses are varied, various, and valuable.

II.

The castor plant, up to the present day, is amongst the least exploited of oil-yielding plants, although it offers considerable remuneration by way of profits, and is specially suited to the man with small capital and some small knowledge of tropical agriculture.

The growing scarcity of castor-oil, and its high price in the world's markets, is inducing cultivators in the South American republic of Colombia to clear ground and plant groves of the bean.

The wild castor-oil plant is indigenous to the republic, and as it has been brought under cultivation, and is easily harvested, the industry promises to establish itself firmly; whilst a market will be created for crushing-machinery for extraction of the oil.

This plant is restricted to the tropics, but I am unable to define exactly its extreme geographical limits north and south of the equatorial belt. However, it grows wild and luxuriates in countries where temperature and climatic conditions form a great contrast—such as in British Guiana and Peru, demonstrating thereby its extremely hardy nature. It is said that there are two varieties of the castor plant, but I have seen a great many more varieties than that number—presumably they are hybrids.

The cost of cultivating this plant would be little and the yield large. It can be grown profitably as a pure, a mixed, or a catch crop; but if as a mixed or a catch crop, it is well to bear in mind that it is an exhausting crop. Even when it is grown as a pure crop, it goes without saying that the continuous cultivation must produce a poverty of soil which would result in a corre-

sponding decline in yield of produce, unless, of course, a suitable system of rotation is practised and manure applied; but there is every likelihood that when it is grown as a pure crop its drain on the soil would not be felt for the first four or five successive years. However, the nature of the soil of an individual block of land is a factor which may upset any general rule.

The only attention necessary by way of cultivation is to keep the weeds under until such time as the plants attain a height of about two feet, and for that purpose one weeding will be sufficient; but an even better method would be a ploughing between the rows in lieu thereof. If this is done, care should be taken to keep well away from the roots.

The plant grows readily on all soils, but it luxuriates on the richer soils, and rich loams are the most suitable.

For systematic planting, the distance of spacing and the method of sowing the seed will depend entirely on the nature of the soil and the climatic conditions obtaining; but in any case it should be fixed that on a poor soil more plants per acre should be put in than on a rich.

The castor plant is by no means immune from pests; caterpillars are very partial to the young shoots and leaves, and ants also do harm to the plants.

The green leaves of the plant are a good cattle food; it increases the flow of milk in cows, and they eat it with relish.

Two successive crops can be obtained from the castor plant, and the second crop gives a bigger yield than the first; a third can also be got, but it is not a paying game, as the yield is poor in quality and quantity and will not cover expenses.

When a second crop is required, the plants are cut down half-way to within a couple of feet of the ground, and this results in numerous branches springing from the old stump, which yield a heavy crop of seed when they get into bearing.

The usual time for plants to mature and bear is from nine to twelve months from date of planting to date of picking; it is a peculiarity of the castor plant that it takes the full twelve months to produce when it is grown as a mixed crop with annual crops such as bananas, sugar-cane, plantains, &c. As its yield of seed per tree also decreases when it is so placed, owing to deficiency in light and air, which hinders the flowering, no doubt its maturity is kept back from the same cause.

The castor plant should be a very suitable crop for a first or even a second reaping on new or virgin land in cases where the soil would be the better for a slight toning down. It would be suitable also for growing on plantation coast-lands impregnated with saline moisture, on which it is found difficult to grow the staple or any other crop on a paying basis.

The yield of cleaned seed per acre varies considerably, according to conditions under which the crop is grown; and a castor plant, growing wild, but on rich soil under ideal conditions, has been known to give fifteen pounds of cleaned seed.

Under ordinary conditions an average of about eight hundred pounds of cleaned seed per acre should be obtainable for a first crop, and an increase of 50 per cent. on this figure when a second crop is grown from the dwarfed stumps of the previous crop. As a comparison, a third crop from the stumps of the second crop would yield only about a hundred and fifty pounds of seeds of inferior quality, and containing a low percentage of fixed oil. These figures apply when the plant is grown as a pure crop, and would be considerably less when the cultivation is carried on as a mixed one.

Cleaned castor-seeds contain about 68 per cent. of oil, 36 per cent. of which it is possible to extract as cold drawn, and 47 per cent. by ether extraction.

The oil meal or cake is poisonous as a cattle food, but it is valuable as a manure, being rich in nitrogen.

An analysis of castor-oil shows:

Specific gravity at $\frac{15^\circ\ C.}{15}$.	0·959	to	0·963
Acid value	1·2	to	1·6
Saponification value . .	179·6	to	183·0
Iodine value . . .	87·0	to	90·0
Acid value calculated as oleic acid . . .	0·6		

The castor plant can be grown as a hedge, and serves a useful purpose as such. While yielding a fair and moderate crop at the same time, it can also be profitably utilised in nurseries and for plants requiring temporary shade.

BRITISH HEIRLOOMS OF MYSTERY.

ROMANCE and tragedy, history and tradition, and, again, strange mystery, are bound up with the heirlooms of many an old landed family in England and Scotland. With certain of them, the fate and the fortune of the families possessing them seem to be in some mysterious way connected very intimately.

The crystal goblet known as the 'Luck of Edenhall'—brought into notice in the press some time ago by the sale of the famous ancestral home of the Musgraves, Edenhall, in Cumberland—was given, according to tradition, to a remote ancestor of the family by a water-spirit, with the proviso that has ensured its

careful keeping as an heirloom by some thirty generations up to the present.

> If this cup either break or fall,
> Farewell the luck of Edenhall.

Another heirloom cup is that of the Otways, an old Jersey family. Like many other ancient houses, the Otways have a family secret, and in some way the Otway cup is connected with it. The goblet is of antique gold, studded with jewels, and for some strange reason it is aye kept chained to the first left-hand leg of the dining-room table in the family residence. Its history and the secret associated with it remain unknown, save to the heads of the family.

In Scotland, the Lockharts of Carnwath, Lanarkshire, set great store on a small, ancient silver coin, which is commonly known as the 'Lee Penny.' For centuries it has been most jealously guarded, and is in some way at the bottom of a family secret. Only very intimate and privileged friends of the family are allowed to view it. Another Scottish family, the Hamiltons, own a Prayer Book (Edward VI.'s), the use of which is taken to be the beginning of such fortune and happiness to married couples that it has been used at nearly every royal wedding for the last one hundred and fifty years. George V. had the use of it when married in 1893. So far-spread is its fame that the Prayer Book was taken to Petrograd by special courier for Dean Stanley to make use of at the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with the Grand Duchess Maria. And it is a common saying in Scotland that all the marriages of the Hamiltons are happy ones.

Another interesting family mascot is the fairy flag of the Macleods. Tradition has it that this ensign was actually presented by the fairies to an old-time chieftain of the clan. The miraculous assistance obtained through it, however, is restricted to three occasions, and when it is used for the third time, not only will the flag disappear, but its owner as well. Twice already in the history of the family has the ensign been put to use, and on neither occasion has it failed to bring success—once when, in a battle in the Highlands, the Macleods, overwhelmed by numbers, were being defeated and annihilated; and again when, some three generations ago, the direct line stood in great danger of dying out through lack of an heir. Its owner will be wary of the third occasion.

As mysterious, both in its history and its importance as a family mascot, is the turquoise of the Wharncliffes, or Stuart-Wortleys when divested of the title. It is a most magnificent jewel, said to be one of the largest and finest turquoises extant, and has been in the possession of the family for many generations. The mystery connected with it has its influence on the family fortunes, and is in some way related to the inner meaning of the inscription in ancient Persian engraved on the jewel. Only the head of the family knows the secret. It also is an inheritance of the Crusades.

There are other equally remarkable heirlooms —family mascots—among which is the rigorously guarded Muncaster Cup. None of the family treasures is more strictly guarded in Muncaster Castle, in Cumberland, than it. This cup or goblet is of crystal, engraved with mystic signs. Tradition has it that the goblet was given by Henry VI., when taking shelter, along with his queen, with Sir John Pennington, the then head of the family, after the defeat of the royal forces by Edward of York in 1455. The king handed the cup to his host in memory of his great kindness to the royal fugitives, and with the invocation that a direct heir might never be lacking, and the family fortunes be assured, as long as the gift remained in Sir John's family safe and sound.

During the Civil War in the seventeenth century the case containing it was accidentally dropped, and it was not until two generations later that an inheritor of the heirloom dared to open the box, to find the cup intact. Oddly enough, neither had the Cromwellian forces come near the castle, nor did the Commonwealth at all diminish the family fortunes. And—a direct heir has always succeeded to the inheritance.

The 'Lyon of Glamis,' which belongs to the Earls of Strathmore, is an ancient and beautiful loving-cup, shaped in the form of a lion rampant, richly and most curiously chased. It has been said to be the work of an early Venetian goldsmith, whom an ancestor of the family rescued from the Saracens, and it is in some way connected with the Glamis Mystery at Glamis Castle. Somewhere in the walls of the great ancient building lies a mysterious room. The secret it contains is known to only three people —to the head of the house; to the heir, to whom it is always revealed on his coming of age (and the knowledge of it is said to have sobered more than one roistering heir); and to the steward or agent of the estates.

The 'Coalstoun Pear' by comparison seems matter-of-fact. Tradition tells how an ancestress of the Earl of Dalhousie, whose family possess it, was stopped by her father, the 'Gifford Warlock' of Scott's *Marmion*, beneath a heavily laden pear-tree. Plucking a pear, he gave it to the bride, with the promise that as long as the pear remained whole and uninjured her descendants would prosper and flourish; and, as he was accounted to be familiar with supernatural powers, the pear was carefully treasured.

Oddly enough, great troubles came to the family in the eighteenth century, when one of its ladies was curious enough to try to bite this forbidden fruit.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

BON CHIEN CHASSE DE RACE.

By IGNOTUS.

PART I.

Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes.—VIRGIL.

I.

'HIS Majesty's Government is therefore reluctantly impelled to the conclusion that the enemy U-boats operating in the Mediterranean are drawing regular supplies of fuel-oil on a well-organised system from some base in Egypt, originating in a disaffected source, either native or neutral, and I am directed to request you to be so good as to use your utmost endeavours to cause this source of supply to be detected and eliminated.

'A copy of this letter has been forwarded to the Admiralty for the guidance of the Director of Naval Intelligence, with a view to joint action wherever desirable, and additional information, if any, will be communicated to you as early as possible, in cipher.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient, humble servant, ——.'

The recipient of the letter, with its formal, carefully chosen, and somewhat antiquated diction, that had filtered down through various channels to its real destination, leant back in his chair, and selecting a cigarette from his case with meticulous care, lit it, and fixed his eyes on a large-scale map on the opposite wall, abandoning himself to seeming vacancy.

Not even in a war of the catastrophic and all-embracing character that was at the moment devastating practically every part of the habitable globe is the average soldier, as a rule, brought into direct and personal contact with a letter bearing the sign-manual of a Cabinet Minister, and even to the most heedless it gives food for thought, for, if he plays his little rôle aright, none can predict what the future will unfold. 'Jerry' Stanley, to give him his distinguishing tag in a service that is still one big brotherhood, was fully aware of this, being emphatically of those who use their wits, urged thereto by an insatiable ambition and the necessity of providing for a growing family; in addition, the problem itself was of intriguing interest, since it is a most unsettling feeling to have an undetected enemy within the gate, and the U-boat problem at that date was growing acute.

Rising at length from his chair, and drawing from his pocket a constant companion, in the shape of a high-powered pocket magnifying-glass, he devoted himself to a searching scrutiny of the northern Egyptian seaboard, his corrugated forehead alone betraying his dissatisfied perplexity.

'I suppose it's patrolled,' he soliloquised; 'but either it's darned carelessly done, or else the patrols are got at, or else—most likely of all—the leakage doesn't occur on the coast, but they cart the stuff out to sea. Anyhow, I think, first of all, I'd better hop down to Alexandria by to-night's mail and have a chat with the N.I. [Naval Intelligence] bloke.'—'Here, Marsland, what do you think of this little *billet-doux*?' he said aloud as his stable-companion entered the tent.

Marsland, the elder by some years, and rather slower in the uptake, seized the letter tossed across to him, and read it carefully through twice before he raised his eyes from the paper. 'A bit of a nut, and you're the cracker, eh? Well, it seems to me there are several coverts you might draw for your fox.'

'Yes, I've thought of one. I'm off to Alexandria to-night to see the N.I. bloke.'

'Good—that's one I missed; but I think you might also look up the Coastguard people while you're about it, and even take the opportunity of attending one of the tickle-and-squeak parties the rich neutrals are so fond of giving, when you're down there, though I own they're not much in your line. Nor in mine either,' he finished fervently.

'What on earth for?' inquired Stanley.

'Well, old son, you never know your luck, and you might tumble up against something unbeknownst-like, as they say.'

'Yes, perhaps you're right, though I hate the idea of attending dances and that sort of thing while this war's on.'

'You're getting mossy, Jerry; I can see it fairly sprouting on you. What *does* it matter? There's only one thing of importance nowadays, and that is to see this ghastly war through. Everything that helps towards that is surely worth while.'

'No doubt,' said Stanley curtly, as he shouted for the chief clerk to take down instructions for

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

dealing with certain matters *en train* while he was away.

II.

By that evening's mail Stanley departed, and next day, bright and early, found him at Naval Headquarters, where he was soon closeted with his naval *confrère*, a captain in the Blue Marines.

'Thanks for the letter,' remarked the latter, a powerfully built man named Armstrong, with blue eyes and a most beguiling smile. 'We got a copy of it by the same mail, but I'm rather up against it myself. We are, and for some considerable time have been, patrolling this coast with all the forces at our command; but, of course, with the whole globe to cover, the chief seat of the trouble in France, and the constant convoys, we really haven't got enough patrol-boats to do all the admiral would like. However, there's a new type of craft, little motor-launches, carrying a crew of under a dozen all told, manned and officered almost entirely by R.N.V.R., of which I hope we'll soon get our share. Little cock-boats they are, seaworthy, though darned uncomfortable, and there's practically no weather they won't face, so I shall hope to get some turned over for our coastal patrols. The skippers are nearly all amateur yachtsmen, keen as nuts on their job, and many of their peace-time crews joined with them for the "duration," so they ought to pull their weight all right.

'My view is that the transhipping must take place ashore, for, though a submarine can ride out rough weather as well as anything afloat, even *she* can't ensure fine weather; and if it takes place at sea, it would have to be a decently calm night, or she'd get stove in by the felucca that brought the stuff out. Of course, they might sink and buoy the oil for the U-boats to pick up afterwards from a compass bearing, but I don't fancy the *sayyadin* [native fishermen] are seamen enough for that!'

'No,' replied Stanley; 'I don't suppose they know more about charts or nautical instruments than an elephant does of step-dancing, but I'm going along now to the Coastguard people, and I'll just put that point to them, for it's worth clearing up.'

At Coastguard Headquarters he was very civilly received by the European commandant, who explained their system of working. Every yard of the coast, he said, was patrolled every night from Alexandria eastwards to Port Said, and westwards to Sollum, by Soudanese *suwaris* (cavalrymen), and short of having additional camel patrols, that was the best they could do. But what did Stanley want?

'Well,' he replied reflectively, 'excuse my asking, but are your men all absolutely loyal?'

The coastguardsman was rather taken aback.

'I know nothing to the contrary,' he answered very stiffly.

'Forgive me for asking, but this is the reason'—and the letter from the Cabinet Minister was produced.

'I see,' said White, the commandant, thoughtfully. 'How do you think we could help you?'

'I suggest, first of all,' replied Stanley, 'that I should ride the coast myself from here to Port Said, like your night patrols. Doing, say, fifty miles a day, and changing horses at every post, I ought to do it in a week, and get some idea of the ground. By-the-by, any officers along the coast?'

'Only native ones. We've got no white men to spare—the army took most of them.'

'Well, we'll remedy that by lending you some.'

'Yes, that ought to help,' replied White.

'Another thing I want to know is whether the *sayyadin* can read a chart or use a compass.'

'No, not that I know of,' replied White, rather surprised. 'When they go far out they steer by the sun and a kind of inherited instinct, but they always hug the coast nowadays, by order.'

'Thanks; that's all I want to know.'

Making his way back to Armstrong, he inquired as to any entertainments going on in Alexandria.

'There's not a bad old Dago giving a ball to-night—Demetrius Petrocochino is the old boy's tally; made his money in cotton or something, and simply rolling now. He's a great pro-Ally bird, and I'll take you along if you like; I'm going myself.'

'That'll do me well. Meet you at the club at nine o'clock, if that will suit you.'

III.

The hands of the clock were marking the half-hour as they entered the ballroom of the San Stefano Casino, and Stanley was hauled up to be presented to his host, a fairly well-preserved man of rather past-middle age, with a sallow face and black hair turning gray, dressed *à quatre épingles*.

Anything more remote from war than the scene presented could scarcely be conceived. Down one side of the oblong space ran a grass-green wooden lattice half-hidden by flowering shrubs, behind which the orchestra was ambushed; to and fro over the floor glided and two-stepped dozens of couples, pretty girls with partners in khaki and naval blue; while keen-eyed, match-making mothers beamed approval like human searchlights, which, with their superabundant jewellery, they much resembled.

'Delighted to meet you, my dear major,' said Petrocochino in excellent English. 'I heard you were down from de front.'

'Really?' was the reply. 'But we've never met before.'

'One of my English friends—I joost forgotten de name—tell me.'

Stanley, who was far from blazoning his journeys abroad, showed his surprise. 'That's strange,' he remarked. 'I only came down here by chance.'

'*O, là là*, my dear major,' came the smooth reply, 'I am very good friends wid de English, and it give me mooch pleasure to see you. I hope you will enjoy yourself, and perhaps later on you give me de pleasure of your company in a glass of champagne, *hein*?'

'Let's go outside; it's rather fuggy,' murmured Jerry as they moved away to the terrace, its white stones shining with fairy-like beauty under the full moon. 'You know, Armstrong, I don't think I quite care for our host; he seems to take too much interest in a humble individual like myself. No one knew I was coming down here except Marsland, and here's this blighter apparently quite aware of the fact!'

'Oh, I think he's all right,' remarked Armstrong easily; 'he knows any amount of soldiermen, as you can see from the crowd here to-night, and you know what chaps are when they're down from the front—they always gas about any one they've seen. So, after all, Petrocochino might have heard your name; and there's no reason why he shouldn't, is there?'

'Oh, all right; don't write a libretto about it,' replied Jerry impatiently as they sauntered towards the music again and were swallowed up in the crowd.

IV.

The following day Stanley started on his ride along the coast, accompanied by a *shawish* (native sergeant), a *suwari*, and his native servant mounted on a baggage-camel.

As far as Aboukir (which still bears traces of its Nelsonic connection) the road lay through town streets and rural scenery, debouching there on to the seashore, and losing itself in the sand.

It was a heavenly day. The sun, pleasantly warm, but tempered by the fresh sea-breeze, beamed genially on the little cavalcade; while the hard surface of the sand, still wet from the tiny waves lapping the shore, provided an ideal footing, firm but resilient, for the horses. As they splashed along, now with the wavelets over their fetlocks, now on a dry patch, Jerry's mind kept reverting to the knowledge Petrocochino had evinced of his movements the previous night. Presently he looked round and called up the *shawish*—a typical Soudanese, thick-lipped and flat-nosed, his cheeks scarred with baptismal tribal cuts, wooden-headed, but loyal as only a Soudanese can be—who was riding a few paces behind him.

'*Esma, ya shawish, inte yeqi min 'en?*' ('I say, sergeant, where do you come from?')

'From Berbera, *effendi*.'

'Been here long?'

'Not in this area, *effendi*; but I've been about fourteen years in the *sawahil* [coastguard], and I like the service well.'

'And when you've made your pension, you'll go back home, eh?'

'*Omaal*' ('Certainly').

'Never see anybody on this coast, I suppose?'

'Only the fishermen with their cast-nets, and the village people from inland, who bring milk and eggs to Petrocochino the *khawagah* [trader], who has a bungalow about sixty miles farther east.'

'I never heard the name before,' remarked Stanley, yawning slightly.

'Doesn't *Saadtak* [your Excellency] know him? He's a rich Greek of Alexandria, very friendly with the English officers, though he *is* only a *khawagah*.' This with an indescribable intonation, for the Soudanese thinks very lightly of a European who is neither a fighting-man nor a Government official.

'No, I don't know him.'

'He comes down to his house fairly often to drink the sea-breeze, and for a *Roumi* [Greek] he's not a bad sort of a man;' and seeing the *effendi* was not disposed for further conversation, the *shawish* dropped back.

Presently he rode up again and saluted. 'Your Excellency can see the next coastguard post now on the skyline; we change horses there, and then we have nothing till the post where we stay the night. Beyond that is the *masraf* [a big drain], over which one goes in a boat, swimming the horses, which is near Petrocochino the *khawayah's* house.'

'All right.'

The afternoon got distinctly chillier as the sun lost its strength, and the little dippers and brilliantly coloured kingfishers that had flitted from under the horses' feet all day took their departure. With them went the myriads of tiny crabs continuously scurrying along the wet shore, and the whole landscape reverted within a few minutes to its primeval aspect of savage desolation as the sun's last rays sank rapidly below the horizon.

As far as a man could see inland, nothing but an endless vista of unbroken sand, now flat, now undulating, met the eye, the only moving object in that vast space, save themselves, being the restless, ever-changing sea. The awe-inspiring silence of the scene struck chill to Stanley's heart.

Rousing himself impatiently, he shook his lean shoulders, and urged his pony to a trot, his example being followed by the *shawish* and the *suwari*; whilst his servant, seated on the baggage-camel, padding on soft feet so easily at its lumbering, slinging pace, found himself fully occupied jerking at the nose-string to keep the beast back.

'*Leltak saida, effendi*' ('Good-evening, *effendi*'), said Stanley pleasantly to the native officer who had hastily bustled up and saluted at the unwonted spectacle of a British officer arriving at his lonely post. 'I am going to stay the night in the rest-house.' Jerry dismounted rather stiffly after his long ride.

'*Ala kefak, genabel kaimakam, kulla haga alista guwa*' ('As you please, O honoured major; everything is ready within'), replied Ali Mohamed ceremoniously. 'My servant will help yours to take the luggage up, and if your Honour pleases, there are some fresh *burri* [gray mullet] which we have but just now caught with the cast-net.'

'Thanks, *effendi*; I shall be glad to have them.'

After a bath and a hearty meal, Stanley sent his 'boy' across to Ali Mohamed with a formal invitation to drink coffee, the invariable Eastern courtesy, which no man of breeding ever omits.

'I suppose, *effendi*, you find it very lonely here,' remarked Jerry, balancing the tiny cup in his big hands as he settled himself luxuriously in a wicker chair.

'It is very quiet, certainly, your Honour,' assented the native gravely; 'but I have plenty to do, and I have my family here, so I do not find time hang heavily.'

'I suppose you patrol a good deal?'

'Every night, your Honour; in fact, I shall go out in an hour's time, and return about dawn.'

'Do you always go the same time?'

'Always, your Honour,' replied Ali Mohamed, rather surprised.

'Mighty easy for anybody watching to make a time-table of their movements!' thought Stanley.

Aloud he said, 'And you never see any one, do you?'

'No, your Excellency, except when Demetrius Petrocochino, the *khawagah* of Alexandria, comes down to his bungalow.'

'*Wa mashuftsh ebeden rauwasa hena?*' ('And you've never seen a submarine here?')

'*Ebeden*' ('Never'), with much emphasis.

'*Wa makansh ebeden khabbar ben-u?*' ('And there's never been news of one?')

'Never, *effendi*; nothing comes here.'

'Who is this Petrocochino?' Jerry queried idly.

'He's a rich Greek, your Honour, who has a wooden house some distance from here, where he comes to spend a few days from time to time.'

'He must be pretty tired when he gets here, if he feels as I do,' remarked Stanley.

'Your Honour is in error. He doesn't ride, but travels in a boat from Alexandria down the Mahmudieh Canal till its junction with this *masraf*, where he turns off, and so down here.'

'That's rather more comfortable,' smiled Stanley. 'And now, *effendi*, as I have had a long day, I shall turn in.'

'*Lazim arkab fil dawaria*' ('I must ride my patrol'), remarked Ali Mohamed as he stood up and took a ceremonious farewell of his host.

(*Continued on page 756.*)

LONDON TO PARIS BY AIR.

THE first question is—what about baggage? Thirty pounds are allowed free, but the advertisements do not make it clear that more may be taken at fivepence per pound. If there are few passengers, the extra quantity may be taken in the same plane with the passenger; otherwise it is best sent by an earlier plane, so as to meet the passenger on arrival. The packages *must* be compact. Messrs T. Cook & Son, who are agents for all the lines, will give instructions as to despatch of baggage. A small package can go in the plane with the passenger, but anything more than a very small package in his personal charge will be found a nuisance.

Motor-clothing is unnecessary in summer; at that time of the year ordinary clothing and a light greatcoat will meet the case. A good neck-wrap is advisable, for, although the seats are enclosed, it will usually be found desirable to open some of the windows a little, when a good deal of wind is felt.

Motors start from certain places and take passengers to the aerodrome. There a few formalities are gone through in regard to passports, tickets, &c.; after which one goes to the aeroplane. Ours was a Handley-Page twelve-seater, with an 'office' forward for pilots, and at the back a lavatory and a locker for baggage.

We found it, with the engines slowly turning. It does not take long getting on board. Then the engines have a final test, each being run up to high speed and slowed down again. The plane is now released, and, with engines turning at moderate speed, it runs along the ground, so as to get into the best position for a start, head to wind. The engines are opened out and begin a roar, which does not cease for a moment until we reach Le Bourget. In a few seconds the jolting of our wheels on the ground ceases. We are in the air.

The weather now becomes the big factor in the journey. It may here be mentioned that the Company does not fly on bad days; it would not pay them to risk either their passengers' lives or their valuable machines. They get most elaborate weather reports, and if they fly, it may be accepted that the weather is suitable for flying. To-day the weather is by no means bad: a fresh northerly breeze, some haze, and a little cloud. On leaving the ground one is at

once struck by the big exertion of climbing; in some way one feels that the engines have hard work to do. The wind meeting buildings and trees gives rise to eddies in the air, which are most felt while we are still low down; these eddies produce what are called bumps. A bump gives much the same sensations as we have when at the stern of a steamer, steaming head on into the sea. The feeling is that of falling and leaving one's insides behind. The feeling is slight, but is not comfortable until we appreciate that these small vertical oscillations do not mean that the machine is beginning to fall, but only that the air has its ups and downs, the same as has the sea. The chosen flying-level is soon reached, and the bumps are less felt.

I intended to follow our track on the map. Kent is a county I know well, and I was curious to see if I could recognise places from above. Though I had a map arranged for the London-Paris journey, I was not particularly successful. Our wings limited the view, and, of course, one can see only what is on one's own side of the machine. However, I found I had a good view downwards and of everything behind the wing on my side.

A railway and a tarred road look much the same. Minor roads, quite faintly shown on the map, are apt to be mistaken for more important roads owing to their lighter colour. Water showed up well, but was often hidden by trees.

I picked up the Red Hill-Tonbridge-Ashford railway easily, but we passed some way south of Tonbridge, and I failed to recognise it, for I was looking out for the Sevenoaks railway to help me, and that I never saw at all, probably owing to cuttings and trees. When I did make out that I had missed Tonbridge, we had gone so far on that I got lost, and did not find myself until we crossed the Hastings-Ashford line. I ought not to have missed the Royal Military Canal round the Romney Marsh, but I did so, probably owing to trees. We passed north of Lydd, so I did not see it. We crossed the coast-line a little south of New Romney. Hythe could be identified, but Folkestone was hazy.

As we passed off the land we were able to appreciate how much houses and land-objects had had to do with the slight bumping we had met with. Bumps ceased, and but for the wind and the roar of the engines we might have been standing still. Here also there was an absence of cloud, which tended towards smooth travelling. The movement at the start had, however, been rather much for two of our passengers. They soon got over it, but the rest of us felt with pleasant satisfaction that we were good sailors (flyers?). The Company had made suitable arrangements to meet the emergency. We had eleven passengers, of whom no fewer than five were ladies.

All transport leaves something to be desired in the matter of safety and comfort. Most of us have at times adopted irregular methods of landing from horses; sailing leads to experiences which can hardly be called comfortable; after all these years, trains sometimes play tricks; until quite lately a motor with a man underneath it was a common sight; while stationary bikes and side-cars are still common roadside ornaments. Prehistoric man (or woman) did not give up the sea, though they may have wondered at the unpleasant effects of bumpy waters on their interior economy. So, also, when flying is better understood, people will think less of its peculiarities and more of its advantages.

When crossing the Channel we saw a few steamers and fishing-boats, and it is remarkable how much more prominent the wakes were than the vessels themselves. Near our coast waves were difficult to distinguish; but on the French coast there were white horses.

We passed about four miles west of Boulogne. Our pilot then turned slightly to the west (would it be more correct to say 'turned slightly to starboard'?). He probably did so to give us a longer bit of the smooth travel. As we got over the shallow water near Etaples, the sands looked like sponge just under water. We crossed the coast some miles south of Etaples, and at once got into slightly bumpy air. We then followed the main line of railway, passing east of St Valery and west of Oisemont. Then I got lost, until I picked up Grandvilliers, and found we were turning more to the east. About here we passed some slight clouds, which seemed to be carried past us by a southerly gale. In fact, they were being blown south by the north wind, which occasionally seen smoke showed was still in our favour.

I noticed there were some dials on the partition which separated the pilots from the passengers, so went forward to see what they were. One was not in use; another was a clock; the third was some form of aneroid graduated in feet, and this showed our height to be three thousand three hundred feet, near which level we did most of our journey.

I did not see Beauvais, which, I suppose, we left to the west. Then for some time I had only a general idea of our whereabouts, until we saw the Oise, which we crossed about a mile east of Noisy-sur-Oise.

As the sun got more to the west, our shadow showed well on my side of the machine, and we could appreciate our great speed over the ground from the way it passed over the fields. It looked such a little shadow, the sort of thing you could draw with two strokes of a soft pencil. As a shadow is (including the penumbra) just a trifle bigger than the object, our shadow gave quite a good idea of our great height up. Hedges were very rare, and much of the cultivation was in narrow strips. Poppies seemed a very common weed; some patches

looked almost as if they were trying to grow poppies, they were of such a brilliant red.

We were now getting near our destination, and before long saw the hangars of the aerodrome at Le Bourget. Now came the interesting matter of the landing.

It was not very clear when the engines were shut off, as the propellers kept turning. There was no sensation of falling. We seemed to be doing a long glide, for the houses below were growing bigger and bigger. As the north wind was still blowing, we had to make a complete turn so as to land head to wind.

It occurred to me that our line of flight was rather too close to the aerodrome to allow of a complete turn being easily made; but soon I heard the roar of the right-hand (? starboard) engine, which, working alone, quickly turned the aeroplane round. At this moment I saw another aeroplane, which had evidently just risen and was bearing away to the east. It was still below us, and climbing, but looked *very* small. We got lower and lower until near the aerodrome. Then I suppose our speed was falling rather too much, for both engines were run full speed for some seconds. I was conscious of no shock when we touched ground, but we appreciated our speed from the way we went tearing along that grass. Two engines were again put on at low speed, and we taxied the few yards to our destination.

We were soon out of the machine. There was very little trouble about passports and customs. I found my advance luggage waiting for me. A motor-bus was ready, and ere long we and our baggage were on our way to Paris. The air journey had taken two hours and twenty-five minutes.

I have only two remarks to make. The first is, that though pilots and passengers taken together were thirteen, we had a first-rate journey. The second is, that since I went up in 1917, the increase in comfort is very great indeed.

THE HIDDEN WEALTH OF NORTH QUEENSLAND.

By Robert M. Macdonald.

A LAND flowing with milk and honey does not, in its literal sense, appeal to the average Briton, but a land which has hidden in it almost every mineral known, and many not yet fully understood, offers an inducement which will tempt most who feel the shackles of present-day civilised conditions too irksome. Such a land is North Queensland. The writer has left his mark on—and underneath—the surface of most parts of the globe, and his experience convinces him that North Queensland *is* Nature's treasure store. It is also a land in which, under some magical influence, all cares and worries are soon forgotten after leaving the coastal towns; a land where the sun shines always, and gives life and health and the enjoyment of existence to all who plunge within its vast domain. Excepting when a great war breaks out and the Motherland calls upon her far-scattered children to rally round her—and is answered—in North Queensland the flight of time, like the passing of empires, is ignored.

In the tract of land which lies north of Capricorn, the man who seeks for any mineral will probably find it if he crosses the Great Dividing Range which separates the comparatively small but extremely fertile coastal regions from the plateau in which Nature has hidden inexhaustible mineral wealth.

Whether this part of Australia is the newest or the oldest part of the earth's surface does not trouble any one there. Famous geologists cannot determine, and the prospector neither knows nor cares. Sufficient for him is the fact that he can find in it gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, antimony, molybdenite, wolfram, and almost every other mineral desired by man, when he chooses to look for it. And he does look for the mineral highest in value at the time, although those values alter according to the law of supply and demand. Tin, for instance, was largely sought for in 1920, being over four hundred pounds per ton, but will be neglected now, as it has lately been under one hundred and sixty pounds. Recently molybdenite-getting was, perhaps, the chief attraction, and it is likely still to claim the attention of many; but when the expected revival of trade comes along most other minerals will also be in demand, at prices which will afford the careless and free wanderer all his requirements easily, without any strenuous effort.

Leaving Cairns, the famous tropical beauty-spot of the north, behind, the railway takes one up the Barron Gorge, past the plunge summit of the world-famous Barron Falls, and on towards Mareeba, through dense timber-clad land of priceless value, amidst which coffee plantations and fruit-growing clearings are numerous along the river's bank. Once over the top, the hot climate of the seacoast is exchanged for a drier, cooler, and more pleasant atmosphere, in which it is a positive pleasure to feel conscious of life. The air seems to act on one as if one were perpetually drinking champagne, but without any evil effects. In the tributary rivers and creeks around, gold can be found in more or less valuable patches everywhere. In fact, near the sources of the Clohesy River—a Barron River tributary—prospectors know they can always get sufficient gold to replenish their funds to

enable them to tackle some bigger proposition in other minerals elsewhere. The writer has never been compelled to fall back on the Clohesy, but he knows many men who, having spent, given away, or otherwise lost their accumulation of sordid wealth, have disappeared among the creeks which feed that river, and reappeared soon with all the affluence necessary for their pet undertakings.

About fifty miles from Cairns, Mareeba is reached, a thriving timber, gold, and cattle-rearing township, where people never die except by sudden accident. Here the railway—and the country also—divides. To the south the line strikes into the mountainous regions of which Herberton is the capital, and around which tin is the metal which attracts prospectors, one of the most famous mines being in the middle of the town. Herberton is also famous for being a tropical town so high above sea-level that all the temperate zone fruits and vegetables flourish. In it a traveller, at times, dresses with an oversupply of garments when going to Cairns, but sheds them all the way down until, on arrival at the end of the hundred miles journey, he is as naked as decency permits.

The country beyond Herberton is as yet not pierced by the railway, and is known only to prospectors. It is rich in all minerals, and even now there fairly frequently come into the town some careless, erratic wanderers, carrying specimens of something they think may be worth a fortune which they have found somewhere near. Investigations and assays often prove that their finds *are* really worth fortunes, but by this time the finders have probably gone for a 'spell,' and perhaps remember the places where they found their specimens only as spots they can go back to 'some day.' But those men are not really indifferent as to their discoveries. They all have weird maps of locations, or carry the memory of their finds in their heads, and they hope to turn this knowledge to account 'some day.' That day does not always come; necessity for going back does not arise, or something newer has taken up the finder's attention, and thus it happens that occasionally a great find is made which somebody remembers having heard about before, 'when Black Bill came into town.' Black Bill himself by this time will still have his map —as the writer has himself—filled with hundreds of locations, which he treasures; and although some of them may be relocated by others, he does not care, being now more interested in his latest discoveries or in the mineral which is commanding the highest present market price. Black Bill knows—as does the writer—that he can go back at any time and develop his old find, if a development in world trade should cause a demand for the mineral in question, which would make its value more than that of the special deposit or formation he is now working.

From Mareeba the other branch of the railway stretches westward into the real land of upside-down, and although the line rises to cross the Feather Bed Ranges, its general trend is now downward along the parallel course of the Walsh River towards the Gulf of Carpentaria. Soon one breaks into the *wolfram* country, although gold-bearing outcrops are still common along the unseen slopes of the ranges which flank the railway far away. Wolfram is in demand because of the tungsten it contains, and the town of Wolfram has sprung up where, when the writer knew it first, was only a camp. Here men gather when they have experienced bad luck and wish to recuperate their fortunes in a modest, but sure, way. The demand for wolfram is constant, and will probably increase, although molybdenite has superseded it in its use in most steel alloys, the latter mineral serving the same purpose generally, and only about 1 per cent. being required for steel-hardening purposes against about 4 per cent. of wolfram.

Tin seems to be scattered about this part of the earth's surface in a confusion which no geologist or mineralogist can explain. It is found almost everywhere in the creeks and dry gullies by those lonely wanderers who prefer working on their own account for a time, 'scratching' out the 'black sand,' and passing on again to another patch, without the trouble of mining, other than that of filling their sacks with what they obtain by extremely simple methods. Yet some of those men earn money enough to enable them to make the entire world their playground. The bronzed face and the far-away look in his eyes are the only indications on a first-class homeward-bound liner by which a fellow-wanderer may guess that he is looking at a Queensland 'tin scratcher.'

After the best-known part of the wolfram country is passed, the railway rises over the Feather Beds—a right-angled spur of the Great Dividing Range—and from the summit down the gradual decline to the terminus at Mungana the country around is, to the prospector, like an enormous lucky-bag. He dives inside and brings out something. What it is he may not know at the time; but if its cash-value proves to be sufficient, when he gets his prize assayed, he will go back for more — if he hasn't already gone elsewhere. The molybdenite country begins, so far as is known, somewhere near the Feather Beds, and the Government has erected a treatment plant at a convenient point on the railway for the benefit of those who care to utilise it. Some use it, paying thirty shillings per ton for crushing and extraction, and receiving the value in currency, less this amount, for their ore, which in all cases has to be transported by rail or team to the works. Some do not use the Government plant, preferring to pick their ore by hand, discarding all the poorer quality. The picked ore is crushed by hand and

hammer, and its pure metallic contents are sold direct to the buyers, the poorer ore being left—in the miner's dream—to be treated afterwards when some means of doing so easily are invented. Thus there are many thousands of tons of molybdenite ore now overgrown with grass, awaiting the advent of the man who can extract its contents without transportation. Some day soon, the writer is informed, those dumps will be worth almost any figure; but the information, although from the biggest steel combines in Great Britain, only makes him smile ruefully as he remembers the time when he himself passed molybdenite by as worthless, mistaking it, as others did, for graphite. This resemblance is so great that only an analysis will determine which is which—to some people! The rush for molybdenite is coming, and if the writer survives the winter of his native country—and of his discontent—he will look over his own map and return to the spots he knows, where the sun shines by day, the camp-fire burns at night, and worries, ill-health, and trouble belong to another world. Molybdenite is a lustrous pearl-gray in colour, but wolfram is a dull black, and much heavier.

Passing down over the Feather Bed Ranges, one reaches the great mysterious lime bluff country. Hills of limestone formation, about the size of Dumbarton Castle, jump up from the ground everywhere, and all are honeycombed with caves. The use of the word *honeycombed* is not an error in the language which the writer has almost forgotten. Bees have seen to that. Native bees they are called, and they are about the size of flies, distinguishable only from the pestilential six-legged creatures because of a yellow-coloured back. The caves themselves are wonderful—probably the most wonderful in the world—but the prospector sees in them only the unfailing indication that he is in the vicinity of country likely to be stored with copper, silver, and lead. And in this he is correct. Wherever the lime bluffs exist—and they are dotted in hundreds over the land surface beyond the Feather Beds—the metals known, the writer understands, as negative are found. Copper ore now takes the place of molybdenite, with silver-lead (galena) outcrops standing out in great 'blows' wherever one turns. The copper is in the form of carbonate of copper, or malachite, on the surface, and lies in chunks like stones of a broken-down wall, sometimes assaying 35 per cent. metallic copper. The silver-lead is in the form of massive pieces of sulphide of lead (galena) sometimes carrying from one hundred to three hundred ounces of silver and 20 per cent. lead to the ton of ore. When a shaft is sunk on the formations carrying silver or copper, changes occur, and the metallic contents of the lode change into oxides, and finally, when water-level is reached, sulphides prevail. The typical prospector, however, usually abandons his mine at water-level, although at that point only begin the vast bodies of ore which should provide him with all the wealth he requires for life. He knows what is in his mine, and 'some day' means to come back. Strangely enough, other men coming across an abandoned mine pass it by as worthless, without any investigation, although they themselves may have just left another property of their own which they know is extremely valuable. In time water soaks into the shafts, and soon the tropical vegetation hides all signs of man's handiwork. The richest lodes of copper, silver, molybdenite, and other ores are thus left until that indefinite 'some day,' and the wanderer seeks pastures new.

The rivers here abound with fish of weird shape and appearance, and when the miners feel, as they often do, that they are working too hard, they adjourn for a spell to the nearest permanent water-hole and add fish to their menu. Incidentally, they also do all their washing, but that is not much in a country where full-dress consists of shirt and trousers. A peculiarly gifted fish is known as the rifle-fish, and often the writer has sat by the water and watched its skilful methods of feeding itself. Where the vegetation overhangs the water all sorts of insects congregate, and, in the pool underneath, the rifle-fish is watching his chance. When the particular insect he fancies approaches too near the water for its safety, the waiting fish squirts out a drop of fluid at it, and unfailingly hits it. It falls into the water, and what follows is, after all, human-like!

The copper and silver-lead belt extends westward beyond rail-head at Mungana for over thirty miles, but only the venturesome prospector knows its northern and southern boundaries. Away to the north, as the smaller ranges break up from the plateau sloping towards the Gulf, gold again becomes plentiful in and near all the rivers. The Tate, the Walsh, the Mitchell, and the Palmer are the chief waterways, and the world will never know the amount of gold taken from their environments by the Chinese. The Chinaman plants a garden wherever he goes, and its produce, with rice in addition, enables him to live and work where the white man would starve.

But the white men now organise into parties when penetrating the fastnesses far away from railways; and probably motor-tractors will soon solve the problem of opening up the vast unknown country stretching along the shores of Carpentaria.

Throughout this great country the careless sons of freedom wander at will. Each has a map of his finds which will lead him back over his tracks 'some day,' and as the Old Country is only a fine place to come home to, and then get away from, the writer is now expecting that *his* 'some day' is at hand.

GERALD AND THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY.

By C. L. M. BROWN, Author of *The Fall Triumphant*, *Peggy Uttoxeter's Engagement*, &c.

I.

GERALD BATES was an innocent young man, singularly free from the besetting vices of his generation. He did not drink; he did not swear; he did not gamble. He did not even kiss girls. You are right when you suggest that his upper lip was adorned with the tender beginnings of a flaxen moustache, and that he had light-blue eyes; but you are in error if you have formed the hasty opinion that Gerald was a ninny, a backboneless sort of youth. You are vastly in error.

No; it was merely that he had been well brought up by a darling old Victorian aunt with a heart of gold and quaint, old-fashioned notions that caused her still to think that ladies ought not to smoke or gentlemen retain their seats in crowded tramcars. Dear old Aunt Adela, she had a kindly smile for every one, but she could never quite grasp the fundamental truth that, whilst everything else grows older, the world itself is becoming younger every day.

Gerald worked in an architect's office. He dreamed that he would himself one day be a great architect, designing mighty cathedrals and stately pleasure-domes and what not. He frequently said that modern architecture, as exemplified in the semi-detached villa, had lost touch with the true spirit of Gothic art. And a lad with ideas like that could not be entirely devoid of what we call the right stuff.

As I have said, Gerald was an innocent young fellow, unversed in the doubtful ways of the world; he had no secrets that he could not have confided to his aunt Adela. But deep in his innermost soul he cherished a fierce desire for romantic adventure, for all that seemed to make life glorious in the eyes of eager youth. He wanted to drink deep of the strong red wine of existence, but, alas! he knew not where to lay his hand upon the bottle. Nothing ever seemed to happen to him.

In his office was also a young man named Baggs. Baggs was generally admitted to be 'a bit of a one.' He had girls on strings, and brought off doubles, and knew—or pretended that he knew—what cocktails are made of. It were futile to deny that he was 'a bit of a one.' Gerald had no great desire to emulate the dashing deeds of Baggs, as described by himself, but he nevertheless felt a trifle envious of this young gentleman. At any rate, Baggs did live, whereas he merely grew, like something in a vegetable-garden. Yet in his heart of hearts Gerald knew that if ever the occasion offered he would make as brave a show in the lists of adventure as Baggs would, despite his intimate knowledge of cocktails. He *knew* it, and the realisation gave him courage to face the monotony of his quiet daily life.

II.

It was the night of the Hospital ball. This was the great social function of the year at Madderly; not to attend the Hospital ball was tacitly to confess yourself an also-ran in the Madderly Society Handicap. Gerald went, as in duty bound.

The sounds of revelry were at their height. Gay couples zigzagged about the polished floor in the graceful eccentricities of the fox-trot; the expensive jazz-band, led by a wild-eyed drummer, unburdened their souls of strange, impassioned noises. Even the chaperons in their arm-chairs smiled indulgently. In the doorway leading to the buffet stood Gerald, alone and friendless.

Gerald was not a successful dancing man; he was too shy. To excel in the modern Terpsichorean art one must learn to forget everything but the stirring rhythm of the music. Gerald could never quite forget his feet or his dress-tie. So he had come to consider himself a bad dancer, and was convinced that girls would not like to dance with him if they could help it.

He drifted miserably about, dancing occasionally with elderly married ladies and unattractive spinsters, who usually had an empty programme to present. He was acutely self-conscious; he felt that every one was looking at him, and noting that he was without a partner. He longed for the whole thing to end, so that he might go home.

Anxious to hide from what he imagined were contemptuous eyes, he made his way to a secluded sitting-out room. Some enterprising young man had previously turned out the light, and the place was in total darkness. The band was playing a popular dance-tune, and at present the retreat seemed deserted. Feeling his way to the farthest corner, he crept behind a screen, and sinking into a chair, abandoned himself to bitter thoughts.

He was a failure, a mug; a poor, weak-kneed creature meriting only the scorn and derision of his fellow-men. What right had he to crave for adventure, for——?

His unhappy cogitations were suddenly cut short by a slight sound proceeding from the inky darkness that encompassed him. It was the faint rustle of soft raiment, and it seemed to come from only a foot or so from his chair.

Gerald started with surprise and embarrass-

ment. Had he unwittingly invaded the seclusion of some amorous couple? Surely not, or he would have been warned away by a discreet cough. He strained his ears; very faintly he caught the sound of gentle respiration. Surely the breathing of only one person. There came another indistinct rustle.

Gerald's heart gave a wild leap. There was a girl sitting close beside him. They were alone together in the dark. Oh!

What should he do? Conscious of a strange excitement, he made a little shuffling noise with his foot.

Quickly there came a faint, answering shuffle.

Gerald's pulse quickened; he cleared his throat. 'Er—I hope I'm not disturbing you,' he ventured nervously.

The sound of his voice alarmed him, and he trembled with apprehension at his own daring. Another voice, exquisitely soft and thrilling, replied from the neighbourhood of his right elbow, 'Oh, no, not at all; I—I'm quite by myself.'

III.

Gerald's first impulse was to rise and dash away to the light and safety of the ballroom. He overcame it with an effort of will. Here was adventure; here, at his very elbow. In the delicate intonations of that unknown voice he had recognised intuitively the authentic note of romance. He sat perfectly still, striving to be calm.

'Isn't this—exciting,' went on the voice a trifle breathlessly—'I mean, being here in the dark with some one you don't know at all?'

'Rather,' agreed Gerald. 'I—I'm enjoying it hugely.'

The girl laughed, a little trilling laugh that made Gerald tingle from head to foot. 'I don't know whether it is quite proper,' she said, 'but it *is* fun.'

'Why are you not dancing?' inquired Gerald.

'As a matter of fact I'm cutting a dance,' replied his mysterious companion. 'I know it's a mean thing to do, but it was his own fault. He's a big, fat man with a bald head and a black moustache. I've had one dance with him, and he asked me to sit it out, and he—he actually tried to flirt with me.'

'The scoundrel!' exclaimed Gerald hotly.

'Yes,' said the girl; 'but you can never trust a man with a bald head. Have—have you got a bald head?' she queried timidly.

'No,' said Gerald hastily; 'nor even a black moustache.'

'I'm so glad,' she answered. 'Now I'm quite sure that you would never think of trying to flirt with me.'

Gerald swallowed hard. Was there really a note of relief in her tones, or——?

'Would you be fearfully angry with me if I did?' he whispered breathlessly.

'But you wouldn't *dare*, would you?' the girl replied with innocent curiosity.

You may laugh at Gerald's perturbation, his sensation of positive fright—you men of the world, to whom such situations are mere piquant interludes in the hectic drama of life. You would have known what to do—would you not?—and would have done it with tact and promptitude, smiling to yourselves afterwards, and then putting the amusing incident easily from your minds. But remember how different a youth Gerald was. Girls always made him nervous, even at a distance and in the light of day.

'I—I *might*,' he hazarded.

'Oh!' The slight exclamation came from the enshrouding darkness, and was followed by a tense silence. Then: 'You don't know a bit what I'm like.'

'I'm sure you're awfully nice,' cried Gerald with impulsive candour. He meant it, honestly. Something in the girl's voice had stirred him to unreasoning admiration; he felt strangely drawn towards her as by a magnet.

'But I might be a perfect fright,' she protested, 'with—with a wig and a cast in both eyes. And I'm in just the same position. For all I know, you may be a perfect monster, with side-whiskers. Already I'm beginning to suspect that you *have* got a bald patch on the top somewhere. It would be a terrible risk for both of us.'

Faintly from the distance the wild barbaric strains of the band came floating through the darkened room. Was this a dream? Was he really himself, Gerald Bates, the industrious young architect, the nephew of his aunt Adela? Or had he been spirited suddenly out of himself into some enchanted region of Arabian Nights? And did it matter?

Amazed at his own audacity, Gerald moved his hand into the impenetrable blackness. It alighted with unerring intuition upon another hand, a little, smooth, soft hand that trembled ever so slightly beneath his touch. What a tiny hand it was! What adorable little fingers, and what a perfectly heavenly little thumb! Gerald's pulses throbbed madly.

He squeezed it.

For a moment time stood still. 'Oh!' cried the girl, '*you have got a bald patch*. I knew it.' But her hand still lay an unresisting captive within his own.

'I haven't,' cried Gerald inarticulately. 'I haven't, on my honour.' His tone was eager, imploring. In his excitement he squeezed the little hand again, and he fancied he felt a slight answering pressure.

'Thank goodness,' she said. 'I was so afraid you were going to flirt with me. That would have been dreadful.'

Was there a hint of subtle provocation in her voice, breathing through the darkness with such

alluring cadences? Whether or no, it invaded Gerald's ears with intoxicating sweetness. He was no longer the shy, well-brought-up young man; he was the indomitable lover of old-time romance.

His hand left hers and sought her shoulder; he leaned towards her. A wisp of her soft, silken hair tickled his nose. It had never been tickled like that before in all his life. Her cool breath fanned his flaming cheek deliciously. The next moment he had kissed her full upon the lips with rapturous abandon.

It was one of those great ecstatic moments for which the universe was surely made. It passed, and the girl struggled to her feet with a smothered exclamation. 'Oh dear!' she cried.

Gerald sank back in his chair, overcome by the immensity of his deed. What mad act had he committed? He had kissed a girl without her permission!

'Don't move,' she cried agitatedly. 'Don't dare to move. I'm going. Promise me not to move from that chair for five minutes.'

'I promise,' murmured Gerald.

'On your honour,' insisted the girl.

'On my honour,' repeated Gerald faintly.

There was a light swish of silk, the sound of a wicker chair being overturned in the darkness, and he was alone.

IV.

How long he sat there Gerald had no knowledge; he was far too excited to give thought to such trivial matters as time and place. He was possessed with a wild exaltation that sang in his brain like a triumphant refrain. He was in love; he had kissed the object of his passion. The fact that he had not as yet seen her did not occur to him as a thing of any particular importance. Here was an adventure surpassing the most wonderful of his dreams.

The band, exhausted at last, had called a brief truce, and eager couples were invading his retreat, conversing volubly. Some one turned on the electric light. Gerald blinked owlishly while men fought for comfortable arm-chairs for their partners. He imagined that every one must be looking at him, pointing him out as the man who had just deliberately kissed a girl. He didn't care; let 'em jolly-well point.

His gaze wandered to the seat lately occupied by the object of his devotion. How close it was to his own! A blush stole into his cheek as he observed it. Suddenly he sat up with a start. On the floor, at the foot of this vacant seat, a small object gleamed and flashed brightly in the light. Eagerly he stooped and picked it up. It was a little brooch, delicately formed in the shape of a golden butterfly, on the wings of which were set two flashing rubies, red as blood. Without doubt it belonged to the girl he adored.

Careless of the outstretched feet of recuperating fox-trotters, he scrambled towards the exit. Here was a link between himself and his beloved; here was a clue by the aid of which he would seek her out and claim her for his own. Treading ruthlessly on the lightly shod feet that encumbered his path, he reeled into the buffet. 'Give me a strawberry ice,' he cried to the astonished attendant, 'before I swoon away.'

V.

It was the morning after the previous night. Gerald sat on his high stool filling in the rough sketch of a ground-plan for a brewery, but his mind was not on his work. It was centred on that golden butterfly.

He had slept that night with the little golden brooch pinned on the pocket of his pyjama jacket, and at the present moment it was securely fastened to the inside of his waistcoat, immediately above his heart. He had vowed that it should never leave his person until he had found the owner and cast himself at her feet. In his mind's eye he painted glowing pictures of this lady of the darkness.

'Have a good time at the dance last night?' inquired Baggs from his eyrie at the other end of the room.

'Topping,' said Gerald.

'Saw you dancing with Mrs Brumley,' remarked Baggs significantly. Mrs Brumley was a pleasure-loving and corpulent dame whose exercises in the ballroom were a subject of general jest in Madderly.

At any other time Gerald would have flushed at the implied gibe; as it was he merely hid a smile. 'Yes, I gave her a turn,' he said. 'How did you get on?'

'Had a perfectly vivid night,' said Baggs exuberantly; 'danced all but two with Ethel Smithson. Some girl,' he added with a heavy wink.

'She looked it,' said Gerald briefly.

How inexpressibly cheap and tawdry these boasted philanderings of Baggs's seemed now in the light of his own great romance! The fellow hadn't really the spirit or soul of an earwig. If only he knew, how he would gasp with astonishment and envy! Gerald fondled the little bulge beneath his waistcoat in secret exaltation.

This golden butterfly had altered the aspect of the world for him—or was it only himself that was changed? He had but to find the owner of this lost jewel and——

But how was he to do it? This question began to force itself upon his attention with disconcerting insistence. It had seemed such a simple thing at first glance.

Life was so confoundedly prosaic in these times. In the olden days, of course, he would simply have stuck the brooch in his bonnet and marched bravely through the town until he saw

a fair hand drop a rosebud at his feet from some trellised casement; the rest would have been child's-play. But even Gerald could not quite see himself parading the streets of Madderly with a golden butterfly fixed on the brim of his bowler hat. People had no imagination nowadays.

Besides, there was another aspect to the question. The brooch was obviously an article of considerable value; the loss of it would doubtless be a source of anxiety and grief to the owner. She could not be aware that he had found it; she might not even know where she had lost it. Ought he not to go and hand it over to the secretary of the Hospital ball? This was surely his plain duty; and yet what a miserable, unpicturesque ending to his romance! All the heart in him cried out against such a sorry solution to the problem. But what was the alternative?

VI.

At lunch his aunt Adela regarded him anxiously. 'What's the matter, Gerald?' she inquired solicitously. 'You're not eating anything, dear.'

'Nothing's the matter, thank you, auntie,' he answered, recapturing his errant thoughts with an effort.

'I hope it isn't your liver again, dear.'

'No, it's not my liver, Aunt Adela,' said Gerald.

All the afternoon he lived in a state of mingled happiness and doubt. And then in the evening a great light broke. He had bought a six-o'clock edition of the local news-sheet, and glancing over the 'Lost and Found' column, a small announcement leapt out at him from the printed page, as though set in letters of fire. It ran thus:

'LOST. Valuable gold butterfly brooch, set with rubies. Finder, who will be suitably rewarded, should communicate with Miss Ellingdean, The Filberts, Stavely Road, Madderly.'

The paper fluttered from Gerald's trembling fingers. Miss Ellingdean. There was music in the name. A cry of delight escaped his lips; he had found his lady of the darkness. Or, more correctly, he presently realised, he had found out where she lived. He had still to set the crown of victory upon his desires. The sharer of his glorious adventure was no longer a mere dream-girl seen in the rosy light of imagination; she had become a more definite individual with a name and an address of her own. It was one thing to propose casting one's self at the feet of an unknown mistress of the region of romance; it was rather different to contemplate the same somewhat precipitate action before a certain Miss Ellingdean who resided at The Filberts, Stavely Road. It was just possible that one might be misunderstood.

More than once he almost succumbed to a cowardly impulse to enclose the golden butterfly in a cardboard box and send it anonymously through the registered post. Other doubts began to assail him. What if, after all, Miss Ellingdean turned out to be ugly, perfectly hideous, with huge ears and protruding teeth? No, he put the recreant thought from him. He had heard her voice, and he loved her; therefore she must be beautiful.

All the next morning he battled with his timidity, and in the end he won. It was Saturday, and he finished at the office at one o'clock. After lunch he went upstairs and donned his best brown suit; he removed every speck of dust from it with exacting care; he parted his hair with scrupulous nicety; he wrestled with the ends of his budding moustache in an ambitious endeavour to impart to his appearance a dashing, devil-may-care touch. Then, with the golden butterfly in his waistcoat-pocket, he set out for The Filberts, Stavely Road.

VII.

It was early April. The trees were breaking into tender green; birds carolled blithely to their mates; on every side straw hats and daffodils gave a splash of gay colour to the spring. Gerald swung his walking-stick nervously.

He found The Filberts in Stavely Road without difficulty. It was a medium-sized villa, standing in its own grounds. Gerald walked several times past the entrance, trying to steady his nerves for the great ordeal. At last he pushed open the gate and approached the house.

His feet crunched alarmingly on the loose gravel of the drive. Sudden panic urged him to turn and flee swiftly, to dive headforemost into the shrubbery like a rabbit and burrow for safety. But he clenched his teeth and strode forward. His hand trembled as he pulled the bell; then for an eternity of time he stood waiting in the porch. Eventually the door was opened by a trim maid-servant.

'Is Miss Ellingdean at home?' he inquired hoarsely.

'Yes,' said the maid. 'What name, please?'

Gerald hunted feverishly for his card-case.

'Will you come inside?' she said, and left him standing in the hall. He was conscious of a foolish hope that she might never return.

'Come this way, please,' she said, reappearing a moment later. Gerald followed her as one who goes to face the great crisis of his life.

Miss Ellingdean was seated on a settee in the drawing-room with his card in her hand; she rose as Gerald entered with a glance of inquiry. His name had been unfamiliar to her.

He paused on the threshold as the maid closed the door behind him. 'G—good-afternoon,' he stammered. 'I called in to—to——'

Miss Ellingdean was wearing a black dress with a single red flower at her bosom; her hair was chestnut-brown and of a singular lustre; her eyes were gray and somewhat grave. She could not have been more than twenty.

VIII.

'Won't you sit down?' she said.

Gerald, however, remained standing, smitten to silence. Not in his most exalted moments had he conceived such a vision, he told himself. His heart thumped against his ribs.

'I saw your advertisement in the paper,' he blurted at last, 'about that brooch, and—I've found it.'

'Oh,' cried Miss Ellingdean with a smile of pleasure, 'I'm so glad! It is my mother's; she lost it last Thursday night.'

Gerald staggered as though he had received a blow; a wild look had come into his eyes. 'Your mother's?' he gasped.

'Yes,' said the girl; 'at least—that is to say, it's mine really, but mother was wearing it at the Hospital ball, and——' She paused, unable to disregard any longer Gerald's frantic stare.

'I don't believe it,' he cried excitedly, advancing across the room. 'I don't believe a word of it. I—*I recognise your voice*!'

The blood invaded Miss Ellingdean's cheeks and temples with flaming banners of scarlet. 'Oh!' she cried in dismay. 'Oh!' She stepped away from him and hid her burning face in her hands.

Gerald pranced beside her. 'You can't deny it,' he chanted triumphantly; 'you can't—you can't.'

The girl withdrew her hands from her face and looked at him. 'You—you knew all the time,' she said, 'and yet you—came. Oh, it was mean of you.'

'I came,' cried Gerald, 'because I *had* to see you—because I'd heard your voice, and—I loved you.'

'Don't,' she pleaded—'don't say things like that; it isn't fair.'

Gerald mastered some of his excitement. 'I couldn't help it,' he declared earnestly. 'Honestly I'm not the kind of fellow you must think me, who's always doing that sort of thing. I'd never kissed a girl before in my life; truly I hadn't. I was just fed up with everything, and I went and sat there in the dark, and—and you were there, too. Then I suppose I lost my head or something. But I'm not sorry,' he added defiantly.

The girl looked up at him dubiously. 'I know I oughtn't to believe you,' she said, 'but I do want to. You see, it would help you to—to forgive me for behaving so shockingly. I was having a rotten time at the dance. We haven't been here long, and I knew no one nice—only old frumps who trod on my toes, and bald-headed men who tried to flirt with me; and then a great ladder came in my stocking, and everything was sickening. So I crept away to hide, and I just didn't care what happened. Then you came, and—well, you know all the rest, I'm afraid.'

'Never mind,' said Gerald soothingly; 'it was only me.' He drew the golden butterfly from his pocket. 'Here it is,' he said; 'I found it just by your chair after you'd gone.'

'Thank you,' said Miss Ellingdean. 'Well, it's all over now, and we must just forget it.'

'It—it isn't quite all over,' said Gerald a trifle huskily. 'There was—something else in that advertisement.'

'What do you mean?' exclaimed the girl.

'Something about a—a suitable reward. Don't you think——?' He gazed at her pleadingly.

'Oh, no,' she cried, drawing quickly back.

'Please,' he urged; 'just to show that you really do believe me.'

She regarded him: he was young and not too bad-looking, and his eyes were transparently frank and honest in their appeal. Besides, he knew already what a wicked young woman she was.

She stood on tip-toe.

Then, while the thrill of it was still coursing madly down Gerald's spine, she turned and threw herself into a chair. 'Oh! I hate myself,' she cried bitterly. 'I hate myself; I'm simply loathsome.'

Gerald gazed at her in amazed distress. 'What—whatever,' he stammered—'have I——?'

She rose and faced him with clenched hands. 'I've been deceiving you,' she cried. 'I've been deceiving you most abominably. You think it was all an accident, but it wasn't—not this last part. I dropped my brooch on purpose, hoping that you might pick it up and—and come. I wanted you to. And now you'll despise and spurn me for ever.'

A light broke in Gerald's eyes. 'I say, did you really?' he cried with enthusiasm. 'What a perfectly splendid idea! I never dreamed——'

A footstep sounded suddenly in the hall outside. 'Mother,' warned Miss Ellingdean hastily.

Gerald held out his hand. 'I'll go now,' he said, 'but it isn't to be good-bye. I may come and see you again—please?'

'If you would really like to,' she said, putting her little smooth hand in his.

Outside the sun shone brightly, and there was a breath of coming summer in the fragrant air. Gerald strode buoyantly along, swinging his stick and smiling happily at the world in general. For in his heart a voice kept repeating one splendid line of poetry that he had learnt long ago. 'None but the brave,' it chanted triumphantly, 'deserves the fair.'

THE POLICING OF PARLIAMENT.

By 'PRESS GALLERY.'

I.

AMONGST the most wonderful of the special branches of the Metropolitan Police must be held that highly skilled section whose sphere lies within and about the Houses of Parliament. If any memory-trainer wants to gather some hints for the improvement of his own instructional course, let him go down to St Stephen's and study the methods of these experts. Let him watch them at any hour when Parliament is sitting, and it is certain he will come away convinced—if he be a reasonable man—that he may yet have something to learn in his own chosen field of psychology.

This system of policing Parliament is splendidly complete, from the outer street-crossings leading to the Houses to the very innermost parts of the 'precincts.' Let us begin with the crossings. If you are a member driving or walking to the House, you are 'spotted' before you reach the foot of Parliament Street, and your progress is uninterrupted. As if by magic, the traffic is instantly held up to allow you to pass. Many visitors from the country have been impressed with the courtesy of the police in stopping the constant flow of vehicles along Bridge Street—as they imagine, specially to let them cross over. Had they been able to recognise the member who was close on their heels, they would have more readily understood the real meaning of the honour they fondly thought was being done them.

It is at such crossings that the training of the parliamentary police begins. Before that, however, the constable who aspires to the distinction must rank as first-class in the 'A' Division of the Metropolitan Force—the division in which the Houses are situated. He must be an expert traffic-controller, and a man of outstanding efficiency, intelligence, and courtesy, with an absolutely clean record and a sound bill of health. He is, in fact, a picked man. Beginning at the humblest post, he may have to serve a year or two on the parliamentary crossings before a vacancy occurs that will bring him nearer the coveted position in the interior of the buildings. During that apprenticeship he is not idle. Fortified with a small handbook giving the names and constituencies of all the members, he at once commences his memory-training. In this he will have the assistance of a comrade who is already fairly conversant with names and faces, and it is not long ere he has a good working knowledge of the 'habituals' who cross his path.

II.

Given ordinary luck and good management, our friend is next promoted to the staff which is actually attached to the buildings. He is 'moved on' to the outposts, and finds himself helping to guard one of the gates or other entrances to Parliament. His duty then is to check off every person wishing to gain admission, passing the legitimate entrants, and challenging and questioning the doubtfuls. His education at this period proceeds apace, and necessarily so. Even when Parliament is in session, and extra men are put on to assist in the work, the staff is not unduly large to preserve that unbroken vigilance which is essential. In relays they maintain a ceaseless guard throughout the twenty-four hours, though of course, as a rule, between the usually quieter hours from midnight to noon their numbers are reduced to a minimum.

But now consider the possible number of authorised persons who may pass through during the afternoon and evening, to say nothing of the mornings when there may be three or four committees sitting on public and private Bills. Members of the House of Lords number seven hundred and twenty-six. It is rarely that more than a fraction of that number attend—perhaps on a big day about one hundred and fifty or so. But they are all liable to come along, even in bath-chairs, and possibly on an odd occasion a noble 'backwoodsman' may take it into his head to pay his first visit since the occasion when he originally took his seat. Our friend in blue is supposed to recognise him and pass him with the customary salute. It would seem an impossible task, but the parliamentary police are like the proverbial Scot, never lost for lack of tact or 'the want o' speirin',' when in doubt. To pull up a peer on the threshold of his own hereditary Chamber would be something approaching *lèse majesté*, but fortunately the choice of men for the job is so apt that such an awkward contretemps is rarely, if ever, heard of.

There have been occasions, however, when the most experienced of this special body have been bamboozled. One of these was in fairly recent times, when the absentee lords were dug out of the wilderness to come and vote with the 'Last-ditchers' against the Parliament Bill. They turned up in unexpected force, and as most of them had seldom, if ever, been seen in the House except when they were introduced in succession to their fathers, not even the officials could say who was who. At such a time the utmost discretion was essential. It may be—though it will never be recorded—that some lowly but ambitious commoner found his way into the gilded Chamber on that occasion, but that is highly improbable. There is, how-

ever, a story told, with some degree of plausibility, of a Fleet Street man who was sent down on a leader-writer's admission-ticket to undertake a task which was quite foreign to his previous experience. Not being a regular member of the Press Gallery, he was at a loss to find a place to obtain dinner. After wandering round unchallenged for some time, he eventually saw an inviting-looking room, and walked boldly in. He was treated with all deference, and was served with a satisfying meal at quite a reasonable cost, considering all things, though he wondered how his Press Gallery colleagues could afford to keep up this scale of living every night. It transpired, so the story goes, that in the confusion of faces he had passed into the peers' own dining-room and been accepted as one of the elect.

III.

To get back to the ordinary duties of the parliamentary police—in addition to the peers there are seven hundred and seven members of the Lower House. Eliminating the Sinn Feiners (who to a man have never yet put in an appearance), and allowing a good margin for chronic absentees, let us assume that there are between five hundred and six hundred members in more or less regular attendance at the House. These must all be recognised by name and headmark by the police. Recently Mr T. P. O'Connor admitted in a newspaper article that he did not know a third of the present personnel of the House. And he is the 'Father' of the House, with rare opportunities, both as a very wide-awake journalist and as one of the most popular members, of finding out all about his fellows. There are few of the experienced men in the Press Gallery who could name more than 50 per cent. of the members present at an average sitting of the Commons where the habitual party supporters usually turn out in faithful force. Even the attendants are sometimes at a loss, and occasionally the Speaker has to ask for confirmation—unostentatiously, of course—before he is sure of the name of a member who makes an unaccustomed contribution to the debates. Yet the police know them all, or are supposed to. I know one constable who claims without boasting that he recognises and can name not only practically all the members on the division list, but all the many hundreds of other people who are authorised to pass the portals of St Stephen's. Granted that his claim is justified—and I have good evidence that it is well founded, and that he is not alone in his ability—it is a colossal feat of memory.

When one comes to examine the number of those, other than members, who are admitted by authority, one really begins to understand how highly specialised is the training of this most efficient body of police. Apart from the swarm of parliamentary officials, there is a constantly changing procession coming down from departmental offices on days when Bills or estimates affecting their particular branch of the Civil Service are being discussed. Then on the Lobby list there are over four hundred secretaries, parliamentary agents, solicitors, and others who are entitled to enter that mysterious circle where members congregate to exchange views and to give and receive information. Of 'permanent' members of the Press Gallery—that is, those who hold personal tickets renewable from session to session—there are roughly about one hundred and seventy. In addition, a certain number of additional tickets are issued by the Sergeant-at-Arms to newspapers and agencies. These are transferable, and used occasionally by leader-writers, and more often by members of staffs on heavy days, when assistance is required by their Gallery colleagues. Many of the regular Gallery men hold Lobby tickets, and in addition there are numerous outside journalists who have the *entrée* to the Lobby for special purposes.

Always an uncertain element, the Lobby list is subject to frequent alteration. During the war, for instance, as there was little or nothing doing in the way of private Bills and provisional orders, there was an almost entire absence of parliamentary agents, whose chief mission in life seems to be the button-holing of members for their own professional ends. But after the Armistice business in this line gradually grew brisker, and there became increasingly apparent the change which the intervening years had brought about. Many of the old faces have disappeared for ever, and new ones are appearing, and will continue to appear, in increasing numbers as private legislation reaches its former volume. Finally, to bring to an end a list that is by no means exhaustive, all ex-members of Parliament, as well as Privy Councillors, are allowed to come in by St Stephen's porch and make use of the Lobby.

All this heterogeneous gathering, not to mention workmen, tradesmen, and the rest, on the staff and otherwise, must be within the ken of the parliamentary policeman. It is his ambition, as it is his duty, to know them all, and so far as this is humanly possible he does. If any one doubts that it is a million to one chance against a stranger getting over any of the doorsteps of Parliament without being challenged, let him try the experiment for himself. Once one's credentials are established, however, that is generally sufficient, unless for some reason or other one's name ceases to be on the official list. To bring in a personal note, I remember well my own introduction to the Press Gallery, many years ago. I was met by a colleague, furnished with my sessional ticket, and presented to the policeman at the Gallery entrance. Never since then have I been asked to produce my 'passport.' Even after an absence of several years

during the war, when I returned I found myself received with no question except as to my personal welfare. My name was on the list, I was known, and that was sufficient. The production of my ticket was purely formal and really superfluous.

IV.

The paramount need of such an impregnable barrier system around the Houses of Parliament is self-apparent. It is no mere ceremonial duty. Upon the police depend not only the preservation of law and order, the regulation of admission to the precincts, and the dissemination of information to visitors, but also much of the dignity of Parliament. Furthermore, theirs is a superlatively responsible task, for their efficiency and watchfulness may be essential to the personal safety of the members. Cranks have managed to get into the Lobby and the Strangers' Gallery before now, and have made themselves objectionable and even dangerous. It is not always possible to check them, armed as they are with authenticated passes. Their mania may take a homicidal form, obsessed as they may be with a hatred of some Minister or member, or even of the parliamentary institution itself. But, thanks to the perfection to which the supervision has been brought, untoward incidents are rarely experienced. Since the disappearance of the militant suffragettes, the fear of any disturbance rarely enters into the day's calculations. Still, there is always the possibility, though if it did happen there is no doubt it would be dealt with promptly and effectively. Recently, owing to the activities of Sinn Fein—of which, it will be recalled, Parliament had a painful experience some years ago—the public galleries were temporarily closed, and even the outer lobbies rigorously forbidden to visitors who had no genuine business to bring them there. During that period the permanent staff of police were strongly reinforced by a special detachment of plain-clothes men, sufficiently armed to deal with any emergency. These, however, took no part in the ordinary work of policing Parliament. They were not, indeed, qualified for such duty, and confined their employment to the special guardianship which the existing circumstances had made advisable, if not actually necessary.

On the staff proper of the police there are just over a score of men, under the charge of an inspector. It seems a small enough number, but with the reserves which they can call upon at a moment's notice, they are quite capable of coping with any crisis. They are stationed on the different posts within and about the buildings, and are there in session and in recess. Their responsibility is great, as may be imagined; but once installed on the staff, they may pride themselves on having reached a high and honourable position in their calling. To them the uncertainties and discomforts of point-duty mean nothing but a memory. They have a higher rate of remuneration than when they had to tramp the streets in all sorts of weather, and if some little perquisites happen to come their way, who would begrudge them? Models of courtesy, discretion, and good-humour, they are always ready to do an obligement without thought of reward, and members and others who come into frequent contact with them owe them much for many little deeds of kindness and helpfulness. They display in an unusually high degree the tact, courtesy, and *savoir-faire* for which the London police as a body are world-renowned, and as a consequence they are generally regarded with something more of warmth and comradeship by those whom they serve so well than would be the case if officialism were their first thought. It is by sheer merit that they have attained their very worthy goal, and they stand out as a body of men who are a credit to their uniform and the country they represent.

Promotion to the parliamentary branch is greatly coveted, and some little time ago there was a suggestion that it should be open to men from other divisions than the famous 'A' Division. It seemed a fair enough idea at first glance, but on consideration it was found to be impracticable. To draft a man from the suburbs as a reward of merit, and put him straight into the House, as was proposed, would be to land him into a veritable maze in which for years he would be lost. The only way to qualify for such expert and highly specialised duty is through an apprenticeship on the crossings, which means a long spell actually with the 'A' Division. To attach men from outside districts for that purpose would lead to a confusion in the strength and the administration of the various divisions which could scarcely be justified.

THE SCHOOL BELL.

A HUNDRED boys came streaming out,
With laugh and jest and merry shout.

They romped and raced and leaped in glee,
And strove in friendly rivalry.

And, lo! the long years fell away—
Again I was a boy at play.

Again, amid resounding cheers,
Joyous I battled with my peers.

Spring wantoned in the ambient air:
Youth made a vaulting-horse of Care.

But sudden clanged the urgent bell,
And in a moment silence fell.

Duty was beckoning at the door,
And suffered idle dreams no more.

J. C. SCOTT.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

THE world will either settle down again to order, good conduct, and earnestness of purpose, or it will not, in which case what we call our present civilisation will crumble to decay and a great darkness fall upon humanity. We must assume that there will be recovery, the contrary being such utter negative as would render the whole scheme of earth and humanity even more incomprehensible than now, and would plunge man to such further confusion and evil that all philosophic theories as to the goodness of good would be done with. If, then, there is recovery soon—and of this there are certain signs, the English-speaking nations leading with precept and action—there will inevitably be many changes in systems and in the persons who exercise them. In only a few cases did the men who led their peoples in the war continue leadership when the cannon ceased, when construction and not destruction became the immediate necessity, and a multitude of personal and national problems were reversed. Different qualities were needed. Personal magnetism, the arts of cajolery, opportunism, and other points in character of variable merit were needed during those four years as not afterwards. For peace more real knowledge, imagination, and the constructive sense, with truth and sincerity, are essential. When the present troubled period passes, and humanity, rid of various doubts and even more disillusioned than before, is tranquillised and lays itself to work, it will everywhere supply itself with new leaders, men of the right inclination of thought and the true capacity. Even they may be but a later class of transition men, to be succeeded afterwards by others more advanced; for a long-drawn process, not merely of reconstruction, but of rapid evolution, overwhelming, lies ahead. But the men who will advance in the next stage will be men of purpose and progress, to the like of whom the world has lately been a stranger. In some cases their coming may already be observed. A new world is in the moulding, and there are positions for persons such as have not existed before. Germany is finding her men; Italy is perplexed; such disturbed, demoralised, unhappy states as Turkey cry for leadership. Russia must come back in some measure to the international community, and whom shall she place in stead of her Lenin and her Trotsky? Thus glancing over, one comes to a question upon China, for of all the countries of the world this is one whose problems and speculations are magnificent and profound, and it is there in the East that a transformation which may change the world more than any war has already begun. No need to emphasise such a thought as this when the case of Japan lies fresh and brilliant on the page of modern history. China in the past has been to many people as the symbol of darkness, of backwardness, of a peculiar simplicity. A man would say of a thing that was stupid or absurd that it was suitable for China, but not for here or there. Such manner is already a little inappropriate and inexact, for the process of change has become well established, and that marvellous land of the East is setting out towards its new civilisation, fighting and struggling through a thousand difficulties that beset a people in such circumstances; trying a system, abandoning it, and always grinding its elements in its crucible. If not even in the best-ordered states can the trend of the future be even vaguely prophesied with any confidence, much less may we predict about China and the vast influence surely to be exerted upon the world. In the past, before China began to stir in her regeneration, we heard much of the 'Yellow Peril.' It seemed a reasonable, if a fearful, apprehension. It may or may not have diminished; the new China may or may not be likely to justify such anxieties. There are 'perils' everywhere. The 'black peril' is more spoken of now than the yellow, and those who look on India and on Egypt and along the North African coast, observing Mohammedanism as it is, are justified in considering that here is another for the class of what they call 'perils.' China may be no more dangerous, provocative, than the others; perhaps less so. The Chinese mind is hardly like any other; the Chinese nature is famous for ferocity, but China may be great in almost any sense.

* * *

Four thousand years ago, when men from the west of Asia first peopled a part of China with what we would call Chinese, they exhibited a degree of civilisation. After vicissitudes of history such as are unmatchable, a new order begins. There are different estimates of the

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

population of China. Some say that it is less than has been supposed, and has been increasing slowly; but the lowest estimate is 325,000,000, while two years ago the Chinese Post-Office reckoned that the total population of the country, with its outer territories, was 436,094,954. If, then, more than four hundred millions of people of high mental capacity, willing, receptive, and ambitious, are by the speedy process of modern times to be brought on rapidly to something upon the style of Western civilisation and its accompaniments; if China is to hum with factories, to feel the great throb of science and discovery, the rest of the world, even to the quiet corners of England and Scotland, is going to know of it and feel it. This is not to be a matter for arrangement by the Powers, as in our own time the Powers seemed to have fancied it might be. Four hundred millions of men coming new to take a part in the world is an awful thought. For the present they have been doing a little fighting. The immense drama has begun. There was, indeed, a first beginning of it in 1906, when old China stirred, and five imperial commissioners were sent on a tour among foreign countries that they might report on forms of government. Now China looms there in a threatening, trembling immensity, which may, however, be more benevolent than may be imagined by one who does not think or has had but careless fancies, in which swords and horrors, with wiliness and trickery, have predominated. Some day—unless man gives up his job for ages—the world will settle down to the splendid exhilarations of trade and commerce once again; and then, looking, as all the contestants will, for markets and manufacturers, the materials for trade, China will be to them the magic word. There is not a doubt of that. When Mr H. G. Wells went to the great conference at Washington a year ago, he wrote speedily for the cables upon 'China in the Background.' Reminding us that here is a country with a population to be reckoned at the lowest estimate as something like three times that of the United States, or of France and Britain combined, a population with the longest unbroken tradition of peaceful industry in the world, essentially civilised, respecting learning and civility profoundly, common literature and ancient traditions keeping its people one, he says this: 'In the past China has been divided again and again—always to reunite. But it has become old-fashioned, dangerously old-fashioned. Perhaps by reason of its very stability it has lagged behind most of the world in the development of its transport and economic possibilities. In mineral deposits and other natural resources, and in the industrial capability of its sturdy and intelligent population, it has more undeveloped wealth than any other single people of the world. It is only in the last century or so that China has lagged behind. Only a few centuries ago China was as civilised as Europe, and politically more stable. In a century or so she may be again the most civilised and intelligent Power in the world, flourishing in fellowship and perfect understanding with the great states of America and Europe. She may be—if she is not torn to pieces and kept in a state of enfeeblement and disorder by the hostile action of the external Powers.' And if a reader who has a taste for problems, a score of which may be perceived in an hour's intelligent study of the map of the world, will look at this vasty China in the Eastern sphere, think of the Pacific threatening to belie its name, he may find something to his advantage in the sense of his equipment in world political knowledge that he needs no conferences or newspapers to tell him of. He sees Japan, he sees the United States, and he thinks of the coming trade hunger, and likewise of the ferocity of political jealousy in the rest of this anxious world.

* * *

Of all great nations Britain seems to know and think too little of China. In every respect attention needs to be turned intensely towards it now, for China rises, and she will leap when the Powers of the world are free to associate with her to the utmost. But it is becoming notorious that we are doing less than others in preparation for that great day. One of the first movements of a nation desiring to prepare for closer commercial and other intimacy with another country awakening to a new world and conditions, like China, is to make the latter interested, to know of her and her thoughts and ways, to be able to think in her terms, for without such knowledge and sympathy there can be little doing. The first step clearly indicated in this case is to bring as many of the young intellectual Chinese as possible to our country to attend our universities. If that is so, consider the significant facts that the United States entertains three thousand Chinese students in this way, and France about the same number; but in this country of ours there are only a hundred and fifty. Yet for many well-understood reasons we have the best chances with China. The observer of British commercial effort in many parts of the world, however, is forced to the conclusion that invariably we are slow in the start, careless of sympathy and understanding, indifferent to the pushfulness and gains of others, and it is only by dint of the quality of our stuff and the appreciation of it that eventually we come along and succeed. But this is a practice that may be continued too long, especially when we are reminded, however inaccurately, that there are Continental and other folks who are now declaring that the quality of British goods does not compare so favourably with others as once it did; that some of the British manufacturing and commercial arts have lost their superior skill. The general

ignorance about China and the indifference towards her are a sign; those figures of students are another. Education in China is making ready for a bound, and then things will be seen in the Far East. We know what happened when Japan determined to break away from tradition and educate herself. What China is endeavouring, despite difficulties cemented through centuries, is to break away from her old customs and traditions—harder things to demolish than ever were the like in the Western world, even though revolutions and much blood have been necessary to overthrow them here. At the revolution ten years ago the Western calendar was adopted. The convenience of the change to China is clear, but still it marked a little revolution in the mind of every Chinese person, which even now is not accepted generally without reservations. For the old Chinese New Year's Day, which might fall at any time between the 21st of January and the 19th of February, being the day of the first new moon after the entry of the sun into Aquarius, is regarded as the birthday of every Chinese, a person's age being reckoned by the number of years in which he may have lived. Then there are festivities. The children begin the day by prostrating themselves before their parents, presenting these elders with a decoction made of sweetmeats boiled in water, and, filial duties thus observed, departing then for their personal enjoyment. Homage, reverence to the parents always, splendid virtue as this is, is enjoined upon young people everywhere with the high confidence that springs from pure natural instinct; but there is a feeling that the overawing supremacy of parents in China has been overdone, and is detrimental to individuals and the State, this being one of the traditions and customs that are to be diminished in their effect in various ways. It impinges upon that question of education, is everything to it.

* * *

Not long since there was travelling in Europe and America a very distinguished and enlightened Chinese professor, Tsai Yuen Pei, who is chancellor of the Peking University. He inaugurated departments of Chinese culture and civilisation at various places—Paris, Lyons, and Charleroi among them—and everywhere he was raising funds among Chinese merchants for the establishment of a national library in Peking, which is intended to be of use to the whole country as well as the national university. He explained while in these parts that the country was passing through its educational renaissance. In the matter of her education, the period of China's stagnation has been closed, and now she treads firmly on a path that leads her away from impeding customs and restrictions towards individual freedom of thought and action. That is what is most desired for the national good and progress —individual thinking from the individual source, instead of assumption and action based upon imposition from without. This chancellor of China explained in the course of his peregrinations in the West that Wen Fa Yuen Tung, as the Chinese renaissance is called, has two phases, the first being to change the traditional Chinese classical models, and the other to change the system of thought in China. 'We have gone some distance,' he said, 'with this first phase in the university, for we are creating a new Chinese literature by transferring the spoken word to paper without reference to the restrictions of our classical models. The lectures of such men as Professor John Dewey and Bertrand Russell have thus been recorded in Chinese in our two papers, *Youth* and *Renaissance*. In addition to these we have a daily bulletin, and in these publications appear translations of essays, plays, and literature of all kinds representative of modern thought. The bulletin collects Chinese folk-songs and local drama, and publishes them in book-form for preservation as our literary record. In all this we break away from classical forms. We retain all that in these forms is good, all that does not restrict freedom of thought-expression, but the rest we discard. We keep only that which may be adapted to present usage and requirement. In order to change the system of thought in China we have to strike at the traditional family system. In so far as it preserves the unity of the family that system is a good one, but it is detrimental in proportion as it inclines to destroy individualism, by encouraging the individual members of the family to lean upon the family head. It is our endeavour to encourage the individuals of both sexes to assert themselves for themselves and for society. We place our faith in activity rather than in passivity. It was the old Chinese idea to follow quietly and with docility in the well-worn course of tradition. The new idea enjoins upon the individual that he should indeed respect what has been handed down to him, but yet should use only what is most adaptable to his modern needs. Our aim is to develop the individual by encouraging him to think, to give him a sense of proportion, to revive his power of discrimination, so that he may choose for himself what is good for him. That is what I mean by our renaissance, the attempt to break loose from the traditional model by developing the right of the individual to think for himself.' And the Chinese chancellor at the end of this enlightening explanation tells us that he thinks that long ago his country passed through her age of Pericles, her day of great philosophers. Then she lapsed to her Dark Age, and the development of her thought was arrested. To-day she is facing the task of re-establishing her intellectual equilibrium, so that instead of her being a 'sleeping giant'—which is the way in which she is often

regarded in the West—the truth is that she has passed through periods of progressive development as Europe has done. Even her Dark Age, so to call it, when thought was held in the grip of a classical model, was really progress, though in a certain way it may have appeared a very different kind of thing.

* * *

In many other ways China shows herself progressive. Lacking in roads, she is now constructing them in vast numbers and length. The motor-cars are wheeling along much of China now. And so a world-quaking movement, as surely it is, begins. And China is awakening, is rising up big and new, while Europe, as many think, is fooling its life away. It is true that there has been much internal strife in China of late, but this is largely an affair between generals, and is the usual accompaniment to the after-part of the proceedings of a successful revolution. A beginning of these notes was made upon a point of the leadership of nations. Who shall be the great leader of the new China? There is an answer. When the new republic was first set upon its feet Yuan Shih Kai was leader; he was a strong man, but through ambition he fell, and since then there has been more or less of political chaos in the country. It is now predicted that the next President is likely to be Dr Wellington Koo, who, as yet only in the middle thirties, was lately Chinese Minister to the Court of St James's. One of the most brilliant of living diplomatists, he was recently called from London to be Foreign Minister in a newly made Government at Peking. A remarkable man is this. He was educated in the first place in English and Chinese at St John's University at Shanghai, and then went to the United States, where in due course he passed into Columbia University and lived the full life of the American student of the first class, not only distinguishing himself in the schools, but being elected editor of the university magazine and taking a prominent place in sports. Returning then to China by parental summons in order that he might marry, America lured him back again, and while he entered upon a graduate course in international law at Columbia, the dainty Madame Koo studied music at a Philadelphia conservatory. Ten years ago Mr Koo gained his doctor's degree, and thereupon Yuan Shih Kai, then President, called him back to China again to be his English secretary. Later in 1915 he became Chinese Minister at Washington, being the youngest man who had ever been any country's Minister at the capital of the United States. Two years ago he was moved to London. At the peace conference of Versailles he greatly distinguished himself, and later, when he won a position for his country on the Council of the League of Nations. His diplomatic power, his tact and forcefulness, his capacity for getting what he wants, have excited the admiration of the diplomats of all other nations. High in achievement, his life as yet but begins, and it is linked to the destiny of the nation that awakens in the East and holds surprise for all the world.

BON CHIEN CHASSE DE RACE.

PART II.

V.

RESUMING his journey the following morning, Stanley arrived in due course on the bank of the *masraf*, where, transferring the saddles to a small boat worked on the endless-chain principle, they ferried themselves across, the horses, who were well accustomed to this proceeding, readily swimming.

Whilst they were being rubbed down and resaddled, Stanley took advantage of the delay to stroll across and look at the bungalow near by. A small, one-storeyed wooden building of the cheapest construction, closely shuttered and staring blindly out to sea, it presented no feature of interest, and he was not sorry when his horse arrived. The scenery was, as the day before, perfectly devoid of objects, and he therefore glanced with idle curiosity at a huge log of driftwood he came upon a few miles farther on.

'That often happens now, *effendi*,' remarked the *shawish*, seeing the direction of Stanley's glance. 'The enemy sinks the British ships, and when the wind blows, the timber drifts ashore. I have even buried several bodies as well.'

'Yes,' commented Stanley, and was about to ride past, when his pony shied at a scrap of paper projecting under the far side of the log and fluttering in the breeze.

'That 's queer,' he thought; 'it 's wedged on the landward side, and the prevailing wind is always from seaward! I suppose it must have been drifting and got caught.'—'*Esma, ya shawish, warrini el hitte warak di*' ('I say, sergeant, show me that bit of paper').

The paper, firmly held, looked when retrieved like a sheet torn from a cheap note-book, and bore but two words in indelible pencil on the under side:

27ten; dasselbe.

'I don't profess to be a European linguist,' murmured Stanley, 'and I've forgotten most of what I ever knew, but I'm very much mistaken

if that isn't German; anyway, I'll copy it down for reference.'—'All right, put it back again,' he called to the *shawish*, standing to attention like a black statue at his horse's head.

Stanley had plenty of time to think the matter over as the day's ride progressed, for there was nothing whatever to distract his thoughts as the unending vista of sea and sand developed. 'By Jove!' he suddenly said aloud, 'the "27ten" might have something to do with a date. To-day's the 8th of the month, and if it by any chance means "27th," it would give the unknown addressee plenty of warning of something. If that's so,' he continued with growing interest, 'that bit of flotsam's acting as a primitive post-office. Rather clever, whoever thought of it!'

Try as he would, however, he could make nothing of it for the remainder of his ride, during which he crossed both mouths of the Nile at Rosetta and Damietta, and arriving on the 13th at Port Said, boarded the first available train for Kantara, and so back to the front.

VI.

'Any luck?' queried Marsland as Jerry marched in.

'Nothing much. Met a Dago in Alexandria who seemed to know more about my movements than I did myself,' growled Stanley; 'and I found a curious bit of paper on the coast which I took the liberty of copying.'

'Who's the Dago boy?'

'Demetrius Petrocochino. Know anything about him?'

'Only by name. Big cotton-grower, with a ginning-factory in the Delta, and said to drip gold at every pore. Perhaps you're down in his will as the blue-eyed boy, as he took such a fatherly interest in you,' grinned Marsland.

'That'll do,' said his victim sharply. 'Do you know any German?'

'Not much,' replied Marsland. 'Why?'

'Because I've a fancy this paper I copied was German. Can you translate it?'

'I don't know what the "*ten*" means,' said Marsland after a glance, but—turning to a German dictionary in a reference-rack—'the other word means "the same."'

'Bung that dictionary over here,' said Jerry quickly. 'Ah, that confirms my first theory. The letter, if it *is* a letter, simply says:

"27th; the same."

'Now it's rather singular I should run up against that bit of paper within a few miles of the bungalow of a stranger who seems to take such an interest in me that he knows all my movements, isn't it?'

'I can't see the connection, Jerry.'

'Nor can I, old boy, as yet, and that worries me; but I've got plenty to do clearing up arrears,' retorted Stanley, glancing at the pile of papers that had accumulated during his short absence.

Nevertheless, during that evening he found time to write a full account of his journey to Armstrong, and to set afoot certain inquiries through the Oil-Fuel Controller in Egypt.

Armstrong's reply arrived first, and though he showed satisfaction at the negative outcome of the trip so far as it went, he evidently thought little of the results achieved.

The Fuel Controller's letter was, however, though cruelly statistical, decidedly arresting.

He began with tables of comparative expenditure, and went on to state that every oil-driven concern in Egypt, whether cotton-ginning, sugar-refining, or anything else, drew its oil through him, and he, in his turn, based his issues on the requirements of each applicant over an average of the previous five years, on the tables aforesaid.

Many firms had protested against this rationing, including Petrocochino, who had been to see him twice, alleging increased output as his excuse for more oil—a statement that he, the Controller, had found on investigation to be unsupported by fact. Since then he had reason to believe Petrocochino had sought to buy at exorbitant rates from his trade rivals, but of this he had no positive proof.

Finally, he stated that he knew of no other source in Egypt whence fuel could be obtained, or he would impound it forthwith under his powers.

Armed with this information, Jerry paid another flying visit to Alexandria to confer with Armstrong and White, as the result of which certain conclusions were arrived at.

VII.

Day faded into twilight and twilight deepened to dusk as the cheerless coastal region hid its nakedness in a soft pall, punctured only by a few flickering stars, shining like diamonds on a velvet frock.

A cutting wind that had been blowing all day, converting the sea into a species of gooseberry blanc-mange with cream atop, subsided as if the motive-power had suddenly been switched off, and over the whole wide area all was still.

Demetrius Petrocochino, seated smoking his cigar on the veranda of his bungalow, rose, shrugged his shoulders, and started to stroll casually along the sand, following the track of the coastguard patrol that he had watched ride past a couple of hours previously. Had the friendly darkness, however, been a little less dark, or the watcher a little less casual, he might have detected something rather unusual about the patrol, though, as it proved, he did not.

His walk, a long one for a man of such full habit, was undertaken quite openly, his eyes glancing constantly to seaward, and as he came within hail of the driftwood wreckage a figure lying in its shadow rose and confronted him. '*Sie sind aber verflucht verspätet, mein lieber*'

('You are damned late, my dear fellow'), it rasped ill-temperedly, the high nasal whine betraying the Prussian origin.

'I couldn't help it,' replied the polyglot Petrocochino apologetically in fluent German. 'I had to give the mounted patrol ample time to disappear.'

'Yes, I suppose that is so,' replied Leutnant-zur-See Kurt von Zwickau. 'I tried to pick them up with my night-glass on board before I cared to lower my collapsible, but it was too far off. Well, have you got the stuff?'

'Yes, I have it hidden in the sand close by, but it's a——'

Before he could complete his remark he was interrupted by a low '*Pst, Herr Leutnant!*' from the seaman squatting on the sand by the drawn-up collapsible. 'There's something coming from the east.' And even as he spoke the sharp, clear-cut gallop of hoofs on the wet sand could be plainly heard.

The three acted according to their national characteristics, Von Zwickau hurriedly drawing his revolver from its holster, the seaman hastening to launch the collapsible, while Petrocochino threw himself flat in the sand on the landward side of the driftwood.

Thus they waited a moment, till the Leutnant ran to assist in launching the boat. As he ran, Stanley shouted in a voice of thunder, clear above the hoof-beats, a phrase laboriously committed to memory many days before, in readiness for just such a situation: '*Stillgestanden; Hände sofort aufheben!*' ('Stand to attention; hands up instantly!')

Von Zwickau's reply was to turn and fire; but it was his last throw, for, though he hit a horse, which forthwith commenced to scream agonisingly, he was immediately dropped by a ragged volley with a bullet through his shoulder.

The bluejacket, instinctively obedient to an order, was secured without difficulty, and the collapsible boat pulled ashore for the second time; whilst a brief search revealed the Greek cowering where he lay. He, too, was added to the bag, the whole party, on the laconic command '*Irkab!*' ('Mount!'), then heading for Petrocochino's bungalow, which was thoroughly searched.

The sub-lieutenant meantime left in charge of the U-boat was having a bad time. Thrown unexpectedly upon his own resources, he showed the usual fault of the German subordinate ranks —lack of initiative. The affray itself, with the isolated shots, could plainly be heard aboard, and having no further means of sending ashore, he contented himself with firing from his gun, in the direction of the fracas, a few rounds, which whistled harmlessly overhead. As his commanding officer failed to return, he decided to cruise slowly on the surface and recharge his batteries, which had run low.

In this, however, he was unpleasantly frustrated, for the noise of the five rounds so injudiciously fired had enabled a couple of armed trawlers (Armstrong's contribution to the night's entertainment) who were standing by to fix his position with almost mathematical certainty.

Steaming to the sound of the gun, the trawlers, in their eagerness to come to grips, opened short of their target, whereupon the German promptly submerged.

Unfortunately for him, however, a new listening apparatus (the hydrophone) had recently been introduced, whereby his position was accurately located.

Depth-charges were dropped, and the two trawlers, standing by till the first glimpse of dawn revealed a spreading oily patch on the still water, were thus enabled to report (to borrow the enemy's phraseology) another U-boat *spurlos versenkt.*

THE END.

THE PAGEANT OF THE SUN

I CAN see the sea-fires burning, out yonder in the west,
And a flood of glory waiting till the sun goes down to rest;
While a million flashing jewels send their light into the sky,
Bidding night delay her coming till the pageant passes by.
Thro' a gleaming, fiery archway, in his glittering array,
Down a road of jewelled splendour rides the stately lord of day,
Where a myriad brazen chariots, with their armour burnished bright,
And an army rose-clad, gorgeous, are closing him from sight.
I can see the gold-tipped wavelets, holding revel and in play,
Throwing showers of rainbow-spray flowers all along the king's highway;
While the seals look up in wonder with their strangely human eyes,
And the sound of waters rushing is mingled with their cries.
E'en the grim old rocks are smiling, and there's light upon their face
As they watch the merry actors when they change from place to place.
Lo! I see a flaming fire-ship, sailing up a path of gold,
Bearing some one to the sun-world and to lands of love untold
Where the pageant is not passing, but eternal as the snow
That lies on alpine mountains, where the strong souls dare to go.
But night draws down her curtain, and the great procession 's past,
And the dew drips from the grasses to the thirsty earth at last.
In a gown of mystic silver, with her train of diamond stars,
Rides the queen in pure white radiance, with a beauty nothing mars;
While her lord in mystery leaves us, as he trails his robes away
O'er a pathway strewn with roses, when the moon holds rightful sway.

MARGARET BLACK.

THE PAINTED PAPIER-MÂCHÉ OF KASHMIR.

By E. Bilby and B. Teetgen.

I.

THERE would seem to be at the present time a growing taste among those to whom the Home Beautiful is a perennial source of joy for the painted papier-mâché wares of Kashmir. These articles include envelope-cases with round tops, paper-knives, small-sized or four-foot candlesticks, pen-trays, photograph-frames, blotters, dressing-table sets, stools, boxes, bowls, mirror-frames with long handles, plaques and plates, trays, and the painted panels for the carved walnut wood 'spinning-chairs' of Srinagar.

They are entirely covered with rich, dense ornamentation in peculiarly lovely colourings, which glow upon a dark and gilded ground. The characteristic design is a floral one, treated conventionally, small and very crowded, with minute black interspaces covered with fine gold lines. The effect is jewel-like. Were it not for an almost *repoussé* appearance of the thick, creamy or rose-du-Barry petallings of the larger blossoms in the design, and for the exquisite glaze imparted by the 'golden' varnish with which the work is finished, this papier-mâché might almost be likened to a rich and close *cloisonné*. The general impression of any typical example of this lovely work, whose dominant colour-note may be pink or red, is that of massy Oriental roses, reminiscent of attar and the quatrains of Omar. A similar design, with harmonious margins and borders, carried out dominantly in blues more tender than the waxy bloom on plum or grape, mild and opaque as turquoise matrix, is equally, if less warmly, glowing; and the judicious introduction here and there of small white flower forms, mellow as ivory, tends to lighten beauty so restrained, so gentle, so rich, as to be otherwise almost sombre.

The finest papier-mâché of Srinagar exhibits but three classic designs, each of which has its own particular name; and any marked departure from these generally indicates inferior workmanship. Specimens of this rare Kashmiri art, carried out in painted wood—cedar, walnut, or what not—instead of the light, pulped, moulded substance with which it should properly be identified, are, again, not to be compared with the best examples.

It is to be doubted whether English admirers or collectors of papier-mâché are in a position at present to distinguish as between the best in these recherché products and its mere imitations, for the sufficient reason that few specimens, *except of the latter*, are yet upon the English market, or are likely to find their way in commercial quantity to this country.

The second-rate work is attractive enough to find a ready sale; but it certainly cannot be said to be cheap enough to command one, for the prices asked in London for very poor work in comparison with the 'Ganymede' ware are about twice as high as those commanded in Kashmir itself by the most beautiful specimens. A comparison between a piece of the Srinagar artist's design from his own studio and an example of the painted papier-mâché on sale in this country at present, sufficiently and immediately demonstrates wherein lie the peculiar excellencies in colouring and craftsmanship of the former.

II.

This painted papier-mâché is produced only in Kashmir, that 'emerald set with pearls' between the Punjab in India and Turkestan on the north; and only in Srinagar, its capital, and that neighbourhood. Two or three native artists are engaged in the handicraft; but the master, who signs nothing but the output of his own atelier, is one 'Ganymede.'

There are no railways in Kashmir. To get to Ganymede, you leave the train at Rawal Pindi on the Indian side, and proceed in a native cart, called a *tonga*, for a three days' journey of a hundred and ninety miles across the frontier of the feudatory state, to Srinagar, on the swift-flowing Jhelum River, to the city of Sri, the Goddess of Good Fortune, whose quaint old houses, several storeys in height, crowd the winding waterway. They are in every stage of apparent dilapidation, but their very age is half their charm, together with the wooden screens elaborately pierced with geometrical carvings which close most of the window-openings, the projecting balconies and wooden lattices, the sloping roof green with a wealth of weeds, the many *ghats* of broken stone steps, and the numbers of native craft moored alongside.

Srinagar has been called the Venice of the East, since all the business of the city is transacted by boat along the canals and the tortuous waterway of the river, and all the pleasures of the city centre about the archipelago of gardens amid its famous lakes. There is the house-boat, the *doonga*—a species of long canoe, with a sloping rush roof and rush mats for sides, in which you live—and the *shikara*, which serves the purposes of a dinghy, a small craft in which you always feel you are on the point of being tipped over or sunk. This is a flat-bottomed boat with pointed bow and stern, where two or more rowers with primitive heart-shaped paddles take their stand.

An awning of loose homespun linen, embroidered with Bokhara roses or Chenar leaves in red, blue, or pink stitchery, is stretched on four posts over the seating accommodation below, piled with cushions with native chain-stitch needlework in reposeful coloured wools.

The river, green and clear as bottle-glass, runs strongly down the verdant Kashmir valley, ringed with the fourteen snow-capped summits of its far-famed guardian mountains. The *hanjis* manage the boat with admirable address and skill, and presently make for an address below one of the seven bridges which span the river. Ganymede's is 'Below the third *kadl*.' The strand there is nothing but a tumble of rough, water-washed stones. You pick your way from the river's edge until you reach a flagged sort of pathway, leading to the entrance of one of Srinagar's river-side gardens.

There is a heavy old cedar-wood door, one mass of carving, in the low archway in the wall above. It gives into a small, cool, shady garden, flagged with rough-hewn stones, where Persian lilac seems to flower in profusion throughout the season. Or it may be the spring-time heyday there, of lotus all rose and white, magnolia in waxy loveliness, purple bougainvillea, or scarlet hibiscus. Every soft air in the garden is laden with some delicious perfume.

Around three sides of this little Oriental pleasaunce runs the lovely old tumble-down-looking house of Ganymede the painter, a series of galleries and workrooms in deeply carved native woods. A balcony overhangs the river wall.

You turn to the right, and enter the house through another carved door with a massive level lintel, also heavily carved and carried widely across on either hand into the stucco of the wall. The character of the carving is somewhat Chinese, with deep, geometrically treated designs and flamboyant griffins. Ahead of you is a sort of corridor, with a break-neck staircase in heavy wood black with age, and wide, shallow steps. The atmosphere of the house is cool and fresh from the river, but sweetly laden with the scents of cedar and precious woods, and with the perfume of the golden varnish of the studio.

Turning to the left, you find yourself in a gallery filled with furniture in carved walnut wood—tables, stools, cabinets, spinning-chairs, pedestals—and you all but stumble over the unobtrusive figure of a native workman, squatting on his haunches on a Persian or Afghan rug, torn, perhaps, and smothered with dust, but of priceless value and indescribably beautiful hues.

All along one side of this apartment are tall, narrow windows with deep seats in them, running the whole height of the chamber and overlooking the river. Some of the casements are filled with stained glass. At the far end of the *salon* is a narrow slip-room, to which you ascend by some steps leading to a wide-open door. It is flooded with the exquisite soft white light of Kashmir, from a window so spacious as to form the entire river-side end of the room.

Here a feast of colour is outspread. Here is the painted papier-mâché, some few poor imitations of which are yet lovely enough to arrest attention in the show-rooms of tasteful furnishers and 'art' dealers, far away in dull, gray London. The apartment glows with the beauty of their perfect, rich, subdued, yet roseate, colouring. They fill the shelves, crowd upon the tables, encumber the floor-space, hang upon the walls, and stand massed upon the window-seat.

III.

In the midst of this Aladdin's cave of beauty stands Ganymede himself—a picture figure in a picture setting.

The artist is a tall, commanding personality, a man of six feet or slightly more, in the prime of life—a grand specimen of the finest type of dignified Kashmiri *banya* or merchant. He wears a magnificent white pugaree of snowy lawn. His skin is a clear rich olive, and his calm, heavy-lidded eyes, full of imperturbable serenity, are oval, coal-black, and of fullest size, well set beneath broad, intellectual brows and strong eyebrows. He has a characterful aquiline nose, and a mouth Greek in the perfection of its proportions and modelling. He wears a black, pointed beard.

He is robed from neck almost to heels in the national Kashmiri dress—the *pheran*—a loose, flowing garment of white lawn or silk, with full surplice sleeves, the flawless folds unconfined by any girdle. The ankles reveal loose white pantaloons closely fastened in, or flesh-tight white swathings. His shoes are of pointed, perforated leather, deep red or brown, with a slightly upturned toe and the 'jester' tongue.

Ganymede bows with the deepest courtesy, and advances with almost king-like majesty to greet you. This magnificence notwithstanding, your most definite impression is that you have known him all your life! Such is the 'aura' of the man's integrity, of his sincerity as a host, a merchant, and an artist.

He inquires whether you have breakfasted. If not, his servants bring you a repast. They appear with a *samovar* of pale amber tea, and a tray set with tiny Mongolian cups of some rare Chinese ware. Buffalo milk and a native substitute for sugar, like white wafers, complete this equipment. In addition, there are native eggs, small as bantams', unleavened bread, and sweet cakes. The proffer of luscious and juicy pears ends the repast. Everything is placed upon the floor, and the servants—all in white, with little, round, white, embroidered caps upon their heads—squat beside the viands and hand them

up to their master's guests. Ganymede himself does not eat with you. It is sufficient honour for him that the English sahib log will accept his hospitality.

He stands and converses. Ganymede's English is perfect. He is an educated, travelled gentleman, although he has never visited Europe. He delights in discussing Western architecture, English art, and the themes of high imperial politics. He has a fine admiration for British government, and has gathered many of his conceptions of British ideals and administration from travelled Englishmen and from the British official residents in India. His three hall-marked Ganymede designs for the papier-mâché painting are named after one or another eminent viceroy.

IV.

You see the artists at work in the studio, and the papier-mâché articles around them on the floor in all stages of decoration. Each craftsman surrounds himself with a number of little flat saucers about the size of the palm of the hand, made of baked earthenware. These contain the colours, compounded of native stones ground by hand, and mixed with a suitable medium for painting. Lapis lazuli gives the deep, intense blue for the tiny, heather-like forms in parts of the design; matrix turquoise furnishes another; beryl and a peculiar bright-red stone blossom into roses, roses, roses everywhere; and a lovely jade yields green.

These hues are applied with camel-hair brushes, and the design grows as the painter works. He does not sketch it out—at least in any detail—beforehand, but covers the ground with ease and certainty and swiftness, as an accomplished writer wields the pen. Each outline or each colour is applied separately, and allowed to dry before the next process and tint begin. The raw papier-mâché is a dull stone-colour to start with, and upon this the flowers are painted first, the background next; then the fine gilding and the beautiful varnishing come last. A great deal of detail and embellishment is devoted to the petallings and the floral forms. The borders and the margins harmonise entirely with the main ground of the design. The rose and the lotus motives are universal.

The painters are perfect masters of this particular technique. They paint with an easy, light, flowing dexterity, born of unwearied practice. They sit cross-legged, their pieces, in every stage of completion, ranged around them, and spend all day in the studio at work.

In addition to this school of decorative painting, Ganymede has his school of wood-carving. He numbers and personally signs every one of the beautiful objects which arrive at perfection under his eye, and will allow no specimen, in wood or in papier-mâché, to leave his premises if not good enough to be signed. Hence no piece of painting is a genuine Ganymede unless it is clearly and legibly so marked—an important thing for the would-be purchaser to remember. The other painters of papier-mâché in Srinagar do not sign their work.

A 'Ganymede' has a repose of design, a finish of workmanship, a suggestion of rich, embossed colour on the surface, entirely wanting to the unsigned ware. The inferior things lack in artistry and in character; but to appreciate this comparison with the best is absolutely necessary.

The artist merchant by no means presses you, or even expects you, to become his client. He merely points out the beauties of his collection, tells you about them, and is quite unconcerned if you refrain from purchasing. Ganymede is a very wealthy man. There is no bargaining, no suspicion of a haggle! If you buy his lovely things, the transaction is a dignified one as between an artist and a connoisseur. In Srinagar itself the papier-mâché objects are not at all dear, although the prices of them may at present seem somewhat prohibitive in London. A paper-knife can be bought for the equivalent of one shilling and fourpence, a blotter for eight or ten shillings, and a fine pair of candlesticks for twenty shillings.

V.

As you leave Ganymede's house—and surely it had been a privilege to visit it!—he accompanies you through the garden to the boat. He gives you sprays of his beloved Persian lilac.

If it should chance to be evening-time, the boatmen pull away up-stream against all the glory of the sunset. The current runs swiftly, and borne upon its dark, clear tide are the marigolds, flecks of flaming gold cast upon the river as a sacrifice, when the day dies, by the priests of the white-walled temple in the Maharajah's garden. The snow-capped mountains gleam, in far distances, against the velvet sky of the oncoming Oriental night.

It is quite feasible to write direct to the artist, 'By the Third Bridge in Srinagar,' for a consignment of his goods. The roads into Kashmir are closed during the winter, from November to March or April; but for the rest of the year the mails can be carried. The goods are packed in palm-leaves, wood-shavings, brown paper, and wooden cases. These are stitched up in gunny sacks, sealed, and addressed in stencil or black paint to their far-away destination. It is quite sufficient in order to obtain an exact replica of any particular object to quote its number. If a cheque is enclosed with the order, the sender may be perfectly assured that the Kashmiri merchant will render him full value and a strict account in return.

From a historical point of view, perhaps it should be added that this papier-mâché painting is probably not of Oriental origin, as might be supposed, but is believed to have come from Florence, and to have been introduced, overland, to Kashmir about the time that the Taj Mahal was built in India. There is a great deal of Italian influence to be detected in Eastern design about that period. An art in papier-mâché, derived in turn from the East, was practised in France a hundred and fifty years ago. Thence it spread to Germany; and in 1772 Henry Clay of Birmingham founded the trade, and his fortune, in this country. It is certainly to be doubted, however, if papier-mâché and the decorative uses to which it can be put have ever been more richly, more artistically, handled than by Ganymede of Srinagar to-day.

There are some beautiful and varied specimens of this Kashmiri painting on wood, papier-mâché, and lacquer to be seen at South Kensington. Half-a-dozen *kalemdans* (writing-boxes), a selection of *sareduks* (box and cover), of *katoras* (bowl and cover), and an exquisite *surahi* (bottle) illustrate the characteristics of the art, and enable the would-be buyer of papier-mâché to judge of the excellence or inferiority of the objects he may be considering.

THE EXILES.

I.

IN the old palace of the town of Liège, Cardinal Pole sat musing sadly on his fortunes. An Englishman to the backbone, he longed to see once more the country of his birth and his aged mother, the Countess of Salisbury; but, though he had received an imperative summons from his sovereign, Henry VIII., to return to England, he dared not go, for he knew that obedience meant death. So he remained in self-appointed exile on the Continent, feeling that a time would come when he could be of use to his country, and guarding his life against that hour. Yet even in exile his life was threatened, and the English envoy at Brussels was endeavouring to please his tyrannical master by compassing Pole's death.

A servant entered and announced: 'His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Liège wishes to see your Eminence.'

'I will receive him here, Joseph,' replied Pole.

The two cardinals greeted each other affectionately. They afforded a strange contrast. The Englishman bore himself with austere and lofty grace, an aristocratic prince of the Church; the Fleming had a keen, restless face which betokened ambition and a hasty temper; there was a trace of cruelty in it which would have suited a warrior rather than a prelate.

The visitor began speaking impetuously: 'I am rejoiced to see you alive and well. I had feared to find you dead, or at best sorely wounded. You have had no unwelcome visitors to-day?'

'Why, no,' smiled Pole; 'my enemies have not got me yet, nor do I think they will. The Lord protects them that trust in Him.'

'So says Holy Writ; but my belief is that He delivers our enemies into our hands that we may protect ourselves.' The speaker drew a paper from under his robe. 'One of my spies intercepted this only this morning, thinking that it might contain news of service to our cause. I read it, and, seeing that the matter touches you, I brought it here instantly.'

He handed the letter to Pole, who read:

'Sir John Hulton to Master John Vaughan—Greeting. News has come that he whom you seek has departed from Cambray and lodges at Liège in the palace. Follow there with all speed, and let the deed be accomplished quickly. Free pardon awaits you when he is removed.'

Said the archbishop impatiently, hardly waiting for Pole to finish reading, 'You understand the meaning? It is your death that is planned, and, if I mistake not, the time should be but a matter of hours.'

'Yes, I understand quite clearly. Who is this Vaughan?'

'So far as my inquiries can reach, I think he is a Welsh assassin who has been banished for his crimes. No details are known concerning him, except that he has been known to be constantly in touch with Hulton.'

'And he wishes to buy his pardon by another assassination?'

'So I read it; but we shall know how to deal with him when he comes.'

'How would you deal with him?' asked Pole.

The archbishop's face expressed incredulous astonishment. He knew his colleague for a man of unworldly mind, but hardly imagined him ignorant of the method of treating would-be murderers.

'Why, when he sets foot in the palace, have him instantly arrested and sent to justice. We have here enough evidence to warrant his execution to-morrow. What else would you do?'

'I shall not treat him that way. It is not for us to judge his motives. He may be yearning for his home as'—the Englishman sighed—'as I have yearned for it these many years.'

'But you will not expose yourself to needless danger?'

'I have said before, there is no danger.'

The archbishop had by now lost all his scanty patience. Christian charity was a virtue within bounds, but those bounds did not include virtual suicide. He exclaimed angrily, 'Pole, you are mad. Danger is stamped in every word of that letter. Do you mean that you will allow this man to come into your presence?'

'Certainly,' replied Pole calmly. 'Why should I not?'

'You will at least protect your body with your mail?'

'I shall wear nothing but the robes of the Church; they are stronger protection than any armour.'

'Then, if you will not save yourself, I will save you in spite of yourself, and order this man's arrest by my men.'

But Pole was now as fierce as he had hitherto been calm; the soft, sad eyes flashed, so that even the war-like archbishop quailed; the voice of the humble servant of God gave place to that of the scion of the great royal house of England, as he said shortly, 'I thank you for your timely warning, my friend, and I shall take such steps to make use of it as seem good to me. The matter is no longer in your hands, and I must wish you God-speed, as it is now the hour of my devotions.'

The archbishop withdrew, saying, 'I call God to witness that I have done my duty, and that I am not to be held open to blood-guiltiness in this matter.'

Pole replied, 'Do not fear. God Almighty is just, and knows all the inmost thoughts of our hearts. Farewell, my good lord; I will come to visit you to-morrow.'

But the archbishop was not to be appeased; he muttered angrily as he left, 'If there is a to-morrow.'

II.

Later in the day a servant came to announce to Pole that one John Vaughan craved an audience with him; he desired the post of body-servant to his Eminence.

'Admit him,' said Pole.

John Vaughan was a powerfully built man, though he looked now ragged and travel-stained. He made obeisance, then rose and fixed his gaze on the cardinal; but not for long. The kindly eyes of the prelate made him uneasy; they seemed to read his inmost secrets. He lowered his own, abashed, and stammered out his request.

'As I am informed,' said Pole gently, 'you are banished from your country as well as I.'

'Yes, my lord, and thus I must seek service in other lands.'

'Truly ours is a sad plight; but if we are wrongfully punished, none can take from us a quiet conscience; and if rightfully, we have the knowledge of bearing some part of the burden of our wrong-doing here to lessen that in the next world.'

Vaughan felt that the cardinal knew he was a murderer.

'But it is not of such bitter things that I would speak. You come from Wales?'

Vaughan replied that that was his home.

'I have never been there myself, but I have heard that it is very beautiful. My father was a Welshman, and he was never tired of telling me of the mountains. You must find these flat regions very different from your homeland.'

'Yes, my lord; I long for the keen air of the mountains.'

'So do I long for a breath of England, but that may not be yet. Tell me, has much changed these years? Over the disturbances in the State I have grieved, but the country-side must be as beautiful as ever.'

Vaughan felt his purpose wavering; he could not murder this quiet man who talked to him as to a fellow-exile of the beauties of home. He had expected a contemptuous reception at the hands of a haughty prince, to be treated as a dog; such treatment would have given him courage for his task—his other murder had been to avenge an insult to his pride; if only the cardinal would raise the devil in him all would be easy, but as it was——

'I am sorry that my number of servants is full at the moment,' Pole was saying; 'but I purpose shortly to journey to Italy, where, if you should seek me, I could no doubt find a place for you. In the meantime accept this'—the cardinal held out a bag of gold—'as the gift of one poor exile to another, and in your prayers remember Reginald Pole.'

Vaughan muttered thanks, and assured the cardinal that any service he could render would be gladly done. He was fast losing his self-control, and only his pride hindered him from making a frank and full confession and craving absolution.

'You would do me a service? Well, if in the course of your wanderings you should come to Antwerp, I should be beholden to you if you could convey this letter to one Sir John Hulton, who is lodging there; he bears me malice, I fear, and will hardly look for news of me, but the few words written here will be of interest to him, I think.'

He held out the intercepted letter. Vaughan took it, and, without glancing at it, thrust it in his doublet. 'Be sure I will deliver it, my lord,' he said.

'I know that I can trust you,' replied Pole, as he held out his hand.

Vaughan kissed it, and received the blessing; then he withdrew from the closet. Nor did Cardinal Pole ever hear news of him again.

REFORM *V.* PUNISHMENT.

By Guy Stewart Dashwood.

NOTWITHSTANDING the rhapsodies of poets like Lovelace, stone walls and iron bars do 'a prison make,' and a very effective prison at that. And if I forbear to stress the darker aspects of prison life under the present conditions that obtain in English prisons, it is not because I am not painfully conscious of them, but rather that I desire to deal more particularly with the specific reforms that are now in operation in our prisons, and to indicate in some slight measure the beneficial psychological results derived from them by those who come under their influence. The reforms I have in mind did not come into force until 1st January 1922, and are, to a certain extent, tentative and of an experimental nature merely. The public as a whole know little or nothing of the changed conditions of penal life, and apparently care less. To my mind this lack of intelligent interest in what undoubtedly is one of the most vital social problems of our time is deplorable in the extreme, and is largely responsible for the conservative spirit with which all questions of social reform are met and gravely retarded.

The whole question at issue is whether the State owes a duty to those who, for various reasons, come under the ban of the law and are sent to prison to expiate their offences and to obtain clearer and sounder notions of individual social responsibility. Until quite recently, however, our methods of treating criminals were in strict conformity to the Mosaic ideals of vengeance, and the desire to effect the reform of the criminal was secondary and not primary. The result of all this was that criminals were simply manufactured by the thousand by the brutal and vicious conditions of prison life, and all chance or hope of reform was reduced to a minimum. And that state of things prevailed practically up till ten years ago. Even then the reforms instituted were by no means far-reaching, and consequently failed to achieve any degree of good from the reformative point of view. Now, however, the State partially realises that erring men and women cannot be converted into hopeful and useful citizens by impairing their character and intelligence, and by the repression of all those qualities that distinguish men from brutes. About two years ago, therefore, the new and more humane ideals of reform began to find expression at Parkhurst, which was selected as an experimental station, where the relaxations granted could be worked out in practice and results noted. In other words, the old ideal of vengeance was superseded by the conception that to get the best results the end of all penal values must be reform, and not punishment as the sole end to be gained.

Of course, punishment is inseparable from prison life, and in the nature of the case must continue to be so. But it is possible to relieve the terrible strain imposed by deadly monotony and dullness, features of prison life that sent many to lunatic asylums and to suicides' graves, by relaxing the iron rule of absolute silence, by more human relations between jailers and jailed, and by the adoption of a revised scale of privileges to be gained by a strictly progressive stage system. It must be distinctly understood, however, that the reforms here noticed apply more in convict prisons, for the extent to which they have been adopted in local prisons is negligible in the extreme. For instance, the rule of silence is not strictly enforced in convict prisons, but it is in local prisons, although the general public believes otherwise. As a matter of fact there is hardly any other question on which the public has been so consistently misled. The ordinary discipline of English local prisons is very much the same as it was twenty years ago. Plain glass is used for cell windows instead of opaque, as was the case a few years ago; the food is a little better, and very occasional concerts and lectures are allowed to all who have completed a certain term of imprisonment. These are practically the only changes that have been made in local prison discipline. But it is otherwise in convict prisons. The range of interests is wider and fairly comprehensive.

Under the old system the progressive stages carried negligible privileges until the long-sentence division was reached. Now, however, when a man enters upon a term of penal servitude, he starts off with being allowed to write and receive a letter on reception, and then settles down to separate confinement for one month if a 'star' or an 'intermediate,' and to three months if a recidivist. He remains in what is now called the preliminary grade for eighteen months, and is allowed to write a letter and receive a visit every four months, in addition to being allowed to attend all concerts and lectures given by people outside. At the end of eighteen months, with good conduct, the convict enters the probationary grade, and remains in it for one year, during which he may write a letter and receive a visit every three months, in addition to being allowed to attend all concerts and lectures and debates that may be organised and conducted by the convicts themselves by means of a captain and a committee. In this stage the probationary grade may attend such proceedings, but may not take an active part in them.

Those in this grade also enjoy the privilege of having an hour's exercise in the open air during the summer months, when they may saunter about and enjoy the riot of colour and perfume of the flowers, or they may sit about and read books. All evening exercise is taken on alternate evenings.

After serving a year in this grade the convict enters the superior grade, in which he is allowed to write a letter and receive a visit of thirty minutes every two months. He is also allowed evening recreation every alternate evening (Sundays excepted) all the year round, during which he may read, talk, play such games as chess, draughts, and dominoes, or stroll about. He is also allowed to have a mirror, a safety-razor, a washstand, and better toilet utensils, extra books, &c. He is eligible to serve as captain of the prison club or as a prefect. There are two prison clubs—one for the star prisoners and one for the recidivists. The clubs consist of all men in the superior grade and in the special grade, and the captain and four prefects are elected by ballot—the former serving for a period of six months, and the latter for three. All concerts, lectures, and debates are arranged by the captains and prefects sitting as committees of their respective classes, and they conduct their deliberations without official interference, the two captains acting as chairmen of their respective committees. The star club gets up concerts to which the recidivists are invited, and *vice versâ*, so that although the two clubs are separate, they yet work more or less in harmony and for the good of the prisoners as a whole.

After eighteen months in the superior grade, the convict who is serving six years or over passes on to the special grade, the highest grade of all, and equivalent to the long-sentence division under the old system. Men in this stage are distinguished by a 'gray dress,' and, in addition to all the privileges noted above, are allowed to write a letter and receive a visit every month, may smoke for an hour every other evening and for an hour on Sundays, and may have a newspaper once a week. They receive an allowance of half-a-crown a month for the purpose of buying tobacco or anything else they like in the way of condiments, groceries, fruit, sweets, &c.

It will be seen that men do not pass straight from the dock to the full enjoyment of any privileges that may be going, much as they would like to, for the new scheme is strictly progressive, making good conduct an absolute *sine quâ non*. It is, therefore, quite devoid of anything maudlin or savouring of sickly sentimentality. It is not pampering our criminals to provide them with the means of rational escape from the appalling monotony that characterises practically every phase of prison life, to the destruction of healthy initiative and personal respect and responsibility, and from the inevitable viciousness that is bred in the hearts and minds of men living unnatural lives. This alone is quite sufficient justification for the inception of such humane ideals in our prisons to-day, and the moral results will be correspondingly good. How can it be otherwise? Most men are more susceptible to kindness and sympathy than they are to brutality and cruelty, and the general tone of Parkhurst to-day bears out this statement in the fullest possible way. Neither must it be supposed that the existence of such privileges makes prison life a bed of roses. Prison life, notwithstanding all that has been done to make it more endurable, is hard—terribly hard! It requires all the moral strength and all the manhood men may have to leave prison better men than they entered it. But the psychological results are distinctly reassuring, for the men react to the good influences at work upon them; and given an ordinary chance on release, many of them will make good.

This brings me to the concluding factor of prison reform so far as this brief article is concerned. Most people who think about the matter at all seem to think that prison reform alone is able to solve the problem of crime and criminals as it has never been solved before. Many quite fail to see that the most liberal schemes of prison reform must be palliative merely, and not permanently reformative, because at the most crucial moment of all—the moment of release—all the artificial props are knocked away, and the average man leaves prison homeless, friendless, and penniless. Certain organisations exist to assist discharged prisoners, but over and over again they have been proved to be practically useless, as they cannot get men work, and do not stand behind them until they are able to stand alone. The most such organisations can do is to provide maintenance for a week or a fortnight, and then leave the man to shift for himself. If he has obtained work, well! If he has not, he is face to face with three alternatives. There is starvation, the workhouse, or the prison. Hundreds of men return to penal servitude annually from this cause alone. They have never had a fair chance, and they probably never will get one. So the mills of society go on grinding them to powder in its awful prisons. The dice are hopelessly loaded against any one who has passed through a prison, and until this aspect of the question is faced frankly and fearlessly, prison reform is simply a drug which society administers to soothe its own conscience for its callous abandonment of those who, through inherent weakness of character or economic pressure, are driven to do wrong.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

POSSIBLE RAILWAY DEVELOPMENTS.

A FEW years ago it was thought probable that electricity would be used eventually to run all the railway trains in this country. This expectation has been modified by two important inventions, both of which have been described in these notes. These are the Still oil-engine and the Hele-Shaw hydraulic clutch. That electricity offers certain advantages over steam for suburban traffic no one will deny. Among these the greater number of trains that can be run over the track within a given time is the most important. But the cost of the equipment is enormous, and a huge increase in the number of passengers carried is needed to justify the outlay. Provided that existing steam locomotives can handle the traffic, and that no great increase is expected, electrification would involve actual loss of profits. In support of this contention we have the adherence to steam by the Great Eastern Railway Company in the face of what are considered ideal conditions for electricity on their suburban lines. On main lines many more trains could be run by steam locomotives than run at present if the demand for them existed, while the adoption of electric traction would be far more costly than for suburban lines, owing to the long distances over which electric current would have to be transmitted. A much more likely development, and one with which electricity as at present used can never compete, is the employment of the Diesel locomotive. Until recently two almost insuperable difficulties have prevented progress in this direction. One was the impracticability of cooling the water used in the cylinder jackets; the other, the lack of a clutch by means of which an engine of several thousand horse-power could start a heavy train. The Still engine overcomes both difficulties, as it starts under steam, and the cylinder jackets form part of a steam boiler. It would even be practicable to condense the steam used on the under side of the piston (see note on the Still engine in our issue for May 1921). In any case far less water would be needed than for a steam locomotive. The ordinary Diesel engine might also be used, the train being started through a Hele-Shaw hydraulic clutch (see note in our issue for February 1921). Compared with steam locomotives, whether running on coal or on oil, the economy of the Still engine or the ordinary Diesel engine would be remarkable. It is a very efficient steam locomotive that will run for an hour on three pounds of coal for each horse-power developed. The Still engine works on one-tenth of this amount of fuel, and as oil is only about three times the price of coal, a great saving would be effected. No electric scheme could approach such locomotives for economy. The engines at the generating station would cost as much for fuel, and there would be enormous capital charges to pay. Until our main-line traffic is as dense as that on existing electric suburban lines, there seems little scope for electricity to run trains over long distances.

AN AMPHIBIOUS CAR.

So flat is the beach at some seaside resorts that embarkation in boats offers great difficulty, and most of the visitors prefer to remain on shore. To overcome this drawback, Mr C. O. Mathieson, of Cleethorpes, where such a beach exists, has invented an amphibious motor-boat which can load up passengers on shore, run them across the beach, and take them for a trip on the sea. This hybrid vehicle consists of a one-ton Ford chassis upon which is built a steel boat. While the chassis is mainly inside the boat, its ends extend through the skin. At the rear the back-axle and the differential are outside, the driving-shaft projecting beyond the differential to take the propeller. The usual car steering-gear is used both on land and in the water, the turning of the front-wheels, in which the spaces between the spokes are filled in, being found very effective in the water. Welding has been adopted instead of riveting for the joints of the hull, thus ensuring water-tightness where parts of the chassis come through. All moving parts, such as brake-rods, are fitted with stuffing-boxes and glands where they pass through the hull, and special arrangements are made elsewhere to exclude water. Inside the boat there is accommodation for fourteen passengers, but, owing to the Board of Trade regulations, the number is limited to twelve on the water. In spite of the resistance offered by the wheels and other projecting parts of the chassis, this strange mixture of car and boat has a speed of seven knots. It has already seen service at Cleethorpes.

AN INVALID MOTOR-CHAIR.

In mechanically propelled vehicles for invalids and cripples electricity has been employed hitherto as a source of power. In certain cases smooth, silent running at slow speeds is essential, and for such the electric motor is ideal. The drawbacks to this form of propulsion are the necessity for recharging the batteries at frequent intervals, and their excessive weight if ordinary motor-car speeds are desired. For those crippled in the lower limbs who cannot ride motor-bikes, and have not the means to keep a car, the invalid motor-tricycle should exactly 'fill the bill.' It is fitted with the

motor having two opposed cylinders, which was described in our October issue under the heading, 'A Novel Motor and Change-Speed Gear for Cycles.' The machine is in the form of an invalid-chair, and the hand-levers for propulsion are retained for emergency use. From the motor the power is transmitted by a chain to a small countershaft. At one end of this countershaft is a clutch; the other end carries a V-pulley, from which a belt drives the near-side rear-wheel through a belt-rim fixed to the spokes. A lever at the left of the driver works the clutch, another lever on the same side being connected to a band-brake on each rear-wheel. The machine is very economical, being capable of running 120 miles on a gallon of petrol; hence a tank capacity of half-a-gallon is considered sufficient. Speeds of from 4 to 18 miles an hour can be attained, and the motor is powerful enough to tackle any ordinary hill. It is only on severe gradients that the rider need assist the motor with the hand-levers. The motor and its accessories can be easily detached for repairs, leaving the machine available for use by hand-power.

WATER-POWER IN THE GRAMPIANS.

It is commonly known that there is running to waste in the British Isles much water which might be made to yield power for the driving of factories and for other useful purposes. From some of this water, power can be derived at a lower cost than from steam, gas, or oil engines; on the other hand, the interest on the capital required to buy water-rights, build dams, and lay down pipe-lines would in many cases exceed the cost of fuel, so long as coal and oil remain at their present prices. Among large water-power schemes for this country which are likely to pay is one which is to be carried out in the near future for utilising certain lochs and rivers in the Grampians. No less than 56,000 horse-power will be continuously available when the works are completed. The chief factor in the scheme is Loch Ericht. By damming this lake at each end, tapping certain streams which flow into the river Spey, and constructing tunnels to smaller lochs and streams at higher levels, the catchment area supplying the loch is to be increased from 52 to 185 square miles. The water is to be run through a tunnel to a power-house on Loch Rannoch, some 450 feet below, where 26,900 horse-power will be available. This, however, is only one stage. A dam is to be built across the outlet end of Loch Rannoch, and the water from Loch Ericht, after it has done its work at the power-station, will flow through Loch Rannoch, where its volume will be increased by streams running into the loch, and will be again utilised at another power-house at a level 150 feet lower. Here 17,400 horse-power will be generated before the water is discharged into the river Tay by way of the river Tummel. Two smaller power-houses, yielding 7500 and 4200 horse-power respectively, form part of the scheme. These are served through tunnels and conduits by various lochs and streams. The largest tunnel is 9 feet in diameter, and the smallest 6 feet; while the length of the longest is nearly 5 miles. Pelton wheels, which are fitted with special buckets upon which one or more jets impinge, are to be used for the higher falls; what are known as Francis turbines will be employed for the lower heads. It is quite likely that turbines, each of about 15,000 horse-power, will be installed at the largest power-house, units of 7500 being proposed for the smaller stations. It is intended to generate electricity at a pressure of 6600 volts, and to transform this pressure to 100,000 volts for transmission by overhead conductors. With this pressure current could be transmitted to Glasgow and Dundee without undue loss. The scheme has been worked out by Messrs Mott, Hay, & Anderson, civil engineers, of Westminster, in conjunction with Signor Angelo Omodeo, an Italian engineer, for the Hydro-Electric Development Company.

ANOTHER AUTO-SEALING TIRE.

Several motor-car tires have been described in these notes which greatly reduce the risks attaching to punctures on the road, even if they cannot entirely eliminate them. A tire for which a certificate of performance has been lately issued by the R.A.C. seems to render well-nigh impossible great loss of pressure from the worst puncture. This result is effected by a series of thin rubber flaps fixed inside round the tread of the tube. The edges of these flaps towards the back of the tube are vulcanised on, leaving the flaps to fall down over each other, the construction being somewhat similar to that of a slate roof. There are, however, several layers, and each covers the joint between those under it. If a nail pierces the tire it pushes up one or more flaps, but when it is pulled out the flaps close down again and cover the hole. At the R.A.C. trial one front and one back wheel were fitted with these tubes. During the run of just over 100 miles nineteen stops were made, at each of which both tires were punctured with a wire nail about 5 millimetres in diameter and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. One nail was always left in between stops, that last inserted being pulled out when a new one was put in. No loss of pressure took place in the front-tire under these severe conditions. In the back-tire the pressure had fallen from 60 to 30 pounds per square inch after 17 punctures had been made in a distance of 90 miles. Increased to 58 pounds at this point, the pressure fell to 50 pounds in the last 10 miles. One of the staff cars of *The Autocar* was fitted with these tubes, and was run for about 5000 miles without any

trouble owing to air leakage from the tires, although four large nails were purposely driven through one of the tires to begin with. Since the tubes were installed half-a-dozen or so nails have pierced the tires without appreciable leakage either when the nails were in or after they had been removed.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

Although the migration of birds has been the subject of careful investigation and study for years, there are still problems awaiting solution. How is it, for example, that young cuckoos know the way to take when they leave our shores? Their parents, whom they have never seen, have left the country weeks before their progeny are ready to depart; many of the foster-parents are non-migrants, and therefore cannot possibly be the guides and counsellors of the youthful travellers. Young starlings, on the other hand, migrate when only a few weeks old, being followed by their parents when the autumn moult is completed. It is hardly likely that the young birds have received instructions before their departure as to the route to be taken and the destination to be reached. In dealing with the migration of birds, however, it must always be borne in mind that, while the leading causes are undoubtedly the necessity for obtaining food and for finding a suitable breeding-place, migration has now become an inherited habit, and the birds set about it before the impelling conditions are directly present. It seems fair to conclude, therefore, that the young bird's birth is only in part 'a sleep and a forgetting,' that it has some 'inherited memory' of its ancestors' long journeyings to and fro. This may explain how it is that young birds, quite unaccompanied and without previous training, undertake and accomplish safely journeys of hundreds of miles, guided solely by inherited instinct.

WASTED COAL IN KITCHEN-RANGES.

Every responsible head of a house in which a kitchen-range is kept going all day and every day grumbles at the big consumption of coal; most of them suspect that much of the fuel is wasted, but few realise exactly how much. A special report recently issued by the Fuel Research Board of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research deals with a number of exhaustive tests on ranges and cooking-stoves carried out by Mr A. H. Barker, Whitworth Scholar, B.A., B.Sc. This report contains a large amount of interesting matter, from which the following items have been selected. 'In the best case' the modern type of range, as an apparatus for cooking food and heating water, may be considered to waste 85 per cent. of the heat in the fuel used, only 15 per cent. being utilised; usually, however, 11 per cent. is a maximum. Of this heat much is wasted later by leakage and defective insulation, so that 'in practice not more than 5 per cent. of the heat in the fuel is actually employed usefully, except for warming the house.' If we assume that 10 per cent. be employed for the purposes named in a brick-set range with the oven in use, 3 per cent. of the heat generated is communicated to the food and 7 per cent. to the hot-water supply, the amounts lost in heating the kitchen, by absorption by the brickwork, and by discharge into the chimney, being 30, 35, and 25 per cent. respectively. Brickwork settings are said to be extravagant in fuel. In a good example of an independent self-setting range, the possible proportion of the heat usefully employed is given as 20 per cent. Leakage of cold air into the furnace and flues increases the consumption of fuel by 30 to 40 per cent. By shutting in the fire by a brick casing, so that no air can reach the combustion-chamber except through the grate, it is, therefore, possible to reduce the fuel consumed by that percentage. A further practicable reduction of 10 per cent. may be made by insulating the oven door with slag wool. An inner transparent door will also effect a saving, probably from 5 to 10 per cent. A fruitful source of lost heat is radiation from the hot-water system. This may be avoided by heating water as and when it is required, as in a geyser. Much, however, may be done by insulation to keep in the heat. With suitable fuel and insulation, five pounds of fuel per day is said to be enough for providing hot water for a small household. Among the general conclusions to be drawn from the tests is the lower cost of gas than of coal for ovens only, but this advantage is more than counterbalanced by the higher costs for hot-plate cooking and for heating water by gas. Moreover, the residual heat of a coal-range can be utilised for keeping food hot, warming the room, raising bread, and airing clothes, which could only be done with a gas-range by using more gas.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (*a*) a reply post-card, or (*b*) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

For its return in case of ineligibility, a stamped and directed envelope (or postage-stamps) should accompany every manuscript.

To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

SPIRIT ISLAND.

By Captain H. T. MUNN, Author of *Tales of the Eskimo.*

PART I.

I.

I HAVE told this story to only a few people, and my attempt to get a hearing before the Natural History authorities, both in New York and in London, completely failed, the secretaries treating me in pretty much the same manner. 'Oh yes,' they said indulgently, looking at my card, 'that's all right. We have heard about it, and we'll take the matter up sometime. But don't call again; wait till we write you.' Then they rang, and one of the attendants was told to show me round, if I cared to see the place, and put me on the way to where I was staying. Of course, they thought I was a crank.

I publish the narrative, therefore, rather reluctantly, accepting the fact that it will not be believed, but with a hope that it may inspire some credulous and courageous naturalist, with a taste for adventure, to visit Spirit Island, and return with a live or a dead specimen of what I saw there. If he can do this, his name will go down in history, and the museums—and the circuses—of the world will grovel at his feet for its possession. But he needn't ask me to accompany him.

II.

In 1914 I was sent to the Arctic by my employers (a London firm well known in the mining world) to investigate certain localities for alluvial gold, and others for tin ore. In 1914–15 I wintered at Ponds Inlet, the north-east end of Baffin Land—lat. 72·48° N., long. 76·10° W. I made the investigations according to my instructions, and in August 1915 returned to the depot to await the arrival of my ship. By 15th October no ship had appeared, and I knew I was in for another winter. I had with me a Scottish lad to look after the depot in my absence—for the Eskimo will steal if no white man is about, and we were not short of supplies.

In the event of the non-arrival of my ship, and a second winter being enforced, I had been asked to try to investigate a certain locality on the north coast of a large island, known as Prince of Wales Land, about five hundred miles west of my depot. This island lies at the south-west end of Barrow Strait, and between Peel Sound and Franklin Strait to the east and M'Clintock Channel and M'Clure Strait to the west. It can be seen on any Arctic map.

I set out from the depot in February, with seven natives and three dog-sleds, leaving orders for the ship to come for me to Leopold Island in Lancaster Sound if I did not return before the ice broke up. My party were Panne-lou, my head man, who drove my sled with ten dogs; Akko-molee, who had his own sled and team of nine dogs; and Now-yea, who also had his own sled and eleven dogs, four of which were only three-quarter-grown puppies. Each man had his wife, without whom no native will make a prolonged journey, and Akko-molee had the only child in the party, a lad of about eleven years old, named Kyak-jua.

A word as to my natives. Panne-lou was a steady, reliable fellow, a good seal-hunter and dog-driver. His wife, Sal-pinna, was a disagreeable, cross-grained—and cross-eyed—woman, but capable and a good worker. Akko-molee was taken mainly because he was a native of Admiralty Inlet, two hundred miles west of my depot, and had hunted bear on the North Somerset coast. He was only moderately useful, and very inclined to sulk on any provocation. His boy, Kyak-jua, was a capital little fellow, the life of our party, full of energy, and a great favourite with all of us. I had given him a ·22 rifle, and he was constantly getting me ptarmigan and Arctic hares with it when we were on the land. His mother, Anno-rito, was a quiet, pleasant woman, and entirely devoted to her boy.

Now-yea, my third native, was an active, merry little man, willing and tireless, but irresponsible and very excitable. His number two wife (he had a couple), In-noya, was the best woman, and eventually proved to be the best man, in the party. I shall have more to say about her later on. Now-yea had left his number one wife and four children, all of whom were hers, at my depot, and I had agreed to provide for them till our return.

The pay, arranged before starting, consisted of tobacco, sugar, tea, and biscuit for the trip—or as long as our supplies lasted—and to each

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

man, on our return to the depot, a new rifle, ammunition, a box (twenty-two pounds) of tobacco, a barrel of biscuit, some tea, coffee, and molasses, and a spy-glass, or some equivalent if they already had one; also some oddments, such as cooking-utensils, day-clocks, needles, braid, scented soap, &c., for the women, and ten pounds of tobacco to each one. These were regarded as high wages by the other natives, of whom I could have had my pick, but they were fully earned, and many extras I threw in, as the sequel will show.

My outfit—besides the supplies already mentioned—consisted of twenty pounds of dynamite, some caps and fuse, also one of those new, very small, 'Ubique' batteries, six short drills, and a two and a half pound hammer. We had a rifle per man, and one spare one—all single-shot ·303 carbines, except mine, which was an ordinary English service magazine-rifle; plenty of ammunition; a complete sealing-gear for each man, and two spare harpoons and lances; a hand-axe for each sled; native lamps for cooking and heating, and cooking-utensils. We had *ogjuke* (bearded seal) skins, for boot-soles later on, and seal-skins and deer-skin legs for cold-weather foot-wear, plenty of dressed deer-skin for stockings and socks, deer-skin blankets and heavy winter-killed hides to sleep on. We all had new deer-skin clothes, and expected to get young seal 'white coats' for wear on the return journey, when the others would be too warm.

My medicines were a flask of brandy, some tabloid drugs and antiseptics, a few bandages, and some surgical needles and thread. My personal luxury was a few dozen of the excellent 'Cambridge' soup-powders. I took a small kayak (skin canoe) as far as Leopold Island for sealing later, if we had to wait there, and also a tent.

One item of my outfit, a small Kodak camera, I was unfortunate enough to smash hopelessly a few days before starting. I shall for ever regret this disaster—for such it proved to be—and the irremediable loss it occasioned me.

III.

This is not a story of Arctic travel, so I will omit the details of the journey. My route lay through Navy Board Inlet, and thence west along Lancaster Sound to Prince Regent Inlet, crossing to Leopold Island, and over the North Somerset Land—which is a flat tableland in from the coast—to Peel Sound and Prince of Wales Land. We had to make about six hundred and twenty-five miles of travelling, though, as I have said, it was only five hundred miles as the crow flies, and, of course, we had to depend on sea and land animals for ourselves and our dogs to live on, and for blubber for light, cooking, and warmth. Such journeys are made every winter by some of the Eskimo, either when visiting other parties or on hunting-trips, and are by no means unusual. The main, indeed the indispensable, thing being to find seals, halts of a day or two are made for the purpose.

Now, I want to emphasise the fact that Prince of Wales Land is by no means what literary people call a *terra incognita*, at least so far as the coast-line is concerned. Parry discovered it a hundred years ago, and Roald Amundsen sailed his famous little ship the *Gjoa* down Peel Sound and Franklin Strait when he made the North-West Passage. No natives have been found on North Somerset or on Prince of Wales Land, though hunting-parties visit North Somerset occasionally.

I had not told my destination to the natives beyond North Somerset, and when we arrived at Leopold Island, and I unfolded my plans in the *igloo* that night, there was great consternation. We should starve; the ice would go out and leave us stranded there; and, lastly—here was the real hitch—it was a 'bad' country.

'Why bad,' I asked, 'when you say none of you have been there?'

There was a pause before Panne-lou said reluctantly, 'It is full of *Torn-ga* [bad spirits]; we are afraid of them.'

It took me half the night, talking and cajoling, before I overcame this absurd objection. Finally they consented to go on, but stipulated that we should travel close to the shore at Prince of Wales Land, to which I, of course, willingly agreed.

A small building, once full of stores, stands on Leopold Island. Naturally, it had been completely looted by the natives, but it served excellently to store our kayak and tent in, out of the weather.

I will relate one incident of the journey, as it shows the stuff one member of our party was made of. The day after we left Leopold Island we camped on the tableland of North Somerset, and I decided to stay a day there, and try for some deer, both as a change from seal-meat, of which we were all tired, and also to provide a 'cache,' or store of meat against our return.

I sent the three men off with all the dogs early in the morning; not feeling very well, I remained at the *igloo*. I had taken my rifle to pieces to clean it, and had all the parts in my lap, when I heard a cry outside, and Sal-pinna said, 'Quick! He says a bear.' My rifle was, for the moment, useless, so I plunged out of the *igloo* to get the spare rifle, which was always in In-noya's care in the other *igloo*. Outside I saw little Kyak-jua, about a hundred yards away, running for his life towards the *igloos* with a very large bear within fifteen or twenty paces of him. In-noya was out of the *igloo*, with the rifle, running towards them. I did not think the boy had a chance, for he was directly between the rifle and the bear, and one blow of those formidable paws would have brained

him, but suddenly In-noya called sharply, '*Tella-peea-nin; tella-peea-nin*' ('To the right; to the right'). The boy, instantly divining he was in the line of fire, doubled to the right like a hare. A shot rang out, and the bear roared with pain, then turned and savagely bit his hind-quarter, which had been hit. The next instant he was charging full tilt at In-noya. She had dropped on one knee to shoot, and, without moving, coolly levelled her rifle again. So close was the bear when she shot, and laid him dead with a bullet in his brain, that as she sprang on one side the impetus of his charge carried him half his length over where she had knelt; the record was written plainly on the snow.

I asked In-noya later why she did not fire sooner. 'I had only taken two cartridges, when I ran out of the *igloo*,' she said indifferently, 'and I had to make sure of him.' It was as fine an exhibition of coolness and steady nerve as I have ever seen.

IV.

We reached my objective on 25th March, crossing Peel Sound from North Somerset in one day's travel of about forty-five miles. We kept very close to the Prince of Wales Land shore, and I noticed we always built our *igloos* now on the land, even if suitable snow was not so handy as on the ice, though we often had to negotiate some rough ground-ice before getting to shore.

A very disastrous mishap occurred the day after we arrived. Seven of our dogs, divided amongst the three teams, ate something poisonous they found along the shore, and died the same night; three more were very bad, but recovered. I cannot imagine what an Eskimo dog could find to poison him in his own country, but this was certainly the cause of death. The natives, of course, blamed the *Torn-ga*, and were greatly disturbed.

By 27th March I had seen all I needed to. The reported tin-vein was a vein of iron pyrite ore. I do not know who started this yarn about tin, but the description and locality of the vein agreed so closely with the data given me that I have always concluded the information was found in one of the private logs of the old Arctic voyagers, perhaps one of Parry's or Ross's crews.

Seals had been very hard to find since we crossed Peel Sound, and our dogs were getting hungry, so, after wasting the 28th looking for seals, which refused to come to the breathing-holes we found, we started the return journey on the 29th, and reached the north-east end of Prince of Wales Land on the 31st, only getting one small seal in that time.

About fifteen miles north of Prince of Wales Land lies a large island, and Panne-lou volunteered the information that the Eskimo name of it was 'Spirit Island'; but he could not, or would not, tell me anything more, the subject being strictly taboo by him, and also by the others.

When we left the next morning early, a south-east breeze was blowing up Peel Sound, and it looked as if it would be a fine day for the crossing. We had made only about half-way over when one of those sudden Arctic storms swept down on us, shutting out all sight of land at once. The natives had a discussion whether to go ahead or return, and decided to push on. Panne-lou complained he was feeling ill, and was on the sled all day. Soon after the storm broke, the wind must suddenly have changed, for by five o'clock no land came in sight, and the storm was increasing in violence every minute. Panne-lou became very ill, so there was no alternative but to camp where we were.

Next morning it was blowing a blizzard, and Panne-lou was delirious and in a high fever. Even if it had been fit weather, it would have killed him to move him.

This part of the Arctic lies north of the Magnetic Pole, and the compass variation is nearly one hundred degrees; it is so sluggish and unreliable that it is quite useless for making a course in thick weather. We did not know, therefore, if we were north or south of our course.

That night—1st April—the first two dogs disappeared. My log says: 'At 11 P.M. dogs suddenly started howling; thought it was a bear, but dogs stampeded to *igloo* door much afraid. Suddenly one gave a queer stifled yap, and about same time door broke and dogs tumbled pell-mell into *igloo*. . . .' The 'door' is a block of snow set up on the inside of the *igloo*. Now-yea and In-noya were sleeping in my *igloo*, to help nurse Panne-lou—for he had to be constantly watched—and as soon as the row started Now-yea, at In-noya's instigation, jumped up, and throwing his *kouletang* (deer-skin jumper) on the floor of the *igloo* from the snow sleeping-bench, stood on it naked—Eskimo always turn in thus—and held the snow 'door' till it broke in his hands, letting the dogs in.

Meantime I had slipped on my *kouletang* and some deer-skin stockings, and, as soon as the door was clear of dogs, cautiously crawled out with my rifle, expecting to find an unusually bold and hungry bear at our 'store-house,' a small snow-house built against the side of the *igloo*, containing the meat, blubber, harness, &c., which the dogs might damage or eat. As a rule rifles are kept outside to prevent the frost coming out of them, but the natives insisted that they must all be taken inside that night.

I saw or heard nothing; it was a very dark night, and the drifting snow was blinding, stinging the eyes like sand. I crawled back, half-frozen, and we put up another snow door. The other *igloo*, fifteen or twenty yards away, had the same experience, so there must have been two visitors, as we each lost a dog at the same time.

The blizzard lasted three days, and though we built porches for the dogs in front of *igloo* doors and shut them in, we lost two dogs each night in the same mysterious manner. The 'doors' were always broken inwards, and a dog quickly and neatly snatched away. Obviously no bear was doing this, for his methods would have been more clumsy.

On the third night I made a hole in the *igloo* over the 'door,' and as soon as the dogs yelped put my rifle through and fired three or four shots into the porch. Next morning Akkomolee's dog was gone, but outside our porch our dog lay dead. His neck was broken and his throat torn out.

(*Continued on page 789.*)

FROM AN ITALIAN NOTE-BOOK.

By E. D. Cuming.

I.

IT is a very old town, though now so encrusted with modern hotels and villas you would not suspect its age at the first glance. Progress has made small impression on the original—a dense agglomeration of tall stone houses compressed between the mountain's foot and the sea, pierced lengthwise by lanes so narrow that neighbours may almost shake hands from opposite windows. Riven athwart by cat-walks and tunnels, it most resembles a methodical rabbit-warren.

There was purpose in this style of town-planning. The heat of the Italian summer is tropical, and the medieval citizen seeking 'coolth' found it in thoroughfares into which the sun cannot penetrate, achieving shade at the expense of other advantages. Under skies less clear our streets would be gloomy; as it is, the deep, narrow shops suggest caverns, and the trader or artisan who has handiwork to perform does it on his door-sill. Our streets are cool, but, as hinted, they have drawbacks. That they forbid haste is an objection that counts for naught with a people who are never in a hurry; that the passing *diligence* thundering over the uneven stone slabs drives the pedestrian to shelter in the nearest doorway is also a trifle. Visitors, making light of these objections, however, urge that if our streets had more width they would have less smell. Those side-alleys, or cat-walks, have a terror of their own: there is no room to dodge what may descend from an upper window. True, the housewife cries aloud the Italian for 'Gardy loo!' ere she empties her pail of that which under more advanced sanitary conditions would be poured down the sink; but not every stranger is acquainted with the system prevalent aforetime in the Old Town of Edinburgh, and, if he were, might not recognise the Italian housewife's warning in time to run.

There are in our principal street—referred to by ironical visitors as the Main Drain—evidences that it was once the abiding-place of the great—at all events of folk more wealthy than they who swarm about its palatial carved doorways now. The inhabitants in a bygone age had goods to protect, and adopted practical measures for their security: massive doors sheeted with iron or copper; windows heavily caged, with bars projecting in such wise that the inmates might look up and down the street. These were defences against others than the burglar and common thief; in days when the *vendetta* had its place in daily life personal safety was the first consideration. There was a time, not so long ago, when to lounge over the window-sill above the street was to invite the rapier or dagger of the family foe. Any family of any distinction appears to have possessed a few such enemies, and a blood-feud was regarded in much the same light as a lawsuit. But it compelled precautions—the Italian was ever ready with his knife.

He is so still, or so his legislators opine, for a judicious Government, seeking to prevent fatal issue from ebullition of temper, forbids the carrying of knives. The Italian may not have in his pocket even the knife without which civilised man is at a loss. More, so stringent the legal precautions against blood-letting, this prohibition extends to scissors. Passengers arriving by sea are puzzled by the printed caution in this sense which is posted up when the vessel is approaching port. You may possess knives and scissors, but they must be in your trunks. The obvious assumption is that, if you have to unpack as a preliminary to murdering somebody, you have time to think better of it. Hat-pins are not yet scheduled among lethal weapons—probably because Italian womanhood so seldom wears a hat.

II.

It is curious that, while the Italian cannot be trusted with a knife, he should be considered perfectly safe with a gun. He must be reliable in this regard, as every fourth man encountered in the country districts on Sunday afternoon or the weekly half-holiday carries, slung at his back, a gun of some description. It may be a veritable heirloom in the shape of a long single muzzle-loader; it may be one of those very short double breech-loaders now so popular among the humbler sportsmen of the Latin races; but, whatever its age and make, it is at least good enough to kill with. It is possible

that the Italian does on occasion misuse his weapon, but manifestly such occurrences are not of a frequency to bring firearms into the category of dangerous possessions with knives and scissors. Tradition, we all know, is potent; and seemingly it forbids the Italian to use his gun in a quarrel, even as it forbids the Briton to kick. Anyway, the Italian carries his gun when he pleases, and the only created being that has anything to fear from it is the small bird; and the small bird only while sitting still, for to draw trigger on it in flight would, in our sportman's eye, be defiance of the law of probabilities and waste of ammunition. All that our sportsman requires of game is that it shall sit still—on a bough against the sky preferably, but if not, on the ground. Then, whether blue thrush, robin, or chaffinch, it is game to be circumvented and slain. On Thursday, which is the weekly half-holiday, mountain-side and valley alike resound with the discharge of firearms, so continuous you might fairly assume that nothing feathered would remain alive by nightfall, were you unacquainted with the habit of birds in this region and the methods of sportsmen. Even the robin, bold to impudence as he is in the British Isles, is here alert, wary, clever in swift concealment. Persecution has had for one result development of skill in concealment, and when the commonest trees are those which bear leaf the year through—as the olive, the carob, and the pine—advantage is with the birds; and the slaughter bears no proportion to the expenditure of powder and shot. Game being thus hard to come at, the sportsman who has olive-orchard, vineyard, or field of his own is naturally jealous of his opportunities, which explains why the country is heavily besprinkled with notice-boards warning all and sundry that the 'Shooting Rights on this Land are Reserved.' It is possible to indulge in sport on the uncultivated mountain-tops, if you can find anything there; but from the rarity with which sportsmen are encountered on the higher altitudes it may be concluded that game is scarce. The cultivator frequently takes his gun with him when he goes to work, for game may come his way if the Fates are kind. I watched Pietro shoot a greenfinch yesterday. He was toiling with his two-pronged pick among the cabbages when a friend gave the alarm, and Pietro let fall his pick to take gun in hand. The friend indicated that the bird had alighted in coarse grass fifty yards away, and Pietro discussed with him the best method of conducting the stalk. The scheme determined, he put his gun at the 'ready,' and, followed now by the eager gaze of assembling neighbours, stole with long, swift, crouching strides upon the doomed greenfinch. He came within range, sank upon one knee, took long aim—fired; then dropped his gun to rush in upon the winged quarry, which he dashed upon the ground humanely to destroy, ere the neighbours gathered round to admire.

III.

If the Briton cannot feel himself in sympathy with the Italian gunner, he can entertain none but feelings of heart-whole admiration for the Italian football-player. Some maintain that the example set by our soldiers in their hours of leisure during the war gave an impetus to the game; but however that may be, the appetite for football is keen. The children play on the beach, the schoolboys in their dusty playground in the town, while others of larger growth contrive a game of sorts on the less narrow terraces on the mountain-flanks. As I write there looms large upon the blank walls of the town advertisement of our football club's 'grande-match' against a neighbouring town, to take place on the Campo Sportivo. You will properly suggest that a match is a natural outcome of affection for football and the fixture deserves no mention. Could you see our *campo sportivo* you would appreciate my point that this match against the Albenga club sets the seal upon enthusiasm: for upon that scant acre of naked red soil no blade of grass has grown since the Beginning of Things; gravel and stones prevail all over its sun-baked surface, and thought of a scrum thereon might turn to water the heart of the most seasoned. Only real enthusiasts would dare the game thereon: more credit to them!

The townsman is the mainstay of the game, whether as player or spectator. Matches occur but seldom, and this is a pity, because they give him something to do or to look at. A match, or at least a game, on every *festa* would be a boon to him who now puts on his best clothes, and, hands in pockets, spends his feast-day standing around in scrupulous idleness. As in Ireland on like occasions, the sexes hold apart, the men standing aloof in knots, preferably at corners; the girls, hatless, drifting to and fro in bevies, presenting a general effect of elaborated hair and high heels. The conspicuous thing about faithful observers of a *festa* is their desire for something to do, for the Italian is an industrious fellow, and works as though he enjoyed it, whether he shovels road-metal or mends boots. The shops are shut; there is no traffic; the town is in a state of suspended animation. One of the group at a corner wakes from his day-dream to move towards a new poster on the wall, arresting with its deep black border. He knows what it is, but the details will supply a topic of conversation. The relatives of Giovanni Felice—names and degrees of kinship enumerated from grandparents to nephews and nieces—announce his demise, with the arrangements for the funeral. This system of making known a death by mural advertisement is possibly the modern

echo of that medieval usage whereby the decease of a prominent citizen was announced by the town-crier. A few days hence there will be another poster, mourning-bordered, expressing the thanks of the relatives, enumerated as before, for the sympathy displayed at Giovanni Felice's obsequies. In due time his friends will erect a monument to his memory in the burying-ground outside the town, with a copy of his latest photograph on porcelain, cleverly let into the marble and protected by glass: a custom which seems to me to have much to recommend it.

IV.

There is little for the keeper of the *festa* to notice save posters, and not many of them. If he could work up an interest in cage birds, he would find the time hang less heavily on his hands. It is a fact that nearly every one in Italy, town or country, keeps a bird in a cage, and nobody in Italy ever looks at it. The owner puts it out on the wall in the morning and takes it in at night, and there his concern ends. There is no preference in the matter of species; a singing-bird—canary, gold-finch, or bull-finch—may occupy that cage, large enough to turn round in; or it may be a bird without a note of music in him, even a sparrow—yea, *Passer domesticus*. I can count at least half-a-dozen caged sparrows between the market-square and the beach at the town's end where the fisher-folk haul the sardine-nets. Anything in feathers is qualified for a cage.

The suburban population takes small account of *festas*—this because it is largely occupied in the cultivation of flowers for the scent-factories, and floriculture, during the cold season at all events, leaves small leisure. Some people labour under the delusion that flower-cultivation under Italian skies—traditionally but erroneously supposed to be of an unfailing blue—is the ideal occupation for young ladies in delicate health. This is a mistake; so far as sympathetic observation permits judgment, floriculturists lead a strenuous and anxious life. They grow carnations for the most part in this region, and the industry is in the hands of small men. Each cultivator lives with his family in a tiny, poverty-stricken cabin on his own plot; and it needs but a glance to show that a small plot furnishes work for a large family. The long, closely planted rows of flowers, carefully staked, are caged within a stout bamboo framework, three feet high, whose purpose is to uphold the great sheets of matting which, on fine days, lie in long bulky rolls like fallen pillars all over the flower-lands. We have frosty nights in these parts, and the carnation is a delicate blossom; and if the thermometer doesn't fall below freezing-point, there are still to consider the cold winds that sweep down from the snow-clad mountains inland. Hence the necessity for protection. Every evening narrow mats must be unrolled against the bamboo uprights to wall in the carnation-beds; and the long, fat cylinders of matting must be unrolled as a roof, all being tied for security. In the morning the matting must be rolled up again to give the flowers the sun. Weeding and hoeing in that bamboo cage is done by the children and their mother, working on hands and knees, and it would seem as though on these carefully irrigated flower-lands weeding and hoeing were never ended.

No! People in search of a light, dainty, and pleasant outdoor occupation should choose something other than floriculture on the Italian Riviera.

FLEAS.

By RUPERT A. SMITH, M.B., B.S.

I.

'Dear! Miss, don't you like fleas? Well, I think they are the prettiest little merry things in the world. I never saw a dull flea in all my life.'—KIRBY AND SPENCE.

MERRY! Yes, they certainly are merry. Pretty! Well, I think that a matter of personal opinion.

But what are fleas? Are they flies who have abandoned a wandering aerial existence and adopted a more sedentary and parasitic life; and who, as a consequence of having no further use for their wings, have lost these appendages through disuse, degeneration, and taken, as it were, to their legs, which as a result have become enormously strong and useful? That this is so is the opinion of many entomologists.

Be that as it may, I think we may certainly say that fleas are, at any rate, closely allied to the Dipteræ, or two-winged flies.

We need no introduction to the human flea. We have witnessed on many occasions, though perhaps reluctantly, his marvellous powers of jumping. We have had demonstrated to us many times, in a thoroughly practical manner, his ability to puncture and irritate our sensitive epidermis, and there is, therefore, no reason why we should open any controversial criticism regarding the scientific name with which this little tormentor is honoured, for we must unanimously agree that *Pulex irritans* is apt and to the point.

The flea family is a large one, and well over a hundred species of these little creatures are known and have been identified. It is, indeed, believed that each species has its own distinguish-

ing characteristics, and that as a rule the members of one species have no inclination to 'know' or to associate in any way with the members of another. We have, therefore, many fleas in addition to the human flea.

There is the cat and dog flea, the mole-flea, the bat-flea, the hedgehog-flea, the squirrel-flea, the rat-flea, the bird-flea (including those parasitic on the swallow, the martin, the starling, the pigeon, and the fowl). It is, indeed, said that every member of the feathered and fur-covered world has its own peculiar parasitic flea. As a general statement, we may perhaps accept this, but it is certainly not the case in every instance. For example, the *Pulex serraticeps* is an exception. This little 'gentleman' is not at all particular in his choice of a host, and is quite content to dwell on cats, dogs, rats, deer, sheep, goats, or horses.

The hedgehog is an animal which is absolutely infested by fleas, and it is an interesting fact that the hedgehog-flea, as also the fowl-flea, rarely attempts to jump when placed upon the ground, though we have no reason to suppose that he is in any way incapable of the usual flea-like athletic performances, if he desires to exhibit them. The fowl-flea, in fact, much prefers to run along rapidly, rather than leap.

II.

A few words concerning the anatomy of the *Pulex irritans*, or human flea. In the first place, it will be noticed on inspection that the little creature is laterally compressed. Well for him that he is. This anatomical peculiarity enables him to bear enormous pressure with impunity.

Attempt to annihilate a flea by compressing him, when caught, between the fleshy pads of the forefinger and thumb. Squeeze him as tightly as you will, and on your releasing the pressure off he will bound as merry as a cricket, and apparently none the worse for his experience. Or, instead of releasing the compression completely, relax it a little, and you will find the little brown body slipping, as it were, from your grasp, and the *Pulex* will soon escape from your clutches, or at any rate will not slip back again. The ground he gains, he holds. Why is this? Well, the body of the flea is covered with a tough integument, not easily damaged. This covering is provided with strong hairs, which all point in the same direction. When the insect moves forward the hairs lie brushed down, as it were, and add a certain smoothness to the surface of the body, but if the compression to which the flea is being submitted tends to force him backwards, the hairs become brushed up the wrong way and offer a considerable resistance to this unsolicited tendency to retrogression, and so he holds his objective. These very hairs, however, may prove at times to be the flea's undoing. Embed him in a cake of wet soap and you have him. The hairs become gummed to the moistened surface, and the little captive is powerless to escape.

In addition to these structural assets, the flea is endowed with a wonderful vitality and tenacity of life. An old adage mentions as the best method of slaying a flea: 'The drowning of him in fair water, if thou hast it by thee at the time.' But even this method of destruction is a very slow one, and the little parasite's struggles demonstrate its wonderful hold on life.

The head of the flea is a most interesting object when viewed through the revealing lenses of the microscope. It is, like the body of the insect, laterally compressed. Weapons of offence in the shape of a pair of lancet-like structures proceeding from the head will be observed, and between them a coarse suctorial tongue, by means of which the flea extravasates the minute hæmorrhage he occasions, and through which he imbibes the drop of blood procured by the puncture inflicted by these instruments.

It is incorrect to say that the flea bites. He does not. His method of wounding is by stabbing or piercing.

The legs of the flea, considering the size of the little parasite, are remarkably powerful, the thigh-muscles being especially strongly developed, and enable him to make his prodigious leaps. Finally, on the last segment of the body we notice a peculiar shield-like structure, which under the microscope appears very beautiful. This is the *pydidium*, or tail-shield. Under magnification this structure is seen to consist of many symmetrically arranged circular impressions, which shine and scintillate like precious stones. Arising from these may be seen many long hairs, which are very sensitive. There is a doubt regarding the actual function of this strange covering, but some have assigned to it the property of an organ of hearing. The metamorphosis of the flea—the changes which mark the growth of this insect, from the egg to the adult—deserves our attention, and is, I think, not widely known.

The female flea, which is larger than the male flea, though similar to him in appearance, lays about a dozen eggs of a whitish colour and of a viscous consistence. These little eggs are deposited upon the dust of floors, in corners and crannies, or amongst old and dirty rubbish. They soon hatch out, and from them issue the larvæ. The flea-larva is a little worm-like creature capable of rolling himself up into a spiral circular form, and of wriggling about like a minute snake. Later his colour changes from white to reddish-brown, and from his head projects a curious proboscis-like structure for breaking the egg-shell prior to his exit therefrom. He is devoid of feet, and is not epicurean as regards his food, since he will devour dust, dirt, and rubbish of every description. When about twelve days old these larvæ enclose themselves in little cases or cocoons,

and become pupæ. As such they remain for another twelve days, when they issue forth as perfect fleas.

III.

The flea, as a rule, prefers to perform its sanguinary operations during the hours of darkness. This rule is not invariable, for again the *Pulex serraticeps* or *Pulex felis* (the dog and cat flea) must be cited as an exception. This parasite will feed at any time during the twenty-four hours, and the torture which our domestic pets suffer from the activity of these busy little creatures has often aroused our sympathy, and prompted us to add to the next order from our grocer 'one large tin of Keating's'; and indeed, if perchance we have had occasion to enter an empty room previously occupied by dogs or cats, we ourselves have probably discovered, to our discomfort, that we are not by any means despised or neglected by this, the most common of fleas.

Now, when we come to study several diseases to which the human body is prone, and which chiefly break out in foreign climes, we again meet with the *Pulex*, now as a very dangerous little customer indeed. We find that through his intermediation the dreaded plague is spread, and communicated to man himself, and in reference to this a few interesting and important peculiarities in the flea's habits must be mentioned.

It is a rarity to find on the cold corpse of an animal even a single flea, though the animal, during life, may have been infested. The fleas take their departure from their host when the warm blood ceases to circulate therein, and they promptly desire and seek a similar host, in full vigour, in the neighbourhood, if such a host be available. But in this they may be disappointed, and then, driven to it by hunger and lack of food, they will live upon and attack indiscriminately any other creature they may come across, including man himself.

Now both the rat and the flea are culprits in the spreading of the terrible plague.

There are two kinds of rats: the *Mus rattus*, or black rat, which is essentially a house rat and a dweller with or near man, and the *Mus decumanus*, a roof, cellar, or drain rat, which comes near the dwellings of man only when seeking its food. Both of these rats are extremely susceptible to plague and are infested with fleas.

When an epidemic breaks out in the rodent community many of them die. The remaining rats, in terror, rush away in a body to some other neighbourhood, and desert and leave behind the dying and the dead. The rat-fleas (*Pulex cheopsis*) which have been parasitic on these unfortunate plague-stricken creatures, finding the circulations of their hosts becoming weak, leave their wasted bodies and seek pastures new. But perchance in their migration they do not meet with other rats upon which to dwell, and hunger must be appeased; so the human species, well represented numerically, is chosen, and man is infested and attacked. And so the chain is completed. The infected rats have through their germ-laden blood infected the fleas, which in their turn have infected their human hosts. In this way may the dreaded plague be carried, even from country to country, for the holds of ocean-going ships are often greatly infested with rats, and these rodents, if infected, may be responsible for the outbreaks occurring in ports of call; indeed, isolated cases of this disease crop up from time to time in our own harbours.

IV.

Another species of flea, which causes man a great deal of suffering, is deserving of mention. This is the *Pulex penetrans* (chigoe, jigger, sand-flea). Luckily this little pest does not dwell in these islands; it is found in South America and the West Indies. It attacks any exposed part of the human body, and often effects a lodgment beneath the skin of the foot, or beneath the toe-nails. As a consequence the part attacked becomes ulcerated and excruciatingly painful. It is the female jigger that is the aggressor, and after she has burrowed she becomes enormously distended, and appears blown out like a bladder, about the size of a pea. She now contains within her body a colony of little jiggers. The treatment of this affection is obvious—namely, the removal, 'holus bolus,' of the invader. This little operation is performed, with much technical skill, by the negresses of the West Indies, who dig out the little parasite with a pointed instrument.

And so there are fleas and fleas! There are even aquatic or water fleas, lively little creatures, interesting to observe and study with the help of the microscope. Every mass of stagnant water contains myriads of these Lilliputians, and by means of their extraordinary movements and huge eyes and characteristic shape they are easily picked out and distinguished from the other pygmies of the pond.

In conclusion, I crave pardon for writing at such length on so small an individual as the flea, but diminutive as he is, he is nevertheless an interesting little person. And if any of my readers feel that the *Pulex irritans* is too insignificant for attention, let him consider this. It has been calculated that if a man of six foot high were as good a jumper as the human flea, he could, with ease, pass over a mile in four jumps, and would reach an altitude of close on two hundred feet each leap.

'I cannot raise my worth too high,
Of what vast consequence am I!'
'Not of the importance you suppose,'
Replies a flea upon his nose.
'Be humble, learn thyself to scan;
Know pride was never made for man.'

MR BRINKLEY'S HIATUS.

By Ashley Gibson.

PART I.

I.

A LITTLE boy shifted uneasily in his cot, and thrust an arm above his head—which was a habit of his. The movement disturbed an object which had been mounting guard over his slumbers on the end of the bolster. A wooden horse—rather a good, solid, life-like horse—clattered to the floor, suffering a little in the process, its solid, life-like tail becoming detached from the rest of its anatomy. The noise did not wake the boy, but it did wake Mr Reginald Brinkley.

Mr Brinkley yawned, routed with his head for a cool spot on the pillow on which he rested the back of his neck (heavens, how his head ached!), and blinked at the yellow oblongs of blind. Round their edges the wishy-washy light grew momentarily, but without intermittent gusts flung spatters of rain against the panes, and the unutterable raw misery of the worst kind of November morning in Camden Town penetrated to the bones of Mr Brinkley, even through the pink eider-down coverlet which enwrapped him to the chin. His watch ticked on a hook above his pillow.

'Half-past six, and another rotten day.'

Gradually the contents of the room defined themselves—the wash-stand, the dressing-table, the curtained 'fitment' bulging with his own clothes, the more pretentious contrivance, its disguised deal panels flaunting a bevelled mirror, sacred repository of Marge's finery. By his side the eider-down billowed in graceful rotundities of curve, shaping the still sleeping form of his wife. His eye dwelt upon the almost imperceptible rise and fall of the bed-clothes; he sensed the faint fragrance of two bright-brown snakes of pigtail within a few inches of his face. Rolling over, he gazed vacantly down a precipice of upholstery; noticed, as it seemed for the first time, the queer, sour aroma of it, and the faintly dusty smell of the carpet; counted two hairpins on the floor at the edge of the shadow thrown by the dressing-table. There lay the solid, life-like horse, there its dismembered tail.

'The young Turk!' muttered Mr Brinkley.

'There's that seccotine in the writing-table drawer. Good egg.'

Then, for no obvious reason, a black flood of utter despondency rose and overwhelmed his spirit. Of course, there was a reason, a sort of reason; but there had been that much about the inner life of Mr Reginald Brinkley for years and years—a worm of some kind whose corrosive activities at the expense of Mr Brinkley's vitals everybody who lived or worked with him felt in a vague kind of way. Especially the recurrent manifestations of its presence troubled his good wife Margery, who never said anything, but used to look at him sometimes with a little pucker on her freckled brows. This morning there seemed no special reason, except perhaps that his head ached, and it was another of those rotten days.

He closed his eyes, and wondered whether it was worth trying to go to sleep again or not.

His mind dwelt on the broken horse. Cautiously lifting the bed-clothes on his side—pity to wake old Marge—he curled up his legs and half-tumbled to the carpet, made giant strides on tiptoe to the door, unhooked his dressing-gown, and pushed his feet into bedroom slippers, picked up the life-like horse with its severed member, and creaked downstairs to the parlour. Drawers were pulled out and pushed in to no purpose.

'Curse that!' murmured Mr Brinkley. 'Marge must've been using it.'

Somehow or other that seemed the last straw. Wave upon wave of black despair rose up and overwhelmed his spirit, and Mr Brinkley took a sudden resolve. Breakfast in the chilly kitchen, with its smell of linoleum and damp dish-cloths; the chance contacts between his hair and ears (he was absurdly pettish and fanciful about anything touching his ears), and the line of clammy handkerchiefs, dusters, and socks pegged along a string before the window, from which drops of water slowly detached themselves and fell to the floor with a tiny splash that somehow made one think of dungeons; the bird-like prosaic chatter of Marge and the wearisome interrogatories of the child—these were altogether more than he could stand this morning. These queer, sullen fits were not infrequent, and Marge would understand, even if she worried a little. He stole back to the bedroom on tiptoe, made an armful of his clothes, and crept down again to array himself shivering before the kitchen stove; went through his hurried ablutions at the sink while the kettle boiled; gulped down a cup of tea and a half-raw egg; and let himself out into the street. It was raining harder now, and his shoulders were damp under his thin overcoat before he reached the shelter of the Tube.

II.

Half-an-hour later the care-taker at the Westminster offices of the Dilapidated Clergy Fund gave Mr Brinkley a queer look as he opened the big front-door after much rattling of chains and bolts. The care-taker was unshaved, his person

swathed in nondescript apparel, and revealed himself to Mr Brinkley for the first time in the latter's experience without his livery frock-coat with its row of dangling medals. Mr Brinkley walked quickly past him through the stone-flagged hall, saw that the attendance-book had not yet been placed upon its lectern for him to sign, turned a corner, and made for his own room at the end of the passage.

'Funny 'omes some 'f these clurks 've got,' grumbled the care-taker. 'Comin' to office two hours afore their time. Or p'r'aps 'e ain't *been* 'ome.' And his pale eye leered unpleasantly.

Luckily the charwoman had already 'done' his room. Mr Brinkley lit his fire, and from their rubber-wheeled truck pulled out half-a-dozen enormous ledgers, cold and slippery to the touch in their bindings of rubbed vellum. Greasy, parchment-like leaves flickered under the touch of his practised finger. Faintly smelling of glue, the uncouth tomes responded one after the other to his vicious wrenching of their backs, emitted cracking sounds from the interior of their bindings, and relapsed, spread-eagled, upon his desk. In this wise he stacked a small mountain of them at his elbow, unlocked a drawer and drew from it pens, ink, blotting-paper, and an enormous ruler, and buried himself in the routine of figures.

The black cloud seemed to lift a trifle, and the usual melancholy pride which Mr Brinkley contrived to take in the drudgery which was his livelihood began to assert itself. He seemed to have been busy perhaps five minutes, when the big hall clock boomed the hour of ten, and the stone passage outside his door became suddenly noisy with the clip-clop of wet boots, the tapping of umbrellas, the morning greetings of his colleagues.

The door of his room opened, and in bustled Mr Potts, his chief. Depositing an unfashionable silk hat and a wet overcoat upon the brass hook behind his own desk, Mr Potts fussily reopened his umbrella and arranged it on the floor as a shield, which entirely screened Mr Brinkley from the fire. Where the little black knobs of its ribs came to ground pools of water rapidly gathered, and coalesced into a large puddle.

Making a curious noise with his lips and teeth, Mr Potts ejaculated, 'An early bird, I see.'

Mr Brinkley merely grunted. He hated his senior officer, whose common, crafty little face was reminiscent of some one. Who was it?

Who but that devil Marks?

Not really very like, perhaps. The saturnine Jewish countenance of Private Marks had been crueller, with more of power and cleverness in it. Common, though, and degraded. The worst of that man had been that he never said a word. A damned sly fellow, though. 'I don't trust that chap, Brinkley; keep an eye on him,' was about the last thing old Murgatroyd had said. Supposing old Murgatroyd knew? Why, it was that devil who was keeping his eye—— Ha! ha! But perhaps Marks was dead. Murgatroyd was, anyway, and the colonel, and Andrews and Jennings, and nearly all the others.

III.

The walls of his room, the clumsy, slippery ledgers smelling faintly of glue, Mr Potts and his steaming umbrella, melted away, and the spirit of Mr Brinkley, horsed as it seemed on some Wellsian contrivance, was borne gently through space and time. The scene to which he found himself transported was Salisbury Plain; the time just seven years ago, to be precise.

Mr Brinkley was dumped gently down in the midst of a vast frozen morass. On all sides of him, faintly undulating, the mud that sparkled and rang under his feet faded away into drifting banks of mist. A flat expanse stood four-square, unbroken by any stick, tree, or stone, and on three sides of it, sloping gently downhill, was spread a dead city of oblong wooden buildings, raised a foot or two from the ground. Streets and lanes of frost-bound mud cut up the illimitable assemblage of cubist structures into regular slices. Two huts, larger and longer than the rest, faced one side of the space that Mr Brinkley realised was the parade-ground. Attached, as it would seem, to the cowled tin chimney emerging from the roof of one of these, a tiny pennant of smoke wavered and lost itself in the swirling mist, the only sign of life discernible.

Mr Brinkley stamped his boots—stout tan ones, with nails in them—upon the clanging ground, glanced down at his legs encased in puttees and thick breeches, wriggled his shoulders beneath the thick fleeciness of his 'British Warm,' strode up three wooden steps, and kicked and shook open a door that did not fit. A narrow passage bisected the hut, at its farther end just such another door as that by which he had entered. A long table laid for a meal, a score or so of chairs, and a side-table on trestles were visible through the open door on his left, but there was no one in the room. On hooks in the passage were hung half-a-dozen caps and overcoats, a Sam Browne belt or two, a sword.

Mr Brinkley opened the door on his right. There were four or five young men in the ante-room, an apartment warm and comfortable by comparison with the rigours of the outer air, though close and stuffy from the fumes of a slow-combustion stove about which the languid young men had drawn up their easy-chairs. Against the wooden walls stood a writing-table or two; there was a carpet on the floor, card-tables, ash-trays, empty glasses.

A burly youth pushed back his chair with a scraping noise, rumpling the thin carpet, and knocking over a glass on the floor. 'Party,

shun!' he said. 'O.C. Details has thought of a job for us. What is it now, Brink? Blankets or brooms?'

'Brooms and buckets present and correct. So far it's chairs, sergeants', married, three deficient, *and* seventy-nine blankets for the two companies we've counted. The quartermaster will have a fit; but what's the odds? Young Andrews is checking them again.'

'Bet you five bob your total's O.K.'

'I won't take it.'

Mr Brinkley walked over to a baize-covered table by the door. The post had just come in. Two letters for him. And there were all these to send on to the battalion. He made a pile of the lot, stuffed them into the side-pockets of his 'British Warm,' stamped heavily out of the Mess and across the parade-ground to the orderly-room. Through the mist he had seen that the lights were on in the office. He opened the door. Private Marks pushed back his chair from a table littered with papers, jumped up, and clicked his heels.

Mr Brinkley nodded, sat down at the C.O.'s desk, and opened his two letters. They were both very short. One was from the mother of his best pal and fellow-clerk at Westminster, which stated baldly that the War Office had telegraphed to her that Corporal Jennings had died of wounds at Givenchy. The other was from Miss Margery Telfer.

It appeared that she had been thinking quite a lot about the engagement. The main point that had emerged from such reflections was that the thing was a mistake. Perhaps if Reg had really gone to France with the battalion last week she couldn't have had the heart, and so on. He'd better think this over before coming along on Saturday as arranged. She wasn't the sort of girl to change her mind—at least not more than once. But she was still his lovingly, Marge.

Mr Brinkley gulped when he read the first letter, and went very white as his eye ran over Margery's scrawl in a dazed sort of way. Then he sat very still for at least a minute, buttoned his own letters into the breast-pocket of his tunic, and shovelled the rest over to Private Marks. 'Send those on,' he said. 'Just brigade and division, and then B.E.F. You know that?'

'Certainly, sir.'

Mr Brinkley then signed hundreds of documents in the space left by a little rubber stamp with 'O.C. Details' and the abbreviated hieroglyphics which betokened his battalion upon it, sent for the sergeant on duty and gave him his orders for the following day, rang up the barrack warden at late Divisional Headquarters and asked him to come over in the morning and discuss the shortage of blankets.

Then he walked over to the safe, and drew forth from it a big cheque-book and a bundle of papers.

'I swear to God,' Mr Brinkley said very seriously to himself as he arranged the papers on his desk, 'that I'll make old Marge change her mind.' He set his mouth in a very tight line. You could understand at least that he was going to try.

Mr Brinkley then sniffed. 'Good old Roger,' he whispered, as he turned over the counterfoils.

He ticked off receipts against items in a little note-book, arranged certain unpaid bills, and totted up the totals of the last score or so of counterfoils in the big cheque-book. 'Old Murgatroyd's a sportsman,' soliloquised Mr Brinkley, 'and ought to be blooming well commanding the battalion. Bet he's doing it by the time I go out. Promised me the first draft. Good egg. *But* he's no perishing good at figures. These Mess Fund accounts are a holy terror. "Keep me eye on Private Marks." Right you are, major.'

(*Continued on page 796.*)

THE CHRIST IN ART.

By GEORGE POLLOCK.

IN all the annals of the world's artistic history there is little to show us what outward semblance of humanity the Greatest of all men adopted when He visited the people of His creation. Was the 'Man of Sorrows' One 'altogether lovely,' or 'had He no beauty that we should desire Him?' Who can say?

The only portrait of Christ believed to have been painted from Him, during His lifetime, is that in the Roman catacombs, dimmed by the ooze of centuries and the smoke of innumerable torches. Whether or not it was actually painted by one who saw Christ is a point greatly to be disputed by historians; but to an artist there is a 'something' about the face which is stronger than all chronological records as an argument for its authenticity as a portrait of Our Lord—an intrinsic beauty so flawless that one is almost compelled to believe that it was painted from the one great Model who was Himself flawless.

The second great portrait which is thought to have been more or less directly inspired by the actual presence of Christ is the picture in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin, described as 'School of Jan van Eyck,' depicting Christ in the act of blessing. Its history is picturesque and doubtful.

Legend has it that a portrait of Christ, painted by one who saw Him, was perpetuated in a tablet of gold which was closely guarded by the early Palestine Christians. When the Turks overran south-west Asia this tablet is said to have been concealed, and nothing more is heard of it until, in the fourteenth century, a German noble on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre was given it by a Turkish king. The noble brought the tablet to Europe, and from it the portrait in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum is said to have been painted, by one of the great school of Flemish artists.

Who this artist actually was no one quite knows. One thing is, however, certain. He either went to Italy and took with him sketches or the actual picture, or else an Italian artist copied the work, for we find that the painters of the Renaissance adopt a definite Christ-type —the Christ of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum.

The face is the face of One who is both Thinker and Dreamer—full of quiet strength. The hair starts right back on the lofty and receding forehead and falls down to the shoulders, showing a decided tendency to curl. The beard is short, forked, and rather curly, and the moustache reveals a full, well-formed mouth. The nose is rather large, the eyes are dark and heavy-lidded, and the eyebrows well pencilled. It is the face of a Man full of quiet steadfastness and perfect strength, and, to my mind, is outstanding among the art of the world.

Quentin Matsys in the Low Countries, Cima di Conegliano, Leonardo, the Bellinis, Titian, Taddeo Gaddi, and the other great artists of that time all seem to have worked with the Flemish picture in mind, and through them it influenced our own Holman Hunt, whose 'Light of the World' with its Christ so wonderfully quiet and strong and kind, with the ruddy light from the lantern on His beard and cheeks, bears much resemblance to the older studies.

Later representations of Christ in art were probably influenced by literary descriptions. The earliest of these written records appears to be that of John of Damascus, who died about 745; but perhaps better known are the famous letter written by Publius Lentulus to the Roman Senate and the description given by Nicephorus Callistus (Xanthopoulos) *circa* 1350.

John of Damascus describes Christ as having meeting eyebrows, fine eyes, long nose, curly hair, stooping shoulders, fresh complexion, black beard, and a skin the colour of wheat. Nicephorus agrees in most particulars with John, stating that His hair was not thick, but inclined to curliness and golden in colour; that He had beautiful eyes, bright and rather brown in colour; eyebrows black and not much curved; long nose; golden beard of moderate length; complexion wheat-coloured; face slightly rubicund; and attitude stooping.

The letter of Lentulus describes the hair as nut-brown, parted in the middle and smooth to the ears, but curling on to the shoulders; forehead smooth and serene, face without wrinkle or blemish and slightly rubicund, nose and teeth good, beard not long but forked.

In the pictures of the Nativity there is little opportunity for the artist to reveal any special 'likeness,' for a baby is a baby all the world over, even though He was at one and the same time the Child and the Father of mankind; but no article which purports to give even the slightest account of the Christ in art would be complete without a reference to the wonderful studies —those exquisite examples of artistic spirituality—which are to be found in the art galleries of Europe.

But, alas! some of them should not be looked at at Christmastide. The 'operatic ecstasy' of Correggio's 'Night' at Dresden and Ribera's rugged assertion in his picture at Madrid must be excluded from a Christmas article, for, although in doing so I may incur wrath and indignation, I must say that in my humble opinion these works lack true Christian feeling. In them there is nothing of the mystery or the tenderness of the Holy Night. The ox and the ass take no notice of the Babe; Mary does not know Him for what He is.

The Byzantine form of Nativity, which dominated the Middle Ages, asserts a solemn fact. Mary, in well-bred oblivion of her Child, is propped up on a pallet. Two midwives, at once guarantees of gentility and expert witnesses as to her intact virginity, wash the Child in the foreground. Old Joseph usually occupies passively an obscure corner. Above the grotto in which the scene is generally laid, angels announce the glad tidings to disinterested shepherds; and sometimes, for greater formality, the Three Kings are introduced out of their time. Here we have the impersonal statement of the miracle of the Incarnation. Take it or leave it at your peril is the attitude. One may see this type of presentation very gracefully stated in Duccio's altar-piece at Sienna (1310), and invested with classic stateliness in the marble pulpit which Niccolo Pisano cut in 1260 for the baptistery at Pisa.

When this Byzantine composition passed into the Europe of Roland and Charlemagne and the Crusades it suffered a wonderful change. It became tense, dramatic, vibrant with awe and with joy. From Gothic France, Giovanni Pisano got his chief inspiration, and his marble Nativity in the museum at Pisa, though only forty years later than his father's work, is a world away from it in feeling. All the old Byzantine features are there and in their old places, but how the thing throbs! The mother, timid with joy, steals a look at her Divine Child, the sheep-dogs turn amazed towards the shepherds, the angels fairly button-hole the shepherds to tell them the good tidings, and old Joseph,

with the pensiveness of some stoic philosopher, muses on the mystery of his new responsibility.

About the year 1400, both in Italy and the north, men wished at once to emphasise the divinity of the Christ-Child, and also to lend to the old theme a more tender and concentrated expression. They took from St Bonaventura's 'Meditations' and other devotional texts the lovely invention that the young mother knelt before her Child. Thus arose the composition which we call the Adoration. It was repeated, without becoming hackneyed, from Norway to Sicily. There is no sweeter example of the theme than the altar-piece which Fra Lippo Lippi painted for the private chapel of Cosimo de Medici—afterwards an exile in Berlin.

We have the theme of the Adoration in greater simplicity in a medallion by Luca della Robbia, now at Paris.

These are the pearls of religious devotion and of art.

THE CAYMAN ISLANDS.

By Rev. R. C. Young, M.A.

I.

THE Cayman Islands are a little group in the West Indies. They consist of three coral islands about two hundred miles to the north-west of Jamaica, lying under the tropic sun, and rising but a few feet above the surface of the blue Caribbean Sea. They form one of the oldest of Britain's overseas possessions; their populace is, to a greater proportion than in any of the other West India islands, of British descent, and yet they are perhaps the least known of any of His Majesty's colonies. When Kingsley and Froude and many another write of their visits to the West Indies they have nothing to say of the Caymans. Sir Harry Johnston, in his work on the black race in the New World, is indebted to the Commissioner of the islands for what he has to say about them. To a certain circle—the stamp-collectors—they have an interest all their own; but to others, except to sailors, who know them as poorly lighted, and (on account of treacherous currents) a certain danger to navigation, they are an unknown land.

Away from civilisation, with little commerce, and with a population of little over five thousand, no wonder the Caymans are thus obscure; but they are not lacking in attraction. The scent of romance lies over them, and many things remind one of the old days when pieces of eight and Spanish doubloons were much-sought prizes, and a quiet spot to careen a vessel after her not too immaculate exploits was a matter of necessity. Sir Walter Scott in *The Pirate* makes one of the characters say, 'Is he dead? It is a more serious question here than it would be on the Grand Caimains or the Bahama Isles, where a brace or two of fellows may be shot in a morning, and no more heard of, or asked about them, than if they were so many wood-pigeons. But here it may be otherwise, so I hope you have not made your friend immortal.' This is one of the few references to the Caymans in literature. Sir Walter knew of the conditions there two centuries ago.

To this day there is the belief that much buried treasure might be found if one only knew where to look. Place-names have their significance—Rum Point, Red Spot, Bloody Point, Prospect, Guard House. Ancient cannon half-buried in the sand and the ruins of old forts hint at a stirring past. One can find a still-expressed dislike of the Spaniard. The green parrot flies over the woods, the frigate or man-of-war bird soars along the coasts, the breezes are laden with the fragrant scent of the logwood-blossom, as of old when the first explorers landed at Yucatan, four hundred years ago. The mangrove swamps, the blue lagoon, the circling reef, are all eloquent of romance and adventure. A Scotsman who went there years ago said that he could live and die there; and many a shipwrecked British sailor has taken a bride from among the islanders, and remained for life without a regret. Indeed, such form a fair proportion of the stock whence the people are descended.

Christopher Columbus discovered the islands in 1503, and called them Tortugas, from the turtle he found so plentiful. Later they became known as Caymains, Caymanas, or Cayman. The meaning of this name is doubtful. The word 'Cayman' is Spanish for alligator, and, indeed, the largest island, Grand Cayman, has a certain resemblance to an alligator. But the name was given before the island was charted and the resemblance apparent. People visited the islands from time to time to get turtle, and about the middle of the seventeenth century they came to be regarded as British. There are no traces of Indian habitation, and gradually, and in diverse ways, the population grew to its present size. The Caymans have little to attract immigrants who wish to make a fortune. Buccaneers, we know, found sanctuary there, and it has been supposed that the islands are peopled by the descendants of buccaneers. But, interesting as it might be to think it, there is no proof that this is the case. Long ago some settlers found, on the north side of Grand Cayman, an aged man living in solitude, who had been marooned

by pirates. They called the place where they found him Old Man Bay, the name it still holds. This is only a tradition, and the surest ground we have for supposing that the present inhabitants came from the buccaneers. Some people came to the islands, we infer from official proclamations in Jamaica of the seventeenth century, to get relief from too exacting creditors, and freedom from a too restraining Government.

In the eighteenth century about forty white men and a number of slaves came to Grand Cayman to take up grants of land. It is also possible that some of those dispersed after the failure of the melancholy Darien Scheme found their way from the Spanish Main. There are sufficient Scottish names to make this a plausible theory. There is no doubt that some of the forty planters referred to were emigrants in the time of Cromwell, when people were persuaded to settle in the West Indies, or were sent to the plantations. There is the puritan standard accepted, if not embraced, as the Christian ideal. There are many resemblances to the life of New England as shown by Hawthorne and Holmes. A few phrases and words current in Shakespeare's day may still be heard.

II.

To-day there is a happy life, simple and unaffected, something like the England of Jane Austen. Peace reigns where there was once lawlessness. There is not the slightest doubt that the efforts of Scottish missionaries have led to this. A mission, now under the United Free Church, has for about seventy years been established in Grand Cayman. The young people have their walking-parties, their moonlight sails in the harbour, when the strains of the mandoline and the guitar blend across the bay with the twinkling of the stars and the gleaming ripple of the water. Nowhere in the world does there seem to be a happier home-life. There is little wealth and little poverty. The people—black, white, and coloured—live in quietness together. A few, both black and white, may be obsessed with questions of colour. But no one is oppressed. The black man there is quite able to take care of himself. He may at times inveigh against the purity of blood of those who call themselves white, but he goes no further. Black and white do not mix socially. Marriage is invariably in one's own colour, whether the persons be black, white, or of mixed blood. But all worship in church together without a thought, and sit together on the vestry, the legislative body, and the various boards and societies. Roughly speaking, there are in the islands about a third black, a third white, and a third coloured. The large white element is explained by the fact that after slaves were set free many of them went to Honduras and Nicaragua. The negroes that remain are a type that can compare well with any in the West Indies.

The islands have a delightful climate; it is never very hot, and in most places the heat is tempered by the trade-winds, though mosquitoes at times in the summer months are a pest. They are much cut off from the rest of the world. It is a Cayman joke that the world might come to an end and they would never hear anything of it. There is no telegraph. There is a post-office, but no regular mail service. Vessels that visit Jamaica carry mails once or twice a month, and up to recently there was not even that. Long ago there was little emigration, but the growing population renders that necessary now, and many go off to Central America or the United States to seek a living. Yet they love their home, and it is the exception for any to settle abroad. They marry and have their homes in the islands, though the residence at home of the head of the house may be only a month or two in the year. The Caymanian is not anxious to insure his life, or even to make provision for old age. But the old do not want. Filial feeling is strong. This is a beautiful state of affairs. May closer contact with the world never change it!

The staple industry of the islands is turtling. This requires strength and endurance, and the Caymanian is a proof that a white race can do hard physical work in the tropics without deterioration. The people are tall, and the physical standard is high. But to return to turtling. Since its discovery the group has been noted for turtle, and the London alderman knows its taste. The turtle are now caught in Nicaraguan waters, as the local stock has long been depleted in numbers. The fishing is carried on in beautiful schooners and sloops built in the islands, and manned by islanders, which go off for trips of some months' duration to the fishing-grounds to trap the green turtle, or the hawksbill, the latter caught for its shell, commonly known as tortoise-shell.

Another industry is shipbuilding. Schooners from about a hundred tons register downwards are built, and timbered with mahogany, iron-wood, and other valuable hard woods grown on the islands. They are all fore-and-aft rigged, and built not at all like our coasting wind-jammers, but often with the lines of a yacht; and with their white paint and white sails the harbour of Georgetown, the capital of the islands, often looks like a Clyde port on a regatta-day. The boats are good sailers, and most are used for turtling. Others do carrying-work in the Gulf of Mexico and West Indian waters, and one or two ply between the islands and Jamaica. Few of the men are certificated navigators, though many have the title of captain. Nevertheless they know well how to handle their vessels and to find their way about. This was not always so, and many stories are told how they used

to set their courses. They had certain crude methods of taking observations. It is said that some, when they supposed they were near home, would catch a booby bird and cut off a foot. The poor creature when liberated would naturally set off straight for land, and so set a course for the mariners. The Cayman captain is reticent when questioned about this method of navigation. Others used to set a course for home and hope to make a landfall all right. If they missed the islands—and it is an easy matter to miss land that is of small extent and only a few feet above sea-level—they would bear on to Cuba, two hundred miles to the north, and finding a landmark there, make a fresh attempt. But of late to miss the islands is unknown. All understand the use of sextant and chronometer. A few years ago a captain navigated his vessel from Key West to Grand Cayman, a distance of seven hundred miles, with his chronometer out of order nearly all the way.

III.

Cayman has had a questionable reputation in regard to wrecking. When homeward-bound ships, in the days of sail, sailed round the west end of Cuba from practically all the West India islands to take advantage of the trade-winds and the Gulf Stream, the islands were right in the track of shipping. Outward-bound vessels for Mexican ports also passed by. Many a ship but a few miles out of her course and misled by treacherous currents got on the reefs before land was sighted. Even to-day this often happens. The islanders are accused of having welcomed these wrecks, and of sighing for the days when they were more frequent than now. 'Wrecks are more profitable to us than our grounds,' an old woman once said to a visitor. Recently, when times were rather hard, a man welcomed a wreck as a direct intervention of Providence. But the stories about Cayman can be paralleled on the west coast of Scotland any time; and the profits got from wrecks now are the pay—large enough, it is true—for salving the ship's gear and cargo, and the opportunity of buying goods at auction at a low figure. The story of the minister in Grand Cayman who was interrupted in his sermon by a shout from outside of 'Wreck!' and who tried to stem the rush of his male hearers till he and they could start even, is also told of Cornwall and Kintyre.

Let news of a wreck come and schooners will go three or four hundred miles to see what can be made. Twenty years ago that darling ship of the United States Navy, the *Kearsarge*, was wrecked on the Roncador Reef, three hundred miles from Cayman. When the American Government sent a ship to see what they could do, the *Kearsarge* was found burnt to the water for the sake of her copper, and Caymanians were mentioned. An American, writing a few years ago in the *American Review of Reviews*, described the Cayman islands as poorly lighted, and inhabited by the most unscrupulous wreckers in the West Indies. He had his own grievance, however. The stories of luring vessels to the rocks can easily be discredited. The truth is that the Caymanian does not let slip an opportunity of profit which he is able to take. It is to the advantage of the owners of wrecked ships to have as much as possible of the gear and the cargo speedily salved. Some of the islanders will go beyond the bounds of morality. None will hesitate to take some advantage, when they can dictate terms, and make the most of an opportunity to get a high price for their services. That spirit, however, is confined neither to Cayman nor to the wrecking industry.

There are few Caymanians who do not spend part of their life as sailors. They visit many places in the West Indies, in Central America, and in the United States. They have thus a wider knowledge of the world than one would expect in so isolated a place. Many spend most of their time at sea. No doubt this is in part a reason of the joy they show in home-life. A united family is something desired and prayed for more often than realised. In Georgetown, a beautiful little place in Grand Cayman, there were at the last census seventy widows as against ten widowers, and this is accounted for by losses at sea. When the West Indian hurricanes come down they inevitably take a toll of human life. After a storm dismasted vessels creep in like broken-winged birds, with their canvas set and whatever makeshift of rigging can be improvised. But many never come, and though for long hopes may be cherished that the vessels have been driven off to Cuba or Central America, the truth has to be faced at last. When no mail comes and no telegraph exists to bring news, suspense makes many a heart sick. Twelve or thirteen years ago a hurricane drove out six or seven vessels that were lying at anchor in Georgetown. At nightfall they were seen straining at their anchors; in the morning all were gone, and a great cry went up like the cry in Egypt when the first-born were taken. Only one ever returned, and few homes were not affected.

IV.

The land is rocky and the soil shallow, and the only product of any consequence is the coco-nut, and this only on the smaller islands. Fruit-trees, mangoes, and oranges chiefly grow in great abundance, but there is no export trade in them.

The islands have a great measure of self-government, an imperial statute giving them a constitution, and formerly practically managed their own affairs. They have a Vestry, or legislative body, with a large majority of popularly elected members, and there is man-

hood suffrage. Latterly the affairs have been administered by a Commissioner under the Governor of Jamaica, but Vestry still has its powers. The people are in religion nearly all Presbyterian in Grand Cayman. In the smaller islands they are Baptist.

Many visitors would like the islands always to remain as they are now—a kind of beautiful 'Sleepy Hollow.' Some primitive customs remain. The schooners are not built on stocks, and when launched are let down on their side, like little boats, and dragged into the sea by means of block and tackle, and the hands of voluntary workers. A launch is a fête-day when men are brothers. Vessels are still cleaned and painted, not in a dry-dock, but by being 'hove down' on their sides in shallow water at the rocks or among the mangroves, just as the buccaneers did of old.

One wonders what will be the future of the Caymans. As the population grows more have to go away for a living, for the islands have few resources that can be developed to any appreciable extent. Coco-nuts, their quondam stand-by, have been attacked by a serious disease with which it is hard to grapple. Sisal, a hardy tropical shrub, from the leaves of which excellent rope can be made, has been tried in recent years, but the experiments have, so far, not proved encouraging. Steam communication has been attempted two or three times, but, owing to lack of trade, has been discontinued. The four Cayman islands are in a cleft stick. Without steam they cannot develop an export trade in the fruit they could produce, and without such trade no line of steamers is likely to call.

With the slow but steady passing of sail from the sea, and the gradual exhaustion of the islands, hardwood schooner building will cease to be the profitable industry it now is. That the merchants hold tenaciously to a system of paying the men who build and man their vessels in truck tends to cripple industry.

The people are hopeful. They are jealous for their islands' advance, and though a certain lack of confidence in each other, and of public spirit, prevents hearty co-operation in many improvements, they have their ideals. They want a wireless telegraph and they want a steamer, and with wise management these things may come. Their position is peculiar. They are a British colony, but neither black nor white have anything in common with the other colonies in the West Indies. The United States is more congenial to them for business and other reasons, and the best of the inhabitants go there. It is impossible that the young men will continue to work abroad and have their homes in Cayman. That is merely a survival of the practice that had to be followed when they only left the islands to go to sea. Yet they are, on the whole, loyally British.

It may not be generally known that there are English-speaking settlements in Central America, in Spanish Honduras, and Nicaragua. These places, the Bay Islands, and the Mosquito Coast used to belong to Britain, but were given up some sixty years ago. Caymanians have relations and business connections with these places. It is inevitable that British influence is not always apparent, and sometimes the Caymanians think that they practically share the fate of these abandoned settlements. If they could be made to feel that in truth they are a real part of the British Empire, and that the heart of the Empire is beating with them, there is no doubt there would be a great stimulus and encouragement to progress. No doubt their distance from the centre of Empire and their isolation are barriers to the showing of an interest that is more real than manifest, and it would be well for the Caymanian if he realised this.

THE CHARLEY WATCHES (1822).

[The last of the old 'Charleys' cried the night-watches in 1829, and were superseded in the following year by the newly constituted police of Sir Robert Peel.]

ONE o'clock and a frosty night!
And the blue coke-flame in the cresset quivers,
And a homeless man would be glad to light
On any bed—were it but the river's.
For jobs are few and the sinews slack,
And hope as numb as the heart is chilly;
Will it end with a leap that 'll break, alack!
The pool that 's black and the water stilly?

Two o'clock and the ice is come!
And the dandy topers, too full of tipple,
In a hackney-carriage go roaring home
Beyond the bridge and the river's ripple;
Small heed they give to a man's accost,
Too soon to fill with their own remorses—
The love of a woman they snatched and lost,
Or a fiver tossed to the fickle horses.

Three o'clock and the pools are froze!
And the blind street hawker goes homeward tapping,
And the wheels are still and the lamplight shows
Against the wharfage the waters lapping:
And thieves are busy where no light flares,
And silent rowers beset the thievers
About the wharves and the river-stairs
To rake the lairs of the inland rievers.

Four o'clock and the pools are set!
As the wagons rumble to Covent Garden,
With horses steaming from coats of sweat,
And wheels that splinter the pools that harden.
Some rustic woman now wakes to rue
The home she left, and the straw-wove litter,
For gauds and guineas and men untrue—
A moth that flew to the London glitter.

Five o'clock and the frost is black!
And a thief goes by and a Charley follows
With a noiseless foot on the felon's track,
As wave dogs wave in the dark arch-hollows:
And cocks awake as the day steals in,
While, unrelenting and unforgiving,
At peep of day must the fight begin
For man to win or to lose his living.

WILFRID THORLEY.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE DEFENCE OF HEALTH FRONTIERS.

By the Right Hon. CHRISTOPHER ADDISON, M.D., M.P., First Minister of Health.

I.

ALMOST unknown to the general public, an important chapter of public-health history is being written, and contains as romantic a story of heroism and endeavour in all parts of the world as any novel. The heroes are a handful of doctors and men of science; the enemy are those diseases which have ever been a cause of terror to mankind; the weapons are international goodwill and co-operation.

Some of the actions of this international warfare have taken place amid typhus-stricken villages in Eastern Europe or in cholera-infected ports on the Black Sea and in the deserts of Arabia. Others have been more prosaic affairs of international statistics and agreed settlements of public-health regulations. The records of them are written in a number of solid and extremely dull-looking reports of the meetings of the Committee of the Office International d'Hygiène Publique and of the Health Committee of the League of Nations.

The mobilisation of the medical men concerned took place in the Conference Room of the Ministry of Health, a handsome chamber overlooking Whitehall. There, in July 1919, a series of international health conferences was held, and plans were made by which the health organisation of the League of Nations was to be built up. The second conference met in April 1920, to examine still further the position in regard to international health matters which had been created by the Treaty of Versailles. By the Covenant of the League of Nations, which formed an integral part of the Peace Treaty, the members of the League undertook to take practical steps in matters of national concern to prevent and control disease. The League was also given permissive power to take over the direction of such international bureaux as had been established by previous treaties, the most important of which was the existing Office International d'Hygiène Publique, a body established by the Convention of Rome in 1907.

After considerable discussion and conferences with the principal nations of the world, an international health organisation has been set up. The Office International continues to be autonomous and independent with its present statutes and organisation, an advantage perhaps to the extent that it brings in such members as Surgeon-General Blue to represent the United States of America, one of the countries which is not reached through the League of Nations. It is the older office, and is officially recognised as the general consultative body of the new organisation which is the provisional health Committee of the League of Nations, and consists of the following: Dr Madsen, President, Director of the States Serum Institute, Copenhagen; Sir G. S. Buchanan, Senior Medical Officer of the British Ministry of Health, acting as Vice-President; Professor Léon Bernard, Professor of Hygiene, University of Paris; Professor A. Calmette, Assistant Director of the Pasteur Institute; Dr H. Carrière, Director of the Federal Health Department in Switzerland; Sir R. Havelock Charles, of the India Office; Dr Chodzko, Minister of Public Health, Warsaw; Dr Lutrario, Director-General of the Italian Health Department; Dr Miyajima, Professor of the Medical College, Tokio; Dr Pulido, President of the Royal Council of Public Health at Madrid; M. O. Velghe, Director-General of the Belgian Health Department; Dr F. Carozzi, Head of the Industrial Health Section of the International Labour Office; and Professor Santoliquido, Director of Hygiene, League of Red Cross Societies.

It will be seen from this list that some of the most eminent scientists and experts in sanitation of the chief civilised countries serve upon this Committee.

The object of the organisation is to complete and revise existing conventions, to advise the League on matters of public health covering more than one country, to establish co-operation between states, to publish epidemiological intelligence, and to work in conjunction with the International Labour Bureau for the application of measures for protecting the health of industrial workers throughout the world. It will also co-operate with the Red Cross and organise scientific missions.

The function of the organisation is distinct from the practice of preventive medicine as provided by each responsible Government in its own country, centrally or locally. It is not directly concerned with emergency relief, or with propa-

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

gandist work in public education. These questions can more appropriately be dealt with by such a body as the League of Red Cross Societies, now established at Paris. The organisation deals with problems which are of a truly international character, such as the spread from country to country of smallpox, yellow-fever, influenza, or cholera; the epidemiology of these diseases, the international control of poisonous drugs, the nomenclature of diseases, the standardisation of serums and vaccines, and many others.

II.

Such a list as the foregoing needs translation into concrete examples before the value of the work can be fully appreciated. A good instance is the work that has been carried out during the last three years in fighting epidemics in Eastern Europe. The story of this is a tragedy, relieved, however, by much devoted collective work, and by the individual heroism of such men as Dr Farrar, the son of Dean Farrar, who at the close of a life of devotion in the British Civil Service went to Moscow, and died after a few months from typhus. During his life he dealt with plague in India and Manchuria, with port sanitary work in Siberia, with refugees in Belgium, with public health in Malta and Sierra Leone, and finally he assisted Dr Nansen in Russia.

There are several agencies taking part in health work in Russia, and the Epidemic Commission of the League of Nations provides the strong official international backing needed to make effective the action of the special voluntary organisations, such as the International Union for helping the children; the Italian, French, German, and Swedish Red Cross Societies; the Save the Children Fund; and the Russian Relief Fund.

In 1919 a small Committee of Inquiry, of which Sir George Buchanan was a member, was sent to Poland in order to survey the position as to the serious prevalence of typhus and other epidemic diseases in Eastern Europe and the danger of their spread elsewhere. The resources available were found to be completely inadequate to the need. The International Health Conference in 1919 proposed an expenditure of £3,250,000, and stated that for immediate purposes £2,000,000 as a minimum was essential. After more than a year's delay, Great Britain subscribed £50,000 in December 1920, Canada £41,000, Greece £10,000, Japan £5000, Denmark £5000. Altogether there was placed at the disposal of the Commission the sum of £126,000. The Red Cross Societies subscribed £10,000. Inadequate as they are, these sums, as they have come in, have been most judiciously and usefully expended under the direction of the League's Epidemic Commissioner, Dr Norman White. They have provided for the purchase of auxiliary hospital supplies, motor-ambulances, drugs, material for special bathing and disinfection establishments, and the like. The large number of refugees constantly arriving in masses along the principal railway lines are a menace to the whole of Western Europe unless their cleansing is effectively supervised at quarantine stations. The Epidemic Commission has helped to make the best use of these stations and to reinforce weak points.

The official statistics display the magnitude of the problem. It is estimated that during the years 1919 and 1920 there were 20,000,000 cases of typhus within the Ancient Russian Empire. Cholera was raging, and though, for some unexplained reason, it came to an end suddenly in the summer of 1921 in the famine area, it has since reappeared all over south-west Russia. At the time of writing there are at least 1,500,000 peasants still waiting to return to their old homes, and many of these carry typhus infection, and may equally carry cholera. Under this strain the sanitary organisation on the eastern frontier of Poland, which takes the brunt of the attack, has at last been unable to keep back infection, and the League's Epidemic Commission can do little or nothing unless money support is assured to it.

A Conference at Warsaw in spring drew up a plan of campaign, estimated to cost £1,500,000, for definitely overcoming the menace of epidemics. This plan was divided into (*a*) immediate measures for checking the spread of epidemics on and beyond the borders of Russia and (*b*) a scheme of aid to the Russian and Ukrainian health services in an attack on the centres of infection. In this connection the Conference registered its opinion that a purely defensive campaign on the frontiers of Russia would prolong the dangers in that country indefinitely, and, while recognising that the frontier defences must be extended, demanded that an epidemic offensive should also be undertaken for the purpose of quelling the epidemics at their source. The payment of the necessary moneys for this campaign should be on a scale similar to that for payment of the League Budget by members of the League. The Conference also resolved that the execution of these measures and the control of the campaign should be entrusted to the League Health Organisation and Epidemic Commission, and added a rider insisting on the necessity for all states taking part being represented on these organisations. The problem now before the League and its constituent nations is the realisation of this programme, in whole or in part. It is a problem of which the solution will become more difficult the longer decision is delayed: for epidemic prevention time is an essential factor.

Finally, the Conference approved the draft of a model scheme for a series of sanitary conventions to be concluded between the Central and East European states taking an active part in the work. Such a convention is already being negotiated between Soviet Russia and Poland, and, at the conference, the delegations

of the Baltic States, Finland, Czecho-Slovakia, Germany, Poland, Roumania, and Russia declared their readiness to begin mutual negotiations immediately, with a view to concluding a series of similar sanitary conventions.

III.

In addition to the actual work carried out on the frontier of Russia, the intelligence bulletins received from there and published by the League's health organisations have been of the greatest value. Without accurate information medical science is obviously handicapped, and the intelligence aspect of this international work, though the least dramatic, is of the utmost importance.

In order to acquire more intimate knowledge, especially in view of the approaching revisions of the International Sanitary Convention of 1912, a special Commission has visited the Eastern Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Straits of Constantinople this year.

Considerable importance must attach to the sanitary service on the Suez Canal, the great highway of shipping between East and West, and a channel by which diseases, such as cholera and plague, that are more or less endemic in other Eastern countries, may be carried westwards. The sanitary administration of this district is in the hands of the Sanitary Maritime and Quarantine Board of Egypt, a body with special international representation, which possesses experience obtained from many years of work. This Board has also to protect Egypt itself against the introduction of cholera and plague on any part of its frontier. This menace has become more serious since infection may be be brought by rail from the countries of Asia Minor.

The Commission also inquired into the dangers to the world of the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, the sacred cities of the Hedjaz. The pilgrimage is an annual function, taking place at different seasons of the year, but for several years to come it will be in the hot weather months, during which in the past most of the epidemics of cholera have occurred. The pilgrims travelling through the Hedjaz—a district about twice the size of Wales—in carrying out their sacred rites have to drink and perform ablutions in the water of the well of Zen Zen. Immediately after the conclusion of the rites, where thousands of the pilgrims may be infected with cholera, they rapidly disperse to their homes, and thus carry far and wide the germs of the epidemic.

This problem is being dealt with in accordance with the International Convention of 1912. The medical men responsible have tried to do something to improve the sanitary conditions of Mecca and its neighbourhood, where rubbish and filth have been allowed to collect and are covered by swarms of flies. No wonder that in 1912 between eight hundred and a thousand persons died of cholera every day for a week at Mecca; and in the year 1893 the streets of Mecca were piled with corpses.

Curiously enough, the advent of railways in the East has made it more difficult to supervise the spread of disease. When the majority of the pilgrims travelled to and fro on camels, spending forty days or more over their journeys, the waterless Arabian desert played the part of quarantine in preventing the spread of cholera. But nowadays journeys have been shortened from months to days, and railways have swollen the number of pilgrims and quickened their travels. The average number of pilgrim ships arriving in the five years before the war was two hundred, carrying from fifty thousand to eighty thousand pilgrims — Indian, Javanese, Malay, Egyptian, Syrian, Moroccan, and Russian. Each person is a potential danger to the community to which he returns after the pilgrimage.

Many of the measures taken are of so technical a character that they cannot be enumerated in detail, but generally speaking, under international sanitary rules, such measures are now taken that before pilgrims embark they may be inspected, inoculated against cholera, and, if necessary, vaccinated. The pilgrim ships themselves are more carefully inspected than they have ever been before. Sanitary stations have been set up for pilgrims proceeding to Hedjaz, where their persons and their clothes may be thoroughly cleansed and disinfected. This is a difficult task. The pilgrims in their varied clothes possess miscellaneous baggage that far surpasses that carried by 'The Private Secretary,' for it includes food wrapped up in dirty clothes, and cooking utensils. Needless to say, they are often inclined to protest volubly against disinfection in any form.

The Commission, in reporting on the rules which should govern international action in these circumstances, reasserts the principle that countries outside the Hedjaz must take special measures to protect the pilgrimage from epidemic diseases, and to prevent the carriage of those diseases by returning pilgrims, who may increase in numbers in the next few years. The key system of quarantine stations must remain.

The Commission also gave special attention to the conditions in Syria, in Palestine, and the various ports of Asia Minor. Here there is necessity for simplification and unification. The members of the Commission journeyed by ship through Beyrut to Constantinople, and during their nine days' journey called at nine different ports, where the ship was inspected by the representatives of different nations and under different regulations. At each of the ports of call—Tripoli, Syria (French mandate), Mersina (Turkish), Limasol, Cyprus (British), Adalia (Turkish), Rhodes (Italian), Samos (Greek),

Smyrna (then Greek), and Chanak (Interallied) —there was found to be an unnecessary expenditure of time and money on medical visits to the ships, which might have been avoided by organising the larger ports to deal with infectious diseases in shipping, and by dispensing with complete measures at the smaller ports.

By recommending such reforms, the few medical men responsible, handicapped as they are by lack of money, and by the fact that they have many other duties to carry out for their own Governments, are endeavouring to improve the health of nations.

IV.

Another example of the type of work that falls within the scope of the Office International is the problem of the infected ship which may carry plague about the world. Regulations are issued under the International Convention of 1912 to try to guard countries from infection frequently introduced by means of rats.

In order to meet this danger it is desirable to strengthen the clauses of the International Sanitary Convention regarding infection from ships. Rats do not leave a ship so long as the food-supply is abundant. As soon as the food runs short, they either climb over the mooring-ropes or the ship's gangway, or jump or swim ashore. To prevent this, guards four feet or more in diameter are placed on the mooring-ropes; but even then the rat will jump a vertical height of at least three feet and get over this obstacle. The gangways are raised, or, if this is not possible, are watched all night. These and other precautions taken sometimes fail, and the rats find their way to the quays with the cargo. A ship recently in the Royal Albert Docks, after being fumigated by burning sulphur candles, was found to contain 1466 rats. All these processes cost money. The actual cost of this disinfection may be small, but the demurrage on a large ship may amount to as much as a thousand pounds a day. It is probable that in the near future a thorough destruction of the rats in ships at regular intervals of time will be required, and all vessels trading to the East may have to be subject to this process at intervals of months or at the end of a voyage. So many countries are now requiring fumigation of ships, regardless of what is done in other countries, that international regulation of the matter has become a necessity, not only for the prevention of plague, but to save wasteful expenditure.

It takes considerable time and diplomacy to obtain an agreement to an International Sanitary Convention. Commercial considerations and public-health efficiency were not properly harmonised in the 1912 Convention. Britain appreciated very early in the nineteenth century the measures that must govern the action to be taken by authorities to prevent the introduction of these diseases and at the same time interfere as little as possible with traffic and commerce. But other countries have insisted upon regulations far in excess of the agreements arrived at by international sanitary conventions, and others again, including certain of the British colonies, still retain quarantine laws that need to be brought up to date.

Sometimes notification of the outbreak of these diseases is carried out through diplomatic channels. The foreign officers of various countries pass the information on, but, for fear of restrictions or reprisals, are apt to delay or even suppress or modify facts in order to prevent diplomatic difficulties. This suppression of the truth makes the work of the doctor all the more difficult. The Convention of 1912 was ratified only in 1920, and, after eight years' delay, was already out of date in some respects.

It is proposed to revise this Convention, and the new Health Committee of the League, together with the old international office in Paris, has now practically completed a laborious technical revision of its complicated clauses. It is satisfactory to know that, generally speaking, the British delegates on almost all questions have been able to put themselves in agreement and take a common line in committee. They adhere as closely as possible to the object of producing an international document which will provide a more effectual means of preventing the spread of the diseases concerned, and keep fully in view the interests of commerce and traffic, so as to remove arbitrary rules and customs in connection with quarantine measures which are not justified by present knowledge.

These few illustrations can give only a very limited idea of the scope of the work of the International Health Committee. It is certainly too early to give any final judgment as to the ultimate effect of their work. Nevertheless, the public-health campaign is making real progress with this new co-ordinating organisation. A closer alliance has been formed between the officials representative of the different countries, and a remodelling of the central public-health services throughout the world is taking place, largely inspired by the British example.

LATE AFTERNOON IN WINTER.

THE scorch'd earth reeks o' the sun; and yet the air
Strikes cool on cheek and brow. Above the street
The golden dust floats like a cloud. The sweet
Strong smell of burning grass is waft from where
On flat-topped Zwart-kop, gleams a cincture rare
Of topaz flame. A something of suspense
Stays hurrying feet; eyes, ears, and spirit sense
The mystery, that day and evening share
For one brief moment only. Sudden night
Falls on the city and its circling hills;
But, lo! upon the sea of shadow spills
A brightness from the moon's yet veilèd light:
And high upon the heavens' empurpled screen
The evening star glows, radiant and serene.

R. M. MASON.

PIETERMARITZBURG, NATAL.

SPIRIT ISLAND.

PART II.

V.

BY this time the natives were completely demoralised, with the exception of In-noya. Now-yea sat shivering, as if with ague, the whole night, and Sal-pinna was little better. She had trodden on a knife-blade in the *igloo*, and cut her foot so badly that I had to put seven stitches in it. In Akko-molee's *igloo* they remained in their blankets all the time, and he would hardly answer me when I called to him.

Meanwhile Panne-lou improved but little, and I kept him alive on a few spoonfuls of brandy-and-water every hour. On the third day the fever had abated, but he was still wandering and semi-conscious.

There was good excuse for the natives. An *igloo* is not the slightest protection against an attack; an arrow or a lance would go through it like paper. It was a trying job, therefore, to sit inside expecting something—one could not tell what—to happen. For the natives, who believed implicitly it was the *Torn-ga*, it was worse than for me. In-noya, however, never lost her self-control, and she and I fed and watched Panne-lou in turn.

On the morning of the fourth day—3rd April—the storm had blown itself out, but there was a dense fog, and we could not see more than a hundred yards or so. The natives would have harnessed the dogs and left at once, in spite of my urging that it would certainly kill Panne-lou to do so, but until it cleared they did not know which way to go, for till we saw some land, or even the stars to steer by, we were completely lost.

Akko-molee said the fog showed there was open water not far away, and vaguely opined it was a bad sign. A pressure-ridge was behind the *igloos*; in fact, it was at this we found snow suitable for building. I asked Akko-molee to walk in one direction along it for a short distance with a sealing-dog to try to find a breathing-hole, as we were completely out of feed, and the poor brutes were starving. I would walk down the pressure-ridge in the opposite direction for the same purpose. I arranged we should both return the moment the fog cleared. Now-yea, who was much too shaky to go away alone, was to remain at the *igloo* on guard.

Akko-molee demurred at first, but finally consented to go, adding, 'Only a very little way, though.' In-noya looked after Panne-lou, who was now sleeping quietly and in a profuse perspiration. I made some soup for him, gave her a few instructions, then left with my sealing-gear and rifle, leading a dog.

It was nine o'clock in the morning. I walked along the pressure-ridge for eight or ten minutes, when, to my surprise, I came to open water. The tide ran strongly in Barrow Strait, I knew, and the gale must have opened the ice up. We had, therefore, got far to the north of our course to reach the floe-edge, as the ice fast to the land is called. The water seemed to be of some extent, but the fog made it impossible to see how large it was. As the floe-edge is generally very irregular, deep bights forming in it where the moving pack exercises pressure, it would be very dangerous to move before we saw where we were.

It was a mere chance that we had not driven into the water or on to the moving ice in the blizzard. Seeing a seal in the water a short distance from the pressure-ridge, I let the dog go, as I did not need him, and he ran back to the *igloo*; I then sat down and waited for the seal to appear. Presently I shot one, but found the tide was running away from the floe, and I lost him, so I waited till it turned, which it did in about three hours. I then shot two seals, though I had to wait another hour before they came in to the floe. By this time a fairly strong tide was running under it.

As I was tying the seals together to drag them back to the *igloo*, I caught through the fog, in the direction of the pressure-ridge, a glimpse of a man walking down to the water's edge. It was only an uncertain impression, for the fog shut him out immediately. I rather wondered why Akko-molee had followed me, but remembering I had sent the dog back, supposed that had to do with it.

When I arrived at the pressure-ridge, I saw nothing of Akko-molee, but leading down to the water were large drops of blood, and at the floe-edge lay a little deer-skin mitten; it could only have been Kyak-jua's. The snow was packed as hard as a pavement by the gale, so it was no use to look for tracks on it, but right at the water's edge, where it was softer and wet, was an odd-looking track, rather as if it had been made by some gigantic bird with webbed feet. The claw-marks did not show, as the toes overlapped the edge of the ice.

VI.

What did the blood mean? How came little Kyak-jua's mitten to be there? I felt sick at heart as I quickly thought it over. A tragedy had happened, I was sure. I ran back to where I had left the seals, about sixty yards from the water's edge; hastily buried one in the snow to keep it thawed, cutting a hole with my sheath-

knife for the purpose; threw the other on my shoulder—they were both small seals—and ran towards the *igloo*. The tell-tale drops of blood stopped about three hundred yards from the floe-edge.

At the *igloo* I found Now-yea pacing back and forth before the door, shouting 'spirit-talk,' and nearly crazy; Anno-rito, the boy's mother, inside unconscious; and In-noya, gray-faced and crying quietly, but faithfully tending Panne-lou as I had told her. My arrival upset her for a moment, however, as she cried out, 'I thought you had gone too.' I shut up Now-yea by cuffing him, and sent him into the *igloo*, where he sat and shivered.

In-noya told me the story succinctly. Kyak-jua had left his mother's *igloo* to come and see In-noya, for they were great friends. Now-yea was inside, warming himself, at the time; by-and-by Anno-rito called out, and In-noya replied the boy was not there. The poor mother rushed out shrieking for the boy, and on entering our *igloo* fell unconscious. In-noya did not dare to leave Panne-lou, who was very restless—Sal-pinna was useless—but she made Now-yea go out and look about. The tears streamed down her face, for she loved the little lad dearly. 'It is no good to look,' she sobbed; 'the *Torn-ga* have taken him.' Akko-molee's dog had returned, and In-noya said she feared for poor little Kyak-jua's father. 'I am going to fetch Akko-molee,' I declared; 'he is not far away.'

As I left the *igloo* I realised what had happened. Something had been lying hidden behind the pressure-ridge, and had crept close to the *igloo*. It had swiftly and silently seized Kyak-jua, and as swiftly and silently departed. The dogs, all asleep inside the porch, had given no alarm, the lad himself not made a sound. What manner of beast was this to do such a daring deed? It explained those drops of blood near the water. I, at least, knew where the boy had gone, and a fierce anger surged over me when I thought of his merry face, and the happy smile with which he would bring me a ptarmigan, saying, 'For you, *kabloona* [white man].'

I thought of all this as I ran along the pressure-ridge through the fog, when suddenly I nearly fell over Akko-molee's body. He was lying on his face, dead, with a hole in the back of his skull, from which the brain was oozing. He had evidently been sitting at a seal-hole, and his assailant had crept up behind him. His right sleeve was torn open, and the artery under the arm had been ripped up, *but there was no blood on the snow from it.*

I felt sick when I realised what this ghoulish murderer had done; he had sucked the blood from the artery till it was dry. The sealing-spear, harpoon, seal-line, and lance were gone, but the rifle rested against a block of snow where Akko-molee had placed it. I left him lying there on the snow; my business was with the living.

I returned to the *igloo*, to find Anno-rito had been persuaded by In-noya to turn in under her blanket, which she had done, native fashion, with nothing on. She looked up when I took off my mitts and *kouletang*, and said dully, 'Akko-molee is dead. I have seen him. Is it not so?'

Then I did a fool thing, but I was overstrung and rattled. I nodded 'Yes,' and said, 'He is dead.' There was a silence while you might have counted ten; then, without any warning, Anno-rito sprang up, dived under the low exit of the *igloo*, and fled shrieking, '*Oo-wonga ky-it; oo-wonga ky-it*' ('I come; I come').

I was into my *kouletang* in a few seconds, grabbed my rifle (without which I would not have gone ten yards), and was after her, but stripped naked as she was, she could keep her lead. She ran along the pressure-ridge where I had gone in the morning, and I shouted when I realised a few minutes would take her to the water's edge. I was near enough to see her fling up her arms and spring into the water, and her despairing cry, '*Oo-wonga ky-it*,' was borne faintly back to me through the fog. Unhappy Anno-rito had joined her boy and her man.

VII.

It was now about four o'clock, and, live or die, Panne-lou must be moved in the morning. I would have left at once, but it was impossible to travel in the fog after dark. If it did not lift, I would try a compass course, uncertain as it was, in the morning, or steer by the breeze, if there was one, away from the open water. If the fog lifted, I would steer by the stars that night.

Meantime the dogs might as well be fed, and, with this in my mind, I pulled out the seal I had left in the snow. The fog was for a moment thinner than it had been, and I had just done this when I saw another seal in the water on the far side of the pressure-ridge. Running to the floe-edge, I sat down beside an up-ended piece of ice about ten yards from the water to wait for him to come up again. After a few minutes I leaned forward to look along the floe-edge, peering round the piece of ice. About sixty or seventy yards from me, standing on the ice, close to the water, and looking intently at the seal lying near the pressure-ridge, I saw a man—or, rather, a two-footed beast in a man's shape.

He was but that moment out of the water, for it was dripping off him, and even as I looked his body began to turn white, as if the drops had been frozen on him in glistening little nodules. His head was thrown back and he was sniffing the air, as if using his scenting-

powers. Suddenly he ran—rather clumsily, I thought, but swiftly and with unusually long strides—towards the dead seal. My brain started working again, and I knew I had him; I was between him and the water.

As he stopped and picked up the seal, throwing it over his shoulder very easily, I sprang out from behind the slab of ice, and he saw me. Without a second's hesitation, and before the seal fell from his shoulder on to the ice with a thud, he was running swiftly and silently at me, a short throwing-lance poised in his right hand. I covered him without haste, and pulled the trigger, but the cartridge missed fire. I jerked in another cartridge, and as I threw my rifle to my shoulder his arm shot forward like a piston-stroke, and I dropped quickly on one knee. As I did so, the hood of my *kouletang* was thrown back from my head and—it seemed to me at the same instant—I fired.

I suppose the lance, which had struck my hood, threw my aim off, for the shot went high, and broke my assailant's left shoulder, causing him to drop a second lance he held in his hand. But it did not stop him, and before I could jerk in another cartridge he was on me. Dodging the muzzle of my rifle, he seized my left arm above the elbow with incredible strength, for I felt the nails or claws sink deeply into my flesh through my thick deer-skin clothes. At the same time he pulled me towards him and tried to get at my throat with his teeth. I seized his neck with my free hand, and for some seconds we swayed back and forward thus, the blood from his wound drenching me. Flecks of bloody foam ran down from his mouth, and as we tussled he made a snarling growl, as a dog does when at grips with his foe. This was the only sound I heard from him.

We were unpleasantly near the water, so I bent my energies on working back from it, and was able to make some yards farther in on the ice. I soon found it quite beyond my strength to squeeze his windpipe and choke him, the neck being very strong and thick; and although I had the advantage of at least five inches in height, and am over the average of my size in strength, it was all I could do to hold him off me. Had his other arm been whole, he would have torn my throat out with his claws.

We twisted and turned, struggling desperately, when suddenly he relinquished his grasp of my left arm, I suppose for a hold at my throat. As I felt him do so, I pushed him violently away and sprang back. He came at me again like a wild-cat, snarling savagely; but I was readier now, and beating down his outstretched hand with my left fist, I landed him on the point of the jaw with all the weight and strength I could put into an upper-cut. It lifted him clean off his feet, and he fell backwards. As he dazedly and unsteadily recovered his feet again, I snatched up the lance he had dropped—for we had reached the place in our struggle—and rushing on him, drove it with both hands and all my might at his heart. He fell dead at my feet.

For a few minutes I sat down, feeling sick and giddy. I was blood from head to foot, and I saw for the first time some of it was my own, for my arm was bleeding freely enough for it to run down inside my sleeve over my hand. The indescribable horror of the Thing's appearance, the smell of his breath, and the ferocity and courage of his attack, badly wounded as he was, all affected me strongly. More and more I realised that I could have done nothing against him had he been unwounded.

Pulling myself together, I turned the *Torn-ga* over—so I call him, from this date, in my log, and the name will serve. Sticking out under his left shoulder-blade was a harpoon-head, lashed to the point of an ivory lance with sinew. I set my foot on the body and drew the lance out at his back, and, after cleaning it in the snow, examined it. The harpoon-head was Akko-molee's! I knew it instantly, for I had seen him filing it a few days before. I felt better, somehow, when I had seen this, and turned to examine more fully the body of my grim foe.

He was perhaps an inch over five feet in height, and was covered, except the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet, with short, fine seal-hair of a grayish-brown colour. The eyes were enormous, with no eyelashes, very like a seal's, the hips tremendously developed, and the legs disproportionately long; the instep was very broad and flat, and both the toes and the fingers very long, webbed, and ending in thick nails like claws. It struck me he would have been a truly formidable antagonist in the water. The face was hideous; it had a wide receding jaw, with very prominent eyebrows overhanging the huge eyes, a low forehead, and small furry ears. I noticed, too, the teeth were sharp, the dog-teeth much developed, and the front-teeth of the lower jaw noticeably longer than the others. He had died with his lips drawn back in a savage snarl. Jets of very dark blood were flowing from his breast. The limbs and the body had a smooth roundness that could mean only one thing, but to satisfy myself I drew my knife and cut a gash in the thigh. As I expected, there was over an inch of blubber under the skin, exactly as a seal has.

Behind where I had knelt and fired, an ivory lance was sticking deeply in the hard snow. I looked at my hood—the lance had torn the top off it.

Acting on some impulse, I dragged the body to the floe-edge, and shot it into the water. It floated buoyantly, but the strong tide soon

swept it out of sight under the ice; and as its blood-smeared, snarling face disappeared, I thought of little Kyak-jua, and felt glad that some, at least, of the account was paid.

VIII.

Throwing the seal on my shoulder, I returned to the *igloo*. There was no one now to take counsel with but In-noya, for the other two only sat huddled up and moaning. Calling her outside, I assured her I was not hurt—she was horrified at the mess I was in—and related what I had done, and how I planned to leave the moment the fog permitted.

These Eskimo know more about this mystery than they will tell, because In-noya shook her head, saying, 'Many will come to-night and kill us, *kabloona*.' She told me she had put my revolver beside her, adding very quietly she wanted it to shoot Panne-lou and herself with if the *Torn-ga* broke into the *igloo*. 'They suck your blood when you are alive,' she said calmly. I had not mentioned what I had seen on Akko-molee's body. How did she know this was their ghoulish habit?

I patted the plucky girl on the back, and told her we should come through the night all right, as I had a plan. Fortunately, there was a spare *kouletang* in my kit-bag. Before I went inside the *igloo* I took off my blood-soaked garment and threw it away behind the pressure-ridge, explaining to the others that the blood on my foot-gear and deer-skin outer trousers was from the seal. These garments I took off, and started Sal-pinna thawing and cleaning them. My arm pained me, and was still bleeding. Examining it in the unoccupied *igloo*, I found five claw-like incisions, which had cut deeply into the flesh. I washed them with antiseptic, and In-noya bound them up.

I then shook up Now-yea, made him come out and feed the two seals—saving a meal for ourselves—to the dogs, and carefully ice the sled-runners and get all the harness ready. The dogs would need five or six hours after feeding, but I hoped that by midnight we should have the stars to steer by, and could make a start.

I thawed ten pounds of dynamite, wrapped it up in several pieces of deer-skin, and as soon as it was dusk laid it the full length of my wires along the pressure-ridge, making a track for the wires, and carefully covering it all over with snow. I brought the wires into the *igloo* through the wall, and connected them up with the battery. Then, shutting the dogs into the porch, I ran a reel of strong thread I happened to have with me round the *igloo* and porch about ten paces away, setting up blocks of snow some two and a half feet high, and driving into them bits of stick, to which I fastened the thread. As I was short of sticks, I used one of the two lances I had brought from the scene of the fight; the other I put away in a dunnage-bag. Midway between each of the blocks, I ran pieces of thread fastened to the thread circling us, and led them into the *igloo* through paper tubes, to keep them from freezing to the wall. I then pulled them gently taut, and fastened them to small strips of wood, so that when they were stuck into the *igloo* wall they were bent by the pull of the line; there were five of them. In-noya helped me deftly and intelligently, asking no questions, except what I wanted done. When back in the *igloo*, I insisted on their finishing the seal meal, and we made a brew of strong tea. Panne-lou was now conscious and free from fever, but utterly prostrated.

It was a nerve-racking watch. I am not sure I would come through another like it. I had seen now what we were waiting for, and if—as In-noya said they would—many came, if indeed only a few attacked us, I knew now we should have no chance at all, penned up inside the *igloo*. Yet we should be worse off freezing outside in the gray fog and darkness. I had seen their swiftness and savage determination. How many could we account for before the end came?

Suddenly I remembered there would be a young moon up about one o'clock, and I decided to start then and steer by it, if the weather was clear enough to locate it.

The hours dragged on till nearly midnight. Now-yea and Sal-pinna dozed fitfully, and awoke shivering. Panne-lou slept; In-noya sat beside him, gray-faced and self-possessed, occasionally trimming the native lamp, but with my revolver ever ready at her hand. We whispered once or twice, and listened, straining our ears for some sound outside, till every minute seemed an hour, watching the little bent sticks, and waiting.

I kept my hand on the battery-handle, and my rifle across my knees. Suddenly a stick straightened with a faint click, and I nodded to In-noya, who touched the other two natives. I lifted the handle and pressed it down smartly. The roar of the explosion tore the silence of the night. The ice shook, threatening to demolish the *igloo*, and snow fell down on us inside. The dogs yelped with fear once or twice; then came silence. Presently an inarticulate, eerie wailing cry rang out, distinct and very high-pitched; then silence once more, and we listened, listened. And then I knew how it is men go mad with the strain of waiting for some unseen danger to strike them.

(*Continued on page 811.*)

SOME BRITISH BIRDS.

VI.—THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

By H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S.

PART I.

I.

JUST as there are many who would dispute the right of the lion to the proud place he holds as king of wild beasts, so there are not a few who doubt the eagle's right of heritage to the kingship of the air. Certain it is that if this bird were shorn of certain plebeian traits of character its kingliness would fire the imagination to a higher point of respect than those who know it can ever feel for it. In many ways —indeed in most—the peregrine is the more kingly bird in character, as in the royal blue and ermine of its robes.

But, apart from the fact that the eagle is far and away the most formidable of our wild birds, dreaded by almost every creature of our woods and hills, the soaring majesty of its flight has doubtless had a great deal to do with the 'lofty' position that it holds. One can recognise an eagle miles away, when it is the merest speck in the heavens, by its marvellous soaring and gliding powers, which far surpass even those of the buzzard in a gale. But, whereas the pukka blue-blooded falcons eat only what they kill, eagles will eat practically anything. In the Rocky Mountains I have seen bald-headed eagles descending in droves to feed on the ridges of dead salmon washed up on a promontory. We were miles away when first we noticed them, but the collection of 'Royal' birds so much roused our interest that we journeyed across the lake in order to discover what had attracted such a number. The great birds were so intent on their feast that eventually we considered it unwise to disturb them, and many we noticed were so gorged as to be unable to fly. A keeper of my acquaintance caught two young eagles in Ross-shire owing to their having fed on carrion till their wings were incapable of raising their weight, and the parent birds were compelled to abandon the young to their fate. Having thus made reference to the eagle's vulture-like habits, we may seek a more refreshing atmosphere among the altitudes of its better-known characteristics.

In spite of prevalent opinion to the contrary, my observations of the eagle incline me to accept the view that it is a creature of definite home range. Its range may be great, on account of its powers of flight; it may, at times, travel immense distances over land and water; but the eagles of our Highlands are for the most part resident birds, and if one watches them closely one learns that they visit certain places at regular periods. Around their home centre they appear to have a number of chosen beats, which they hunt more or less systematically. In the heights between Loch Tay and Loch Earn, for instance, I several times one winter saw an eagle hunting in a northerly direction down a certain corrie. I never saw him flying southwards down this corrie, and, so far as I could make out, he visited the place once every three or four days. Again, in the wilds between Glen Lochay and Glen Lyon, I repeatedly saw an eagle hunting northwards through a small glen, and, according to my observation, he visited this portion of his beat every third or fourth day. He was eventually taken in a vermin-trap.

It is a curious fact that birds and beasts that have never before seen an eagle instantly recognise this bird as a fierce and terrible foe. A golden eagle passed over Norfolk some years ago, only to be shot down by a keeper; and this man describes how his attention was drawn to the presence of the great bird of prey by the behaviour of other birds. He first saw a pair of magpies make for a dense thorn-bush, from the secure thickets of which they churred and chattered with the utmost alarm. The pheasants, he said, were flying in all directions, crowing loudly, while there was a great disturbance among the small song-birds. Approaching to investigate, he saw the eagle as it glided over a pine-fringe, and shot it dead.

The birds of Norfolk, among which the pheasants were at any rate resident, had certainly never seen an eagle before, nor had their fathers or their grandfathers, yet harking back from their remote ancestry came their inherited fear of the king of birds.

It is not surprising that the birds and the beasts of our Scottish hills fear the eagle even more than they fear man himself. The eagle is a far older foe than man; indeed, it is only recently that man has counted as an enemy of any consequence, whereas since time began the eagle in the heavens has stood for most wild creatures as the death's-head of fear. Moor-game of all kinds are far more afraid of eagles than they are of peregrines, which is rather curious, as the peregrine is the more dangerous and deadly in pursuit.

II.

Recently I was out on the Perthshire hills in the hope of obtaining one or two brace of birds and as many white hares as I could comfortably carry, when, mounting a ridge, I noticed a golden eagle systematically quartering a small

glen a mile or so to the west. A very strong wind was blowing at this point, and it was bitterly cold, and the great bird, flying at an altitude of from seventy to one hundred feet, was hanging idly on the wind, wheeling first up the mountain-face, then back into the gloom of the glen. In this way, working up-wind, he very soon passed beyond my vision.

Up to this point the hares had been completely unapproachable, rising ninety yards distant and running clean away, without even their customary backward glance; but no sooner had the eagle passed out of sight than I noticed a hare squatting closely under a boulder about fifty yards distant. I made a detour so as to approach him downhill, but arriving at the boulder, discovered that he had mysteriously vanished. Investigation revealed a short burrow or seat running into the peat on one side of the boulder, and thrusting in my hand, I at once touched the hare's hind-legs, at which he drew farther in. I then discovered that the seat had an outlet about four feet away, and thrusting my hand in at that end, I again touched him, and again he moved out of reach. I was in the hope of forcing him to bolt, but nothing would induce him to do so, and in the end I was reduced to enlarging the hole and taking him out alive.

Within eighty yards of the same place I noticed a hare's seat under a peat-bank, and on either side of it the lip of the bank had subsided, forming a tunnel of the kind to which mountain hares are very partial, the animals generally seeking these shelters in the afternoon during wild weather; hence one reason for the sudden and mysterious disappearance of hares from the ground on which, an hour or so previously, they were very abundant. Instinct, or something akin to it, led me to explore this doubtful stronghold, and, on my removing the peat overhanging, what was my surprise to find two hares huddled together like rabbits in a waterlogged drain! This is the first time within my experience that I have known two Alpine hares to make use of the same seat, for, though they are more sociable than brown hares, in that one and all follow the same runways, and consequently congregate much at certain favourite points, they are, in disposition, pathetically solitary, and never, so far as I know, live together as rabbits do. There can be no question but that the incidents related were due to the great fear of the animals on having just seen the eagle, and I have no doubt that, had I continued to search, I could have caught still more hares by hand. As it was, I did not see another specimen till I had walked two or three miles. Evidently they were all hiding!

It may be added that where eagles and peregrines are rare, it is very unusual for mountain hares to resort to underground shelters of any kind. They are as daylight and above-board in their habits as brown hares, and in these parts it is considered worthy of note if one of the animals is seen to enter a hole—unless it is in a wounded condition. In other localities, however, where eagles and large birds of prey are constantly quartering the ground, the hares have numerous underground seats; and in deep snow I have known them to bolt underground like rabbits on the approach of man. This observation is particularly interesting on account of the fact that the hare is the least adaptable of all wild creatures.

On another occasion I was working slowly along a corrie, resorting constantly to the glasses, when I noticed a mysterious movement on the part of the grouse. First odd birds, then in twos and threes, they came flying down the corrie towards us, making, apparently, for the lower levels. As we watched, the move became a general one, the birds passing at intervals in packs for a matter of eight or nine minutes. The atmosphere was quite clear, and there was not a living thing to be seen which might account for their curious behaviour; but about five minutes after the last bird had passed we saw an eagle, flying low, coming towards us from the direction of a distant glen.

It cannot be doubted that the proximity of the eagle was the cause of the behaviour of the grouse, but we were much mystified as to how they knew that the king of birds was coming so long before he actually appeared above the skyline. Can any other observer quote a similar incident? If we conclude that the grouse had preconceived the coming of the bird of prey, the incident is no more remarkable than many other examples of preconception on the part of birds and beasts that we regularly come across, and personally I am inclined to accept the theory that the grouse were leaving the moor because they felt the presence of His Satanic Majesty!

The eagle knows as well as we do that Alpine hare is not such good eating as grouse and young rabbit, yet on certain bleak hills I have visited the number of white jackets strewn about the lofty pinnacles seemed to indicate that mountain hares figure very conspicuously on the eagle's menu. An eagle is more likely to fall foul of a trap baited with a young rabbit than to any other set I know, and in the spring of the year these birds persistently hunt the wilder valleys in search of young rabbits. A well-known Scottish naturalist describes how he saw a pair of them viciously attacking a fox, which was doing its best to defend itself, keeping up a running fight towards cover; and the observer states that he has little doubt that the fate of the fox was sealed. One is inclined fully to endorse his views, for eagles have been known to descend upon dogs accompanying sportsmen and working just ahead of the guns.

In Canada a half-breed who was along with me one day drew my attention to the remains

of a fox freshly killed by an eagle. The poor fellow was much disappointed, as the pelt of the fox, now worthless, was a rare silver specimen. Had we been a few minutes earlier the find would have been worth many dollars to him. In the same locality I one day fired frivolously with a rifle at an eagle which was circling over our heads, and no one was more surprised than myself when we saw the great bird come tumbling earthwards. It was completely disembowelled by the bullet!

Stewart, the stalker on Achmore estate, Perthshire, informs me that one day he watched a mountain hare defending itself against the attacks of an eagle. The eagle kept swooping down upon it, at which the hare would stand up on its hind-legs and box vigorously with its forepaws. This in all probability was a case of a mother hare defending her young. Very few animals make any attempt at self-defence when an eagle descends upon them.

III.

It is, I suppose, a big step from the eagle to the common buzzard, yet the two have many points in common, and to watch a buzzard in the air is almost equivalent to beholding a small eagle. Periodically the question crops up as to whether the buzzard is really harmful on grouse-moors, and I should like to present my views without in any sense anticipating their general acceptance. That buzzards have once or twice been shot in the act of feeding on adult grouse I am well aware, but, so far as I know, there has never been an observed instance of a buzzard actually striking down a grouse. Indeed, on the few occasions of which I have heard when these birds have been seen to rise from a grouse meal, there was not the least evidence to show that the grouse had not (1) died from more or less natural causes, or (2) been killed and left by weasel or peregrine. Both the last named kill a good deal of game which they leave practically or entirely untouched, and it is only natural that a buzzard should feed on dead grouse, or even wounded grouse, just as readily as it would feed on anything else found about the moor.

Has any one ever seen a buzzard strike down an able-bodied grouse? If so, it would be very interesting to know how the bird of prey achieved the feat. Any one who has watched buzzards hunting, as I have watched them, knows very well that their methods of descent and of taking their prey are entirely unequal to the destruction of birds so well able to take care of themselves as moor-game. It may be argued that the grouse becomes powerless to rise in flight on perceiving the buzzard hovering over it, but my experience, given later, entirely disproves this. I believe that grouse become perfectly well acquainted with the buzzard in the skies, and recognise him for what he is; and though the flight of the buzzard might prove sufficiently swift for him to overhaul a grouse in the air, I cannot imagine a buzzard endeavouring to do so, for the reason that such a method of hunting is entirely contrary to the bird's natural habits, and is not the method of procedure for which he is designed. The argument is, therefore, that the buzzard would readily feed on any bird that it found dead or disabled, but that an adult grouse would be up and away before the buzzard was upon it, and that it is not within the nature of the buzzard to pursue so fleet-winged a fugitive. Finally, I very much doubt whether this bird of prey could catch a grouse even if it tried, for its powers of flight are centred around its wonderful soaring and circling abilities as it watches from aloft. Its wings are not designed for speed, as are those of the golden plover, the peregrine, and many others, but are huge rounded fans, which enable it to glide at prodigious speeds when the forces of the gale are at its bidding; but when it is flying straight in a comparatively stationary atmosphere its flight is heavy and laboured—indeed, it is no more active than the heron.

So far as adult game birds are concerned, therefore, my observations all go to disprove that the buzzard is *ever* guilty of their destruction. It is, of course, foolish to resort definitely to positives or negatives concerning the ways or habits of any wild bird or beast, but I would go so far as to say that if a buzzard has ever been known to strike down or seize a fit adult grouse, then it was either a very exceptional grouse (possibly asleep) or a very exceptional buzzard.

A great many keepers destroy buzzards and their nests whenever an opportunity occurs, there being a deep-rooted idea that the birds are harmful in many ways, particularly to grouse chicks. There is no special reason why buzzards should *not* take grouse chicks, while there is every reason to suppose that such fare would be as welcome to them as any other. However, the fact that there are observant keepers who have no quarrel of any kind with the buzzard would seem to indicate that the harm done in this way is so occasional as to escape the notice of many. Of the various buzzards' nests I have examined none has contained the remains of grouse, either young or old; but this may prove little, as very young chicks would, like the schoolboy's apple, disappear entirely—skin, pips, and core.

Let us take it as accepted, then, that buzzards are in no way opposed to the lifting of young grouse; the next question that arises is—how much harm do they do in this way? My opinion is, very little indeed, and this opinion is based on common-sense reasonings as well as on observation. In the first place, I have watched buzzards hunting for hours on end during the nesting season, and have never observed anything which seemed to suggest

that they were hunting for grouse chicks. On the contrary, I have repeatedly noticed at a time when the moor was alive with 'peepers' that the buzzards have done quite the major portion of their hunting over the lower slopes, where grouse were comparatively scarce, but where small rodents, including rabbits, were plentiful. For we need to remember that for ten months in the year the buzzards are entirely dependent upon these rodents, and that, at the time when the grouse-chick harvest takes place, the rodent harvest is also taking place. The number of grouse chicks on the moor is never remotely equivalent to the mouse millions on the slopes below, and therefore the slopes below afford the *best* hunting for the buzzard. There is, then, no reason why this bird should suddenly change its habits for the brief period of the grouse-chick season.

I am not putting up a case for the preservation of the buzzard. I am merely stating my own observations and conclusions, which are those of one not uninterested in game preservation, and by them we arrive at the decision that the young grouse lifted by buzzards are picked up by chance rather than as a result of systematic searching. Thus, granted that occasional buzzards lift occasional chicks, the number destroyed in this way is almost infinitesimal compared with the number that meet their fate in other ways. Moreover, they are the very young. Ten, or fifty, or eighty per cent. (dependent on the season) might meet death otherwise did not the buzzard take them. The taking of the very young is not the severe blow to a species that the taking of the half-fledged is, and each day in the existence of a grouse chick enormously enhances its value from the point of view of the sporting possibilities of the moor. And—this is an important point—grouse chicks are 'very young' only for a few days of their existence. They can fly when little larger than larks, and by the time this stage is reached the buzzard ceases to figure among their foes. A buzzard may pluck a newly hatched chick from the heather, just as it would take up a mouse, but as soon as the young grouse can 'breast the slope' they have little or nothing to fear from this bird of prey.

(*Continued on page 805.*)

MR BRINKLEY'S HIATUS.

PART II.

IV.

THERE were some odd Treasury notes, ten or a dozen of them, along with the papers and the cheque-book that Mr Brinkley had removed from the safe. He wanted a cheque cashed himself; there were a few odd bills of his own outstanding down in the town—for one, that brooch of Marge's with the regimental badge. A trumpery thing, though girls did seem to like them, but charged up at four ten of the best. He slipped the notes into his pocket-case. Dash it! his own cheque-book was over in his quarters. Better go over and get it now.

Outside it had grown dark, and he shivered as he made his way briskly across the square. The lights of the anteroom shone invitingly. If those chaps in there only knew what a couple of knocks he'd taken since he last walked out of that door, perhaps they'd dry up their silly row a bit. Bad for lads like that to have nothing to do. Three of them were fed-up at having to be left behind, and drank because they were fed-up. He strongly suspected the other two of being pleased, but it seemed they also drank because they were pleased. Anyway, there were no men to look after except a handful of derelicts shot out at the last moment by the M.O., and nothing to do till the War Office or somebody woke up and sent along some more orders. Perhaps he felt rather like a drink himself. It was a new habit with him, and one that he had not yet got the measure of. They had hardly known what a cocktail was in his Westminster office. One had to keep one's end up with these chaps. Wouldn't do, he had some weeks ago decided, to seem too suburban. There was young Andrews, at school at Eton three months ago, who rode his father's own racehorses. A good young chap, too, full of guts, simply fed to the teeth at still being junior subaltern and supernumerary to embarkation strength.

He opened the door on an indescribable racket. Portal, the burly youth, was as drunk as a lord, and it wanted an hour to mess. The other four young men were noisy and hilarious, but only on the border-line of intoxication. It appeared that these conditions were necessary to the proper enjoyment of poker.

'You chaps, I won't have this,' said Mr Brinkley, and his jaw tightened. 'You can go to your quarters, young Portal, and put your head in a bucket. You others had better clear off, too, and you can blooming well change for mess this evening.'

'Don't be a beastly martinet, old Brink.' This from Andrews, an extraordinarily fair-complexioned youth with the faintest perceptible moustache and a disarming grin.

Mr Brinkley, whose command had until two days before constituted nothing larger than a platoon, allowed himself to be persuaded, save that he was adamant regarding the banishment of Portal, who withdrew sheepishly.

An orderly appeared at Andrews's elbow with a trayful of cocktails. It was no good wasting Portal's, so Mr Brinkley took the glass. 'Luck to the battalion!' he said.

'Ah!' said Andrews. '*And* may we be there to see.'

Another youth took up a pack of cards, shuffled them lightly and easily, and whistled 'It's a Long Way to Tipperary' softly between his teeth.

'Brink makes us five again,' said Andrews. 'Play for half-an-hour, old son. What else is there to do, as Shakespeare said? Two of spades the joker.'

'Very well,' said Mr Brinkley. 'But we won't have a joker.—Here, orderly!'

V.

They played for more than half-an-hour, and the orderly had a somewhat busy time. By consent the narrow limits of 'rises' accepted at the outset were raised, and raised again. Mr Brinkley won at first, then lost his pile, and more also, to Andrews. The anteroom was thick with smoke. The young men grew noisy and quarrelsome.

A betting duel with Andrews saw Mr Brinkley's 'aces on the roof' fall to four tens.

'Damn!' said Mr Brinkley, who knew himself cleaned out.

'Beg pardon, sir.' An orderly stood at attention by Brinkley's elbow. 'Mess sergeant says it's half-past nine. Is he to serve dinner, sir?'

'No,' said Mr Brinkley. 'Sandwiches here, and whisky.'

It was a squalid evening, momentarily more so. Mr Brinkley was disgusted with his companions, more so with himself. But a 'wodge' in his left breast-pocket reminded him continually that he had some excuse. Realisation of what scenes he was taking part in became vague. The poker game seemed a thing of the past, the participants now snoring in easy-chairs, one cuddling an empty glass.

He had a vague consciousness of cutting Andrews through the pack for ten pounds, and losing. Some one, he or Andrews, offered to make it double or quits.

At twelve o'clock Mr Brinkley and the junior subaltern were the sole survivors. Mr Brinkley assisted Andrews to bed, staggered to his own quarters, and slept like a log till awakened by his orderly at seven o'clock.

The necessity for signing further millions of irritating documents kept him to the orderly-room most of the day. His head ached poisonously. There was some trouble about one of the men still in camp having interfered with a companion's kit. Mr Brinkley savagely interrogated the witnesses, and vindictively condemned the offender, a frightened white-faced Cockney youth, to a penalty in excess of that allowed by 'King's Regs.' to one of his own not very exalted rank. Not being an old soldier, the white-faced one took his punishment lying down.

Mr Brinkley had a third trouble now. His pass-book from Cox's revealed an alarming and entirely unexpected circumstance. Till his next month's pay was credited, or he got his marching orders and ninety days' F.A., Mr Brinkley was 'broke.' He could not even pay back that ten pounds. Dashed awkward if anybody called for those mess accounts out of hand. He looked up absently, and saw the cold eye of Marks upon him, at once to be discreetly lowered.

VI.

That evening there was another 'blind.' God, what a fool he was—and after swearing off all that nonsense in an hour's communion with himself in his own quarters! He had written to Mrs Jennings. Bald condolences; but what could he say? The answering of Marge's letter he left over for further cogitation.

Eleven o'clock again, and the orderly-room, under the fish-like, inimical eye of that beast Marks. Unfortunately, Mr Brinkley, whose system was unused to these excesses, was still fuddled. Blast Marks! Blast everything! Especially those accounts. Murgatroyd ought to be shot. He opened the safe, bundled the papers into his pocket, told Marks to clear up and clear out, and rushed out of the office. He left the camp, walked three miles into the township, down the rambling High Street till he sighted the bank. He was still 'muzzy,' he reminded himself. He crossed the road, entered 'The George,' and mumbling to himself some adage about the hairs of dogs, pushed through a swing-door labelled 'Officers Only.' Half-an-hour afterwards he walked rather unsteadily to the bank, shoved a handful of papers into the hands of the cashier, muttered some explanation or instructions which included the words, 'Not mine—Place separate account Battalion Fund. Await instructions B.E.F.'—and left the building. He dismissed the blasted accounts from his mind. A khaki-clad figure slouching by the porch seemed to slink into the gutter as if to avoid him. Mr Brinkley's soldierly instincts were stirred. 'Why don't you salute, that man?' he barked. But the figure had faded away down a side-street in the November mist. 'Damned bad discipline, these new drafts,' murmured Mr Brinkley.

When he got back to camp he found a telegram.

Forty-eight hours afterwards he was standing on the crowded deck of a Channel steamer, weighed down, like every one of his hundreds of companions, with an outfit of accoutrements that suggested a Christmas-tree, watching the cliffs of Dover fade into the mist, whistling 'It's a Long Way to Tipperary' softly between his teeth. His generation made rather a habit of doing that.

VII.

The next year, and two more years after that, were a disordered nightmare of blood, mud, and an all-pervading smell in which chloride of lime battled perpetually with the stench of corruption. A few isolated happenings, not half-a-dozen in all, stood out from the phantasmagoria of his three years in France. One was the memory, in his first week of trench-warfare, of an endless crawl over ridges and hollows of leprous mud pitted by shell-holes, a pitiless moon revealing every motion made above the cover of crater-ridges, corpses, and tangles of rusty wire, to a German sniper who, fifty yards away, took slow and steady pot-shots at him. The defile of No-Man's-Land in which he sprawled and wriggled was white, scarred, and terrible; it held the utter desolation and horror that he imagined must present itself to such travellers as might reach the moon. Another memory, much later, was of a certain street scene in Béthune after a bombardment by German aeroplanes.

There was that never-to-be-forgotten moment when, at two o'clock in the morning, the company's last man crept out of the communication-trench that opened on the towing-path of a derelict canal. Hard by, in the shell-torn wood, the nightingales were singing their hearts out. Men were quietly shuffling up into fours, ready, on a sign from him, to move on in 'blobs' to the main road, half a mile away, a road that ran straight to heaven (four days of it) from hell. Heaven had many mansions wherein, for all they had holes in the roof, a man might lie full-length on straw only mildly mildewed and lousy. There were *estaminets* there, 'pomfrits' and 'vanrooge.' There was Julie, also Germaine. Two or three men in front were crooning 'The Seven Sleepers.' Soon they would swing out along the *pavé* to it, singing full-throated under the moon. A zooning crescendo of sound came rocketing from the rearward sky, and the world came to an end. Not, as it subsequently appeared, however, for Mr Brinkley, or for the nightingales, who were hard at it again in three minutes with their 'Jug—Jug—Jug.'

Young Andrews had only just spoken to him.

VIII.

Months of listless idleness in hospital, the maroons of Armistice Day, Marge's brown hair all over his face, her wet cheek against his stubbly one, soft arms round his neck, were incidents all somehow mixed up together; and somehow, too, the drifting back to black-coated drudgery at Westminster, desperate essays in house-hunting, the advent of the child, a tightening again of the old pincers of genteel poverty, seemed to have happened while he must have been thinking about something else.

About that money—that paltry, miserable ten pounds that on fifty different occasions in the years between he could have paid back without turning a hair. No one had ever written to him or asked questions. Old Murgatroyd, months before he went west, had known that he had wound up the accounts and paid in a small balance into the battalion account. The battalion no longer existed; probably the slackers in some funk-hole had collared the money. God! it was nearly seven years ago now. Wasn't there something called the Statute of Limitations? 'But you will still be a rogue, Brinkley,' said a voice somewhere inside his head. And so he was, a rogue and a cheat, not fit to be Marge's husband or the father of his boy, nor fit, probably, even to shake hands with that swine Potts, whom he suspected, grudgingly, of being an honest man.

His elbow slipped, and one of the big green ledgers fell off his desk with a bang. It was nearly four o'clock. Potts stood up, smoothed the nap of his silk hat with his office-coat sleeve, picked up his dry umbrella, and proceeded to fold it with fussy precision.

Unutterable misery still possessed the soul of Mr Brinkley. He followed his chief out of the office, found himself outside the Tube, hesitated, turned, and walked aimlessly towards Westminster Bridge. Stumbling, he made his way on to the Embankment. He couldn't go home. He sat down on a seat in the rain. He relapsed into a sullen torpor, drugged with misery. Perhaps he went to sleep. He jumped, anyway, when some one flashed a bull's-eye lantern in his face, and passed on.

The ceaseless undertone of the water lapping the stone steps beneath him was rather soothing.

There, at least, lay oblivion.

Or was it oblivion?

IX.

He was in the water now—right in it; it was up to his neck; it closed, bubbling and swirling, over his head.

He made no struggle or attempt to swim, but floated merely, poised in a translucent medium where other shapes also floated, lots of men he knew. They made desperate attempts to speak to him, waved their boneless arms, contorted in desperate strained grimaces countenances that, though featureless, he knew to be familiar. There was Andrews, Jennings, old Murgatroyd. And that one—that one was Marks. But these other people were all dead. Marks was dead, then, too. The face that had been Marks's floated right up within inches of his own, and from a black vagueness that he perceived had been the cruel, sensual mouth of Marks a torrent of vituperation and abuse, despite the medium which encompassed that individual's face and his own, in some way became articulate. His intelligence, in any case, grasped very exactly what Marks was saying.

'Fool. Silly fool. Silly, drunken fool. *He paid it back!* Won it orf that young swell.

Unlocked the safe and put it back at one erclock in the mawnin'. *I saw yer.* Silly, drunken fool. Oh, you *orficer*!'

Marks's face floated away, and Mr Brinkley seemed to be swimming now.

Some one tugged his arm. Perhaps it was the policeman he had seen watching him near the top of the steps.

. . . . . .

'Stop that now! Checking your daddy.'

It wasn't a very dictatorial word of command.

Mr Brinkley opened his eyes.

'Look at that, Reg. He 's been and broken his horse's tail off.'

Mr Brinkley gasped, drew his hand across his eyes, and suddenly smiled. Stunning, didn't his wife just look, with her pretty brown hair still in pigtails with those saucy bows!

'The young Turk!' he said.

THE END.

FAKING PAPER MONEY.

By JOHN MCCAFFREY.

THE adoption of modern scientific methods has brought the 'art' of forging bank and Treasury notes to a high state of perfection. The paper used in making spurious notes is now so closely imitated that only the expert touch of the 'dud note detector' can distinguish fakes from the genuine notes. Moreover, since forgers have enlisted the aid of photography, they are able to produce notes which are almost faultless in design and execution.

Recently the police warned the public that large numbers of forged Treasury one-pound notes were in circulation in Great Britain and Ireland. These notes were exceptionally accurate reproductions. The printing was, however, somewhat blurred. The paper, too, was not quite up to the standard; its texture was rather thin; and it had not the characteristic crispy feel of the genuine note. The water-mark was also absent. Moreover, the engraving of the Houses of Parliament on the back was not very good. In spite of such defects, large numbers of people, particularly small shopkeepers in rural areas, were victimised by these 'forged Fishers.' In a provincial town forty spurious notes were successfully passed in one week. But this is not surprising, owing to the habitual carelessness displayed by most people when accepting paper money. In view of the ease with which the swindle can be effected, it is a matter for surprise and congratulation that the production of faked notes is not of greater dimensions. Very few people can accurately describe the design on the one-pound Treasury note.

A particularly ingenious dodge was perpetrated some months ago in a Hertfordshire town where spurious Treasury notes were reported to be in circulation. Unscrupulous swindlers, representing themselves to be Scotland Yard detectives, called on several shopkeepers and requested permission to inspect the paper money in the cash register or till, with the view of tracking forgeries. The notes were then taken away by the bogus sleuths, the excuse being that they were required for inspection at headquarters. In one case a 'detective' got clear away with £70 in genuine Treasury notes.

A few months ago a man and a woman were prosecuted at Bow Street, London, for being in unauthorised possession of a 'quantity of pieces of paper on which words, figures, letters, lines, marks, and devices peculiar to and used on Bank of England notes had been printed.' The woman, when arrested, had in her possession forty-one 'Bank of Engraving' notes of £5. Bundles of 'Bank of Engraving' notes, with a face value of £28,795, were found in her rooms. These notes and 'Bank of Elegance' notes have been frequently used at race meetings by fraudulent bookmakers and three-card tricksters, who ostentatiously display them in order to impress gullible people. Occasionally, however, they are placed among genuine notes and paid over to those who have made lucky bets. It is not generally known that it is now an offence to imitate in any way a Bank of England note. It is even unlawful to copy for advertising purposes the peculiar characteristics of Bank of England notes. It is also an offence to photograph or copy these notes in any way for any purpose whatsoever. The water-mark is protected by virtue of an Act of Parliament passed in 1763. Attempts to imitate it were at one time punishable by death. The penalty nowadays is not quite so drastic! Incidentally, in 1862 thieves broke into the paper-mills where the Bank of England notes were made, and succeeded in getting away with some of the finished paper. Forged notes shortly afterwards made their appearance. However, the police soon arrested the entire gang. They were sentenced to transportation.

It is a well-known fact that there are several gangs of accomplished bank-note forgers working on the Continent. These clever rogues are capable of producing practically perfect reproductions of all descriptions of paper money. As a rule they specialise in the higher denominations. Quite recently large quantities of faked British Treasury notes have been presented for payment in France. These were traced to a German source. Moreover, it is only a few months since a considerable number of forged £10 Bank of England notes were

seized in the British occupied area in the Rhineland. Were it not for trifling differences in the signature and the water-mark, these notes would deceive any experienced banker. Again, recent investigations conducted by the French police resulted in the discovery that Rio de Janeiro was the headquarters of a concern which turned out colossal quantities of British, French, and Russian bank-notes. Many of these notes were circulated in France.

The forging of bank-notes has a fatal fascination for criminals who are expert engravers. It is not a new crime; in fact, it was such a common offence at the beginning of the nineteenth century that banks were constantly discovering forgeries. The first convicted forger was a man named Vaughan, who in 1758, with the assistance of several engravers, produced twelve £20 bank-notes. These he handed over to his fiancée as proof of his financial position. The fraud was discovered. He was tried, and as forging bank-notes was then a capital offence, he was sentenced to death by hanging. Shortly afterwards a schoolmaster copied a note with pen and ink. It was a very clever imitation. But his ingenuity did not save him from the hands of the hangman. In 1802 it was announced in Parliament that, owing to the phenomenal increase in the number of forgeries, the Bank of England found it necessary to engage seventy additional clerks to detect spurious notes. From 1797 to 1805 one hundred and forty-six forgers were hanged. Hanging did not, however, seem to have any effect on the number of prosecutions. Finally, public opinion became so outraged at the frequency of these savage sentences that the extreme penalty was eventually repealed.

THE OCHRO PLANT.

THIS plant, known throughout the tropical world, is said to be a native of South America, and is extensively grown within the tropical area of that continent, as well as in the Caribbean islands, where, cooked unripe, it forms one of the many articles of food which come under the caption of vegetables in those latitudes.

Actually the ochro is more of a fruit than a vegetable, but it is unfit for human consumption unless cooked when unripe, then forming a side-dish of great relish. It has also a cooling effect on the blood in a manner somewhat similar to, but less effective than, sarsaparilla.

In its unripe condition the ochro has a very high mucilaginous content, and makes a good thickening for soups, in which capacity it is widely utilised by the natives in some parts of Africa, the West Indies, and South America.

In practice the ochro plant belongs to the list of kitchen-garden plants, but taking into consideration the mucilage content of the unripe fruit, which is used as a demulcent in medicine, and the quality of the fibre content in the ripe fruit and plant, it should rank high in possibilities amongst the commercial products of the tropical world, if properly exploited.

There are several varieties of the ochro, the differences lying only in the shape and size of the fruit; yet there are two distinct species—the early and the late—with a difference of about a month between them in arriving at the point of harvesting.

The ochro plant thrives best on rich loamy soils, well drained and kept free from weeds; but it can also be profitably cultivated on other soils, even heavy clay, provided due attention is paid to the proper preparation of the land beforehand, by deep ploughing and tilthing, so as to modify and correct the irregularities which exist in the physical condition of such land. It is absolutely necessary that all weeds should be regularly and absolutely destroyed the moment they appear above-ground, as the ochro plant is easily choked; besides, such a process of weeding keeps the soil loose and sweet. Farmyard manure and manure of that class can always be profitably applied; so also can humus and lime to soils that need it. Artificial fertilisers, such as phosphates, nitrates, and sulphates, may presumably be used with beneficial effect, but the application of any of these is a matter of experiment, depending on the nature of the soil.

Propagation is done by seeds, and as the spacing of the plants, according to the class of soil, is from two to three feet apart, an acre will contain a considerable number of trees.

Under favourable climatic and soil conditions the yield of unripe fruit should be about three tons per acre; two tons and under should be considered a poor yield. From the early variety three crops per year can be obtained, but only two crops from the late, which covers a period of five months between dates of planting and harvesting. A second crop can be obtained from the dwarfed stumps of the trees after the first crop has been picked, but the ochro is a bad ratooner, and in such cases the yield is exceedingly poor and the quality of the fruit inferior, while the cost of cultivation is only slightly less.

The fibre obtained from the bast is of superior quality, and is white, silky, and strong, the reputed breaking-strain being about eighty pounds or more, which suggests large paying possibilities for the ochro plant in the hemp and twine-making industry.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

WHILST OTHERS DROVE——

By J. LINCOLN TREGENZA.

I.

THE fresh-complexioned youth was restless. From time to time he glanced tentatively at his fellow-occupant of the sunny club-house veranda.

This latter was a sad-faced man, attired in an ancient Harris tweed jacket and lower garments of a generous nature sometimes loosely spoken of as 'plus fours,' who sat in silent absorption gazing fixedly out towards the first tee.

Members were driving off from there, and ever and anon, at the perpetration of some stroke of outstanding ineptitude, an expression of the most profound gloom o'erspread the watcher's countenance.

At length the youth, whose sole ambition that afternoon was to play golf, seeing in this sad-faced stranger a possible opponent, ventured an introductory remark.

'What a day!' he exclaimed suddenly—'what a day for golf!'

But the stranger gave no indication of having heard the observation. His attention remained riveted upon the first tee.

The youth, however, was not to be daunted. He edged his chair nearer to the other.

'Pardon me,' he began again, this time with hopeful diffidence—'but I suppose you wouldn't care for a round, sir? My man hasn't shown up, you see.'

The man in 'plus fours' slowly turned his head and regarded the speaker thoughtfully before replying. 'Thank you,' he said at length, 'but I do not play golf.' It was a courteous reply, spoken with deliberately precise locution—precise even to a point that suggested pedantry.

The youth apologised. He had, he explained, just wondered——

The sad-faced man bowed gravely and resumed his interrupted occupation. Suddenly he started. 'Ah!' he exclaimed. 'Did you see that?'

The youth nodded. He, too, had seen the stout member drive the ball some ten yards along the fairway.

'Chap topped his drive,' he informed the other. There was no comment. 'I suppose,' he continued wistfully, 'you wouldn't care to have a knock round with me? I could lend you some clubs, and would explain the game as we went on. Just a few holes, perhaps?'

The sad-faced man turned and regarded him as a sage might regard a prattling child. 'Thank you,' he responded quietly, 'but, as I said—I do not play golf. There are reasons——' He broke off and sighed deeply.

The youth leaned back resignedly. 'Golf,' he stated—anxious to fan the small spark of conversation to a blaze—'is a wonderful game. What a pity you don't play!'

The man who did not play smiled faintly. 'You are right,' he agreed. 'It is a great pity.'

A member drove from the first tee. The ball, cruelly 'sliced,' curved away in a tragic sweep from the line of play, finally disappearing into some wooded terrain beyond the limits of the course.

'Out of bounds,' commented the youth. 'That was what we call a "sliced" shot. When you "pull" a ball it curves the other way. You slice to the right and pull to the left. It's quite easy to remember.'

'I wonder,' inquired the man in 'plus fours' absently, 'how you would describe a straight shot?'

The youth found this difficult, eventually coming to the conclusion that such a shot was, after all, merely a 'plain, straight, ordinary sort of tonk.'

'An excellent description,' mused the other, a whimsical smile playing around the corners of his thin-lipped, sensitive mouth. 'And yet,' he pursued a moment later, as he gazed frowningly at a distant member who had just pulled his ball into the rough, 'how often do we see the execution of this plain, straight, ordinary—er—stroke? I will tell you, sir,' he volunteered, as the youth maintained a bewildered silence. 'We see it with depressing infrequence.' The speaker sighed and gazed out over the links in gloomy abstraction.

'It is also surprising to observe,' he continued presently, 'how little idea so many members have of playing this short and interesting first hole. Surely it is obvious that a mashie is the correct club to take; a robust stroke is called for—a stroke with plenty of "stop." You agree, of course? And yet'—he proceeded, without awaiting a reply—'I can assure you that I have repeatedly seen players operating from the tee with a jigger. Ah! I see I astonish you.

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

Nevertheless, sir, I stoutly maintain that I have frequently witnessed the use of that club.'

The youth gaped at the speaker in undisguised amazement. 'I—*I* sometimes take a jigger,' he stammered.

The man in 'plus fours' regarded him in cold disapproval. 'Indeed? I must confess, sir, that you disconcert me.'

There followed a chilly silence. The youth stirred uneasily in his chair.

'I feel bound to admit, however,' continued the other, in a slightly milder tone, 'that I myself was *once* tempted to take an iron. The occasion was during the semi-final of last year's amateur championship. I miscalculated the strength of a brisk head-wind, and overdrove the green.' He frowned reminiscently. 'A bad shot, which lost me the hole.'

The youth sprang excitedly to his feet, the light of recognition dawning in his eye. 'But you won the championship,' he cried. 'I thought I knew your face, sir. You are Henry Wilton, three times amateur champion!'

The sad-faced man inclined his head.

'And I,' moaned the youth, his countenance flushing with humiliation, 'suggested teaching you the game! What can I say? How can I apologise? You see, I have only just joined the club. Oh, what a *frightful* thing to happen!' And in an agony of remorse he sank back into his chair with a smothered groan.

The great man raised his hand in a gesture of abrogation. 'Say no more, sir,' he begged. 'Your invitation to play was a kindly one. I can only deplore my inability to accept. I should like, however, to offer you a word of advice. Never again suggest a round with one who does not play golf. I speak,' he added, apparently with an effort, 'from bitter experience—the most bitter experience that has, in all probability, ever fallen to the lot of a player.'

The youth was plainly bewildered 'I'm afraid I don't quite understand, sir.'

'I am not surprised. If, then, you have ten minutes to spare, and agree to respect my confidence, I will lay bare to you the intolerable position in which I find myself. You, sir, are a golfer—as a golfer you will, then, readily see why I am unable to participate in the most magnificent pastime the world has to offer.' He glanced inquiringly at the youth, who solemnly declared his complete discretion.

II.

The champion appeared satisfied, and, tossing away a half-consumed cigarette, he began: 'I am, you must understand, in the employ of an individual named Briggs, who has the entire control of—and, indeed, owns—a large and prosperous business. My employer is good enough to repose some considerable confidence in my efforts, and has, upon several occasions, mentioned the word "partnership" to me. Until, however, such a pleasant suggestion materialises I should be foolish to become unduly optimistic with regard to my future. And for this reason: Briggs is a man of intense likes and dislikes. He is not easy to offend, but—once offended, he becomes a dangerous enemy. Further, he is a man who has not had the benefit of a good education, and, consequently, his command of our language is, to be perfectly candid, somewhat limited. I speak, you understand, in no deprecating sense, but merely in order that you may more readily visualise my present unhappy situation in its true perspective. I trust, sir, that I make myself clear?'

The youth nodded understandingly.

'Very well, then. One lovely morning in June I sat contentedly in my office. It was Saturday. The sun was shining. My work was finished, and in the corner stood my clubs. My intention was to catch the twelve-thirty from Waterloo, and play a round before tea; another, perhaps, afterwards. That, sir, was my programme, which was, alas! never to be carried out.

'I had actually risen from my chair preparatory to departure, when my employer entered the room.

'"Hullo!" he remarked, seeing my clubs; "off to goff?"

'I admitted that such was my intention.

'"Do you know," he continued, handling my clubs with interest, "that I should like to take up goff?"

'"A splendid game," I told him enthusiastically. "You should certainly play."

'With childish zeal he drew a niblick from my bag, and dropping a half-smoked cigarette upon the floor in lieu of a ball, prepared to swing. With an unpleasant cry of "Faw!" he cut a fair-sized hole in the cork linoleum.

'I smiled tolerantly; and then, prompted by some cruel-minded fiend from below, I uttered the words which to my dying day I shall bitterly regret.

'"You must come down to H—— one day," I said casually, "and have a knock round with me."

'"Good idea," he approved. Then, suddenly, even as I was locking my desk, he slapped himself violently upon the thigh, giving vent to the somewhat crude expression that he invariably uses when excited. "By Cripes!" he shouted. "Why not to-day? My car's outside. Why not go now—at once? Splendid idea of yours! We'll find a place on the road for lunch. Glad you suggested it, Wilton."'

The narrator drew from his pocket a silk handkerchief and passed it across his brow.

'Unfortunately,' he explained, 'I am naturally a truthful man. Taken unawares, I can seldom equivocate. As it happened, I had no match arranged that afternoon. To say that I had would have been simple, and yet, in that moment of stress, the idea did not occur to me. No; I remained silent, a sickly smile distorting my unhappy features. Slapping me heartily on

the back, he hurried away to sign his letters, and ten minutes later we were in the car speeding southwards.

'"But sticks!" he cried suddenly, after we had travelled some distance. "What about sticks?"

'"Sticks?" I echoed vaguely.

'"Yes, goff-sticks. I haven't got none."

'"I have a spare set," I rejoined, "to which you are welcome."

'As I spoke my eye fell upon his fawn bowler hat, which lay upon the opposite seat. A terrible thought seared my brain. "Clothes!" I gasped. "What about clothes?"

'My employer surveyed the cloudless sky, then glanced down complacently at his blue serge suit and yellow boots. He shrugged his shoulders. "It's a nice day," he decided. "I sha'n't spoil 'em."

'Disgust, sir, which I make no attempt to describe, filled my soul as I gazed askance at his fulvous foot-wear. They were button boots, sir, and had no doubt once borne a "gents' dressy boot for summer wear" ticket.'

The youth glanced quickly down at his own heavy brogues—and shuddered.

The champion smiled wanly. 'We lunched at Wisley Hut,' he continued, 'and eventually reached the club shortly before two o'clock. I changed in feverish haste, anxious to make a start before the links became unduly crowded. Some slight delay was occasioned by the disappearance of my employer's head-gear, and it was only with considerable difficulty that I convinced him as to the folly of wasting time in search. The exercise, together with the cooling breeze, would, I insisted, preclude any danger of heat-stroke. I assured him, too, that I would guarantee to trace the missing hat upon our return—a promise, I feel bound to admit, not lightly given, I myself having carefully hidden the unpleasant-looking bowler.

'We started, sir. Taking my mashie, I played a pretty shot, laying my ball six feet from the pin.

'After a few preliminary hints as to stance and grip, my opponent grasped the driver—which club I had deemed most suitable for an initial effort—and essayed a practice swing which it is not my intention to describe. Finally he addressed the ball.

'"There is no need to call 'Fore,'" I murmured nervously, seeing his mouth begin to open.

'I stood well away, and he drove off. But perhaps I mislead you. When I say he drove off I mean that he played a stroke, the club-head striking the ground heavily some nine inches behind the ball. Members who stood around smiled. Our caddies—nice, well-trained lads—gazed stonily into the middle distance.

'"None too easy, this goff," laughed Briggs.

'Again he swung; this time the ball trickled a few yards down the fairway. As if to accentuate the complete futility of the stroke, the head of the driver came adrift, striking a waiting player smartly upon the shin. This gentleman did not join in the general titter, but, being a sportsman, accepted our apologies with a fair grace. Our younger caddie, a pleasant, happy-faced lad, temporarily losing control, bent hastily to his boot-lace.'

III.

The speaker paused, and, mopping his brow, strove to master the emotion that rose within him.

'It is not my wish,' he resumed at length, 'to harass you with the details of that awful round. It occupied a period of five hours, during which we were obliged, of course, to allow numerous matches to go through. My employer, naturally a strong man, became herculean in the bunkers. Sand, stones, and turf flew in all directions as he lashed joyously at the battered ball. Club-shafts splintered and smashed like matchwood. But what did it matter? They were but sticks to him, replaceable at so much per gross. And yet, sir, here is a remarkable thing: during the five hours when this frightful travesty of the game was being enacted I myself continued to play perfect golf, ultimately returning the aggregate score of seventy-six—a figure which would, under more happy circumstances, have afforded me considerable gratification.'

The youth's eyes blazed. 'Wonderful!' he said softly.

'The score of my employer, however,' resumed the champion, 'was one that I do not care to discuss. Indeed, I must confess to losing all count at the turn. If we include complete misses, he must have been well on in his second century when, at the fifteenth, he sliced into the quarry. Here, I regret to say, after many subversive efforts to get clear, he gave way to passion. Raising his niblick high above his head, he struck downwards with all his force at a conveniently situated rock.

'If, sir, you are a lover of our classic English writers, you will no doubt recollect how Sir Walter Scott narrates in his famous novel—the title of which for the moment escapes me—the historical episode in which Richard Cœur de Lion cleaves a solid bar of metal with one mighty stroke of his sword. Although considerably agitated by the deplorable exhibition in the quarry, I found myself idly speculating, as I gazed in horror at the shattered rock and broken niblick, whether the keen edge of Sir Richard's weapon was, indeed, undamaged at the conclusion of that feat of arms, as the novelist goes on to chronicle. I mention this foolish fantasy, sir, merely in order to show you that I was rapidly becoming seriously unnerved. The strain, too, was telling severely upon our caddies. Signs of suppressed hilarity which I had observed during the earlier stages of the round were no longer apparent. The lads were

silent and downcast. They were ashamed, sir; ashamed even to be indirectly associated with this breaker of clubs; this man who, having discarded his jacket, now pursued the most noble of pastimes in bright pink shirt-sleeves. Indeed, the younger boy, Henry, was so distressed by the time we arrived at the tricky sixteenth green that I became considerably alarmed. For several moments whilst my employer putted to and fro upon the undulating turf I watched the little fellow's face: it was haggard and drawn. Presently he edged nearer to me and gazed up into my eyes in mute bewilderment.

'I laid a kindly hand upon his shoulder.

'"Are you unwell, my lad?" I asked sympathetically.

'"Gawd, sir!" he whispered hoarsely, glancing at the stooping figure putting, "what he wants is one o' them craters."

'The remark, I remember, struck me as being so apposite that I had no heart to chide the lad. I spoke to him encouragingly, and we passed on, Briggs having in the meantime ultimately downed his ball with a lucky nine-inch putt.

'As to my feelings when we finally reached the club-house, I will make no comment. Unbeknown to me, and owing no doubt to the thoughtlessness of youth, Henry had arranged the jagged shafts in such a manner that they protruded from the mouth of the bag, suggesting to my tortured mind—when all too late I realised the unfortunate blunder—the horrible semblance to a quiver of broken arrows.

'News of our foul work in the bunkers had preceded us, and the club-house was crowded with curious members eagerly awaiting our return. I staggered in, and, in a voice which I scarcely believed to be my own, ordered a large whisky and soda. It was handed to me. I was about to drink, when I caught the eye of Wilberforce Kent, the secretary. Solemnly he winked at me. I returned his kindly salutation, and was actually raising the glass to my lips when suddenly, as he turned away, I observed his face grow pale. Following the direction of his glance, I saw that he was gazing intently at the broken clubs.

'"Poor fellow," I thought; "small wonder that so sorry a spectacle agitates him." And then—then, I say, my blood froze within my veins, for I perceived, clearly discernible upon the bag, the initials H. W. K. The secretary's initials, sir, and not mine, were painted upon that quiver of broken arrows!'

IV.

There was a tense and terrible silence. Great beads of perspiration stood out upon the champion's forehead as, with bowed head, he struggled to conquer the emotion which again threatened to overpower him. With silent sympathy the youth laid a hand upon his arm. Roused by the touch, the other raised his head.

'My cup of sorrow,' he continued hoarsely, 'was filled. It has yet to overflow. You can well imagine how, upon our return journey, I sat writhing in retrospective misery. Kent was my friend, and had, of course, behaved like a gentleman and sportsman. He had insisted that the affair was of no consequence. To my most bitter humiliation, Briggs had loudly supported that view, audibly stating his intention of replacing the fractured weapons by a brand-new set from some wholesale emporium in the East End. Unhappy man! And yet how could he have known that each broken club was a craftsman's masterpiece?

'I sat in the car and watched him furtively as he sprawled across the seat—the epitome, sir, of self-satisfied ease. He had, I felt convinced, *actually enjoyed his day*! Presently he spoke.

'"Wilton, my boy"—how well I remember his exact words!—"I have decided to take you into partnership at Christmas."

'His unexpected announcement fell like balm upon my raw and aching nerves. For a moment I forgot my misery.

'"My dear sir," I cried, extending my hand. "My very dear sir!"

'"And," he continued, grasping it warmly. "I have some further good news for you. I have decided to take up goff. You shall put me up for your club, my boy; and Saturdays and Sundays we'll motor down, and you shall learn me the game. How's that, sir?"'

The youth sat as one turned to stone, stirred to the very depths of his being by so tragic a tale. 'What,' he asked huskily, breaking the death-like silence, 'did you say?'

The champion rose and paced the veranda before replying. When he returned to his seat he spoke in the dull tones of a man who has relinquished hope. 'I dissembled, sir—nay, I go further, I lied. I, a man to whom the truth is sacred, lied to my employer.

'Forcing my unhappy features to register surprised delight, I spoke. "Excellent, sir—excellent, indeed! I'm afraid, though, that I shall be off golf for a while. An old shoulder-sprain, you know. I felt it at the last hole—something seemed to give."

'His face assumed an expression of chagrin which in other circumstances would have been pantomimical.

'"You must see a doctor," he urged. "It may be nothing."

'I shook my head dolefully.

'"It is paining me considerably now," I rejoined, wincing with deceitful artistry. "My man will order me a long rest, I fear."

'Encouraged by his obvious disappointment, I proceeded with the cunning born of despair. "But," I insinuated, "it seems a pity for you not to make a start. Now, why not join one of the

North London clubs near your home? You could then put yourself in the hands of the professional player attached to the club."

'I awaited his reply, as an accused murderer must await the jury's decision.

'"No, no!" he bellowed, slapping me heartily on the knee. "I like your club—I like the fellers. And, besides, isn't the amateur champion good enough to learn me the game? No, sonny, I'll wait till your shoulder is fit again; then we'll start in good earnest."'

The speaker spread out his hands in a gesture of pathetic impotence. 'That,' he went on bitterly, 'was two months ago. So far we have not yet started in good earnest. My shoulder, you see, although no worse, is, on the other hand, no——'

He broke off suddenly, as a distant member, playing a perfect tee shot, laid his ball nicely on the green.

'By Jove!' cried the youth; 'that——'

He stopped abruptly, biting his lip till the red flesh whitened. The man who did not play golf was leaning forward, his hands supporting his bowed head, his whole body in an attitude of unutterable despair.

For some moments the youth gazed at him in silent pity; then, rising quietly from his chair, he stole softly away.

THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

PART II.

IV.

BECAUSE, then, the buzzard does not specialise in the line of chick-hunting; because it takes only the very young, a large number of which would die otherwise did not the bird of prey step in; and, lastly, because grouse chicks learn to take care of themselves so early in their existence, it would seem to me that the damage the buzzard does on a grouse-moor must be slight indeed.

But the counsel for the prosecution has another point of evidence to bring forth, one which at first sight may appear indisputable—namely, that the hovering, eagle-like flight of the buzzard is disturbing to the grouse, and may lead to their migration. A good deal has been made of this point, and many excellent authorities hold that it is the only excuse whereby the destruction of the buzzard is justified; but, for reasons which seem to me entirely convincing, I hold that the belief is based on supposition which has no support whatever in actual fact. Any one who has studied the grouse must admit that this bird becomes well acquainted with the various conditions of its surroundings, and, as already inferred, grouse know well enough what is to be feared and what is not to be feared.

To quote from my own observations. Living on the shores of Loch Ken, I had at one time unique opportunities of studying the abundant bird-life that frequents the north end of the loch, and almost daily two, three, or even four buzzards were to be observed systematically working along the Bennan slopes at the loch-side, circling and hovering over the water in their flight. As soon as the buzzards appeared there was a distinct sensation among the wild-fowl; but it passed immediately. A few of the more timorous would begin to swim at a leisurely speed towards the rushes, but the majority, having had one good look at the birds of prey, would proceed indifferently with their daily affairs. The gray hens in the birch-grove would crane their necks as the buzzards first arrived, then continue their feeding; while the heron in the reeds would glance skywards a time or two, shift from one leg to the other, then go on with his fishing. And all the time the buzzards were circling and hovering ahead.

One day, however, a peregrine flew over the loch. He did not circle or hover, but shot straight by at an altitude of four or five hundred feet, his thoughts, apparently, somewhere in the Highlands. But never in my life did I see such a mad stampede among the wild-fowl. Hundreds of birds rose a-wing, flying pell-mell for the rushes, while scores sought immediate refuge by diving. This fact convinced me, as it would have convinced any one, that wild birds are as well able to discriminate between various birds of prey as we are ourselves.

Again, in the same locality, one early spring morning, I was watching a whole flight of buzzards—six or seven of them—circling and gliding over some crags, while their thin-edged 'Kew-kew' came wafting down to me, when directly underneath them I noticed a cock-grouse scraping and challenging, and accompanied by his hen-bird, both of them entirely indifferent to the presence of the birds of prey. I said to my companion, 'That seems to disprove the theory that grouse are so terrified of buzzards that they may leave the moor!' He answered, 'I have observed the same thing repeatedly.'

It may be argued that if game-birds are so afraid of a kite flown over them by shooters that they will not rise till almost under the feet of the sportsman, it must follow that they are equally afraid of, or at any rate disturbed by, an object in the heavens which much more closely resembles their dreaded foe, the eagle. Not at all. The kite is strange to them, and in wild nature the unrecognised is always met by fear and distrust. The kite has the hovering

flight of the bird of prey, yet they do not recognise it. They know that it is not a buzzard—they do not know what it is, and therefore Nature takes her usual wise decision of safety first. In my own home country hundreds of grouse were observed to leave the moor and fly in packs across the valley the first time an aeroplane passed over the heights, yet no one would say that they mistook the aeroplane for an eagle. To-day planes pass over the same moors fairly frequently, and the grouse have ceased to heed them. They know 'what they are,' just as grouse in Scotland know what buzzards are, and though the flight of the buzzard might prove disturbing to the grouse on an English moor, where the buzzard is practically unknown, this is not generally so in Scotland. And the more plentiful buzzards become the better do the moor-game become acquainted with them, and the less do they fear them.

If, then, the bad repute in which the buzzard stands is undeserved, as I believe it is, it is a thousand pities that the bird should be so ruthlessly massacred. Not long ago I was motoring through the Cumberland hills, when I saw two buzzards tied to a gate, with wings outspread, as tokens of some hunter's prowess—a sorrowful spectacle for any bird-lover! I have had many nests under observation during recent years, and by far the majority have been destroyed. There is no way of preventing this destruction except by destroying the bad repute in which the bird stands. Legislation may preserve a few, but very few. The matter rests with land proprietors and tenants—not with the gamekeeping fraternity. Gamekeepers are always ready to respect their employer's demands, whatever their own sentiments may be, and, from my experience of the class, the man who has been told that a certain bird of prey is to be preserved will guard it as zealously as he will guard his game-birds.

v.

By nature the buzzard is anything but a shy bird, and its methods of hunting render it comparatively easy to study. I have often seen seven or eight of them soaring together, and it is a fine sight to follow their manœuvres. The buzzard is at its best in a gale, all the mighty forces of which are at its bidding. It will soar without movement of its wings, now the merest speck in the clouds; then, with a turning glide, it comes earthwards, larger, larger, and again hangs motionless. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, it is descending. Suddenly it elevates its planes and comes straight down, still hanging over the same point of the landscape. It appears merely to tap the ling-tips; then, as it wheels up-wind across the pine-ridge, one at last obtains an impression of the prodigious speed of that turning glide, which in mid-heaven seems so slow and majestic.

Recently (in early spring) I watched three buzzards soaring together over Loch Tay, and I shall never forget the spectacle—at least I hope not, for it was one of those scenes in life worth remembering. It was sunset. The higher peaks were white with snow—or, rather, they were crimson, shimmering, rampant crimson, flooded at points with liquid gold which seemed to be gushing over their summits in living cascades. Lower, the slopes were pink, blue, purple, the shades deepening towards the valley; while the loch below us, with its pine-girt headlands, was merely a cloud-like shimmer of indescribable shades. Those who have seen a frosty sunset in the Highlands know well the futility of trying to describe such a scene; but this was a sunset among sunsets—almost a flashing impression, brief as are most of our glimpses of winter's beauty.

I have seen a few such sunsets, and one's memories of them have a way of amalgamating, devoid of outstanding incident, yet the recollection of this particular sunset was rendered permanent by the presence of three buzzards circling directly over our heads and at no great altitude. Their romantic, plaintive call-notes of 'Kew-kew' came distinctly down to us on the evening stillness, and as they swerved across the light their backs and underparts flashed alternately gold and vermilion. Their flight, though majestic, was, however, laboured, compared with the flight of the same bird in a high wind.

Recently I had a unique opportunity of closely observing the flight of the buzzard. Out on the heights of the Achmore estate, late in the season, I had reached the summit of the crags overlooking Glen Ogle, when, pausing for a rest, I noticed three buzzards soaring in the wind at approximately the same level as myself. I took up a better view-point, and for a very considerable time watched the flight of the birds. Now and then they came within easy stone's-throw of me, and repeatedly they returned, now above me, now below, wheeling and hovering so near that I could see almost every feather of their bodies.

Up till then I had imagined that the buzzard, when soaring, is perfectly steady, but I now observed that the bird is constantly rocking and tipping, like a small boat on a troubled sea. Each feather of the wings and tail seemed to be under individual and independent control, and it was marvellous to watch not only how each wing worked independently of the other, but how a movement was affected or a tip corrected by an adjustment of a portion of one wing, by an instantaneous correction of the position of the tail or a part of the tail. For example, a bird was perhaps stationary in the air; then by slightly elevating one wing, or by an adjustment of the position of a few wing-feathers, it would suddenly turn, pivoted, so it seemed, on the other wing; or, by slightly altering the angle of both wings, it would rise vertically skywards at giddy speed. The enormously important part

played by the tail in these soaring manœuvres was at once evident. When a buzzard is flying straight its tail is folded, but when circling and gliding its tail is enormously fanned out, and is tilted at all angles in the control of the bird's flight.

There was no working out the control system of those birds on mathematical lines. They gave one the impression of being poised in the midst of a multitude of opposed blasts playing on them from every conceivable direction, to every one of which they were sensitive and keenly alert. I noticed specially that very often an arc was achieved simply by the elevating of one wing till it was almost vertical, the other wing remaining more or less parallel with the earth, while the tail was used to correct the constant rocking and tipping of the bird's body. Those birds, it is only fair to add, were flying under very difficult conditions; that is, they were flying low over a broken landscape where the wind may be found to be blowing in half-a-dozen different directions within a hundred yards—nay, at one point, and within the space of a few seconds! Having watched the buzzards, I came to the decision that the study of bird-flight can help us little in our own mastery of the air. A bird—at any rate a bird of the soaring variety—is instantly sensitive to every varying current of air, and corrects itself in a different way each time to meet the immediate conditions. There is no rule of thumb about it. Of course, its wing-spread is comparatively small, but, nevertheless, no machine could be made so sensitive, and upon this sensitiveness the whole flight of the bird, also the whole principle involved, is hinged.

So far as I can ascertain, the buzzard lives chiefly on burrowing rodents, large insects, and small reptiles. They are not so much addicted to carrion-eating as eagles, but still they are more given to the habit than most naturalists think. I have known one to rear its young within half a mile of the carcass of a sheep conspicuous on the skyline, yet never to touch the carcass. On the other hand, I have seen buzzards' feathers, together with those of crows or ravens, clinging to the heather surrounding a carcass. In many parts of the New World the buzzards live almost entirely on carrion, and there is no special reason why our buzzards should differ from those of other lands in this respect. Most of its food the buzzard plucks from the ground and swallows while flying. Its descent is usually slow, and I have often wondered why its prey, particularly in deep heather, does not get out of the way. One day a buzzard rose from a narrow gully along the brow of which I was walking, and alighted in a whitethorn near. It had a very young rabbit in its talons, and, heedless of my proximity, began to feed on it. Usually the bird builds among broken crags, often in woodlands, and as a rule its nest, unlike that of the peregrine, is visible from above and easy to reach.

I have never known a buzzard to stoop in the same way as does a peregrine falcon, but Mr Richard Clapham of Troutbeck, Westmorland, informs me that the bird is perfectly capable of doing so. Not long ago he was searching for a buzzard's nest in the Lake District, when the male bird swooped down upon him with closed wings. It descended at tremendous speed in just the same manner as a peregrine strikes its prey, passing within a yard of his head, and this it repeated several times. The attack was made, however, only when the face of the intruder was turned away from the bird. If Mr Clapham looked in its direction it would immediately check itself, even though half-way down in its stoop; but providing he kept his face turned away from it, it descended as already described, and, according to Mr Clapham, only when he was some distance from the nest. As he drew nearer to it both birds remained in the sky, soaring and gliding at a considerable altitude. He informs me that on several occasions similar examples of the boldness of the male buzzard have come before his notice.

THE END.

HOMELAND RIVERS.

(The rivers of home are dear to all men, but the rivers of Scotland are incomparable in themselves, or am I only the more Scottish to suppose so?—R. L. S.)

ADOWN the rugged mountain-sides,
With white foam flashing free,
Through rocky gorge and woodland dell
They 're rushing to the sea.
One turns toward fair eastern lands,
One seeks the setting sun
By ivied cot and castle walls,
Until their race is run.

The rivers of the Borderland
To Border hearts are dear,
Where Yarrow winds in golden links
And Till runs rippling clear.
The classic Tweed by Abbotsford
And Melrose Abbey old
Sings old-time lays o' other days
When raider hearts were bold.

The rivers o' the west countrie
Are rich beyond compare,
By Lugar's banks and Cluden side
On to the winding Ayr.
From Girvan's fairy-haunted stream,
Where Irvine waters croon,
To where, enshrined in deathless song,
There glides the Bonnie Doon.

And exiled hearts beyond the seas,
However far they roam,
Whene'er they meet 'tis passing sweet
To sing their Scottish home.
Her heather hills and muirland dells,
Her waters wimpling clear,
Her auld Scots sangs that grip the heart
And bring back memories dear.

JAMES ALLAN.

THREE ROMANTIC CLYDE SHIPS.

By Stephen D. Murphy.

I.

SINCE that fateful day of January 1812 when the quaint little pioneer steamship, Henry Bell's *Comet*, began to ply between Glasgow and Greenock, many storied ships have been launched from the shipyards of the Clyde; and three of the most romantic of that glorious procession of marine architecture are Napier's pioneer packet-steamer *Rob Roy*; Stephen's famous old clipper and sea-rover, *Sea King*; and Fairfield's freak royal yacht, the *Livadia*.

In 1816 a Dublin company decided to build two steamships for the purpose of conveying His Majesty's mails between Holyhead and Howth. James Munn, of Greenock, was entrusted with the building of the two wooden hulls, eighty feet by eighteen feet, and engines of twenty horse-power were supplied by James Cook, of Glasgow. The pioneer steam-packets, the *Britannia* and the *Hibernia*, left the Clyde in September 1816, and in the following month the *Britannia* created a stir by steaming from Howth to Holyhead, a distance of sixty miles, in seven hours, and doing the return journey in seven and a quarter hours. When tried on regular duty on the cross-Channel stations, however, the pioneer steamers failed to stand the test. Their complicated and cumbersome machinery broke down with an average gale of wind, and finally they were laid up as useless.

The idea of constructing a steamship with machinery which would stand the shock of a heavy sea in a gale of wind was abandoned as utterly impracticable—but one man retained his faith in the future of steam navigation. David Napier, a native of Dumbarton, had erected, in 1814, a fine foundry and engine-works at Camlachie, Glasgow, for the making of steam-engines. At the Camlachie Foundry David Napier constructed the engines of such famous steamers as the *Dumbarton Castle*, the first steamer to go up Loch Fyne; the *Britannia*, the first steamer to go to Campbeltown; the *Marion*, the pioneer steamship on Loch Lomond; and other notable craft. It was the success of Napier's Clyde steamers which induced the Dublin company to embark on their ill-starred steam-packet venture, and the failure of the first cross-Channel steamers was a disappointment to the far-seeing Clyde engineer.

With characteristic thoroughness he determined to investigate the causes of the failure, and to ascertain the nature of the difficulties which had to be overcome. At a stormy time of year he journeyed on one of the sailing-packets which then formed the only link between Glasgow and Belfast—a journey which often required a week to accomplish. The captain of the sailing-packet tells how a young man, whom he afterwards knew as Mr Napier, was to be found during that stormy wintry passage to Belfast perched on the bows of the sailing-packet, watching intently the sea as it broke on the sides of the ship, heedless of the waves and spray washing over him. Occasionally as the breeze freshened he turned to the captain and asked whether the sea was such as might be considered a rough one. Being told that it was by no means unusually rough, he returned to the bow and resumed his study of the waves. Some hours afterwards the breeze freshened into a gale and the sea began to rise considerably. Again Napier asked hopefully whether now the sea was rough, and was visibly disappointed when told it was not very rough. Finally the storm rose to a fury, and with the seas breaking over the vessel and sweeping her from stem to stern, Napier made his way back to the captain and repeated his inquiry. The captain replied that he had never faced a worse night in the whole of his experience, and with evident satisfaction Napier turned away, remarking, as he went below to his cabin, 'I think I can manage, if that be all.'

The freakish passenger who gloried in a gale puzzled the captain, but David Napier had profited by his experiences. At that time vessels were built generally with a full round bow, but a study of the theories of the resistance of fluids outlined by Bossut, a noted French mathematician, shook Napier's faith in the snub-nosed ship, and his experiences on the Belfast packet completed his disillusionment. A large mill-dam bounded the Camlachie Foundry, and on this experimental tank Napier set to work to test his newly formed theories. A block of wood, proportional in length, breadth, and depth to a steamer, was secured, and beside the dam a framework of considerable height was erected. At the top of the framework was a drum or roller for winding up a weight, and the other end of the line was attached to the experimental steamer-shaped block. By this pulley arrangement the model was drawn through the water, Napier carefully noting the time taken by the weight in falling a certain distance. The bow of the experimental steamer-block was then gradually 'fined,' and this process was continued until the limit of speed was reached. Care was taken to maintain the weight of the model at the original standard, and when Napier was satisfied with the lines of his model he handed over the block to William Denny, of Dumbarton, who was instructed to build to the exact lines of the block a vessel of ninety tons.

Thus was built in the 'Woodyard' boatyard, on the west bank of the river Leven, slightly below Dumbarton Bridge, a small vessel, the *Rob Roy*, of 80 feet 11 inches between perpendiculars, $15\frac{8}{10}$ feet beam, 9 feet moulded depth, with a tonnage of $87\frac{77}{94}$, and 30 nominal horse-power. Napier himself made the engines, and in 1818 the *Rob Roy* was successfully launched and fitted out. In the teeth of a south-west gale the little packet set out from Glasgow to justify the faith of her designer and confound the nautical wiseacres; and, despite the ridicule heaped on the vessel built with 'the wrang en' furrit,' she proved a remarkable success, and made a splendid passage to Dublin. Returning to Glasgow, she was placed on the Glasgow-Belfast cross-Channel service, and for two winters plied with unfailing regularity between those two ports—the world's first successful mail-carrying passenger-steamship.

After two years Napier, in order to cope with the increased mail and passenger traffic on the Glasgow-Belfast route, found it necessary to supersede the *Rob Roy* by a larger and more powerful steamer. The *Rob Roy* thereafter began to run between Dover and Calais, and though not the first steamer to sail to France, she was certainly the first English Channel steam-packet. The French Government ultimately secured the historic little Clyde craft; and in addition to having the distinction of being the first steamer ever owned by the French Government, Napier's Scottish freebooter so charmed her new masters on the Seine that with the assistance of a priest and some holy water they formally transformed her into a French king—the *Henri Quatre*. For many years the *Rob Roy*, thus camouflaged, rendered excellent service on the Seine.

II.

A fine full-blooded romance of the sea might be written round the story of a Clyde-built boat which became in turn British transport, China tea-clipper, Confederate cruiser, coastal trader, and royal yacht—the historic old screw-steamer *Sea King*, built at Kelvinhaugh, near Glasgow, by Messrs Alexander Stephen & Sons, Limited. The *Sea King* was a very interesting specimen of marine architecture. She was a fine-lined, full ship-rigged auxiliary screw-steamer of 1200 tons, with a lifting propeller designed to help her sailing-powers. The first steamer constructed on the 'composite' principle patented and successfully introduced by Mr Alexander Stephen, a well-known Clyde shipbuilder of those days, she was built at a cost of £45,000, with a view to competing with the fastest ships then afloat in bringing home the first teas of the season from China. The 'China tea-races' were great events in the world of shipping in the nineteenth century, and the competition to be first home with a tea cargo was keener even than the pre-war struggle to gain the blue riband of the Atlantic Ocean. The *Sea King* was destined for more adventurous tasks than the tea-races, however, and only once in the course of her chequered career did she actually participate in the tea-clipper contests.

She was launched with fitting *éclat* on 17th August 1863, but while she lay fitting out in Glasgow harbour the British Government chartered her, and it was as a troopship carrying men and ammunition to New Zealand to help in quelling the Maori revolt that the *Sea King* made her maiden voyage. On her return from New Zealand the clipper was handed over to her original owners, and for them she sailed for China to bring home her first and only cargo of tea.

Those were dark days in America. The Civil War was being waged, and on the sea the commerce war between the Federals of the Northern States and the Confederates of the Southern States was at its height. The Confederates had made numerous purchases of Clyde-built steamers to be used as blockade-runners, and it was entirely in the nature of things that the Confederate Commissioners should keep a close watch on the *Sea King* and her achievements. Apparently her performances were entirely to their satisfaction, for, on the arrival of the *Sea King* at Swatow to take aboard her tea cargo, she was inspected by Confederate representatives. In the light of subsequent events it became evident that arrangements had then been quietly concluded for her transfer to the navy of the Southern States. As though nothing unusual had happened, however, the *Sea King* made London again, after a speedy passage, with a valuable cargo of tea; and on 6th October 1864 she cast off for sea, ostensibly outward-bound for China once more.

Good headway was made until the Canary Islands were sighted. Suddenly a strange craft was signalled. She bore down on the *Sea King*, and, to the amazement of the clipper's crew, their captain hove to. A Confederate tender came alongside. Two 8-inch smooth-bore guns, two Whitworth 32-pounders, and two 12-pounder rifles, along with a quantity of stores, were transferred to the *Sea King*. A nominal sale was effected, the Confederate flag was hoisted—and the British crew were blandly informed that the *Sea King* was a tea-clipper no longer, but the *Shenandoah*, cruiser of the navy of the Southern States. The British seamen were furious at the manner in which they had been tricked. However much the officers may have known of the true object of the voyage, it appears abundantly clear that the crew really believed they were going to China. But in the circumstances they were powerless, and it was that fact alone which induced some of them to remain on the erstwhile trader. The majority bluntly refused to do duty under the Confederate flag, and it was only with the help of some Con-

federate seamen that an attenuated crew was made up and the armed-cruiser *Shenandoah* got under way.

In conformity with the plans of Commander Brooke of the Confederate States Navy, the destination of the *Shenandoah* was the whaling-grounds of the North Pacific Ocean. Panic and marauding warfare on the part of the Confederates had driven Federal shipping almost from the seas, but in the remoter regions of the Japan Sea and the Arctic Ocean the whalers still plied their customary trade. The whalers in themselves were poor prizes, and their destruction could accomplish nothing in the way of a worthy naval objective, but the men who manned the vessels hailed in the main from the New England States, 'the backbone of the north,' and that was sufficient incentive to the men of the south to attack them ruthlessly. The *Shenandoah* was chosen to spread terror among the whalers.

Short-handed as she was, the Clyde-built vessel laboured on as best she could through dirty weather, and making few prizes as she rolled down south, she rounded the Cape and stood across the Indian Ocean for Melbourne. There, according to plan, a coal-laden tender met her and replenished her bunkers; but the heavy passage had stressed the *Shenandoah*, and certain repairs were necessary ere she could proceed on the final stage of her adventures. Whether neutrality in those days was held lightly, or whether the *Shenandoah* successfully played some big bluff, does not clearly emerge, but in any event she was drawn up on a slip, her machinery was overhauled, and the necessary repairs were effected. From the wild spirits of the Melbourne of those days forty-two hard cases were enlisted as crew, and after a stay of a month the *Shenandoah* put off for her destination. She duly made the Behring Sea—but the war was actually over ere she got there. In those times a message could not be 'wirelessed,' however, and all-unconscious of the momentous happenings on land, the *Shenandoah* set to work with a will, and had destroyed a fleet of whalers before authentic news reached her on 28th June 1865 that the Confederate States had ceased to exist. The *Shenandoah* was in a sorry plight. Long before, her coal-supplies had given out, and now the last hope of replenishing her empty bunkers was gone. Still, her commander, Captain Waddell, formerly of the *Alabama*, was not the man to surrender without a fight. He failed to get coal, but contriving to get sufficient stores for a long voyage, he put the *Shenandoah* under a full head of canvas, and started out on a seventeen-thousand-miles' journey to Britain. In all that long run under sail never a ship spoke the *Shenandoah* until finally she made the port of Liverpool, where her captain, in preference to handing over his ship to the navy of the United States, surrendered to the British Government—a unique incident. In the course of her marauding career the *Shenandoah* made thirty-six prizes, valued at 1,361,000 dollars. Of her captures, five were ransomed and thirty-one destroyed. Only the notorious *Alabama* and *Florida* raiders had more prizes to their credit.

For a time the *Shenandoah* returned to her old *Sea King* days as a coastal trader, but the Sultan of Zanzibar took a fancy to her, and had her transformed into a royal yacht. After a long period of useful service in this capacity, she was finally lost in a storm off Madagascar.

III.

Perhaps the strangest craft ever launched on the Clyde was the Russian imperial yacht *Livadia*, which was put into the water on 7th July 1880 by Messrs John Elder & Company, now the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, Limited, Glasgow. The *Livadia* was a steam-yacht built to the order of His Imperial Majesty Alexander II. of Russia and the Russian Government, from the designs of His Excellency Admiral Popoff of the Imperial Russian Navy. The *Livadia* was something utterly new and weird in marine architecture—she was a turbot-shaped ship. Sir William Pearce was directing the destinies of Elders' when the *Livadia* was mooted, and no more courageous or progressive management could have been desired to tackle a problem ship. A ship 253 feet long, 153 feet at her extreme width, with a draught of 6 feet 6 inches and a displacement of 4000 tons, was what the Russians asked for, and a guaranteed speed of 14 knots was insisted upon as an essential of the contract. Naval architects looked askance at the proposition. Sir William Pearce booked the order.

Elders' tackled their venturesome task resolutely. A small launch was sent to Loch Lomond, where a number of quaint experiments were made with a view to ascertaining the conditions most conducive to efficiency in propulsion of the freak yacht. In the yard at Govan the construction of the hull was hurried forward. An oval-shaped vessel, 190 feet long by 120 feet broad, with a double bottom and vertical sides, was laid down. This 'fluke'-like substructure was in effect the vessel proper, and into it were fitted the three independent sets of engines to drive the three propellers which had been decided upon. The boilers, the bunkers, the stores, and practically everything necessary for the propulsion and the safety of the ship found accommodation in this substructure. To this oval-shaped vessel suitable additions were made to produce an external form in accordance with speed and stability requirements, and a top structure was fitted up in the most luxurious manner for the comfort and convenience of the *Livadia*'s royal owner, his suite, and the crew of the yacht. An outer belting of thirty-eight water-tight cells was built round the vessel, not

only to give her the requisite turbot shape, but also to act as a protection to the vessel's main 'skin.' The cells were not ballasted, but flooding them with water would only have increased the draught of the *Livadia* by twenty-two inches, and, far from making her unseaworthy, would have made her an exceptionally steady steamer in a heavy sea.

When finally ready for sea the curious craft carried three funnels abreast, and five masts, two of which were well forward abreast, two abaft to correspond, and one immediately forward of the centre funnel. A remarkable specimen of ingenious marine architecture, the *Livadia* was duly launched, the Duchess of Edinburgh performing the ceremony, and the Grand Duke Alexis and Admiral Popoff gracing the proceedings. The yacht took the water beautifully, and her fitting out being duly completed, she proceeded down the Clyde to run her trials. The pessimists were confounded. The *Livadia* averaged 15¾ knots on her speed trials, and her engines developed greater power than had been customary with similar machinery hitherto. The finishing touches were put to the surprising freak, and in fine weather she left the Clyde and made a capital passage to Brest.

Crossing the Bay of Biscay, however, the *Livadia* was subjected to a searching test. A gale of extraordinary violence was encountered by the turbot built to sail the waters of the Black Sea, but she responded nobly to the ordeal. She weathered the 'Bay' grandly, her turbot structure dividing the oncoming waves against themselves, and the ship retaining uncommon steadiness in the face of waves rising twenty-five feet high. In consequence of the exhaustion of her crew, she had finally to put into Ferrol, and there it was found that two of the water-tight cells had been damaged. At Ferrol unconscionable delays in the making of the necessary repairs took place, and before the *Livadia* was ready to resume her journey there came upheavals in Russia. Quite a heated controversy raged in British newspapers and in Russian politics over the success or failure of the freak yacht, and finally, in April 1881, the Russian naval authorities decided upon encasing the *Livadia* in wood, and thus taking her to the Black Sea. Whether that plan actually matured is not very clear, but at all events the *Livadia* ultimately reached the Black Sea. It was on the Black Sea that the luckless freak ended her days —and passed to the oblivion of the scrap-heap.

SPIRIT ISLAND.

PART III.

IX.

AT one o'clock we had some more tea, and I crept outside to see the weather. The fog was thinning fast, and I could see the young moon faintly, low down towards the open water. I knew it rose in the north-east, and gave the word to hitch up the dogs and start. It seemed certain I was giving Panne-lou his death sentence, but there was probably a more terrible death for him, and all of us, if we delayed. Now-yea worked feverishly; the dogs were divided between two sleds; Panne-lou was rolled like a mummy in deer-skin blankets and lashed on; and we started.

With a match I hastily examined the snow outside the circle of thread, where I had purposely scraped it soft, and could see that only one track had been made. The lance to which the thread had been fastened was gone. The last thing I took out of the *igloo* was a deer-skin parcel containing the rest of the dynamite, thawed and ready for the fuse and cap, and the six drill-steels and the hammer-head. I put the dynamite between Panne-lou's blankets to keep it thawed. The fuse was marked in half-minutes. Panne-lou knew everything we were doing, and whispered to me, 'The land, *kabloona*; get the land. *Torn-ga* will not come there.'

Now-yea drove one sled with Sal-pinna on it. She walked with great pain, the cut on her foot being a deep one. Till daylight I led with the other sled, which In-noya drove. Now-yea had nine and I eight dogs, but three on my sled were very weak from the poison they had eaten a few days before, and four of Now-yea's were puppies. In-noya handled the mixed team of dogs with wonderful skill.

By three o'clock it was light, and at half-past four the blessed sun rose, dispersing the last of the fog—never did I welcome him more—and there to the south-east of us was the bold coast-line of North Somerset, some twenty-five miles or so away. Behind us lay the north-east end of Spirit Island, and near it, extending far to the eastward, a curtain of mist rose in the still, cold air from the floe-edge, a dark patch of water-sky behind it denoting a large hole of water. Our *igloos* were not visible, but they must have been very close to the north-eastern end of Spirit Island.

With the bright morning sun shining in our faces, our hearts rose to cheerfulness, and the horrors of a few hours before seemed like some bad dream, till I thought of merry little Kyak-jua, and how I had left his father lying out there on the ice. That was no dream, but a grim reality.

I told Now-yea to take the lead, warning him I would shoot him if he did not stick to his sled,

but tried to run away. In-noya also shouted out the message to him, and added on her own account, 'And you know the *kabloona* does not often miss.' We walked and trotted alongside the sleds, not sparing the whip. In-noya handled it and its twenty-seven-foot lash as skilfully as any native I have ever seen.

Soon after sunrise we came to rather rough ice, which, though not bad enough to delay us seriously, quickly took the ice-shoeing off the runners of the sleds, so that they pulled heavily. The walking was hard and good, and by skilful handling the sleds were steered clear of any large rough hummocks; but this all helped to retard our progress.

By half-past six we were apparently fifteen or sixteen miles from the land and making a good five miles an hour, but some of our dogs were flagging, and presently one lay down, and had to be taken out of the team. Soon after this two of Now-yea's puppies were turned loose, but they followed on, and eventually made the land, unlike our dog, who did not rise again.

X.

At seven o'clock I climbed a piece of ice and had a look back with the telescope. I speedily made out a number of black dots coming in an irregular line along our track; they were about five or six miles away. I ran after the sled and told In-noya quietly—it was no use frightening the others yet. She only glanced at the revolver lying in its case under the lashing, and applied herself to the sled and team. She was the bravest person (man or woman) I have ever met. We halted for two or three minutes to clear the traces, and while this was being done I took the dynamite-parcel out, rolled it and the drill-steels and hammer-head into one parcel with deer-skin, and adjusted the cap and fuse, slipping it all under the lashing, ready instantly to be taken out.

As we drew nearer the land I saw the cliffs ran sheerly down to the ice, and thought for a minute or two we were going to be trapped, for the only man who had known the coast was dead—Akko-molee. After a while, however, I picked up a little bay with my telescope, perhaps three-quarters of a mile wide and rather deeper, from the head of which the land sloped steeply back, so I ran forward and pointed out to Now-yea where to steer for. He seemed to have his nerves under better control now, for he answered 'All right' quite cheerfully. Perhaps he thought he could make a race for it, and reach the land alone, if the pinch came, though I may be doing him an injustice. The fact that the natives had dared to come to this region at all, knowing what they did, lent some colour to their reiterated assertion that we should be safe on the land. My reason rebelled, nevertheless, at the seeming absurdity of the idea. If our pursuers could travel on the snow of the ice, of course they could do the same on the land. Yet, somehow, among them the natives had imbued me with a quite unreasonable but firm faith in our salvation could we win *terra firma*.

At half-past eight the *Torn-ga* were about a mile away, and coming up on us fast. They were spread in an irregular line extending across our track, but I was glad to see a number of them were straggling badly. The pace was telling on them, for we must have had a long start. There seemed to be at least a hundred of them.

Presently we came to a small pressure-ridge, and as soon as we had passed it I took the time very carefully; to when the first of our pursuers appeared on our side, it was exactly six and a half minutes. I cut the fuse and lighted it, and laid the smoking parcel down on the ice, running on with my watch in my hand. Ten seconds or so before the charge was due to explode, I stopped and looked back with the telescope. The nearest *Torn-ga* had reached the parcel and were standing round it, more coming up every second. Those on the flanks had also stopped, and they all seemed to be waiting for one of their number, as they were looking back. Even as I took this scene in, a *Torn-ga*, fully a head taller than the rest, burst through the knot standing irresolutely about, and gesticulated violently in our direction. As he did so the charge exploded.

When the snow and smoke cleared, I counted six bodies prone on the snow, and saw several more limping away or sitting down, evidently badly hurt. I turned and raced after the sled.

When I told In-noya what I had seen, she pressed her lips grimly together, saying, 'It pays a little of the debt for Kyak-jua and Akko-molee.' I inquired if she had looked at Pannelou lately. I had not thought about him for some time, and it occurred to me that, if he were dead, we would cut the lashings and leave him. She nodded, saying, 'He sleeps,' then went to urging the dogs forward. I noticed the revolver was now taken out of its case and ready for instant action. We pushed steadily on for some time, improving our pace, as the dogs began to smell the land, and when next I looked back I saw about twenty of the *Torn-ga* five hundred yards or so in advance of the rest.

The dynamite had answered its purpose, and if it came to a fight close in on the land, I at first hoped we could handle these, for I knew I could depend on In-noya. But they drew up on us so steadily I saw this hope was vain, and, with a sinking feeling at my heart, thought of the savage determination the day before of only one of them—and he badly wounded.

Something must be done, however, and thinking it rapidly over, I decided to let the sled go on, and make a stand at a suitable hummock, with my magazine-rifle and the

revolver, when they were about three hundred yards away. It sounds self-sacrificing, and all that sort of nonsense, but as a matter of fact it was only plain common-sense; it would be absurd to lose the advantage the firearms gave me by letting them get to close quarters before turning at bay. I should not have mentioned it, however, but for the part In-noya played. I told her my intention, whereon she said, 'Yes, *kabloona*, but we will take all the rifles, and I will stay and reload for you. The dogs see the land now, and will not stop.' I refused to allow this; but she was quietly obstinate, pointing out that she could do some shooting on her own account, and then reload my rifle while I used the others.

She took the revolver up and put the cord over her head, saying calmly, 'It is settled. Do not speak any more about it. I will take two rifles off the sled when you say the word; do you take the others and the cartridge-bag.' Suddenly she cried quickly, 'Where is the thing which smokes [the fuse]? It will delay them a little.' Fool! I had not thought of it. In half-a-minute I had wrapped the rest of the coil in deer-skin, lighted it at both ends to make more smoke—there was plenty of it—and laid it on the snow. It was quite harmless, but the bluff might go.

XI.

The nearest *Torn-ga* were about four hundred yards away from us, and when they saw the smoking parcel they halted a few seconds, and then made a wide detour on either side of it, allowing us to increase our lead considerably. About this time another of our dogs staggered and fell, but In-noya had been watching him, and whipping a knife from the sled, severed his trace without stopping the others.

Then Now-yea, who was about one hundred yards ahead, called out something, and In-noya said, 'He says he can see the snow in the bay has been flooded—by the late spring-tide, of course—and it is all smooth ice.' She cast a glance back. 'We shall make the land, *kabloona*,' she said quietly. '*Koya-nimik*' ('I am glad'). Glad! Blown as I was, I shouted for joy. 'Hurrah! Hurrah, In-noya!' I said; but she only smiled back, and plied her skilful whip, and cheered on the weary dogs. We were running on either side of our sleds now, even lame Sal-pinna holding on to a lashing and limping gamely along.

I looked back, and could plainly see in the frosty air the smoking breath of the nearest *Torn-ga*, and got a glimpse of his savage face. He was obviously tired, and, I noticed, ran 'flat-footedly' and ungracefully, but with long jumping strides, which took him over the ground at a great pace. Some of his companions were lame.

When Now-yea reached the smooth ice he ran ahead of his dogs to encourage them—for a moment I thought he was deserting his sled—and they, knowing the land meant rest for them, broke into a tired gallop. Sal-pinna was able to ride on the sled.

Just before we reached the ice I took a snap-shot at the crowd, and by a fluke hit one in the leg, and he sprawled over. The others did not stop or take the slightest notice of him, but came doggedly on. In-noya called on the team with voice and whip, and once on the smooth, almost 'glare,' ice—save for a few frost-crystals which gave the dogs footing—they wearily galloped, and we could sit on the sled without slowing it down, so easily did it run.

We looked at each other; the hoods and breasts of our *kouletangs* were white with our frosted breath, and the perspiration was streaming off us. I was pretty well 'all in,' for I had not ridden on the sled since starting; In-noya, whom during the whole journey I saw on the sled only for a moment occasionally when looking at Panne-lou, seemed active and tireless yet. She woke Panne-lou, and told him we should win the land, and the poor fellow's thin face lit up as he said, 'That is good.' I did not know till later how fully he realised our race from death—and what a death for him!

For the last mile over the smooth ice, which was also slippery going for our pursuers, we almost held our own, though at the ground-ice the nearest *Torn-ga* was not more than two hundred yards away. *Those behind him had stopped, and were looking at us!* A wave of thankfulness swept over me, for I realised now the truth of the Eskimo's assertion: *they would not come on the land.*

We were too busy steadying and guiding the sled through the ground-ice to bother about the nearest *Torn-ga* then, but at the shore, as he still urged doggedly on, I took my rifle and turned. He was only fifty or sixty yards away, and I couldn't miss him. He pitched forward on his face—the same sort of savage, snarling face I had seen at the floe-edge—and lay still. As I live, his waiting companions turned, and trotted leisurely back the way we had come!

XII.

As soon as the panting, worn-out dogs had been urged over the shore and a few hundred yards up the rising ground, I stopped and looked back. Every *Torn-ga* in sight was lying prone. Those on the snow beyond the smooth ice were eating mouthfuls of it, as a dog does when thirsty in winter. A little cloud of steam rose in the air from their bodies. I called out, and both sleds stopped, the dogs flinging themselves down in utter exhaustion.

One more amazing incident occurred before we saw the last of the *Torn-ga*. As we started across the bay, a large bear came ambling round the southern point and headed for the opposite

one. Instantly every *Torn-ga* was lying motionless, except that they raised their heads occasionally, and looked about as a seal does when out on the ice in spring for sleep. I could not have told the nearest of them from a seal without a telescope. A light land-breeze was quartering from the bear to the *Torn-ga*, and when he saw the—to him—welcome and, so early in the year, unusual sight, he evidently thought the supposed seals would soon wind him, so charged down at the nearest group, hoping to flurry one and catch him before he slipped down his hole through the ice.

Ten paces away from the bear the nearest *Torn-ga* sprang to his feet, and the next instant a dozen of them were at him, hurling their short ivory lances at his side, and leaping back with amazing activity. Each lance brought forth a roar of pain and anger. One of the *Torn-ga*, who slipped as he sprang away, came within reach of the bear's mighty paws, and was instantly killed by a blow which tore his head half off. This did not check the others in the least, and in three minutes it was all over. One of them ripped the bear up from throat to tail with a knife, whether of flint, ivory, or steel I could not see, but the next second they were tearing the smoking flesh with their teeth and drinking the blood. I could plainly see with the telescope their fierce blood-stained faces, like a pack of human wolves; it was a sickening sight.

I might have made some long-range practice on them with the rifle, but, to tell the truth, I had had enough of them; I only wanted to get away. They did not take the least interest in our movements now, though they had chased us relentlessly for forty miles or so. I can offer no conjecture why, but they dared not come on the land. Repulsive travesties of human beings though they were, they possessed courage of a very high order; some mysterious law of their being ordained they must live and murder only on the salt sea.

Turning my attention to the sleds, I found In-noya giving Panne-lou some weak brandy-and-water we had placed in a flask in his blankets. She was self-possessed enough, but a few tears stole down her cheeks as she replaced the revolver in its case and fastened the strap. That she would have turned it on herself at the last, when all chance was gone, I have not the slightest doubt. Lion-hearted In-noya, may you get a mate more worthy of you, and some day be the mother of many children filled with your own heroic courage, and cool, resourceful mind; it will be a great thing for your tribe and race.

We pushed on up the rise of the tableland, travelled over it for an hour, built an *igloo*, and turned in. We were foodless, exhausted, and our eyes bloodshot and red-lidded for want of sleep—but we were safe.

(*Continued on page 821.*)

TIGERS AT HOME.

By A. W. STRACHAN.

IN the more densely populated parts of our Indian Empire tigers are either non-existent or are becoming increasingly scarce, but in some of the jungly districts off the beaten track they are still anything but uncommon. This applies particularly to certain parts of Assam and Bengal.

It was my good fortune to be stationed for three-and-a-half years in one of the tea-planting districts of the former province, where these grand beasts were very numerous.

The immense tracts of bamboo and timber jungle in this part of the world are impossible to beat, and tigers are consequently seldom seen in daylight except by the lucky sportsman who has opportunities of sitting over the carcasses of such animals as are killed by them.

These opportunities were fairly numerous in my neighbourhood, thanks to the extraordinary apathy of the estate coolies in allowing their cattle to roam about during the hours of darkness, in spite of the fact that, on an average, the depredations of these big cats cost them a cow a week.

Frequently at night, when sitting in my bungalow veranda smoking an after-dinner cheroot, I could hear, mingling with the rhythmic throb of a 'tom-tom' in the coolie lines, an unearthly, tremulous cry—a cry that seemed to come from the Nether World, like a wail of self-pity from a lost soul in Purgatory—'P-i-a-a-o-o—Pi-a-a-a-o-o-o.' Again, and yet again, it would pierce the stillness of the night, shuddering on the last notes as if in deadly fear.

Neither ghost nor evil spirit is responsible for the sound. To the initiated it tells that either a tiger or a leopard is on the prowl, seeking whom it may devour. It is the cry made by a jackal when under the influence of the strong excitement produced by the close proximity of either of these animals—a cry that must be familiar to all who have lived in districts in India frequented by the large carnivora.

On several occasions I have met one or other on the estate roads on moonlit nights, when I have had to be out after sunset; and once in daylight I was warned by a deep, threatening growl that I was uncomfortably close to a tiger which strongly resented my intrusion.

However, it is not my intention to write about incidents that might happen to any one where

these animals are numerous, but to endeavour to describe one particular episode when I had an opportunity of watching a tiger and a tigress for an hour and a half—an opportunity such as may fall to the lot of a privileged few once, perhaps, in a lifetime! On the morning of the day on which I was to have this memorable experience, one of the estate cattle, while grazing at the edge of the jungle, had been killed by a tiger under the very eyes of the herdsman who was attending them. It was nearly midday before the news reached me, too late to have a *machan* erected, so I waited till after *tiffin* before going to inspect the 'kill.'

On arriving at the spot I found a young, but fully grown, cow, with the 'hall-marks' of a tiger on throat and shoulders, lying in a deep drain which divided the tea from the grass land where the cattle had been grazing when the tragedy occurred. At its widest part this grazing-ground was perhaps one hundred yards across, narrowing towards both ends to about forty yards, and bounded on the far side by almost impenetrable bamboo jungle. This ground had been recently burnt, and so was comparatively clear, save for scattered tufts of high coarse grass.

There was no suitable place to sit and watch near the carcass, so I had it dragged for some distance up the side of the drain to a circular depression where a number of tea-bushes had died out, leaving a clear space, in the centre of which I had it placed. This depression was crater-like in formation, being surrounded by high ground planted with tea, except on the side next the drain.

Choosing a spot amongst the tea-bushes well up on the high ground, and commanding a view of the whole of the jungle-edge, I got a coolie to construct a thin screen of bamboo, grass, and small branches, behind which I intended to sit later on, in the hope that the *bagh* would put in an appearance before dark.

Having now made all the preparations possible, I left two coolies to watch till I returned, with the usual instructions to keep the place quiet.

It was very little after 4 P.M. when I got back, accompanied by a reliable native who had been my companion on many similar expeditions, and who could be trusted to remain quiet at the critical moment. The watchers had nothing to report, so they were dismissed, after being told to prevent any one from approaching the vicinity, and 'Ticka' and I took up our positions behind the screen to await eventualities.

On an occasion such as this time seldom hangs heavily, as, apart from the excitement which keeps the watcher always on the *qui vive*, there is usually something of interest to be seen and to occupy the attention.

Before long several vultures appeared as tiny black specks in the blue vault above, slowly wheeling in wide but ever-narrowing circles, proving that their wonderful eyes had discovered the feast below. Gradually they increased in size as they circled lower and lower, till one after the other folded its wings and swooped down, the stiff primary feathers humming with the velocity of their descent. When within a short distance of the ground the powerful wings were again stretched to their fullest extent, instantly checking this headlong flight, but leaving sufficient momentum to carry them easily to a neighbouring tree, where, with querulous chattering, they squabbled for the best points of vantage. They did not come to the 'kill'—probably because the skin was still unbroken—but a few audacious crows settled on the carcass and made valiant efforts to extract the eyes.

We had been sitting for perhaps half-an-hour, when my attention was attracted by some slight movement at the jungle-edge of the burnt land. I kept my eyes on the spot for some time before anything definite happened; then a small black object revealed itself, as it slowly rose and fell beside a good-sized clump of grass. As I had no binoculars, I couldn't make out at first what the object was, but I had an instinctive suspicion that it had something to do with the object of my vigil, and immediately felt a thrill of expectation.

Again that curious object rose and fell, but this time I distinctly recognised that it was a small portion of a ringed tail, which at once dispelled all doubts as to the identity of the owner, the rest of whose body was hidden by the grass.

'Ticka' had also seen it, and whispered the words, '*Bagh aia hai, Sahib!*' ('The tiger has come!').

For some time the tail continued to rise and fall; then the low-crouching form of a beautifully marked tigress emerged, and stealthily slunk across the burnt land to another grass-clump about fifty yards from her original position. Here she again lay down, but this time in full view, and I could watch her every movement. Her rich chestnut coat was liberally striped, and the beautiful gloss upon it—so seldom seen in a captive animal—showed her to be in the prime of life.

She lay facing the spot where the cow had been pulled down, gazing intently in that direction, and occasionally raising her head to sniff the air, as if suspicious that her victim had been tampered with.

While she lay thus, my attention was again attracted to the spot where she had appeared, and I turned my eyes towards it, just in time to see a magnificent tiger—undoubtedly her mate—emerge from the jungle.

The suspicion of danger depicted in the cautious movement of the tigress was entirely absent in the bearing of her lord and master, and he stalked, boldly and majestically, into the open. On he came straight towards me,

his tail waving a challenge to any who should dare to dispute his sovereignty, till at last he stood on the edge of the drain within a few yards of where I was sitting.

With his great head raised, and the tip of his tail twitching spasmodically, he silently scanned the surrounding country—a picture of dignity and grandeur such as few have the privilege of witnessing. To him the words of the poet Blake were indeed applicable—'Tiger, tiger, burning bright.'

It was perhaps a minute or two before he appeared to be satisfied with his survey; then, making in his mighty throat a sound which was probably the equivalent of a human sigh of satisfaction, he lowered his head.

I could easily have shot him dead as he stood, but as there was still an hour of daylight I preferred to watch.

Now he turned and walked slowly in the direction of the tigress, whom I had almost forgotten in the excitement of watching the movements of her mate. She was still lying in the same position, and at first took no notice of his approach, but as he drew nearer she turned to face him, then crouched as if to spring.

The male strode slowly on as if in studied indifference to her presence, while the body of his spouse seemed to sink gradually into the ground as she flattened herself as a cat does on the near approach of its prey.

With blazing eyes, ears laid back, and twitching tail, there didn't appear to be much of the loving wife about her. Waiting till the tiger was within a few paces, she sprang towards him as if bent on his annihilation, lifted a forepaw, and gently patted him on the side of his face. Then she raised her head and obviously kissed him.

To these symptoms of affection the male at first seemed rather indifferent, but when she rubbed herself against him and playfully bit his legs, he condescendingly lay down and gently struck at her with his huge forepaws. Thus encouraged, the tigress also lay down, and a mock battle ensued between the two beautiful brutes, which was conducted in absolute silence save for the occasional soft 'click' of teeth meeting teeth when the widely opened jaws came in contact with each other.

Sometimes locked in a close embrace, playfully kicking each other with their hind-feet; sometimes daintily sparring with their forepaws, they rolled about thus for nearly quarter of an hour, and I would cheerfully have given all I possessed to have been armed with a cinematograph camera instead of a rifle.

I shall never forget the sight of these magnificent beasts playing together happily like a pair of kittens, with the black background of the burnt land setting off their colouring to the best advantage, and the first faint opalescent glow of approaching sunset adding an indescribable beauty to the picture.

The male, who was the first to tire of this frivolous behaviour, rose and walked leisurely over to the jungle, where he disappeared for the time being, while the tigress still lay in the same spot watching as before. In a short time her mate reappeared, when she also rose and joined him, and the two slowly made their way to the place where they expected to find their 'kill.' Some tall grass in this neighbourhood hid them from view, and I was unable to see their behaviour on discovering that the cow was gone; but the tigress shortly appeared with her nose to the ground, following the track along which the carcass had been dragged.

The other came into view soon after, but it was now evident that their suspicions were aroused, as they moved with the utmost caution.

At last a round head thrust its way through the tea-bushes opposite me at the edge of the depression. The tigress had arrived, but still I waited, in the hope that both would come on together.

For a second or two she stood gazing at the body of the cow. Suddenly she seemed to make up her mind that all was not right, as she backed hurriedly down the slope and bounded across the drain. I never saw her again, for the next moment the head of the other appeared, and I didn't dare take my eyes off him.

With one of his huge forepaws advanced, as if arrested in the middle of his stride, he stood motionless, his glowing amber-coloured eyes hungrily gazing at his prospective meal, but betraying doubt as to the advisability of approaching. He had been less cautious than his mate, exposing more of himself to view, and I slowly raised my rifle. This, or some movement of my *shikari*, must have attracted his attention, for suddenly he glared straight at our screen, and immediately crouched, laid back his ears, and bared his great teeth in a threatening snarl.

Then, almost imperceptibly, he started backing away. Inch by inch he retreated, growling all the time, and at last, when he turned to bolt, gave me the opportunity I waited for. The moment my sights covered a spot immediately behind the shoulder I pressed the trigger. With one terrific roar he sprang high into the air; then, mortally stricken, he made a blind rush of eighty yards or so, still roaring, and fell inert and lifeless.

It was with feelings not unmixed with remorse that I saw the poor brute collapse, especially as I was almost certain that it was his wife who had committed the crime for which he suffered.

The male was much the bigger animal of the two, but his skin was not nearly so beautifully marked as that of the tigress, who had, unfortunately, made good her escape. He measured nine feet eight and a half inches between pegs, and was a splendidly proportioned beast.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

WITH much relief we speed this parting year. It has worked ill with us; it leaves our calendar of life and activity to be pitched upon the heap of time unhonoured, and it will be well forgotten. It is the habit of men to be generous to these old years that have run their span. Life is life, and in general it is worth the living, whatever may betide: for troubles and pains there is commonly a compensation. By nature and instinct we are optimists and have faith, or existence would be a thing for fear; when we look back along that line of months, it is a common thing to riddle from our minds and memory the remembrances of pain, and dwell only upon the good that came our way. Time is known as the unfailing healer of all sorrows, but it does not, for complement, lessen to the same extent the memories of our joys and happiness, and in that there is a sign. Thus in nearly every year there is found much that is very good, and the parting is a little sad. Even in the case of long national distress there is commonly some great spiritual exaltation and ascendant hope and faith for balance. But since the Great War ended we have lived at least one year which for its evil doing was nationally denounced. All the people, and the newspapers, which are generally most moderate in these matters, declared they were glad that it was ended, and they kicked it from the almanacs. Here, so soon, there is another, and it is worse. There is always a proportion of the people the run of whose private affairs detaches them from the general world and its prime preoccupations. So, despite the times and trade, there are many who have made exceptional profits, others who have achieved great ambitions, while private or domestic happiness has been yielded to not a few men and women. Time and event cannot control these minorities, but by their presence and general influence they may reduce them, as they have done in this closing year during which there has been a general depression weighing upon all life. Of course, it is, once again, the aftermath of that far-reaching war. The greatest war is followed by the most difficult peace; it is perhaps a fair and reasonable succession. Destruction must be paid its price. But the rebound from war to the normal activities of peace has been slower than was hoped; there has been no such recovery as was expected. That is by no means Britain's fault. She is ready for a fair start again; but in this young and disappointing peace we realise even more than in the war itself that no nation can build a wall around itself and live within a life of undisturbed tranquillity. Time and work have pieced up the world, and, for better or for worse, the affairs of one part of it have their certain reaction upon the others. And so, for the most of this closing year, the world has borne a heavy heart. Nearly all through this passage of twelve months two of the foremost leaders of civilisation, chiefs of this western world of ours, Britain and France, have been bickering and quarrelling. Circumstance has made of this a terrible, an appalling thing. Austria has crashed; Germany has tottered; Italy has feared her discontenteds; Greece and Turkey have warred again; the new Balkan states have been a little restless; Portugal almost unnoticed has been coming near to collapse (the milreis, nominally worth a little more than four shillings, fell to less than fourpence); and, alas! Bolshevism has still held its way in unhappy Russia. All these things have reacted strongly upon our own country and thwarted our national desires. Upon a general count Britain has maintained a far better steadiness than any other of the leading European nations. Her credit has been immensely strengthened. Better than any she has recognised responsibilities and necessities. Her labour difficulties have been in some measure appeased; workers—with great gains at the expense of others—have realised the folly and the danger of the everlasting strike. The onerous unsuspected truths of some of the immutable laws of economics have been borne upon their minds.

* * *

But so much in gain does not make Britain happy. Circumstance imposes a crushing taxation upon the people, the full weight of which has been more direly experienced this year than ever before. Under the strain there have been countless falls. Hope has been too long deferred. Businesses have failed, profits have

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

declined, and in London and the country we see the havoc that is played. Mayfair becomes depopulated. Grosvenor Square is one of the most splendid in modern London; ten years back and he was a happy man who captured a residence there. But now it is half-empty. For a mansion here a thousand pounds a year must be paid in rates and half as much in ground-rent, and, with the many service difficulties, it cannot be afforded now. So those six or eight reception-rooms and nearly a score of bedrooms are left for the ghosts of departed happiness to mourn in all their melancholy. Berkeley Square and other favourite quarters of the old society have likewise lost. Students of London changes and their causes doubt if that old society will ever come back again to these old and precious places. In the country there happens the corresponding thing. Owners of fine houses and estates, no longer able to afford their maintenance, have sold them off. Such has been the loss, such the burden, that, as we know, there have been cases of the high nobility literally giving them away, so anxious have they been for their relief. The squire has departed from the country-side: it had become too costly for him. And when he went, adding one more to the pictures of halls and mansions up for sale that illuminate various journals, there was a crack and a snap, and a compact community, composed of many classes, from the most menial upwards, all of whom had had their occupations and existence, their varying happiness, centred of necessity and with general advantage upon this cohesive, accommodating squire, found themselves detached and melancholy units, much impoverished. Thus one of the finest and most successful features of the social system of our country has been failing, and how fine it was is better understood in these reflective moments than it was before. There are the Rights of Man, and there are the needs and just demands of the proletariat, and there are the teachings of Socialism with truths among them; but every kind of people in our land has found that it is bad for all of them, so sadly, sufferingly bad, for the squire to have sold and gone away, and for Mayfair to be to let. Experience has taught some sensible lessons. This year they have been driven finally home, but often they have been too late. Our appalling unemployment afflicts the people. Amid such difficulties and many more, poor Ireland, upon whom a perpetual, mysterious curse seems to hang, has been riven more, despite the settlement that seemed achieved. Running mad, she hurts herself and us. The world is distracted; in an agony of anxiety it endeavours to recover its balance again, and it fails. There was the tragedy of the failure of the conference at Genoa. There might be considered a compensation if the moral and spiritual values of the people were through hardship being raised, but there is no sign of it. Insecurity has led to irresponsibility and carelessness. There may be a diminution in foolish and vulgar gaiety in the great cities, but still much of it remains—too much. The old standards of good conduct lie in dust upon the commercial and social floor. Never were practices more sharp and punishable faults so many. Crimes and scandals fill the news columns of the papers, and the papers themselves, now detached from old codes of propriety, are glad to print them. We do not trust and love each other as once we did. We have been disappointed and been made to doubt. Insecurity, insecurity—that in the main is the reason why. From the bosom of our life, our world, could not some transcendent genius come to match the times and smooth the way again? He has been expected, but he has not come. . . . So in bundling this old year from our doors, with no pretence of a friendly parting, we know we shall do the same to its successor if it does not work far better for us. Yet, as befits us, we shall receive it with high hopes and good grace, and, in the manner of a friendly hint, we would inform it that a man is what we want the most.

* * *

It is a frequent practice in these times to turn thoughts back to life before the war. Then those who ruminate feel that they did not know how happy and how fortunate they were. Sometimes they have a sense of grievance, considering that they should have been given knowledge of their exceptional condition that they might have made more of it. And a common offshoot of these mental wanderings is a past that, measured in years, is not long gone, but seems as far away as a distant age, is that they were thrice fortunate who stretched their span of life from the early Victorian period through to a few years before the cataclysm fell. Happy those who, full of years, passed to the Beyond at the beginning of the present century — passed away with less scepticism than mortals hold to-day. There is substance in the idea. Yet that was the Victorian age, which, upon its close, our people began quickly and increasingly to deride. They saw it as a period of dull and soft conventions, of a flabby fibre, and philosophers perceived materialism and mechanisation gripping the soul of Britain. In some measure there was then a revolt against Victorianism, and it was proceeding fast. But now, when we are so far from Victorianism and all that it embraced, when this life to-day and that might seem as existence in two different planets, minds are casting regretful, yearning glances on that old Victorianism, whose merits are so much better understood. Such are the sorrows that in this new reaction Victorianism is exalted too high, and its many faults are overlooked or turned to imitation qualities. However, there is no real doubt of the superiority of that age to this. Reflection upon its qualities makes a fair antidote to the gloomy

thoughts that hold so many now. It is a curious thing that a man who in the period of the war was a plain truth-teller, and so in that time of fictions and forced beliefs earned in newspapers the title of 'the gloomy Dean,' is now more listened to than any non-political thinker of our time, and far from 'gloomy' is he considered. He challenges and forces criticism, columns of it, volumes of it, but Dean Inge is listened to more and more, and his article on Thursdays in a London evening newspaper is the strongest feature of our Metropolitan journalism, and it is a credit to the people that it is. Really he is a pleasant and a genial dean. Yorkshiremen are never gloomy: he is one of them. Happy is he among children in his family life, telling tales and making jokes, and the Dean of St Paul's withal has one of the most sparkling intellects of the age, an intellect with the power to give a popular turn to the deepest themes and set us all athinking. It has been said of him that he has imposed himself on the minds of the people on both sides of the Atlantic, and that there is no more vivid or original intelligence in the world to-day. And we find Dean Inge to be the foremost of all the champions of Victorianism, declaring thus: 'I have no doubt that the Elizabethan and the Victorian ages will appear to the historian of the future as the twin peaks in which English civilisation culminated.' Ending the Rede Lecture of this year at Cambridge, from which the striking phrase is taken, he adds: 'The twentieth century will doubtless be full of interest, and may even develop some elements of greatness. But as regards the fortunes of this country, the signs are that our work on a grand scale, with the whole world as our stage, is probably nearing its end. Europe has sacrificed its last fifty years of primacy by an insane and suicidal struggle. America has emerged as the *tertius gaudens*. Where shall we be thirty years hence?' If we scan a selected list of public deliverances of many kinds made during this year, it seems, though exact comparisons and valuations may be impossible, that this one is in many respects more productive of useful thought and more generally interesting than most of the others. The Dean reminds us that Lecky, a historian with some practical experience of politics, deliberately stated his opinion that no country was ever better governed than England between 1832 and 1867, the dates of the first Reform Bill and of Disraeli's scheme to dish the Whigs; and he goes on to say: 'As far as internal affairs go, it would not be easy to prove him wrong. The one prime necessity for good government was present: those who paid the taxes were also those who imposed them. If there was some false economy, as there was in the Crimean War, sound finance benefited the whole population by keeping credit high, interest low, and taxation light. Political life was purer than it had been, and purer probably than it is now. The House of Commons enjoyed that immense prestige which has been completely lost since the old Queen's death. The debates were read with semi-religious fervour by every good citizen over his breakfast; and a prominent politician was treated with even more exaggerated reverence than our worthy grandfathers paid to bishops. The debates were good because they were real debates, and conducted by men who all spoke the same language. The rhetorical methods of the working man are quite different from those of the gentry, and mutual annoyance is generated by the mixture of styles in debate. Above all, the House of Commons was still a rather independent body.'

* * *

Rarely is this freely, widely thinking man so enticing as when he comes to appraise and estimate the qualities of the great men of the past, to compare and place such men. His valuations have attracted attention and provoked much criticism. There is unconsciously a touch of morbidness in the interest that such an affair as this has for us, since our poor world owes so much of its present desperation and misery to lack of splendid men—strong, sincere, and far-seeing men who can see a light beyond, and with honest intelligence and skill push steadily towards it. One of the gloomy surprises of the greatest of wars was that even such a cataclysm as that could hardly in this unfruitful age produce such a figure of outstanding merit and achievement as might at least be passed on to posterity with our humble recommendation for perpetuation among the giants of the ages. It may be that the war was too complicated, too chaotic, too vast and comprehensive for even towering genius to rise above the seething mass of so much that was ugly in its abandoned materialism, opportunism, and deceit. But if it is pity that the period of destruction and devastation did not produce, as was hoped of it, any gigantic leader of men and peoples, it is pity more that the succeeding years, so harsh and disappointing as they have been, have failed likewise. Mankind yearns for a leader, great and strong and wise, as surely it cannot have yearned before, but he does not come. The Dean, when he proceeds to remind us of the great men of the Victorian time, is a disturber of our minds. 'It was a good rule of Thomas Carlyle,' he says, 'to set a portrait of the man whom he was describing in front of him on his writing-table. It is a practice which would greatly diminish the output of literary impertinence. Let those who are disposed to follow the present evil fashion of disparaging the great Victorians make a collection of their heads in photographs or engravings, and compare them with their own little favourites. Let them set up in a row good portraits of Tennyson, Charles Darwin, Gladstone, Manning, Newman, Martineau, Lord

Lawrence, Burne-Jones, and, if they like, a dozen lesser luminaries, and ask themselves candidly whether men of this stature are any longer among us. I will not speculate on the causes which from time to time throw up a large number of great men in a single generation. I will only ask you to agree with me that since the golden age of Greece (assuming that we can trust the portrait busts of the famous Greeks) no age can boast so many magnificent types of the human countenance as the reign of Queen Victoria. We, perhaps, being epigoni ourselves, are more at home among our fellow-pygmies.' Dean Inge presents a thrilling vision of the glories of Victorian literature. He asks us to consider 'the wonderful variety of strong or beautiful prose-writing which that age produced,' and says 'Froude, Macaulay, Newman, Ruskin, Pater, and Stevenson are each supreme in very different styles; and all of them achieved excellence by an amount of labour which very few writers are now willing to bestow.' But naturally, inevitably, it is Tennyson who most stirs his admiration. It is remembered how the estimate of the great Victorian poet suffered, twenty years ago and less, when the reaction against Victorianism was flowing strongly, and how quickly afterwards there was some return again to truth. The Dean says of him: 'Tennyson's leonine head realises the ideal of a great poet. And he reigned nearly as long as his royal mistress. The longevity and unimpaired freshness of the great Victorians has no parallel in history, except in ancient Greece. The great Attic tragedians lived as long as Tennyson and Browning; the Greek philosophers reached as great ages as Victorian theologians; but if you look at the dates in other flowering times of literature you will find that the life of a man of genius is usually short, and his period of production very short indeed. Tennyson is now depreciated for several reasons. His technique as a writer of verse was quite perfect; our newest poets prefer to write verses which will not even scan. He wrote beautifully about beautiful things, and among beautiful things he included beautiful conduct. He thought it an ugly and disgraceful thing for a wife to be unfaithful to her husband, and condemned Guinevere and Lancelot as any sound moralist would condemn them. A generation which will not buy a novel unless it contains some scabrous story of adultery, and revels in the "realism" of the man with a muck-rake, naturally has no use for *The Idylls of the King*, and calls Arthur the blameless prig.'

* * *

Thoughts of the great Victorians lead one, idly perhaps, but not without some profit, to a glance along the ages upon the greatest men whose light has shone in widely distant parts and in contrasted circumstances. Not long ago Mr H. G. Wells was concerned to make his selection of the world's six greatest men. Of course, no true selection of this kind could be accomplished by any one, since to overwhelming knowledge and critical faculty must be added a perfect impartiality of judgment and absolute suppression of the personal, instinctive preference—which is impossible. In defining a man who is to be considered great there is the initial difficulty as to whether fame is to be reckoned an essential quality. Arguing upon the higher plane, we might urge that it should not be; but in that case no selection at all, right or wrong, would be feasible. Again, the sphere and object of the greatness must be regarded. Perhaps, in searching for a definition, our thoughts would run upon such lines as that a great man is one who, by his capacity, understanding, skill, and exertion, works the greatest spiritual good and happiness for mankind. However it may be, here are the six selected by Mr Wells: Jesus Christ, Buddha, Asoka (Emperor of India, called the 'Humane,' in the third century B.C.), Aristotle, Roger Bacon, and Abraham Lincoln. The Dean of St Paul's has considered this selection, and demurs to much of it. He would not have Christ in it, for reasons which include the feeling that there is some want of reverence in bringing that name into competition with others, even if it is placed at the head of the list. He is doubtful about Abraham Lincoln, feeling that his assassination on the morrow of victory was a very good thing for his reputation, and that 'if our Prime Minister had been murdered by a German fanatic on the day after the Armistice, he might have displaced Lincoln in Mr Wells's list: he is not likely to win a place in the championship competition now.' So the Dean compiles a six of his own, and states their qualifications. His own are St Paul, Plato, Leonardo da Vinci, Shakespeare, Pasteur, and Julius Cæsar. On any referendum or election on the part of our intelligent people, I believe the Dean's half-dozen would capture four of the top places by very large majorities; but I am sure also that one of them—I dare not speculate as to which—would lose through insistence upon the election of Abraham Lincoln. But though thus exerting their preferences, I think some of our electors would be a little dissatisfied with the nominations. To the minds of many thousands of them the name of Napoleon would leap. In truth they would be wrong upon our definition, and many others, but they are the people. For me, as holder of this franchise, I should be sorry for the absence from the lists of any of the greatest music-makers, for they have given pleasure to all, and they have uplifted and refined millions. I could make a plea for Beethoven among the favourites of the Dean. . . . But all these are splendours of the past: a future of gnawing anxiousness lies ahead, and it is men we most need—great, fearless, honest men—to smoothen out our distracted world.

SPIRIT ISLAND.

PART IV.

XIII.

MY narrative has already extended in length far beyond my anticipation, and to detail our return is unnecessary. We found deer plentiful, nursed Panne-lou back to life, and reached Leopold Island on 15th April. I might have gone on to the depot, short as we were of dogs, but Sal-pinna's foot required constant dressing, for the stitches had all burst, and neither she nor, of course, Panne-lou could walk. My arm, too, had become badly swollen, and gave me some trouble, the slight wounds I received in the fight at the floe-edge festering and causing me a lot of pain. It was fortunate I had attended to them promptly, as they were undoubtedly very poisonous.

I therefore decided to wait at Leopold Island for my ship. The kayak—In-noya's suggestion, by-the-by—was most useful, and we were not short of food during our nearly four months' detention there. Personally, I felt I had had enough of the floe-edge, and hunted deer on the mainland; but the natives were unafraid, asserting positively that nothing was ever seen of the *Torn-ga* east of North Somerset.

It was almost impossible to get the natives to talk about them at all, but during my stay at Leopold Island I dragged a little information out of Panne-lou.

The *Torn-ga* have been seen lying on the rocks off-shore, but never on the land. He said they bred on Spirit Island, which was 'their land,' but was very vague about it, and stated that no natives had ever come from there who had seen them ashore.

'Have any ever gone there?' I asked.

'*Ar-my*' ('I don't know'), he replied evasively, adding that they (the *Torn-ga*) were 'all the same as seals, and lived in the water.'

'Why, don't they come here, or to Ponds Bay, if they live in the water?' I asked.

'I don't know,' he replied. 'No one knows about them but the Spirits of the Dead, and it is not good to talk about them at all, lest evil befall you.'

This was all I could get out of him, and I found it just as unsatisfactory an explanation of the mystery as, no doubt, the reader will; but it is all I have to offer from the natives.

On 2nd August my ship hove in sight, and I heard that the Great War had been raging for a year. A few days later we were back at the depot. It was sad news I brought for the Eskimos gathered to welcome their friends home. I do not know if Panne-lou told them the true story. I mentioned it to no one, white man or Eskimo.

XIV.

I have tried to write this narrative as plainly and as straightforwardly as I could, always remembering it will be read by people most of whom are unfamiliar with Arctic conditions, and the mode of life and travel there. This must be my excuse for often being prolix. I might have added some more pages of details of my journey, but these had nothing to do with the main object—namely, making public the existence of a hitherto unheard and undreamt of animal in the Far North.

A scientific friend of mine returned me the MS. of this narrative with the following pithy comment: 'Liven it up a bit; it's dull enough to be true.' Had I the gift of imagination, and some literary skill, I have no doubt I could improve the story and 'liven it up a bit' with some touches of thrilling incidents to make it far more sensational and exciting—and far less truthful.

Later the same friend commenced to demonstrate to me the absurdity of the idea that the human organism could exist in the water as its habitat. I do not claim the *Torn-ga* are human, and I know nothing of their organism. Æons ago, before life existed on the land of this planet, it was, we now know, in full swing in its waters, and the lineal descendants of the animals of those unknown ages are the seals, walruses, and whales, which in countless numbers make their home in the icy waters of the Arctic seas.

I once read in some magazine an account of a fossil skeleton found in Java which was neither ape nor man. Pithecanthropus, they called him. Why may not the seas, where life first began, have some yet undiscovered secrets of primeval life hidden in these lonely Arctic waters, teeming as they are with warm-blooded life? Why! . . . Pah! what's the use? I am no scientist. I cannot prove my assertion with long words; but I know what I have seen, and fought, and killed. I know what gave me the five odd-looking little scars I carry on my left arm, and where I got the small ivory lance of narwhal horn which hangs on my wall. These are enough for me. And I know, too, what the terror of the hunted animal is when Death is following swiftly on its trail.

Let some naturalist winter where I have been, and bring home his specimens—dead or alive. But he will not get an Eskimo from Hudson Bay to Lancaster Sound to stay there with him; and for me—well! there is not enough money in America and Europe together to tempt me to visit Spirit Island again.

THE END.

THE SEER.

By an OLD ROYAL ENGINEER, Author of *The Curse of Cluny*,* &c.

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
'Lochiel's Warning,' CAMPBELL.

I.

SEERS are believed by Highlanders to have the gift of second-sight, or the power of being able to foresee and foretell coming events. With regard to this insight into the future, the suggestion has been made that as in rare instances men have been gifted with genius (which, after all, is something more than a mere capacity for taking pains), so, in still rarer cases, may there be men upon whom the gift has been conferred of discerning—within a very narrow compass, it may be—certain events which lie hidden in the womb of the future. The mind seems at times to be endowed with a kind of power of divination, by which it penetrates into the secrets that perpetually surround it, and suddenly, and without any manifest assistance from observation, enlarges the domain of its knowledge. These minor revelations—if we may so express them—must, however, be greedily seized and appropriated when they first present themselves, for they are as evanescent as bright, and if the intuitive perceptions have been disregarded are lost for ever. Deuteroscopy, or second-sight (Gaelic, *Taibhsearachd*), according to recent authorities, still exists in the Highlands and the Western Isles. The inhabitants of these remote districts, with few exceptions, have solid faith in the gift, and its being possessed by such learned and recent authorities as the Rev. John Kennedy, of Killearnan, and the Rev. John Morrison, of Petty, whose predictions were fulfilled, has not tended to decrease their belief in the seer.

Flammarion, a French savant, and an acknowledged authority on 'The Unknown,' says: 'Reason can only admit a certainty, but the testimony of our own senses is not always correct. Side by side with the visible and known world, there is an order of things invisible and unknown. *These facts exist.* It would display very little of the spirit of philosophy to deny the existence of phenomena only because they are inexplicable to the actual condition of our knowledge.' It is in daily evidence that there are men of the highest intellectual standard who believe in the *real existence* of that mysterious phenomenon which seems to have been known in the world from the very highest antiquity—the power of seeing future events, especially of a disastrous kind, by means of spectral exhibition of the persons whom the event concerns, accompanied by such emblems as denote their fate. 'To believe that all has been discovered is a profound error. It is taking the horizon as the limits of the world' (Lamartine).

In an old and rare work, *Skie and the Western Isles*, by Martin, it is recorded that 'the second-sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person who sees it to that end. In other words, a perception of sensations without the influence of any exterior object to give birth to them.' All authorities who have witnessed these manifestations agree that when the subject is under the influence of the vision the eyelids of the seer are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the vision has vanished. The seer knows neither the object, the time, nor the place of a vision before it appears. Space seems to be no obstacle to him, and time sometimes seems to be annihilated. When a shroud is seen by the seer to envelop a person, it is a sure presage of death. But this omen is as 'old as the hills;' for, if we go back to 'days o' auld lang syne,' we have the Homeric case of Theoclymenus of the house of Malampus, the seer of the Odyssey. Theoclymenus, being hereditarily gifted, knew by a vision of a shroud about their bodies that the wooers were doomed. The faculty of second-sight, though not lineally descending in a family, as some have imagined, yet is strongly indicated in some cases, both as to individuals and kindred relations. It may be affirmed that all authorities agree with the view that enlightenment and education in no way affect the esteem in which the predictions of the seer are held. In the Highlands there are persons whose title and education raise them above the suspicion of concurring with an impostor, but who would consider it unjust to cast suspicion or doubt in the face of witnesses whose credit was unimpeachable, and whose testimony pointed with terrible directness to the conclusion of the prediction.

Mixed up with indisputable facts, we meet with uncertain or exaggerated stories, doubtful accounts, and observations that have no value, because they are informed by no critical spirit, for, when once the minds of a people are prepared with a solution of every event, there will never be wanting such events adapted to the situation. We need only take into account the judgment, the knowledge, and the moral and intellectual value of the person who reports them. It is true that a love of the extraordinary or the marvellous may sometimes transform into fan-

* As in the case of 'The Curse of Cluny' (see *Chambers's Journal*, September 1912), this article is based partly on notes collected on the spot by the author, James Archbold, R.E., who, over fifty years ago, was examining surveyor, Statistical Department, Ordnance (Highland) Survey.

tastic events very ordinary happenings, which could be explained in the easiest way in the world. On the other hand, it has often been said, when the prophetic words have coincided with some real occurrence, which bore out the truth of the seer's words, that they were due to a fortuitous coincidence, without there being, between the event and the prophecy, any relation of cause and effect. In fact, due to chance. Of course, chance is a very convenient little divinity whom we can always invoke in embarrassing circumstances. But, as Shakespeare says,

> There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in our philosophy!

At the same time there is nothing unusual or alarming in these cases—at least to an intelligent Highlander—and there is ample proof that mysterious forebodings by what may be termed wise or gifted men are of world-wide diffusion; there is no place, savage or civilised, where such events do not happen, according to the evidence.

II.

Two authentic cases which occurred in that 'land of mystery,' India, and not only were well known, but were officially recorded at the time, may here be quoted, as they speak for themselves.

In 1836 Colonel Maitland, of the East India Company's service, was attached as resident to the court of a powerful rajah. The rajah and the colonel were on the most friendly terms. One day the rajah sent for a Brahman priest, a very old man, of the highest caste among the Hindoos. According to the colonel's statement, he was a wise man, whose position would be relatively equal to that of a doctor of divinity in this country. The rajah, in the presence of the colonel, desired the priest to foretell the fate of the ranee, his wife, and also of the child that was about to be born to her. After a long pause in silence, the priest (who was very reluctant to proceed with the matter, and used on the rajah all his powers of persuasion against the risk of gazing into the future, but without avail) then produced from a hidden under-girdle a metal ring containing a number of small bronze discs, prisms, and pyramidal-shaped articles, which were attached to the ring by a hole through their centre. After a time of meditation he selected three of these, slipped them off the ring, placed them in the rajah's right hand, and told him to throw them from him on to the carpet, which he did. The priest then knelt down and examined the hieroglyphic symbols on the uppermost face of the prisms before lifting them. The results he carefully noted down in his tablet, and after some time spent in calculation, and referring to what appeared to be a cabbalistic script or key to his solutions, he again urged the rajah to forgo the augury. On the rajah insisting, the priest handed him a written paper, which stated that his wife, the ranee, would give birth to a son, and die in so doing. The rajah would live for years, but die before his son; the son would inherit the rank and state of rajah, and at the age of twenty-one he would lose all his power and state, and meet with a violent death. This prediction impressed Colonel Maitland at the time, but moving to another part of India, he thought no more about it.

The priest's prophecies were fulfilled in every particular. The ranee died in giving birth to her son, who succeeded on his father's death to the rajahship. In 1857—the new rajah was then twenty-one—the Indian Mutiny broke out; he rose against the British, was defeated, debased from his rank and state, and sentenced to death. Now Colonel Maitland, who had been the friend of the old rajah, had at this time powerful influence with the Indian Government authorities, and was able to get the young chief's sentence altered to imprisonment for life in a fortress. This would look as though the spell were broken in his case. Alas! while the captive was being marched through the gates of his prison fortress a British soldier forming one of the escort stumbled and fell, his rifle exploded, and the bullet killed the young rajah. Thus the prediction was fulfilled in every particular.

The second case also concerned a Brahman priest, and was well known throughout India. The capital city of Bhurtpoor—in which is the rajah's palace—is strongly fortified, and defended by thick mud walls, which rendered it impervious to round-shot gun-fire, and being also surrounded by a deep moat, connected to, and filled from, a neighbouring lake, was considered to be impregnable. The priest, in olden times, foretold that 'a white crocodile will come from the west and drink up the waters of the great fortress, but not till then shall it cease to be impregnable.' General Viscount Combermere took command of the Indian forces in 1826, and attacked the great moated fortress of Bhurtpoor. In order to take it he had first to cut off the connection of the moat with the lake, and then to drain off the water in the moat, when the fortress was stormed and taken by the British troops. Now the name 'Combermere' closely resembles a Hindoo word meaning 'crocodile,' and his lordship was, of course, 'a white *crocodile* from the west!'

III.

George Borrow, who wrote *An Account of the Gypsies*, relates the following, for the truth of which he vouches. While in Madrid in the spring of 1838 he was thrown into prison for distributing Bibles; and here he was attended by his Basque servant, Francisco, a good-humoured fellow of immense strength. In ten days they were released, and returned to their lodgings. Here they were visited by a man who had forced

himself upon Borrow's acquaintance some time before his imprisonment, and in consequence of his ferocious habits of speech, and his incessant demands for wine, had become exceedingly disagreeable. According to his own account, he was a gypsy, by the mother's side; his name was Chaleco, and he was a captain on half-pay in the service of Donna Isabella, whose uniform he wore. He had received a shot through the lungs, as he said himself, which occasioned him the most horrible fits of coughing; and his whole manner was incoherent and insane. In age he was about fifty, with thin flaxen hair. His eyes were small and, like ferrets', red and fiery; his complexion like a brick, dull red, spotted with purple. Such was the person who called on Borrow after his release from prison. He sat the whole evening smoking and drinking wine, which he ordered from a tavern on Borrow's account; and when the last bottle was finished he asked for more. Told in a gentle manner that he had drunk enough, he looked on the ground for some time, then slowly and somewhat hesitatingly drew his sword and laid it on the table.

'It was become dark,' says Borrow. 'I was not afraid of the fellow, but I wished to avoid anything unpleasant. I called to Francisco to bring lights, and obeying a sign which I made him, he sat down at the table. The gypsy glared fiercely upon him; Francisco laughed, and began with great glee to talk in Basque, of which the gypsy knew not a word. The gypsy was incensed, and forgetting the language which for the last hour he had himself been speaking, complained to Francisco of his rudeness in speaking any tongue but Castilian. The Basque replied with a loud *carcajada*, and slightly touched the gypsy on the knee. The latter sprang up, and, retreating a few steps, made a desperate lunge at Francisco. Now the Basques—next to the Pasiegos—are the best cudgel-players in the world. Francisco held in his hand part of a broomstick which he had broken in the stable, from whence he had just ascended. With the swiftness of lightning he foiled the stroke of Chaleco, and in another moment, with a dexterous blow, struck the sword out of his hand and sent it ringing against the wall. The gypsy resumed his seat and his cigar. He occasionally looked at the Basque. His glances were at first atrocious, but presently changed their expression, and appeared to become prying and eagerly curious. He at last arose, picked up his sword, sheathed it, and walked slowly to the door. There he stopped, turned round, advanced close to Francisco, and looked him steadfastly in the face. "My good fellow," he said, "I am a gypsy, and can read *baji*. Do you know where you will be at this time to-morrow?" Then, laughing like a hyena, he departed, and I never saw him again. At that time on the morrow Francisco was on his death-bed. He had caught the jail-fever, which had long raged in the Carcel de la Corte, where I was imprisoned.'

Sir John Dalyell relates that in 1660 the Marquis of Argyle was playing bowls with a party of gentlemen he was entertaining at his castle. One of the gentlemen became pale, and said to those about him, 'Bless me, what is that I see—my lord with his head off, and his shoulders full of blood!' The marquis was executed not long afterwards. Mr John Cameron, minister of Lochend, foretold the rout of Bothwell Bridge. Maria Theresa, the great Empress of Austria, died 29th November 1780. Cagliostro—by mysterious knowledge—publicly announced her death in Paris five days before the express messenger from Vienna arrived with the official tidings.

IV.

The seer's visions are not records of cases seen, or felt, in sleep, but deal in events in which the observer is fully awake. The seer of the Ticonderoga vision was Major Duncan Campbell, of Inverawe. This famous event may, or may not, have been a sleep vision. It occurred at Inverawe, Argyleshire. Mrs Campbell, of Dunstaffnage, whose great-grand-aunt was married to the seer, says: 'I leave the "Ticonderoga vision" alone, except to say that it is no common ghost-story, but a distinct appearance, which occurred three times to one individual.' The story of the foretelling and the fulfilment of the vision (now an old tale in the Western Highlands), briefly recounted, is as follows. In the summer of 1755 a Campbell, who was foster-brother to Inverawe, was murdered by a Macniven. The murderer fled and sought sanctuary at the hands of the chief of Inverawe, who, not knowing of his clansman's death, pledged his word for Macniven's safety. He hid him in a cave—unknown to others—at the base of Ben Cruachan, and although he was furious when afterwards informed of the crime, still, as a Highlander having pledged his word, he aided, successfully, the criminal to escape from his pursuers. As the chief lay in bed by the side of his wife in the Oak Room in the old house of Inverawe, he was twice warned by a spectre not to shield the murderer. On the first visit the spectre told him, 'The blood of the murderer must flow.' Inverawe taking no action, the spectre appeared a second time, and said, 'We meet once more at Ticonderoga!' The wife's sleep was not disturbed until after the vision had passed. The chief's first words to his wife were, 'Where is it?' (that is, Ticonderoga). At the time of the incident it is only reasonable to believe that neither the seer nor any one else living in that remote Highland district had ever heard of such a place as Ticonderoga. In 1756 war broke out between the French and the British in Canada; Montcalm, the French Governor-

General of Canada, took Ticonderoga from the British. He altered its name to St Louis, and built a fort there to defend it. In 1758 General Abercromby made an unsuccessful attack on the fortress, and among the attacking troops was embodied the 42nd Regiment, which had been sent out with others from home to aid the British forces. Major Duncan Campbell, of Inverawe, was major in the 42nd Regiment, in which his son also held an ensign's commission. The battle was fought on 10th July 1758, when the seer met his death. His last words to Colonel Grant (the colonel of his own regiment) were, 'I have seen him. This is Ticonderoga!'*

Quite recently the English newspapers, referring to the elevation to the peerage of Colonel Stewart Mackenzie, of Brahan Castle, Ross-shire, gave a short account of the 'Doom of Seaforth,' foretold by the clan (Mackenzie) seer—the end of the great race of chiefs of his clan—'Great Earls of the North, Lords of Lochcarron, Glenshiel, and Seaforth.' The last earl of the original line—'the last Caberfeidh'— died 11th January 1815, and as Scott says in his 'Lament' over the chief of the Seaforths:

> Of the line of Fitzgerald remains not a male
> To bear the proud name of the chief of Kintail.

Although the prophecy has been recorded in a few books on Highland lore, and has been known for generations throughout the Highlands, still the incident appears to be little known generally. The brief notice given in the English newspapers attracted great attention, and as the seer—known as the Brahan seer—is considered the greatest of all the seers recorded in Highland history, we may be pardoned for briefly alluding to the prophecy as verbally handed down from sire to son, and as an old story of sufficient interest to be retold, for at the time of its fulfilment, in 1815, it was the theme of the press throughout the country.†

v.

Coinneach Odhar—that is, Dun Kenneth of the Clan Mackenzie—was known throughout the Highlands as the Brahan seer. The seer, though a native of the Western Isles, dwelt under the shadow of his chief's residence, Brahan Castle (1630–1678), and was, on account of his gift of prophecy, a favoured clansman of the chief and his family. The seer's prophetic revelations are not only wonderful to relate, but were fulfilled in a remarkable way generations after his death. The following three prophecies have never been questioned, and were common talk round the clansmen's peat-fires throughout the Highlands for ages before their fulfilment.

(1) 'Wooden mares with hempen bridles will pass through the heart of the Highlands from sea to sea.' This, of course, foretold the making of the Caledonian Canal (constructed 1803–1823), which admitted the passage of sailing-ships from Inverness to Fort William—that is, from 'sea to sea.'

(2) 'There will be an earthquake when the seventh bridge spans the Ness.' The completion of the seventh bridge over the river Ness happened within the memory of people still living, who well remember the violent earthquake-shock which took place in Inverness, as predicted. The alarm was so serious that people left their houses and gathered in the open spaces for safety.

(3) 'The Doom of the Seaforths.' It was at the time of the third earl's chieftainship (he died in 1678) that the doom of the Seaforths was predicted by the clan seer. The earl was absent on a visit to Paris. The countess, his wife (reputed to be a passionate, evil-minded woman), remained at home. Wearying for her lord, suspicious and anxious as to the cause of his prolonged absence, she summoned the seer to her presence, and commanded him to tell the cause of the chief's delay in returning to her. The seer's predictions reflected on the chief's constancy to herself, which so infuriated her that she ordered him to be burned to death as a wizard. This sentence was duly carried out at Chanonry Point, in the Black Isle, Ross-shire. It was while undergoing this fiery ordeal that he foretold the doom and end of the great chiefs of his clan.

Mr R. Bain, author of *History of Ross*, gives the following account of the prophecy of the Brahan seer, known in Ross-shire as 'The Doom of the House of Kintail': 'I see a chief, the last of his house, both deaf and dumb. He will be the father of four fair sons, all of whom he will follow to the tomb. He shall live careworn and die mourning, knowing that the honours of his house are to be extinguished for ever, and that no future chief of the Mackenzies shall rule in Kintail. After lamenting over the last and most promising of his sons, he himself shall sink into the grave, and the remnant of his possessions shall be inherited by a white-coifed lassie from the East, and she shall kill her sister. As a sign by which it shall be known that these things are coming to pass, there shall be four great lairds in the days of the last Seaforth (Gairloch, Chisholm, Grant, and Raasay), one of whom shall be buck-toothed, the second hare-lipped, the third half-witted, and the fourth a stammerer. Seaforth, when he looks round and sees them, may know that his sons are doomed to death, and that his broad lands shall pass away to the stranger, and that his line shall come to an end.'

Lockhart says: 'It connected the fall of the house of Mackenzie not only with the appearance

* Abercromby's forces knew the place only as St Louis. The town is situated on the north end of Lake George, New York State. It became U.S. territory during the War of Independence in 1776, and is still known by the name Ticonderoga.

† See *Edinburgh Review*, January 1815.

of a "Deaf Caberfeidh," but with the contemporaneous appearance of various different physical misfortunes in several of the other great Highland chiefs, all of which are said to have actually occurred within the memory of the generation which has not yet passed away.' The father (and chief) was Governor of Barbados when he became totally deaf; his speech gradually left him. His four sons died before him. 'His last and most promising son' was a talented youth, and Member of Parliament for his native county. His eldest daughter, Lady Hood, widow of Admiral Hood, came home from India, on her father's death, to inherit the estates, as 'Heir of the line of Kintail'—hence the 'white-coifed lassie from the East.' This lady was the innocent cause of her sister's death in a carriage accident in 1833. She was driving a pair of spirited ponies, near Brahan Castle, when she lost control of the animals, the carriage overturned, and her younger sister, the Honourable Caroline Mackenzie, died from the injuries she received. So, although she did not 'kill her sister,' her responsibility for restraint of the ponies has still a strong bearing on the authenticity of the seer's forebodings. With regard to 'the remnant of his possessions,' a large portion of the estate has been sold, including the island of Lewis—a principality in itself,—&c.; so it may be truly said that the 'Doom of the Seaforths' has been most tragically fulfilled in every particular as foretold by the seer's mysterious prescience.

LIGHT AND SHADE ON THE NORTH PACIFIC.

By Charles E. Alford.

I.

WRITING of Vancouver Island in a recent number of the *Journal*, I endeavoured to portray the beauty of its little bays and creeks, and the strange and varied forms of life to be met with on their shores. In the present article I propose to take the reader farther afield, and to describe, so far as is humanly possible, that wonderland of reefs and islets which lies in the centre of the Gulf of Georgia, between the two cities of Vancouver and Victoria, and which may justly claim to be one of the most beautiful sea-passages in the world.

Known locally as the Gulf Islands, and to mariners as the 'inside passage,' this little archipelago, forming, as it does, a link in the mighty chain that binds East to West, possesses an importance quite apart from its scenic beauty. Vessels of all descriptions, and from every corner of the earth, may be seen threading their way through its silvery channels, from the humble 'wind-jammer,' laden with lumber from the great North-West, to the mighty ocean flier, with gleaming decks and great yellow smoke-stacks, bound for the Orient with His Majesty's mails.

But the deck of a steamer, even should we be lucky enough to pass the islands during the hours of daylight, affords us at the best but a fleeting glimpse of their beauty. All but the smallest vessels must of necessity choose the wider channels; and it is amid the backwaters, with their tiny fir-clad islets and jagged reefs, where dwell the guillemots, the puffins, and other feathered folk, that we see the islands in all their loveliness. For this purpose a launch is indispensable; in some of the narrower passes the tide races like a mill-stream, and a good 'beamy' boat, with plenty of power, is an absolute necessity. With a launch, moreover, we may be quite independent; for, having loaded our craft with a week's provisions, we may drift from one fairyland to another as the spirit moves us, always sure of a snug anchorage, and free to choose whether we shall sleep aboard, or row ashore and pitch our tent beneath the cool shade of some forest giant.

Many happy days have I spent cruising amid these lovely waters; and though it is difficult—well-nigh impossible—to convey by any written words the glorious sense of freedom, the atmosphere of peace and restfulness that comes to one in these wild regions, I trust that the following rough impressions of a day spent amongst the islands may afford the reader at least some vague idea of their beauty.

My objective on this occasion is one of a little group of islets lying almost in the centre of the gulf, and entirely uninhabited, save by the sea-birds and other feathered friends of mine who make the wilderness their home. On the south side of the islet, and nestling beneath the shadow of a rocky headland, a little creek of clear, deep water offers not only a splendid anchorage for small craft such as *Diana*, but a smooth, sandy beach, convenient for landing. In the background, and rising abruptly from the beach, a low rocky cliff, studded here and there with stunted firs, shuts in the creek on three sides, the whole looking from the sea like some miniature amphitheatre. 'Kingfisher Creek' I call it, after a pair of these delightful birds who make it their home, and whose constant presence lends to this wild spot an added touch of beauty.

This, then, is the goal I have in view when I start the engine of the good ship *Diana*, and glide into the dim haze of an August daybreak.

II.

It is an eerie feeling, I always think, to be astir at dawn. Even amid the woodlands

when one tramples roughly through the dew-laden herbage, thoughtlessly scattering the little silver drops that have settled so gently, so noiselessly, upon each slender grass-blade during the soft hours of night, one cannot help feeling something of a vandal. I am no less conscious of the feeling on this occasion; and as *Diana* ploughs through the thick white vapour, popping and gurgling and churning the sleeping waters with her vile propeller, I almost feel that I should stop the engine and wait until Nature shows some sign of wakefulness. I decide, however, to push on, being careful to keep well in to the shore until the fog lifts sufficiently for me to take my bearings.

It is a strange experience, groping one's way through a sea-fog in a tiny boat, and one not without danger in these parts, owing to the drift-wood from the lumber-mills that floats about in the water, frequently beneath the surface. Such obstructions are not easy to see even in clear weather; in a thick sea-mist it is more than ever necessary to keep a sharp look-out. For some time we throb along, encountering nothing more alarming than a flock of grebes—and shadowy, ghostly little creatures they look as they scatter in the haze, and dive like sea-witches beneath the surface. But a moment later something black and horribly rock-like looms through the mist only a few yards ahead, and for an instant my heart stands still; but even as I swing over the helm I realise that the object is neither a rock nor a floating tree, but the whiskered head of a seal regarding me with wide-eyed astonishment. These handsome beasts are very numerous in the Gulf of Georgia, and will frequently cruise around the boat for a long while without displaying any trace of fear. But on this occasion there is no time for friendly exchanges—already *Diana's* bows are almost upon him—and with a splash he disappears from view.

And now the sleepy world at last shows signs of stirring; shoals of tiny wavelets come scudding over the sea; and, driven by the freshening breeze, the thick white blanket of the fog curls slowly upward. In a moment, as it seems, the sea has changed from gray to blue; a warm glow spreads over the waters, and the great red orb, blazing into incandescence, bursts through the haze in a flood of golden sunbeams. On my left—to the westward—the wooded shores of Vancouver Island show up through the wisps of vapour, warm and green against the blue of summer skies; and to the eastward little groups of islets, thickly wooded, and chains of low rocky ridges lie before me, quivering in the heat-haze. Viewed from a distance, it is difficult to imagine how even the smallest craft can navigate these narrow reaches; but approaching nearer, the little silver gaps between the reefs gradually open out, and I am soon gliding through the calm waters of a sheltered channel, scarcely broader than a country lane, that winds and twists in the most fascinating manner between the islands. Not a ripple flecks the surface—it gleams just like a sheet of polished silver, reflecting in perfect detail each little islet as it flashes by. Here, too, the sea-birds find a safe retreat. Gulls, with snow-white breasts and yellow bills, cluster on the reefs, screaming shrilly; flocks of black guillemots, with pretty bright-red legs and white wing-patches, paddle hurriedly away or rise from the water with rapid wing-beats; others, more daring, wait until *Diana* is almost upon them, then vanish with a splash beneath the surface. At intervals along the shore staid old herons, looking wondrous wise, stand by the water's edge in silent meditation.

Amid such surroundings the human element seems strangely out of place, and as *Diana* thumps and gurgles through the tranquil water, causing the sea-fowl to scatter in all directions, and the gulls to wheel and circle overhead, I cannot help thinking how fearsome man must seem to these wild, harmless creatures.

What little breeze there was has now died down, and the heat becomes almost tropical; yet when I trail my fingers in the sea the water feels icy. This is one of the peculiarities of the Gulf of Georgia, due, I believe, to the cold torrents that flow into its waters from the snow-clad peaks of the Olympics. Naturally enough, it causes no little surprise to strangers—especially to those who, lured by the ideal bathing-beaches and glorious sunshine, plunge for the first time into its chilly depths.

III.

Once clear of the islands, my course lies across the open waters of the gulf—a straight run of about five miles. This last stage of my journey is perhaps the most beautiful of all; for I am able to watch the coming of night, with all its wondrous pageantry of colour, as the sun sinks in a golden blaze towards the mountains, flooding the calm surface of the sea with soft rainbow hues of mauve and blue and opal.

And so *Diana* thuds along, whilst the world grows dim, and the mauves and opals fade, and the waters blush red in the crimson afterglow.

Dusk falls quickly in the North Pacific, and night is fast settling on the world when I swing *Diana* beneath the shadow of the headland, and glide into the still waters of Kingfisher Creek. Switching off the engine, I clamber for'ard in order to choose a good spot for anchoring before she loses way; and as I stand peering ahead into the shadows, it almost seems that I have passed into some spirit realm, so dark and sepulchral does this little creek appear after all the light and colour of the world outside. The stillness is death-like; there is something funereal, too, in those black, sullen waters, as

they gleam and glisten in the last silver rays of twilight. Even the anchor-chain rattles like dead men's bones.

Climbing into the dinghy, I row ashore and sit down on the beach—and listen. Though the silence is intense, the world is not entirely hushed. For the shadows have a language of their own; and to me there is no more delightful experience than to sit alone, amid the calm of a summer's evening, and listen to the soft whisperings of the night.

Somewhere far out on the dim waters a fish splashes; a crab scuttles amongst the rocks, almost at my feet; and on the bank behind, the drip, drip, drip of moisture from the overhanging firs beats dismally on the sands below.

There are moments in our lives, especially when we are quite alone, when some strange influence—something we can neither see nor define—will stir us more deeply than all the outward painted loveliness of the things around us. It is an influence we cannot control; it just comes; sometimes, indeed, we are hardly conscious of its presence. As to whether it possesses man alone amongst living creatures is still, I think, a debatable point. Science tells us that dumb animals have no souls; but on this subject those who love Nature and understand her quaint ways prefer to keep an open mind. For there are some things beyond the ken even of the scientist. Many times has this strange force held me in its grip; but to-night, as I sit on this shadowy beach, it permeates my very soul. I shudder; not from fear, but from utter helplessness. Alone in the wilderness, face to face with the mighty forces of Nature, mere man seems such a paltry atom. And I feel so horribly alone. Picking myself up, I make my way down the soft sandy slope towards the dinghy; and as I do so a small, shadowy object, that I have no time to identify, skims past me on noiseless wings and vanishes in the gloaming. 'An owl,' think I, 'or a nighthawk;' for surely no other bird would be abroad at this late hour. But a moment later a wild laughing cry comes echoing over the dark waters—a cry so familiar that I could not mistake it amongst a thousand bird-sounds; it is the call of the belted kingfisher. Scrambling into the dinghy, I pull for the launch, and as I draw alongside yet another peal of merry laughter greets my ears; and there, peeping down at me from the very top of *Diana's* mast, his feathers puffed out, his crest all a-bristle, sits my little angler, looking, in the shadows, so ethereal, so sylph-like, he might almost be the spirit of the creek. Here, at last, is another living creature! and, what is more, a friend. For the kingfisher will only very rarely forsake his ancestral fishing-grounds; and I have no doubt that my little visitor is the same delightful bird whose acquaintance I made when I came to this spot a year ago.

IV.

We speak lightly of 'the lower animals'; but, after all, is the human animal such a very superior being? Do not these 'lower animals' breathe the same air as ourselves? Are they not fashioned by the same Master-hand? Certain it is they add infinitely more to the beauty of the world they dwell in. Their emotions, too, are no less deep and beautiful than our own; their parental instincts no less tender. In the matter of brain-power they are not, it is true, so perfectly wrought as is the human machine; yet, despite our intellectual superiority, I doubt if even the wildest beast can be more brutish than man.

But to those who live in the wilderness there are no 'lower animals.' Indeed, the folk of the wild are their only neighbours, and without the birds and beasts the loneliness of these desolate regions would be almost past bearing. For solitude plays havoc with the stoutest nerves, and in the backwoods there are moments when the companionship even of a mouse is welcome. Folk at home may smile, but the man 'out West' will understand.

And so it is with this little bird. To me, in this lonely spot, he is not a 'lower animal,' but just another living creature, and a far more welcome companion than many human animals I know.

Having refreshed the inner man, and made everything fast for the night, I take one last peep to make sure that my little shipmate is still aboard. In the darkness so small an object is difficult to see; but there is still something at the top of the mast, and though the figure looks, against the spangled sky, more like a fluffed-out ball than a living bird, that is good enough for me. And as I stand up there in the bows surveying the night, the whole universe seems to have changed in one short hour from grave to gay. No longer does the creek seem drear and lonesome. A glorious freshness fills the air; the stars twinkle with unwonted brightness; and the waters, lapping against the timbers, gurgle merrily. Somewhere along the shore a screech-owl hoots; and low down in the western sky a round, jovial-faced moon peeps above the horizon.

Though my watch tells me it is time for bed, the prospect of sleeping in a stuffy cabin on such a night as this is unthinkable. So I fetch a couple of blankets, and wrapping these round me, curl up in the cockpit beneath the stars. And as I lie, half-awake, half-dreaming, my thoughts wander to that great aggressive world beyond the seas; and I think of man, with all his greed and villainy, his hates and passions, his utter selfishness; and of life, with its vain ambitions, its awful inconsistencies, its empty, mocking honours. And then I think of that little sleeping bird, enthroned up there amid the grandeur of the North Pacific night.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

'STOPPING' DECAYED TREES.

IT will surprise most of our readers to learn that decay in living trees can be prevented from spreading by a filling of concrete, the process bearing some resemblance to the 'stopping' of decayed teeth. According to the *Times Trade Supplement*, concrete has been extensively used for this purpose in California and other parts of America, and it has been tried in this country by the Parks Department of the Cardiff City Council. After the removal of all rotten matter, the edges of the bark and the sapwood are treated with a solution of shellac, and the cavity is sterilised with creosote and then coated with tar or asphalt paint. Nails driven into the wood, with their heads left protruding, serve, as it were, as pegs to hold the concrete, which consists of 1 part of cement to 2½ parts of sand mixed to a rather stiff mass. The concrete having been placed in position and tamped well in, the surface is rendered flush with the bark and painted the same colour, when the filling scarcely shows.

DESTRUCTORS FOR HOUSEHOLD REFUSE.

Every one will agree in condemning the dust-cart which collects the refuse from the household dust-bin; but until recently no one has been able to suggest any practicable alternative. Since the war dust-bins have been emptied during business hours, when the streets are full of people, and dust-bearing, noxious germs are blown on to passers-by. In many towns and cities the refuse after collection is burnt in destructors, and this, although not always the least costly, is undoubtedly the best method for its disposal. Small destructors are now available which will burn the refuse from country houses, hotels, schools, hospitals, and other institutions. Both garden and household refuse is dealt with, and provided that there is enough material to keep the destructor alight, accumulations of rotting animal and vegetable matter are entirely avoided. Each destructor is fitted with a grate, a furnace door, an ashpit door, a feed lid, and a chimney. The small models, which are made for five hundredweight and half-a-ton per ten-hour day respectively, are triangular in shape, and are built up of cast-iron plates. Each is held together, like a barrel, by two steel rings. The body being smaller at the top than at the bottom, these rings are knocked down until they fit tight. By simply knocking the rings up again the destructor can be taken to pieces for easy transport. The feed lid at the top is supported on a lever, the end of which is a ring round the chimney. By raising the lever the lid is lifted, and can be swung to one side. Larger rectangular models are built of brick, the corners being strengthened by vertical cast-iron angle pieces, which are held, the one to the other, by horizontal bolts. For the larger models the feed lid is hinged, and is balanced by a weight, the cord for which runs over a pulley on the chimney. In all cases the chimney passes well down into the destructor; consequently when the lid is opened the smoke is drawn downwards, and does not escape. The brick type is made with capacities of ¼, ½, 1, and 2 tons per ten-hour day. Once the fire is lit these destructors require very little attention. An advantage they possess for the destruction of garden refuse is that all weeds are thoroughly burnt, which is seldom the case in a bonfire. The ash has a considerable manurial value for gardens.

A NOVEL FOLDING-CHAIR.

Excellent as is the canvas folding-chair, it has, like other articles, been found to offer scope for improvement. Modifications recently introduced enable the occupant, by merely moving his legs, to place his body in any position between sitting nearly upright and reclining at full length. The basis of the contrivance is a camp-stool. To the rear end is pivoted a back high enough to take a cushion for the head; a piece of canvas which forms the seat and the back extends from the front bar of the stool to the bar at the top of the back. Pivoted to the front of the stool is a frame carrying a foot and leg rest, the side bars of which extend above the stool to be pivoted to horizontal arms. The back ends of the arms are pivoted to the sides of the back, and the arms, the upper extension of the foot-rest frame, and the back below the arm-pivots form a parallelogram. Consequently the foot-rest frame and the back move together, and always remain parallel. If the legs are straightened by raising the feet towards the horizontal, the back is thereby lowered, and a reclining position is reached. The arrangement is well balanced, and the body remains in any desired position without any effort to keep it there. These chairs are made of hard wood with metal joints, and they are fitted with green Willesden canvas. A stop is provided which limits the reclining position to the stage before it becomes quite horizontal. The pivoted joints allow of folding the chairs into a small space. It is well made, and will support a person of even more than average weight with perfect safety.

A WATER STAIRCASE.

A big demand exists for all kinds of appliances for raising water. For country districts at home, and for 'up-country' abroad, simplicity and automatic working, if not absolutely essential, offer great advantages. These requirements

are well met by a device, lately invented, which is now being placed on the market. It is worked by a stream or river where a few feet of 'fall' or difference of level are available. At a height half-way between the high level or 'head' and the low level, usually known as the 'tail-race,' is fixed a closed tank, called the 'operating chamber.' From the bottom of this chamber an outlet pipe curves round and is carried almost up to the head level, whence it curves over and downwards, to terminate in an outlet valve. Another pipe from the bottom of the operating chamber is in the form of a U with one leg extended upwards to the head water. In this pipe is a shut-off cock which is so linked up with the outlet valve that when one is open the other is closed. At the same distance above the head level as the operating chamber is below it is another closed tank, while an open tank is fixed at another equal step farther up. A pipe connects the head water to the top of the closed tank above it, while from the bottom of this tank a pipe delivers into the open tank a stage higher. There is also an air pipe from the top of the operating chamber to the top of the closed tank above it. The apparatus works as follows: If we assume that the shut-off cock is open and the outlet valve is closed, water will flow from the head into the operating chamber until it is full. If the cock is now closed and the outlet valve opened, the water will flow out of the operating chamber, leaving a partial vacuum behind it. To fill this vacuum, air is drawn into the chamber from the upper closed tank (with which it is connected, as we saw, by an air pipe), thus reducing the air-pressure in the upper closed tank, and causing water to be sucked up into it from the head through the pipe already mentioned. This operation is known as the suction-stroke, and raises the water one step. The cock is now opened again and the valve closed, with the result that the operating chamber fills up from the head, and the air in it is compressed and driven back into the closed tank, where it forces out the water into the open tank above. This is the pressure-stroke, which lifts the water another step. Any number of open and closed tanks alternating, the one above the other, may be used, but the capacity of the operating chamber must always equal that of all the closed tanks. Consequently the higher the lift the more water is used for pumping that which is raised, and while theoretically the water may be raised to any conceivable height by this method, in practice the height reached is governed by this consideration. It may be added that the pumped water need not be part of the working stream. A dirty river may be used to raise pure well water. The outlet valve and the cock are so arranged as to be worked automatically by the stream; hence the pumping proceeds continuously without attention. The pipes between the tanks are in U form, so that there is always a water seal of sufficient depth to prevent the entry of air on the suction-stroke or the loss of air on the pressure-stroke. A high percentage of efficiency is obtainable, and the costs of operation are *nil*. One of these appliances is raising water from the river Wandle at Carshalton. It works on a fall of 7½ feet, and lifts the water to 20 feet above the low level. The apparatus may be constructed of any materials that can be made water-tight, and may be on a huge scale for irrigation purposes, or quite small for domestic supplies.

A TEN-YEAR CLOCK.

Electric clocks have been with us for years, and where it is found desirable to synchronise a number of timepieces from one master-clock they have proved very useful. The separate electric clock with its own battery is not so satisfactory, although the mechanism is exceedingly simple. Until recently, at any rate so far as electric clocks procurable in this country are concerned, the periods of running without attention have been comparatively short. There has now, however, been introduced into this country a French electric clock which will run for ten years. The clock consists of a polished wood base upon which is mounted a hollow, polished brass cylinder. Supported from the top of the cylinder are the clock mechanism and the dial, from which the pendulum hangs down in the usual manner. The 'bob' of the pendulum consists of a fine, silk-covered wire coil, such as is used on a medical magneto from which one may obtain shocks when the handle is turned. Through the middle of the coil is a steel bar magnet, along which the coil travels to and fro as the pendulum swings. There is a ¼-inch clearance all round between the inside of the coil and the bar, and the latter is, of course, curved so as to form the arc of a circle having the point of suspension of the pendulum as its centre. A short distance down from this point of suspension is a tiny lever, pivoted in the centre, which normally hangs vertically, being held in this position by a fine spiral spring. A fork at the top of the lever is faced on one side with a piece of hard silver, and on the other with a piece of fibre which is an electrical insulator. A pin projecting horizontally from the stalk of the pendulum engages with this fork as the pendulum swings, pushing the lever over against the spring, first to one side and then to the other. To do this it pushes against the silver one way and against the fibre in the opposite direction. Inside the hollow brass cylinder already mentioned is a very simple form of battery, which can be taken out or inserted after swinging aside a sheet-metal cover under the wood base. The negative terminal of the battery is connected to the pendulum at

the top and through the stalk to one end of the coil at the bottom. The other end of the coil is connected to a brass rod which passes up to the horizontal pin that works the lever, this pin being insulated from the stalk. The pivot upon which the lever works is connected to the positive terminal of the battery, and when the pin touches the silver pad on the lever fork current passes down the brass rod, through the coil, and back to the negative terminal of the battery through the stalk of the pendulum. Now the curved bar through the coil is a permanent magnet, with a north pole in the middle, and a south pole at each end. The current passing through the coil causes it to be repelled by the north pole and attracted by the south pole; therefore it moves along the curved magnetic bar towards one end. When near the end of its journey the pin moves off the silver pad, contact is broken, and the coil, ceasing to be a magnet, swings back and moves to the other end of the bar. But on the backward swing it pushes over the lever by the fibre pad on the other prong of the fork; hence no electrical contact is made until the second swing begins. The lever operates a very delicate escapement, which in turn works the clock. A very interesting feature is that when the pendulum is swinging, it generates its own current, like a magneto, and only an infinitesimal amount is taken from the battery to overcome the very slight friction. Another remarkable point is that the clock starts itself, and cannot be stopped so long as the battery wires are connected. The dial and mechanism are enclosed in a domed glass cover which is so closely fitted on the wood base as to be dustproof. The clock is guaranteed for ten years.

'GOLF FOR BEGINNERS.'

It was the general opinion of the British golfers who took part in this year's test-match against the United States that the American golfer practises putting far more assiduously than does his British *confrère*, and that if this country is to hold its own in future contests much more attention must be devoted to this part of the game. In his recent book, *Golf for Beginners*, published by Messrs C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., Major Guy Campbell is equally emphatic as to the value of putting, characterising it as the most important part of the game, and contending that every kind of shot is based upon the action proper to the correct holing of a short putt. Accordingly he reverses the usual order of procedure, and instead of first teaching the novice how to drive, he instructs him, with the help of useful diagrams, how to hit the putt truly. Proceeding next to iron play, the author recommends the beginner to play the ball off smooth sand, as this medium reveals faults in hitting more clearly than turf does. This, it is interesting to learn, was the method adopted by Harry Vardon when he taught himself golf on the Jersey sands. Wooden-club play is dealt with last; and valuable hints on boots and clothing, the choice and care of clubs, and a chapter on course construction and green-keeping round off a volume which will be found exceedingly serviceable not only to the tyro, but also to the ambitious golfer who wishes to become a 'scratch' or a 'plus' man. To aid the latter in achieving his desires, it may be added that a ball has recently been put on the market which, when truly hit, carries some twenty or twenty-five yards farther than any ball we have previously tried.

AN INGENIOUS TOASTING-FORK.

To judge by the number and variety of the toasting-forks already on the market, it would seem almost impossible that a new model should be forthcoming. We have recently tested one, however, which has distinctly novel and useful features. Enclosed in the handle is an extension-rod, and the head holding the prongs is attached to this by means of a pair of links, which permit it to be moved to any angle in two planes at right angles to each other. The result is that the article being toasted can be held either in front of the fire or at any angle over it, as the state of the fire dictates, with perfect ease and comfort to the person engaged in the operation, who may sit quite away from the fire, on *either* side of it or in front of it, at will. Except for the prongs, which, for hygienic reasons, are of steel, the appliance is made entirely of brass; it is well finished, and is put up in a cardboard box ready for despatch, say, as a Christmas present.

AN OIL STOVE WITH A SPIRIT-LAMP FLAME.

Oil stoves still figure prominently among the new devices which are constantly being placed on the market, the aim of the inventors being to produce a perfectly satisfactory, silent, blue-flame burner of high calorific value which is at once safe, economical, and convenient for domestic use. These aims are closely approached in a wick stove that has lately been brought out. The essential parts are a brass or iron container, a circular wick made of interwoven cotton and asbestos, a cone of special design which fits over the wick, and a chimney with a double layer of fine brass gauze at the top. To light the stove, the chimney and cone are screwed upwards, away from the wick, by revolving the chimney; a match is applied to the wick and then to the vapour escaping at the top of the chimney. The chimney is then slowly lowered until a blue bunsen flame is obtained, this flame being increased or reduced as the chimney is raised or lowered. The action of the cone is to force the flame down the wick until only a small ring of flame is maintained at its base. This

flame imparts sufficient heat to the wick to enable a constant stream of vapour to rise from the upper exposed portion. As the vapour rises it is mixed with air coming through a series of holes open to the atmosphere, and then, passing up the chimney, the two come off in the form of a perfectly combustible mixture. The chimney is of steel with polished brass rings, thus, with the polished brass container, giving the stove a handsome appearance. It will be noted that the flame impinges directly on to the oven or other cooking utensil that is being heated, as opposed to other wick stoves, in which the flame is at the bottom of the chimney. This should make for economy, as the chimney is comparatively cool; hence there is less loss from radiation before the heat reaches its objective than in the ordinary wick stove, in which the chimney is exceedingly hot, and the flame is usually some distance from the point of application. An oven, consisting of a steel frame with asbestos panels, forms part of the complete equipment. It measures 21½ inches by 18 inches by 12 inches, yet the stove gives out more than enough heat for all kinds of cooking operations. A large circular glass window in the oven door, which opens downward and is held by a single chain, enables the user to observe the cooking without letting in cold air. The flame of the stove impinges upon a plate at the bottom of the oven, and the hot gases pass in through openings, to escape eventually through holes at the sides of the oven, no smell or taste, however, being communicated to the food —even to bread toasted over the open flame. A boiling-plate is attached to one or both sides of the oven. Another item of the stove equipment is a hot-plate mounted on four legs. This is made in two sizes, for one or four vessels respectively. Both the oven and the hot-plates are finished in black-stove enamel, and the maximum consumption of fuel is said to be three-quarters of a pint in four hours.

THE HIGHEST WATER-POWER FALL IN THE WORLD.

Although Switzerland has no coal for working her factories, mountain streams and lakes offer an abundant supply of water-power which the enterprising and industrious Swiss have not been slow to utilise. A recently completed hydro-electric power-station at Fully, in the Rhone valley, is of especial interest from the fact that the fall between the headwater level and the tail-race below the turbines is the highest in the world, being no less than 5400 feet. This enormous fall gives a pressure at the turbines of well over a ton to the square inch, which demands great strength in the pipe-line, the turbines, and the valves. The main supply of water is drawn from Lake Fully, and flows through a steel pipe nearly three miles long to the power-house, thousands of feet below. With a bore of nearly 2 feet at the intake, the pipe, which is buried throughout its entire length, is reduced to about 20 inches half-way down. Each length in the lower section is drawn in one piece from a solid block of steel, and the thickness at the power-house, where the greatest pressure occurs, is 1⅝ inches. The water from a smaller lake some 500 feet below Lake Fully is very ingeniously utilised. It would, of course, be absurd to expect it to flow naturally into the pipes coming from Lake Fully, owing to the pressure due to the 500-feet fall between the two lakes. It could have been pumped up into Lake Fully, or a separate pipe could have been laid to the power-house, where the water could have been used in a separate turbine. To save the cost of piping for either of these plans, it was decided to *force* the water into the pipe (at the level of the smaller lake) against the pressure due to the 500-feet fall. This plan has the same result as would be effected by pumping the water into Lake Fully, and saves the cost of a long pipe. Four turbines are installed at the power-house, each capable of developing nearly 3000 horse-power. The Pelton wheel type of turbine is adopted. This is worked by a single jet of water, which impinges upon buckets fixed round the rim. Each wheel is about 11⅔ feet in diameter and runs at 500 revolutions a minute, while the weight is nearly 7 tons. The jet, which is about 1⅝ inches in diameter, issues with enormous force; in fact, so compact is the water that the jet cannot be broken by hitting it with a heavy steel bar, the bar bouncing off the stream as if it were a solid pillar. Space for a fifth turbine is provided in the power-house, as the supply of water is expected to be sufficient to develop nearly 15,000 horse-power continuously, and to last for fully forty-six days even if nothing is coming into the reservoirs. Other features of this hydro-electric power-station correspond very closely to those characteristic of similar undertakings. Full particulars may be found in *The Engineer*, from which journal the above-mentioned facts have been extracted.

***To Correspondents* who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (*a*) a reply post-card, or (*b*) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.**

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

For its return in case of ineligibility, a stamped and directed envelope (or postage-stamps) should accompany every manuscript.

To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal

EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

CONTENTS.

THE DELILAH OF THE MOMENT . .	By JOHN HASLETTE VAHEY	. PAGE 833
THE HORN	By HILTON BROWN . . .	" 854
LES MITRAILLEUSES: A STORY OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR . .	By ANDREW W. ARNOLD . .	" 862
A BALLET OF THE BACKWOODS . .	By LEWIS SPENCE . . .	" 874

CHRISTMAS 1922.

THE DELILAH OF THE MOMENT.

By JOHN HASLETTE VAHEY,

Author of *Johnnie Maddison, The Man Who Pulled the Strings,* &c.

CHAPTER I.

I.

THE gulls that flew screaming over the reef made spots of white against the blue of sea and sky; and, seen from the Pacific beyond, Bellard's house was just another spot of aching white. The pure note of its coral-built walls contrasted vividly against the background of the tropic grove—the massed green luxuriance of the breadfruit-trees, mammee-apple bushes, and palms, the opulent colouring setting out the little house like a brilliant pearl on a pad of green velvet.

Bellard sat on a long cane chair on his veranda, and his gray eyes were fixed dreamily on the heaving swell of the sea. They looked on it, but they did not see it; they penetrated beyond the regions of hot sun and warm ocean, and saw instead visions of a land where grayness sometimes reigned, and clouds mitigated the fierceness of the sun, and landscapes did not show in hot, hard definiteness day by day, but swam in a mistiness that softened and beautified, that was a refreshment and a romantic charm to eyes wearied with an eternal tropic panorama.

It was six years since he had left home. He remembered, as if it were only yesterday, the manner and the meaning of his going, but today his thoughts of it were shot through with triumph.

He had been nineteen then, and in love. He was still in love. He remembered the urge and impatience of his passion when it first seized him, when nothing seemed possible but to get married and be happy, without a moment's delay. How young he had been, how bitterly resentful of Mr Burgin's gentle smile, when he called upon him and told him that he wanted to marry Mary! The older man had not been rough or rude. Only, he continued to smile as he assured Bellard that at nineteen, with little money and no definite prospects, one is not of marriageable age.

'We must give time a chance,' he had said. 'Time is a wonderful chemist, my boy. Its reactions aren't always understood at first, but they come. Show me what you are, and we will talk of this again.'

Bellard's father was a small Devonshire squire. Taxes and expenses, a taste for sport without adequate means for indulging in it, left him rather helplessly on the borderland of genteel poverty. There was no real help to be had from him, so Bellard had gone to London to show what he was made of, and London within a year had shown him that he was not made for—

London. In a mad fit he had shipped as a steward on a big tramp, and left her at Sydney. In Sydney he had found himself one of thousands who clogged the wheels of a city that was already crowded with workless. He had drifted inland, been in the back-blocks, shearer, boundary-rider, gold-digger, and his own man again, within a space of two years. He saved a little, and lost it in a speculation; had the good fortune to stop a runaway horse, which carried a millionaire squatter's daughter, and became a protégé of the father.

The squatter died, and, contrary to custom, Bellard did not marry the woman whose life he had saved. She had never liked him, and she was fat, and ungenerous, and narrow-minded. But the dead squatter left him a thousand pounds in his will. Bellard laid it out in trade goods, went back to Sydney, and took passage in a tramp with his goods. The tramp was going nowhere—anywhere; so was Bellard. He had never done any trading; he did not know the islands. He thought the tramp might hit on one that looked hopeful. The skipper assured him that it would be all right. There was a proper island, not an atoll, that he knew of. No trader there, natives friendly, decent soil, plenty of fish.

So here Bellard had lived for four years, and for three he had flourished. Trade boomed; he was making money. A windfall came to him. The windfall was a dying man. He arrived in a ship's quarter-boat by himself, and he died a week after he arrived. Exposure and thirst had killed him. Bellard had tended him like a nurse, and the day when he 'went out' he gave Bellard a belt he wore, with a big leather pocket in it, filled with pearls neatly fitted into lined pill-boxes. There were fifteen big ones. Bellard protested. The other died, quite unostentatiously, while he listened to Bellard's protests.

Now Bellard meant to go home. The pearls were worth ten thousand; his trading had made a goodish bit. It was about this time that the tramp which had first brought him here paid her semi-annual call. Home and Mary! She wrote to him regularly, though he only got her letters in big batches. She was still full of hope in him, pride in him, love for him. At last he had justified himself. He tingled with joy when he took from his pocket a photo of her which had come with her last letter. She was prettier than ever, had developed into a beautiful girl. He laughed aloud with happiness.

He, too, had altered, but not for the worse. While not exactly handsome, he had an air of distinction, held himself well, walked with unconscious ease; his face, bronzed by the sun, was open, friendly; his eyes were gray, contemplative but humorous; his mouth was determined, but not hard. Physically he was a strong man, quick on his feet, able to endure above the common. Mary was no more likely to find flaws in him than he in her.

II.

The gulls suddenly drifted away from the reef beyond, crying plaintively. Bellard's eyes lost their dreamy look, and were concentrated on the reef-opening. The white of a sail appeared just beyond it, and he wondered that he had not seen it before. He lighted a cigar, and watched the whale-boat under this one white sail pass into the calmer waters protected by the coral barrier, and come towards the shore. There were two men in her. One handled the tiller; one conned the boat and stood in the bow. Bellard did not go down to them. His house was a landmark for every one to see. They knew where to come if they wanted him.

The sail came down suddenly, and the whale-boat, with some way on her, drifted inshore. When she pulled up in the shallow the man in the bow jumped over, knee-deep, with the painter. The other man came forward and joined him. They pulled the boat nearer in, hooked a small anchor into the beach, and came straight up towards the house, only pausing for a moment to glance at the quarter-boat in which Bellard's dead guest had reached the island.

He rose to welcome them as they approached the house. They were men of middle-age, with the look of frowsy seamen, hard-looking cases, their weather-beaten faces wreathed in smiles as they saw the solitary white man confronting them.

'Howdy, sir?' said one, in an American accent. 'Can we get eats around here?'

'Come up,' said Bellard; 'I'll see that one of my "boys" gets you grub. Sit down meanwhile, and have a smoke.'

'Thank you,' said the second man, in a voice that had once been cultured. 'Let me introduce ourselves, sir. My friend is called Bailey. My name is Hopstone. We are exploring, don't you know.'

'In a whale-boat?' said Bellard.

'In the best means at our disposal,' said Hopstone, sitting down and taking a cigar from Bellard's case. 'I once took a science degree, though I may not look like it. My friend here is not scientific. He is practical.'

The practical man laughed hoarsely. Bellard called for his native 'boy,' and, when he had appeared, gave him instructions to cook some food for the visitors. Then he returned to sit with them. He did not care for their appearance, or believe in their unlikely mission, but he was too fearless to get rattled by their coming, and his four years on the island had been so uneventful that he had already begun to believe that the Pacific needed no police.

'Doing well here, sir?' asked Hopstone. 'Trade, I suppose?'

'Pretty well,' said Bellard. 'I'm going home as soon as a steamer calls.'

[*Christmas Number.*

'Made your pile and going home? Oh, lucky Jim!' said the other. 'When are you and your mate expecting a steamer?'

'The *Memphis* ought to be round any time now,' said Bellard. 'But I haven't got a mate. That quarter-boat (I saw you looking at it as you came up) belonged to a pearler, now dead. He died here.'

'Was his name Higgins?' asked the American.

'I don't know what his name was. But he died here.'

'Higgins did pretty well,' said Hopstone quietly. 'He was carrying some pretty stuff when last heard of. Hard on him if he went out before he could handle the dough.'

Bellard looked at his feet. 'What was he—married man?'

'Much married,' said the other. 'He was an odd pearler, was Higgins. Used to get pearls with a knife.'

'You have to open oysters somehow,' said Bellard.

They chuckled. 'Higgins never did. He was fly and lazy. He let the other chaps do the getting, then breezed in and collared the stuff.'

'You mean he was a thief?'

'Oh, say, he wouldn't have called it that. We were looking for Higgins, really. We got fed-up with him at last. I suppose he didn't make you his heir, sir?'

Bellard coloured, but did not reply. He could feel their eyes on him, and he knew that they had guessed at it; he suspected that they were not so dull of wit as they looked.

'Because,' said Hopstone, 'Higgins took some off poor Jim Bates, and got away with it. We buried Jim, and we were naturally hankering to bury Higgins.'

'What was Higgins like?' asked Bellard, thrusting his hands into his pockets. 'Can you tell me that?'

'Tallish,' said Hopstone.

'Oh, only middlin',' put in the American, who had been watching Bellard's face; 'not tall really.'

'Round face, had he?' asked Bellard.

'Round enough, sir; that's it.'

'Brown hair, scar across his nose, squinted somewhat?'

'That's him to a hair. I guess you got it.'

Bellard looked about him. His chair was unfortunately placed so that Hopstone's came between him and the door of his house. He rose and stood against the wall.

'Excuse me a moment, gentlemen,' he said slowly; 'I'll go and see what's keeping that "boy" of mine.'

III.

Bellard was not trained in dissimulation. His visitors' hawk-eyes saw at once that they had made a mistake, that he had trapped them into endorsing a wrong description, and to the minds of both there leaped the obvious inference that Bellard was going in for a weapon.

'Stop!' said Hopstone.

He had taken a big navy revolver from his pocket, and was training it on Bellard's midriff. The American had got up, and, automatic in hand, was in the doorway. Bellard said nothing. He put up his hands. A fraction of a second is the time of a trigger-pull, and he would gain nothing yet by trying to out them.

'You're soft,' said the American, grinning. 'Wonder you haven't been turned inside-out before now. Lack of enterprise locally, I should say.'

'Pardon me, Bailey,' remarked Hopstone gently, 'I am better at explaining. Lucidity and brevity are always valuable. Now, Mr What's-your-name, this is a common or garden hold-up. We heard you were leaving for home. The reason was obvious. We have had the further pleasure of learning that a pearling gentleman came ashore here, and left you a legacy. No, you didn't say so, but you are transparent to a sharp eye. Very good. We have come for your money, and the pearls will be useful as well. What about it?'

Bellard shrugged. 'Find both—if you can. If you had given me a half-chance I should have fought you for it.'

'Science always eliminates chance,' said Hopstone. 'What about it? Take us to the stuff right away.'

'No,' said Bellard distinctly, 'I won't! You can shoot me if you like. I'm ruined anyway.'

The native 'boy' suddenly appeared at the door, saw the guns, and prepared to fly. The American stopped him. 'Stay right there, you nig!'

Hopstone smiled at Bellard. 'As a humane man you will hesitate to sacrifice your servants,' he said. 'Bailey, I'm going to time our friend. If he doesn't show some signs of humility at the end of thirty seconds, you will be good enough to send this coloured gent where the good niggers go.'

'Right!' said Bailey. 'He gets it in the neck all right if we don't get down to tin-tacks with his master.'

Bellard might have fumed and sworn, but he realised that this was no time for useless fury. The men meant business, and so long as he was unarmed he had not the ghost of a chance against them. He must suppress his anger and wait his chance.

He remained with his hands up, and began to tremble. If they could be brought to think that he was in an unholy state of fright, they might relax their vigilance. In a cardboard box on top of the little safe inside the house a loaded revolver lay handy. He would offer to open the safe, and once he had the weapon in his hands he was determined to chance it.

'Don't shoot the "boy,"' he stammered; 'I give in.'

Hopstone grinned. 'Well, Mr Cold Feet,' he said, 'you're wise. Go right in ahead of us, and show us where you keep the boodle.—Bailey, you watch that "boy."—Now, forward!'

Bellard walked into the house, his hands high above his head. Hopstone walked immediately behind him, the muzzle of his revolver pressing against Bellard's spine. As the latter went slowly into the room, Hopstone, with his free hand, drew a piece of thin rope from his pocket, looped in a bight. Bellard had not advanced half-way across the floor, when this loop fell over his arms, thrown deftly as a lasso, and settled about his waist. A jerk from Hopstone threw him off his balance, and he fell backwards. In an instant the man had knelt on him, and Bailey, driving the native 'boy' into a corner, sprang across and assisted his accomplice to tie Bellard neck and crop.

Still Bellard did not waste his breath in fuming and swearing. He had no chance against them yet. They would take the money, the pearls, and they would get off in their whale-boat. When they had embarked, some of the 'boys' would come in to release him; he could get arms, and he would follow them and fight it out. Sink or swim, he told himself, he would follow them or go under. Without arms he was as helpless as a baby.

'You're a sure-enough bonehead,' said Bailey when he rose again. 'You don't deserve to have any dough.—Hopstone, my son, do you see the dinky little safe he's gotten?'

Hopstone nodded. 'Quick's the word,' he said. 'The sooner we're away the better. Got that stuff on you?'

Bailey had. He was evidently an expert on safes. He dragged Bellard out on to the veranda again, returned to the safe, and fixed up an explosive charge. Bellard heard a crash. A few minutes later Hopstone and Bailey came out smiling.

'Sorry we can't stop longer,' said Hopstone. 'Duty calls us elsewhere. But we have our eye on you. Don't call out, or we 'll come back and make you quiet.'

Bellard said nothing. He was reserving his energy. They went on to the beach. He heard them getting out oars, heard the creaking of a boom. Then he called softly to the 'boy' inside.

IV.

The 'boy' came out, crawling on his face like a serpent. He was scared to death, but recovered himself a little when he saw that the whale-boat was already out in the lagoon. At an order from his master he went indoors again, and crawled back with a table-knife. He cut the ropes which bound Bellard, and Bellard sprang up and ran into the house.

The revolver had gone from the safe, which lay in fragments. A rifle which had stood in a corner was also gone. Bellard did not wait. Shouting to the 'boy' to run down to the quarter-boat and stay there, he dived for a godown near the house, disappeared inside, and appeared again with a Winchester and a box of cartridges. He joined the 'boy' three minutes later, carrying a few tins of canned stuff, and some breadfruit. Between them they dragged the quarter-boat down to the lagoon, and stepped the mast. Bellard worked like a man possessed. Looking up, he could see the whale-boat a mile out to sea, going under easy sail. The quarter-boat would be faster, and more easily handled. He was going to run them down.

Since the two men had exposed their purpose he had hardly spoken. He spoke little now, only telling the 'boy' that he might be away for a few days. Then the boat was launched; he climbed in, hoisted the lug-sail, and got out the oars. The rifle he had laid in the bows; he had opened the box of shells, and had some thirty arranged on the thwart. A slight breeze made violet ruffles on the sea, but he rowed steadily beyond the reef-opening before he abandoned the oars. The sail then caught the wind, and the quarter-boat went off before it smartly. The native 'boy' remained for a while on the beach. Bellard did not look back at him; sitting grimly at the tiller, he kept his eyes fixed on the speck of white sail that showed on the vast heaving bosom of the ocean.

For all his appearance of passive resignation, hell was in his heart. Six years he had worked for Mary, and now, on the very eve of his triumphant return, he had been robbed of all he possessed. But he was going to get them, or they were going to get him. He did not care if they had long-range arms; he only knew that he had a rifle now, and was going to fight for all that life held dear. The whale-boat had suddenly sailed into a calm patch. He could see her sails flapping idly, while his own little craft had caught a new puff of wind and was slipping smartly through the water. A bitter smile curled his lips. They had two miles' start of him, perhaps, and he meant to reserve his fire for three hundred yards, but at this rate he would soon be up with them.

He was a bare mile away, when a breeze darkened the water farther out. The whale-boat lifted to it; she forged ahead. It reached the quarter-boat after a minute or two, and she gained speed. Fastening the sheet for a moment, Bellard reached for his rifle. He wanted to try its extreme range, for it was not a high-velocity army weapon sighted up to two thousand yards. He elevated it somewhat and pulled the trigger. There was a splash about four hundred yards short of the other boat. He replaced the rifle, and settled again to the stern-chase. Five minutes later the water about

him became smooth; his lug-sail fell limp, flapping idly; the intense blue of the water became transparent, unruffled by even the lightest puff of air. He was momentarily becalmed, while the whale-boat still held on, drawing away from him rapidly.

He sprang to the thwart, after fixing the tiller, and began to row madly. It was a day of vagrant airs; alternating with calms, the wind came in streaks, patchy, inconstant. When it came to him again the whale-boat was between two and three miles away. Sweating with the exertion of rowing in that torrid sun, he resumed his place at the tiller. He had the better of it again. He drew up; the distance between the two boats lessened rapidly. Two hours later he found himself within a thousand yards of the whale-boat, and suddenly there came to him the sound of a quick detonation.

No, they had no rifle after all. A bullet struck the surface of the water midway between them. The automatic, thrown high, had driven it perhaps five hundred yards. Bellard smiled savagely. He meant to hang just out of range and pick them off. As a second report rang out, this time from Hopstone's navy revolver, he stretched forward again for his rifle, and fired. The bullet clipped the water fifty yards wide of the boat ahead.

One of the men had now disappeared; the other was bending low at the tiller. Bellard looked round. The island was already low down behind him, but the sun was still four hours from setting. The breeze held. The range was down to eight hundred yards now, then seven. He fired again, and the bullet hit the water and ricochetted clean over the whale-boat, making the steerer duck. Bellard brought down the sight a little, and fired again. A miss. Then out of the blue sky a tiny squall struck his boat. He had to drop his rifle and put the helm over. When he got her on a level keel again, he found that the whale-boat had gone about and crept in nearer. There were two puffs of smoke, two reports. Both weapons, pointed high, sent bullets splashing to each side of him. He let the quarter-boat fall away, and levelling his rifle again, fired thrice rapidly. A splinter flew from the whale-boat. She went about once more, and had drawn away a little before he could change course to follow.

Still he smiled grimly. He had them. Their pistols were not of much use unless they could get within close range. They could only hit him by chance. Now the wind had strengthened. Both boats moved quickly. He fired at intervals, and with his last shot he heard a faint cry.

He had wounded one of them. He gave a triumphant shout, and fired again. As he fired the wind went utterly, the quarter-boat slowed and yawed. The whale-boat still held the wind and drew off. It did not fall again out there until a mile and a half separated the two craft. Bellard could have cried with anger and disappointment. The two boats, as if on a painted ocean, lay becalmed. There was an extraordinary hot stillness. He had believed himself on the point of getting the men, and recovering his little fortune, when this cursed calm came to wreck his hopes. The sun, still hot, it is true, was working down. The low-lying island had sunk beneath the view. Soon it would be night.

v.

It occurred to Bellard suddenly that the men must have a rifle after all. They had taken that left by him in the living-room of his house. Why had they not used it? Were they waiting for him to come closer in, relying on the idea that they were armed only with pistols? Then the truth struck him. They had no ammunition. The rifle was a small-bore, high-velocity Mannlicher. He had time for these speculations as the boat idled in that unusual and tepid calm, impotent to attack the ruffians as if a hundred miles separated them. With the Mannlicher in his own hands he could have bombarded them, but the Winchester would require too high an elevation to make aiming anything but guesswork, and he could not afford to waste cartridges.

Suddenly the polished sea-floor began to undulate in long heaving waves, as if some huge sea-monster were pushing forward beneath the surface without breaking it, moving in regular advances so that the surface of the ocean moved with it rhythmically. The waters were sullenly leaden; the air became flat, stale, heavy to breathe. On the horizon a darkness was growing, a banded dun shadow seemed to be thrown upon it, and the sun had a coppery tinge.

Bellard felt that something was coming—it might be a storm. He had sunk now into a lethargy of mind and body. Nothing seemed to matter. He had been keyed up to the highest pitch of excitement and joy by the thought of his imminent home-going; by the thought of Mary, of love; by the immense relief of knowing that, after all these years, he had made good. To-day he had seen the hopes of years destroyed in an hour. He was a beggar, owning less than when he had first so hopefully set up his trading-station on the island. Mary had been a dream. The dream had passed. He had only one hope and one fear now—the hope that he might avenge himself upon the two scoundrels who had robbed him; the fear that darkness or the storm might snatch them out of his vengeful hands.

While he was still watching and thinking, the sun descended to the horizon, lit with a momentary flame that band of dun bound down on the rim of the sky, and sank. A few minutes of twilight, and then darkness came; the whale-boat was blotted out. He was alone on a heaving sea, in a well of darkness so profound

that he could not reach with his gaze even the bow of the little craft in which he sat. With a very bitter cry, he got on to the rowing-thwart and put out the oars. In that stillness he could hear a pair of oars splashing regularly. Only one man was rowing. Was the other dead, wounded? It was hard to say. But, following the sound, he rowed on like a madman. What of the storm if it came?

In that intolerable stillness, under a sky that was without stars, in that appalling gloom that folded in tepidly about him, he pulled on, his eyes glaring at nothing, his lips working. And always ahead of him came the regular beat of oars.

The whale-boat was heavy, heart-breaking to pull in. He had that advantage. But a start means a great deal, and Bellard knew it. His arms were aching, his back seemed to be broken, but his will drove him on. He meant never to give up. He would row till he caught them, or until his senses left him. A terrible joy ran through him when, after two hours' rowing, he heard the oars ahead falter now and then, slow in their rhythm. He knew that he was gaining. His ears, strained at their tensest, heard the plash ever more loudly. The man ahead knew it too. A flame split the dark ahead, as if to warn Bellard that a nearer approach might be dangerous.

He laughed unmirthfully, and tore at the oars with hands that were already blistered and painful. He was gaining, gaining—curse this darkness in which his enemies lay invisible, rangeless! But he hung on the trail of sound as a hound follows the fresh scent of a fox, and suddenly the men in the other boat seemed to realise it. The rower ceased rowing; the silence became profound, unbroken. Where were they in all that dark circle of the waters? Bellard swore violently, laid down his oars, and reached for his rifle. If he could draw their fire again, detect them by the flash! He trained his Winchester ahead and pulled trigger. Nothing answered him. The sea was dead silent: not a whisper, a chuckle, came to him from across the gloomy spaces. Bellard fired again, then sat down and buried his face in his hands.

VI.

How long he remained in that position he did not know. It might have been minutes or hours. Suddenly out of the fastnesses of the night something swooped upon the boat with a roar of triumph; in a second the lee gunwale was under, and water rushed in. Fortunately the sheet of the lug-sail was not fixed, the sail cracked like a whip-lash, and the stick was blown clean out of the quarter-boat before Bellard could spring to the weather side. She righted as she fell away, half-full of water. He got out his knife, opened it, hewed at the hamper that still remained fixed to the labouring boat. The storm was upon him in a moment. As he set himself to bail, a squall of rain lashed the boat from stem to stern.

The preservation of the boat was an inexplicable thing, a miracle. She was driven before the wind like a cockle-shell, Bellard trying to keep her from yawing, one hand on the tiller, while he did his best to bail with the other. His rifle had gone over when she careened. He was beaten by the rain, drenched, torn by the wind, buffeted and chilled to the bone; he found himself riding one moment on the crest of a huge breaker, then toppling as it seemed into a dark pit, while spray and spindrift thrashed across in eternal icy gusts. The wind shouted until he was almost deafened: multitudinous noises filled the heavens, that echoed to the screams of the wind, the thunder of the sea, the howling and hissing and crashing of contending elements. And in the midst of it the boat drove on, and Bellard bailed and steered without thought, without conscious effort, preserving himself only from instinct, an automaton abandoned to his despair.

Towards dawn the storm went down almost as suddenly as it had sprung up, and the sun, rising blood-red above the horizon, shone upon gray heaving waves, still mountainous and menacing, but no longer whipped by the thongs of the wind, hurrying sullenly one after the other to some unknown destination beyond the rim of the sky.

Bellard still sat huddled up at the tiller, his face sunk on his breast. The sun-rays striking upon him as day grew sent up steam from his waterlogged clothing, so that he sat in a mist of it. In the bottom of the boat a solitary oar rolled to and fro in the water, washing from side to side with each heave or roll. His rifle was gone; gone too his scanty stock of provisions. The whale-boat had utterly disappeared, driven on, like his own little craft, or incontinently swallowed up by the fierce sea.

Bellard waited for death. He no longer cared to live. His world had been swallowed up. He had no food, no water; the sun, gradually climbing into the sky, poured down upon him its burning rays. The salt crusted and dried on his garments; the warmth penetrated to his chilled frame at last, but without bringing any comfort. He no longer bailed. Why prolong the agony? Hope gone, life might go too. His plans had gone agley. Had he known what he knew now, he would have grappled with his assailants when they first confronted him with their purpose, and gone down fighting. The policy of caution had failed.

The boat drove on. The day passed. Night came. It was cooler, but already he began to feel the pangs of hunger, the tortures of thirst. Some of the water had dried out of the boat under the heat of the sun; the remainder rolled sluggishly in the bilge. The night dragged its

slow length along. Morning came again. The sea was almost calm, only the long heave of the swell disturbing its blue placidity. His tongue was swollen in his mouth; his eyes ached in the glare reflected from the mirror of the sea. He remained almost motionless on the thwart, and only straightened himself once to look about him and curse desperately because he had no means at hand to end his sufferings. Fortunately he had forgotten the knife which lay in the bottom of the boat, half-submerged, the blade red with rust.

He fell into a stupor broken by day-dreams. He could see Mary smiling at him from a vague distance, and across a gulf. He tried to pass over to her, and plunged into its infinite depths. He was with her in an English garden. The roses were about them; the air was full of their summer fragrance. Then a harsh wind blew out of the sky, the roses died, Mary vanished, leaving behind her on the ear a murmur of melancholy laughter. Again he was showing her a store of gold coins. She laughed with delight as he let them run through his fingers. Their burnished gold became suddenly dull; they were no more than discs of iron tinkling dismally one upon the other.

Sometimes he sank into sleep, to wake with a start to his agonies of hunger and thirst. Stupor supervened. His hand on the tiller relaxed; he sank on the seat. What a dreadful business was this of dying; so long, so interminably long! His soul swung in blackness; his body surrendered itself to passive immobility. The boat drifted on.

CHAPTER II.

I.

BELLARD awoke to the consciousness of a burning sensation on his tongue, his palate, his throat; to the feeling that he was held up by the arms. His legs felt dead; his chest constricted painfully. He heard voices murmuring, without sense, as if they had spoken in a foreign language.

'Chuck him in again,' said some one; 'he's through.'

'No,' said a second voice; 'I can't. He'll have his chance.'

'Chance? Another fool to quarrel with! Damn it, man! he'll be better dead than here.'

'I don't care,' said the first voice pettishly. 'He mayn't care for her. You can scrag him yourself if he heads that way.'

There were two men, and they had dragged Bellard out of the boat, and were administering first-aid to him on the outer reef of an atoll-island. The man who had spoken first was tall and weedy, not ill-looking, but with a weak mouth and pale-blue eyes. The other man, who had interceded for Bellard, was dark-haired, dark-eyed, of a Celtic type, better built than the other, with a face that was keen, vital, expressive.

Within the ring of the reef was a lagoon, and in the lagoon an islet, well wooded, green, a smiling oasis in the middle of the waters, a place of sweet seclusion bordered by its coral barrier, with the fringe of palms, washed by the translucent waters of the miniature sea. A faint plume of smoke rose from the islet, and streamed lazily up towards the blue unclouded sky.

The men lifted Bellard, crossed the reef, and laid him in a dinghy which floated on the edge of the lagoon. They climbed in after him, and one of them took the sculls and began to paddle. The stupor descended again on Bellard. The men landed on the islet, and carried him ashore. It was an irregularly shaped piece of land, in form something like a rough triangle, about one mile long, and almost three-quarters of a mile in the broadest part. Groves of plantains, of breadfruit, and a certain amount of bush hid from the sea three buildings built almost in the middle of the islet. One was a house, built, like Bellard's, with blocks of coral. The other buildings had obviously been godowns. A big grass hammock was slung on the veranda of the house, and in it a woman reclined.

She appeared to be asleep. The two men, Grain, who was tall and weedy, and Hughes, his companion, emerged from the screen of trees and turned their heads towards her curiously. They moved very softly, as if afraid of waking her, and carried Bellard into the farther godown, where they laid him on a heap of cotton cloth.

The woman in the hammock yawned slightly, stretching out her arms. Dressed in a graceful frock of thin tussore silk, which outlined her slender shape, with a mass of burnished golden hair, a pretty oval face, warmly coloured, with eyes of extraordinary depth and fineness, that now gazed languidly about her, she made a striking picture. That she was beautiful admitted of no doubt, but it was not an ordinary beauty of form and line; it was as well a beauty of intelligence and expression, a vivid and vital thing which is all too rare. As the men took Bellard into the godown she listened to their tiptoeing footsteps, and a smile curved her red mouth, a smile which was slightly cruel, slightly amused, which definitely stole from her face those soft traces that had come with sleep.

Marianne Coelho was the child of a mixed marriage, the father a Portuguese, the mother a native of Tahiti. Her mother had been a beautiful woman, her father a little monkey of a man, small, very dark, simian in face and gesture, but with some fascination about him for women that was inexplicable but undoubted.

The mother had died on the islet, and old Coelho had suddenly fallen into a state of senile decay, bordering on lunacy, so that he ceased to think of trading, and had begun to believe that he was King of the Pacific.

It is a serious thing to have a rifle and delusions at the same time. Coelho had commanded the few natives who lived on the islet to do things which no idle, self-respecting native will do. He shot eight out of hand, and the rest, terrified by the crazy old man, fled to the sea. He himself died a year later, solemnly drowning himself in the lagoon after he had made himself a crown of pearl-shell, and donned it with every ceremony. Marianne, who had been compelled to kneel down and do him homage, watched him go down to the beach without regret. It was impossible for a woman like Marianne to think of a monkey-like old man who was mad, and murdered people on occasion, as of a father. She had often shaken out her mane of golden hair, and laughed when she looked at her father's black, curled locks. It only occurred to her after he was gone that life alone on the islet might be inconvenient and laborious. The natives of neighbouring islands had decided that Coelho was devil-haunted. They never came near the place.

The tropics furnish easy food, but unvaried, unless one can cook. Marianne grew tired of raw plantain, breadfruit, and yam. She hated cooking; she was lazy as only a Tahitian can be; but she was a healthy young woman, with an excellent appetite, and she would soon have given her soul for a servant.

One thing kept her from descending to the level of the natives—her obvious beauty. She was inordinately vain. Her father had ordered clothes from Sydney two years before his death. They were such as any colonial lady might wear, and Marianne took as much trouble in her dressing each day as if she had received an invitation to a garden-party with the Governor-General.

II.

Hughes and Grain had come to the islet together in a pearling-lugger with a small crew of Kanakas. Marianne welcomed them, and they were delighted and amazed at the sight of this beauty flowering alone on an atoll-island, deserted save for herself. She invited them to her house. The lugger was anchored in the lagoon. Within a week the fast friends were enemies, and both were mad with love for the fascinating and wonderful woman whose guests they were. They forgot their pearling, forgot everything but the smiles of Marianne. For days they never went near their boat, but enjoyed a continuous and glorified picnic. Their Kanakas had an inspiration. The white fellows were under a spell cast by this cunning White-Mary. They were blind and deaf. Let them stay there for ever.

One morning they woke up to find the lugger gone.

They swore idly for a little, then put it from their minds. They had brought their small stock of pearls ashore. They now gave them to Marianne. She accepted them with joy, but she was rather more pleased with Hughes's offering, which included a pearl of the best pink colour. The next day, at risk of her life, she separated the two men, who were struggling to gain possession of a revolver.

They parted apparent friends, but the enmity was only hidden. She saw it, stole their weapons while they lay asleep, and threw them into the lagoon. She had her father's rifle, which she hid in the grove, and a small automatic with mother-o'-pearl butt, given her once by the skipper of a trading-schooner. This she carried hidden in her corsage.

It was not her intention to allow these two men to kill one another. They should be servants while their madness lasted, fetch and carry for her, amuse her in her lighter hours. It would be entertaining too, to see the moral struggle between them over the prize that she herself represented. Each should be in turn her protector and her disappointed lover. She would play them off against each other. Their worship ministered to her vanity, their love-making to the sensuous streak in her, an inheritance from her Tahitian mother.

'But you must be good,' she said to them, smiling. 'I have not made up my mind yet. When I do you shall know. Love is a great thing, as every one knows, and a woman has to protect herself.'

'Against whom, Marianne?' Hughes had asked, while Grain stood by, his eyes fixed with bitterness upon his former friend.

'Against herself, foolish one!' said Marianne, looking at him through her long curved lashes.

III.

So matters stood when Bellard was brought ashore. Marianne lived in the coral house; the two men slept each in a separate godown, and at night each barricaded his door. By day they worked for their fickle mistress, they waited upon her with the dumb devotion of spaniels, and so far she had not cast down the glove.

Her sharp ears now told her that the two men were walking together. This was unusual when they were not with her. She got up from the hammock, and went stealthily, with wonderful grace in her swift, gliding movements, towards the farther godown. She heard voices, and peeped in. She saw the two men bending over a body that lay in a corner.

'What is this?' she demanded in her silkiest voice, and took a step inwards. 'Is it something dead?'

They started and turned. Hughes, who was always the quicker with his tongue, explained.

[*Christmas Number.*

'A man we found driven ashore on the reef; that's what it is. He's still alive.'

Marianne advanced swiftly. Both men watched her like hawks, their jealous brains busy with questions, their minds full of suspicions. They saw her bend and look into Bellard's face, her eyes appraising, searching. Then with extraordinary rapidity she turned on them, before they could wipe from their faces the expressions of fear and anger mingled with doubt.

'He does not look handsome at the moment,' she said slowly, and saw how their faces brightened. 'Well, I suppose we must keep him here until he is well, and then let him go.'

'I said so,' observed Hughes. 'Grain wanted to chuck him in.'

'Perhaps he was right,' said Marianne softly. 'However, he is here. See to him, both of you. The sooner he is well, the sooner he can go.'

Grain laughed. 'We'll make him well quick enough,' he said.

Marianne smiled, shrugged, and tripping daintily from the godown, went back to her hammock. When she had first seen the prostrate man she had thought instinctively of nursing him. But his face was haggard with hunger, burned almost black by the sun; his hair was matted, his face unshaven. She did not want to touch him. Indeed, as she had half-hinted to the two men, she had thought it almost a pity that they had taken him from the boat and brought him here. There was no soul in the woman, only vanity, a love of admiration, an insatiable desire to see men at her feet, an indomitable idleness which forbade her to work when she had others to work for her.

The two men, utterly devoured by their passion for her, were not disillusioned or disappointed at her show of cruel callousness. To them she was a goddess. If they had any thought, it was one of relief that a possible rival had been dismissed with contempt. All that was sound and sweet in them had been gradually submerged and lost in their mad but hidden struggle for this beautiful and undeserving woman. Love had not brought the ideal to them, but, like the crop of dragons' teeth sown in the classic story, it had sprung up in armed thoughts, in rancorous jealousy. Bellard owed his recovery not so much to their compassion as to their desire to set him on his feet and get rid of him as soon as possible.

Marianne did not come near Bellard again. He recovered gradually, his strength coming back, unaccompanied, however, by an equal growth in his mental powers. His brain seemed weighed down by some incubus. He was aware that he was alive, but he was only dimly aware who he was, from where he had come. Hughes and Grain kept him away from the house when he was able to get out. They roused him early in the morning, and made him walk on the beach. Most of the day he was shut up in the godown. He accepted all these things with silent, or stupid, resignation. He spoke little to them, did not appear either grateful or the reverse, just neutral. He vegetated rather than lived, but daily he felt stronger; and at last there came to him an irrelevant but urgent desire to shave.

Grain had left a razor in the godown. Bellard felt his rough face, and frowned at the growth of beard. He took the razor. He had no soap, just some water. It was a painful operation, but he kept on determinedly, and found himself presently with a shaven but smarting face. He stretched out his arms. He had always been a strong man, but his muscles felt flaccid now. He began to exercise, staring straight before him with that pondering absent look which had come to be his constant expression.

Grain noticed the shaven appearance of the man, and was angry. 'What have you done with my razor, you fool?' he cried.

Bellard had hidden it. He stared in Grain's face, but did not reply.

Grain advanced on him passionately. 'Give it me at once!'

He raised his hand. Bellard put out a long arm and pushed him violently. He fell like a crumpled-up jack-knife, and rose, swearing but subdued. 'You'll have to clear out of this!'

'When you like,' said Bellard without emotion.

Grain went away to tell Hughes. 'The fellow isn't half bad-looking now,' he complained. 'We must get him away before she sees him.'

'To-morrow,' said Hughes, frowning, 'I'll make his boat ready. I was a fool, but that's soon remedied.'

IV.

They came to him quietly at five the next morning, and guided him down to the beach of the lagoon. The quarter-boat was there. They had piled provisions in the bow, and there was a beaker of water. Hughes had routed among the stores in his godown, and found a spar and a sprit-sail. He had rigged the boat with these, caulked one or two open seams, and seemed proud of his work. Bellard walked between them, his head in the air. He could never remember who he was for very long together, and he was trying to puzzle it out.

Up at the house Marianne was already stirring. In her idle way she had been watching Hughes and Grain the last day or two. She suspected something from their unusual association. What were they up to? The day before, through a pair of field-glasses, she had seen them doing something down at the lagoon; she had seen Grain slip down through the trees, carrying a spar. Curiosity spurred her to an unusual display of energy.

Bellard got into the boat. Grain and Hughes, for once united in an effort, prepared to push

her off. It was at this moment that they saw Bellard look over their heads, instead of taking his seat on the thwart. Grain's mouth fell open. He drew a deep breath, and cursed softly. Hughes turned, to see Marianne coming quickly down to them.

'Push, you fool!' he cried to his companion. 'Shove her—off—quick!'

Bellard remained standing, looking with surprise at the beautiful woman who advanced at a little run. Grain gave a half-hearted shove to the boat; Hughes, his back obstinately turned on Marianne, was driving with all his might.

'Stop!' cried Marianne, coming up breathless, panting, the colour high in her cheeks. 'What are you doing?'

Her eyes met Bellard's, and she smiled. Washed, shaven, more like the man he had been, she saw in him a very different being from the haggard, bearded creature fate had tossed up on the reef. He towered above Hughes, and was a full inch taller than Grain, with an air of distinction that both lacked. Contrasted with them he looked handsome, debonair. She continued to smile silently, and Bellard returned her gaze with interest, not unmixed with admiration.

'You said he was to go,' Grain observed just above his breath.

'I've changed my mind,' she said, her eyes still on the tall figure in the boat. Hughes dropped his hands, hunched his shoulders almost up to his ears, and left them. He strode back up the beach, and disappeared in the grove.

'You know you did!' said Grain aggrievedly.

'Won't you come ashore?' said she, ignoring him and addressing Bellard. 'I didn't know you were better. They never told me.'

Grain, too, went off. Bellard wrinkled his brows as if puzzled, then came to land. He paused before her, looking into her fine eyes.

'I didn't know,' he said—'I didn't know there was—any one on the island except—those!' He pointed up towards the grove.

'You were mistaken, you see,' said Marianne coquettishly. 'I wonder you agreed to go. It would be dangerous. You might not have been picked up. Who knows?'

'I didn't care,' said Bellard deliberately. 'I seem to have lost myself. I had a station somewhere.'

'Don't you even know your name? Mine is Marianne Coelho.'

'Yes, I know my name. It's Bellard. I'm confused, Miss Coelho, that's it. Yesterday I remembered what brought me here; but to-day it's gone.'

'Never mind,' she said soothingly. 'You are here, and you must stay for a little as my guest. You're not fit to go alone to sea. I expect they knew that; hoped you wouldn't get far.' She laughed a little. 'I'm glad I kept my eye upon them.'

'Those two men?' said Bellard. 'But why——?'

'There are reasons,' she said. 'But never mind that either. Won't you come up with me, and have some breakfast? I am dying of ennui. You can leave when you have really recovered your strength.'

Her voice was cooing, persuasive. Bellard was drawn to her. She seemed sympathetic: his eyes told him that her physical attractions would have outweighed even an unsympathetic attitude. It was true that he was not quite fit yet for exposure in an open boat, though he was many times better than when he was carried ashore.

'Thank you,' he said simply; 'I should like that. I sha'n't burden you very long. I must get on, you know, when I feel really fit.'

'Come, then,' said Marianne, and slipped her hand under his arm with an innocent gesture. 'My house is just inside the grove.'

v.

The warmth of her arm in his excited him strangely. The whole thing seemed like a dream. Who was she, this kind, fair woman: and who were the two men who had tried to hurry him away from the island?

'You live here, then?' he said. 'All alone?'

'In my house—yes. The two men live in the godowns. The tall one is Grain, and the other Hughes.'

'Are they your servants?'

She smiled enigmatically. 'You shall see—but here we are at my house. Will you sit on the veranda and smoke while I see if breakfast is ready?'

'Thank you—but I am afraid I have no tobacco,' he said, mounting the steps of the veranda with her, and sitting down with relief in a long cane chair.

'I forgot,' she said, beamed upon him, and disappeared into the house, to return with a box of cigarettes. 'Smoke, then, while I leave you for a few minutes.'

He took a cigarette quickly. She lighted and held a match for him, and he inhaled greedily. He sat there for a while smoking and thinking. It was years since he had seen a pretty white woman. There had been one other woman in his life. Who was she? It seemed very long ago, an incident in a confused and misty past. The cigarette soothed him; he took another, and lit it from the first. He did not know that Marianne's cooks were away in the sulks. Of late he had not thought of passing time. It did not seem to him long before Marianne returned, though she had been away half-an-hour.

Hughes had disappeared; but she had found Grain, and brought him back with her. He was the more cunning of the two, the more subtle. He made a virtue of submission, to

curry favour with the fickle Marianne, while he hoped to work out some plan for ousting the new-comer. In so doing he put Hughes in the wrong. He had two enemies now to combat, his former friend and Bellard. Plunged in despair, he assumed a face of careless good-humour, a mask covering seething passions. Had he had the means and the possibility of escaping suspicion, he would have poisoned Bellard with all the pleasure in the world. In his obsession he had lost sight of morals. But because he was a coward at heart he hesitated to revenge himself.

'The poor chap has had a regular doing,' he told Marianne. 'Bless you, I don't mind cooking for him. Hughes, now, would refuse. Hughes doesn't forget things. I wouldn't trust Hughes if he caught that fellow napping somewhere.'

Marianne smiled. 'I don't trust any one,' she said to herself carelessly. 'I'll shoot any one who interferes,' she added aloud.

Grain grinned in a sickly way. 'Who's going to? Dash it all, Marianne! no man with an eye in his head could quarrel with you.'

So Marianne and Bellard breakfasted together. She talked to him gaily the while, exerting all her feminine arts to ensnare his heart, to awaken in him a fire which she could fan into a blaze. 'You don't know how lonely I've been,' she said presently, taking a cigarette. 'To be here with two jealous fools is worse than being alone. You've seen for yourself what kind of fellows they are. I don't feel safe with them.'

'Don't you?' He could not take his eyes off her now. 'Why, as to that, I am here now, and I can see that they don't do you any harm.'

'But how long?' she asked, sighing, and looking at him with her melting eyes. 'You will go. I cannot try to keep you.'

Bellard frowned. Go where? It was quite true that he thought of going somewhere, but he was fogged again, and little doubts began to creep into his mind. Why not stay on here?

'I feel myself so safe with you,' she went on. 'Yes, absolutely safe. I trusted you the moment I saw you in the boat. We women know a man at once. We don't reason; we know. How I wish you could stay!'

'No, no,' said Bellard, fidgeting, 'I can't do that. There is something I ought to do. But while I'm here I'll keep an eye on these fellows.'

She volunteered presently to show him the islet, and took his arm as they set out. Again he was conscious of that strange feeling of emotion, but he said nothing. They strolled over the islet, and Marianne extolled its advantages to him. 'If only I had some native servants,' she said. 'It is impossible to do one's own work in a climate like this.'

'Who does it?'

'Oh, look!' She directed his attention to a large bird that was soaring without a wing-beat above the tops of the trees. 'What would one give to fly like that, away from this place, away to some sanctuary where no one could come?'

'She's beautiful,' said Bellard to himself. 'She's an extraordinarily fine woman.'

'But one can't fly,' added Marianne sorrowfully. 'I bore you, my friend, with my imaginings. Let us return.'

CHAPTER III.

I.

IT was Marianne's habit to take a siesta after the midday meal, and to this she made no exception. After he had eaten another meal, Bellard took some cigarettes, a box of matches, and strolled down to the beach. He sat down on the white, glistening sand, and watched a tiny white cloud float slowly across the blue sky.

The desire to remain here, to settle down, was strong in him. It was a pain to explore for traces of the past. Why not abandon the effort, take what the gods had sent him? The meaning of the woman's glances had been plain even to him. She had voluntarily abandoned for him the two men who lived with her on the island. She was afraid of them, and needed protection. The thought grew and expanded.

The sound of a slight cough made him start and look round. He saw, standing just behind him, with an air half-apologetic, half-friendly, the tall, thin man called Grain. 'I was sitting thinking,' he said; 'I didn't hear you come up.'

Grain rubbed his hands together nervously, then sat down beside Bellard on the sand. 'A beautiful place this,' he murmured. 'Regular Garden of Eden, when you come to think of it.'

'Without the serpent,' said Bellard slowly.

Grain chuckled. 'As to that, I shouldn't be so sure, if I were you. I suspect there is one, if the truth were told, and dangerous too.'

Bellard said nothing. He smoked and looked out to sea.

'Hughes,' said Grain, his eyelids flickering a little—'Hughes seems to have a grudge against you. That wouldn't matter with some men, but Hughes is different. I should be afraid for myself if Hughes had a grudge against me.'

'Ah!' interjected Bellard.

'And what's it all about?' continued the other hastily. 'The fool thinks Marianne has fallen in love with you. He thinks you'll cut him out. Why shouldn't you, eh? Damn it all! she's a fine woman, and she has a right to choose as she wants to. Petty, I call it.'

'I am going away presently,' said Bellard indifferently.

'Not you! You don't know her. She's got her eye on you. She likes you. I don't

wonder, if you don't mind my saying so. Hughes wanted to chuck you in when we found you. I didn't! I liked your looks. I can't stand these black-a-vised, passionate fellows. Give me a man who looks at you open and frank.'

Bellard gazed at him wonderingly. What was the fellow getting at? Why all this flapdoodle about liking him, about Hughes, about his chances with Marianne? The beggar was so shifty about it all. 'I'm not afraid of the man you call Hughes.'

Grain shrugged. 'I'm not an alarmist, old chap, but I tell you that I've kept my own door locked at nights since Hughes got the idea that Marianne had taken a fancy to me. Me! A weedy fellow like me! He ought to know better, but he won't see reason; he's as obstinate as a pig. Take my tip and look out. He hasn't got a gun, but he took that knife out of your boat, and he'll do the dirty on you unless you're careful.'

'What for?' asked Bellard irritably. 'Why, I've done him no harm.'

'You've cut him out with Marianne. . . . Look here, we're both in the same boat. He's quite capable of getting us both some night if we don't look out. Frankly, I'm nervous. The man's a public danger. You aren't safe unless you cut and run, or——'

'Or?' said Bellard coldly.

'Come in with me. Why not? Why not? I'm in earnest. He'll do us both in one of these days, unless we can get him away. If you'd help me, we could fix him up safe, stick him in your boat, and make him push out to sea—safer, far safer—why not?'

He was quivering with anxiety and excitement, his pale-blue eyes ablaze. Bellard had a shudder of disgust. He got up. 'Do your own dirty work!' he said violently.

Grain's jaw dropped. 'Oh, come! It's for you as well as me. We won't do him any harm; we——'

Bellard walked away, only pausing for a moment to speak over his shoulder. 'I'm not afraid of Hughes, nor of you. I don't want your sneaking help. No, I refuse it!'

Grain remained for a few moments, looking down at his feet. 'I could kill him!' he said, under his breath. 'Sneak, am I? By George! I hope Hughes will knock him out. I'll sound him. The brute sha'n't put on his high-and-mighty airs with me.'

He walked away, wringing his hands, his mouth one thin, hard line.

II.

Bellard had turned up towards the house. Marianne, soft-eyed from sleep, sat up in her hammock, and welcomed him in her cooing voice. 'I dreamed of you—actually!' she said.

The spell of her beauty lay over Bellard. He drew up his chair beside her hammock and looked into her eyes. Grain had filled him with a new contempt for the two men of the island. Threaten him, would they? He'd show them that he was his own man, and would do as he liked. 'I am honoured,' he said softly. 'I wish I could dream of you. That would be the happiest of all dreams.'

Her soft palm answered the pressure of his fingers. 'Would it? Would it really? But am I not as good as a dream?' Her eyes sparkled mischievously. 'At least I should not vanish when you awoke.'

Grain came suddenly up, before Bellard could answer. He was smiling indulgently, as at two children, and seated himself carelessly on the veranda rail, reaching for a cigarette from a box which stood on a little table.

'Glorious day, isn't it?' he said, as Marianne withdrew her hand and flashed at him a look of anger.

'What a discoverer you are!' she replied pettishly. 'It is the kind of day we have most of the year. Pray do not strain your brain to platitudes like that.'

Bellard got up and strolled away. He had absent moments like this still, when he felt himself divorced from his surroundings. He seemed unaware of Marianne's surprised glance, of Grain's smile of triumph, as he went down the steps and began to walk in the grove. He went on, sunk in thought. Marianne had no part in these thoughts. He had forgotten her as completely as if she had not existed. He came to the end of the grove and went on. Presently he was in sight of a promontory of jagged coral that jutted out into the lagoon. A dark figure stood there already, staring out to sea. It was Hughes.

Bellard woke from his reverie. Here was the other man, the man who was reputed dangerous. He walked up to him slowly, and Hughes turned upon him a look of frank dislike.

'Come to make friends, I suppose?' he said with a sneer. 'Well, I don't want your friendship. You can go to Grain for that. He'll lick your boots and cut your throat in the same breath. The sooner you are off the island the better it will please me.'

Bellard shrugged. 'Then I stay!' he said slowly. 'This morning I didn't care if I went or stayed. Now I do.'

His mind, as the result of his sufferings in the boat, had taken on a new pugnacity. He was more irritable, more easily inflamed. A childish obstinacy became part of his new attitude to life. For the time being he had lost his sense of humour, and instead of smiling at the futility of these two men, who had completely embittered their lives in a struggle over a worthless woman, he took them seriously, and was enraged by the threats of one and the underhand proposals of the other.

'All right,' said Hughes, his eyes snapping. 'I've warned you. Leave Marianne alone, or I'm going after you. What do you want, anyway, butting in here?'

Bellard turned his back on him and returned to the house. But Marianne was not to be seen; only Grain still sat on the veranda rail, smoking and staring before him. Bellard was going to pass without a word, when the man smiled at him and spoke.

'Can't you take a joke, eh?' He forced a grin as he said it. 'Why, bless you! I don't care what you do. My luck is out. I haven't the ghost of a chance with her, and I'd sooner see her with you than with Hughes.'

'I don't care for either of you,' said Bellard obstinately. 'I'm here now, and I shall do as I please. If it pleases me to talk to Miss Coelho, I shall; and if I don't want to, I sha'n't.'

'Where are you going to sleep?' asked Grain irrelevantly. 'I have the one godown, and Hughes the other. I'm not making any reflections on your pluck, but I wouldn't sleep in Hughes's shack for all the world. You'd sleep too dashed well.'

Bellard looked at him moodily. It is a question if he really understood the danger he stood in. He was not normal at this moment. Out of the disturbance of his mind there had been evolved a feeling that he was invincible; that he stood above the world of common men—remote, untouchable, and commanding.

'Leave me alone!' he said suddenly. 'I don't want to speak to you. You seem to me a very loathly beast, if you want to know.'

'Perhaps you prefer Hughes?' said Grain, with a deadly slow smile. Bellard sat down in the cane chair and began to smoke. Grain also sat still and watched him for a few minutes; then he got up and went away through the grove.

III.

For all her arts, her beauty, her bewitchment, Marianne found it difficult completely to subjugate Bellard. At one moment he would seem ardent, excited, responsive to her provocative tendernesses; then suddenly he would fall into a reverie, and when he awakened from it he would treat her as if she were almost a stranger. They sat together all that evening in the star-lit blue dark. She exerted all her arts, and Bellard wavered between a passionate attention and an abstracted silence that was intensely irritating to the woman who sought to weave her spells about him.

He rose at last, threw away a half-smoked cigarette, and yawned. She winced, then smiled temptingly. 'Where are you going?'

'To sleep somewhere,' he replied indifferently.

'I can find you a room in the house,' she said. 'My father had a camp-bed. I don't trust either of the other two. They are dangerous—Hughes especially. It is only because both were here that I felt safe. If one had gone I should have died of fright.'

'I am not afraid—of any one,' said Bellard. 'I shall not sleep in the house, thank you.'

He was already going. She grasped him by the arm. 'Don't be foolish! Stay. I want you to stay.'

He laughed shortly. 'We shall see later on.'

He went away from her down the steps, and walked deliberately to Hughes's godown. Hughes sat there. Bellard could see glowing in the open doorway the tip of the man's cigarette. He walked up to him and into the godown with a lofty air.

'Come out!' said Hughes sharply. 'What are you up to?'

'I'm going to sleep here,' said Bellard stiffly. 'There's room for us both.'

Hughes said nothing. He was too surprised to speak. He saw Bellard pass farther into the gloom of the godown, and heard him turning over some trade cottons, as if making a bed for himself.

Hughes sat on. He smoked four cigarettes in succession; then, with the utmost deliberation, took from his pocket the clasp-knife he had found in the bottom of the quarter-boat. The blade was no longer rusty. He had sharpened it to a razor-edge on the coral. The sound of even but heavy breathing came to him from the shades beyond as he felt the edge with his thumb, his brows drawn down in a frown.

Presently he got a kerosene-lamp, and lighted it. He put the knife, open, in his pocket, and, holding the light at the height of his shoulder, advanced softly to where Bellard lay. The man was sleeping soundly; his chest heaved regularly. Hughes, his eyes bright and hard, looked at him thoughtfully.

His fingers closed on the handle of the knife in his pocket. He took it out. A slight shudder passed over his frame, and the hand which held the knife trembled. Bellard still slept; even the yellow lamp-rays which fell upon his face produced no more than a slight flicker of the eyelids. Even sunk in sleep, helpless, unconscious, unmoving, he seemed to defy Hughes, as if he wielded some mysterious power that made him invulnerable and secure.

Hughes began to tremble all over. A look of pain was in his eyes, strangely mingled with a look of baffled fury, of self-contempt. He looked upwards, his teeth set, his right hand rigid on the horn of the knife, stood for a moment without motion, then dropped the knife into his pocket and swiftly left the godown.

IV.

Hughes knocked at the other godown door, and Grain came to him after a moment, his face full of suspicion and fear. Hughes faced him like a man in a dream. 'I couldn't do it—not that

way!' he said, shivering. 'In a scrap—yes, but not that way.'

Grain's eyes lighted up. 'What! Where is he?'

'Sleeping in my godown,' said Hughes heavily. 'Curse him! Why didn't he sleep out? It would have been different then, but under my own roof, so to speak——'

'You fool!' said Grain. 'You're the one who's always talking about grit. You wouldn't cook for him. Oh no! You wouldn't have any truck with him. All you wanted to do was to out him. And now you get your chance, and you come shivering to me.'

'He's crazy,' said the other quickly. 'He doesn't look an ordinary man. I was within arm's length of him. I had the knife in my hand, and I couldn't do it. By George, Grain! he looked as if he was laughing at me in his sleep.'

Grain smiled bitterly. 'That's the silly, imaginative Celt in you. Full of superstition you are—bogles, fairies, and what not. You make me sick.'

Hughes took him by the shoulder. 'That's enough. I'll put you out if I have any of your back-talk. We've got to get him. We've got to go in together over this. Don't waste time talking of what I might have done. If you have any ideas, let's hear them.'

Grain lighted a cigarette. 'All right. Now you talk. Have you looked at the fellow? He isn't broad really, but he's strong as a bull. He's all muscle and sinew. I know the sort. Neither you nor I could stand up to him for five minutes. Only he hasn't arms.'

'And that's not all. Marianne's got a gun. She would shoot. I'm sure of it. No use croaking this chap if it upsets our apple-cart with her.'

'It's upset anyway if he stays here. She's mad about him already. We'd better chance our arm, and take what comes, than sit here like a pair of babies and watch him make love to her. But it won't do for one of us to tackle him. In the first place, we might come off worst, and if one of us did get through, Marianne wouldn't look at him after it. So the one who did the work wouldn't get the pay. We must both be in it, or none.'

'Right. I see that. We'll call a truce till we get him out of the way. Look here, Grain, I'll lock up my godown to-morrow night. He'll have to sleep out. When he's well over we'll rush him together, tie him up, and get him to the boat again. But this time we'll tie on the dinghy to the quarter-boat, take him well out to sea, then row back. We'll have a couple of hefty clubs, if he shows fight. We'll rush him from either side at the same time.'

'That's a brain-wave,' said Grain. He smiled to himself in the dark. It occurred to him that when Hughes gave the signal to rush Bellard he himself would remain passive. He didn't care which killed the other, and Marianne wouldn't blame him if Hughes won. 'We'll fix it that way. Meet me to-morrow morning down by the point, and we'll plan it out.'

V.

Bellard went up to the house for breakfast. Marianne was wearing a new frock. Her dewy eyes were full of fascination and solicitude. She took a grip on him again. His senses responded to the call of her witchery. Hughes and Grain turned up for breakfast. They smiled at him in a friendly way, and Bellard took no notice of them. He flirted openly with Marianne, arrogantly ignoring the rivals as if they were servants or automata. After breakfast he took her out in the dinghy to row about the lagoon. She sat in the stern, trailing one slim hand in the water, her eyes looking down through the blue translucencies to the coral groves below, where vivid fish flaunted their colour among the coral caves.

'I hardly slept all night,' she said once. 'I was afraid for you. I wanted to get up and see if you were safe. You cannot understand how relieved I was when I saw you this morning.'

Bellard, the new Bellard, smiled scornfully. 'Hughes? Why, I'll make him clean my boots presently. By Jove! I will.'

'You slept there—actually slept. Oh, how brave you are!'

'Of course I slept. I'm got going to take his orders. I meant to show him how little I thought of him.'

'But he might have killed you.'

Bellard laughed. It was not a normal healthy laugh. 'Ho! He came to where I was sleeping. I think he had a knife in his hand. I could see the glow of his lamp through my eyelids. I could have laughed as I lay there.'

Marianne went white. It never occurred to her that, in his present condition, Bellard was not wholly sane. He was not insane, it is true, but his mind had not yet recovered its nice balance. He was in one of those curious, intermediate mental states that may pass into madness, or vanish without leaving any traces to remind one of the temporary disorder.

'I'll shoot him if he threatens you!'

Bellard drew in his sculls and looked at her. 'You're very beautiful this morning, Marianne,' he said slowly. 'I could imagine a man risking his all for you.'

She blushed a little, and her glance was very sweet as she replied. 'It is better that he hasn't any need to do it,' she cooed. 'But if you are speaking the truth, please take care of yourself for my sake.'

'For my own. I'm not one of those weak-kneed people who worry about others.'

'Promise me you'll sleep in the house to-night.'

'No, I won't promise that. I sha'n't hide behind your skirts. But I won't go to Hughes again. He knows now that I don't care a jot for him and his threats.'

VI.

Hughes and Grain, sick with fury, watched them all that day. When evening came the two sat together on the veranda, their chairs near together, their faces close, their voices mingling in murmurs. Marianne exercised her full spell to-night, the spell of a Circe, without soul, ruthless in the pursuit of her own heady passions. In the warm night she leaned nearer and nearer to Bellard; her breath was on his cheek; her eyes glowed like stars.

Invisible to him, her lips were parted, her chin tilted upwards. Bellard, as if drawn to her by some compelling force, leaned to her, and their lips met. He drew her into his arms, felt her pant against him. Then something in him moved him to rigidity. He forgot the woman in his arms, was only conscious that he was confronted with the duty of solving immediately some tremendously difficult riddle. Who was he? What was he doing? Had he not felt something like this before, had some one in his arms, felt warm lips on his, heard soft murmurs that had enchanted him beyond speech? Where? When?

He rose suddenly, almost pushing Marianne from him. His eyes were gleaming with a strange light. She gave a little cry, and tried to hold him, but he slipped from her, crossed the veranda, and descended the steps like a sleep-walker. His tall, erect figure faded into the dark. The sound of his light footsteps could be heard moving down the grove. He went away with his unanswered questions. They echoed in the chambers of his brain. Marianne, sitting there on the veranda, was sobbing with humiliation and disappointment. And yet in her heart she yearned for this arrogant, abrupt man, who treated her as if she were a capricious child.

VII.

Grain and Hughes, standing in the shadow of the grove, were puzzled to know what had happened. They could hear Marianne sobbing, and that strange sound filled them with confusion. Grain was the first to recover himself. He whispered to his companion, 'They 've had a tiff. Ten to one he 'll lie out to-night. Let 's get those clubs and follow him.'

They went to Hughes's godown where they had placed their heavy sticks, and set out in the dark to trail Bellard. Soon they could smell the faint fragrance of tobacco. Moving as noiselessly as snakes, they found Bellard presently, sitting cross-legged in a clear space, his figure dark against the moonlight that bathed the island in silver light. Just beyond him a bush threw a small shadow. Hughes crawled behind it and lay still; Grain found shelter on the other side.

Bellard did not appear to have heard them. He remained quiescent, smoking and reflecting. Everything was very quiet now; the whisper of the ripples on the lagoon could be heard distinctly, the plash of a leaping silver fish driving a shoal of fry in bright spray before it. The whole island was a thing of frozen beauty in the moonlight; the graceful fronds of the palms were etched against the dark cobalt of the sky; the definite lace edges of the coral were like fretted borders on a blue cloth shot with silvery gleams; the sand beaches were white and glistening.

A single whistle was the signal agreed upon by the two men. At its sound they were to rush forward simultaneously, overcome or club Bellard, then tie him up and carry him to the boat. The signal was to be given by Grain.

An hour passed. Bellard suddenly moved, rolled over on his side, and, putting his arm under his head, appeared to compose himself for sleep. They waited another half-hour; then Hughes took a pebble from his pocket and threw it near the sleeping man. He did not stir. Hughes was tense with excitement, strung to the moment. As a thin whistle sounded across the space, he was on his feet and rushing furiously upon Bellard. The latter sprang miraculously to life a moment before Hughes was upon him, and rolling a yard to one side, evaded a smashing blow from the swung club. Grain had not emerged from his shelter. He remained there, grinning nervously.

The rush and the futile blow sent Hughes over. Bellard and he got simultaneously to their feet, and were at once locked in a grapple. Fortunately Bellard had the over-hold, and Hughes, cursing, panting, struggling, could not get a hand to his knife. He held on, however, desperately, hoping every moment to see Grain come to his assistance. In the hands of Bellard he was a child. He was twisted back until his spine almost gave, lifted up, and crashed down again. He kicked, punched short-armed, fought with a fury and courage worthy of a better cause. But Bellard tore himself suddenly free, and knocked him clean off his feet with a swinging blow.

As Bellard knelt over his assailant to search for a weapon Grain turned sick. Cheat himself as he would, he could not deny that he had betrayed Hughes into the hands of their common enemy. He cried out as Bellard straightened himself, a knife in his hand.

Bellard laughed suddenly, explosively. He shut the weapon, put it carelessly in his pocket, and leaving Hughes without a further glance, came straight to where Grain was hiding.

'Any more of you?' His voice was mocking.

Grain thought himself discovered, and stood up trembling, leaving his club on the ground.

Bellard saw him, and came straight up. 'You sneak!' he said scornfully. 'He's twice the man you are. Turn round and quick march!'

Grain obediently turned. Bellard seized him by the coat-collar, and projected him along the grove by a series of kicks. Then he threw the man from him and disappeared, going quietly towards the godowns. Grain lay where he had fallen, sobbing with rage and despair. He had gained nothing; he had failed even to betray Hughes. He hoped Hughes was dead. He wouldn't dare to face him again if he were alive. When he rose after a long time, he ran straight down to where the quarter-boat was anchored in the lagoon, got aboard, and remained there until daylight, ready at any moment to row off if he saw Hughes coming.

Bellard passed the house. Marianne had gone indoors. The veranda was empty. He went to the godown in which Grain usually slept, and carefully collecting all the latter's personal belongings, threw them outside. He lay down on Grain's shakedown without ceremony. He felt himself more invulnerable than ever. They couldn't kill him, those two. Why hadn't he always felt like this, like a god who was immortal, invincible, who looked down with an unvarying Olympian scorn upon the futile race of common men? The real Bellard slumbered somewhere; the new Bellard went to sleep chuckling.

CHAPTER IV.

I.

THE early morning sun, turning all the eastern heavens into rosy gold, and setting all the sea aflame with colour, showed the boat on the lip of the lagoon, and Grain sitting in her, his eyes red with lack of sleep, his face haggard with fear, with strained watching. He was afraid to sleep, afraid to commit himself to the hard chances of the ocean, but even more afraid to face the infuriated Hughes. Still, no one came to the deserted white spaces of the beach. No one moved. He thought of the vigil that lay before him. Infallibly he would fall asleep sooner or later. What then?

His eye, searching the grove, turned to the barrier reef and swept it, and went on blankly to survey the smiling blue sea. His eye suddenly paused in its sweeping glance. He started, rubbed his eyes, and looked again. A whale-boat was approaching the outer reef, under what looked like an improvised sail. He could see her for a moment before the scarp of the reef hid her from view, except for the top of her mast, and he saw that two men were in her—white men or coloured men he could not say.

A hope leaped up in his heart. He was done with Marianne. Hughes would certainly kill him if he caught him; Bellard was a tremendously dangerous man. Even the passion for the beautiful woman up there in the house could no longer drive him on to face the perils of his life on the island. His nerve was gone. It would be better to escape while he had the chance.

He pushed off at once, using an oar at the stern, as likely to make less noise. He went on across the lagoon towards the break in the reef, and only ceased sculling when the boat began to heave to the swell between the heads. As he looked out through the break he could see the whale-boat nose round and come quickly into view. The men in her were white. One of them, who was steering, had his left arm in a sling; the other sat forward, ready to con the boat through the passage. The muttering thunder of the swell on the barrier reef would cover the sound of his voice, and he called to the men, waving his hand at the same time.

'To your right when you come through. Chuck us a rope.'

The whale-boat shot through the break, and, carrying way on her, swung round to the right into the lagoon. Grain sculled desperately after her, caught the rope one of the men threw to him as their boat slowed, and drew up alongside, pulling hand over hand. As he pulled in, his face was turned towards the grove, the beaches of the islet. No one stirred there yet.

'What d'ye want?' asked one of the men. 'What are you after, anyway?'

'A passage off,' said Grain, looking from one to the other. 'I've been stuck here for ages. It's a hole. I'll pay you if you take me to any of the islands that are inhabited.'

'Why, the boob's a capitalist!' said the man who had first spoken. 'Well, bud, we'll think it over. But we've had our bellyful of sea for the moment. Got caught in the tail of a buster, and bin disentangling ourselves ever since. Yes, sir, we land here to refit, to refresh ourselves with some of Nature's fruits, sure. Give us a week to work the salt out of our systems, and we'll talk again, but nix on the navigation this morning.'

The other man had been watching Grain thoughtfully. 'Are you alone here?' he asked slowly.

'Yes,' said Grain, whose only hope was to get away before Hughes could come. 'But look here, I must get away at once. I'll pay you sixty pounds if you'll take me off now.'

The second man laughed. 'Then who owns the dinghy I see, eh? And that quarter-boat you're in?—Bailey, do you observe that we have seen something like this quarter-boat before—that it is wonderfully like the one we saw a little while ago—same name on it, too?'

The man with his arm in a sling turned and

looked. 'Sure thing. Now, isn't this what you call propitious, and us thinking old Davy had the fellow under lock and key below?'

He turned and frowned portentously at the puzzled Grain. 'You long slab of lies!' he said fiercely, 'what do you mean by trying to josh us? What's your little game? Alone, are you? I think not. I sabe your little wheeze, my son.'

'What do you mean?' Grain gasped.

'That's what I'm asking you.—Hopstone, this guy is trying to run the rule over us. I'll bet the other fellow is lying doggo somewhere ashore, watching for us with his rifle.'

Grain rubbed his chin. 'What fellow? I don't understand.'

Bailey reached suddenly over, caught him by the collar, and dragged him into the whale-boat. 'Why, the fellow that owns the quarter-boat,' he said. 'The fellow you're in with ashore. I've a good mind to make sharks' pap of you, you lop-eared four-flusher!'

Grain struggled up on to a thwart. These men knew Bellard. It must be so. They knew him, and had some feud against him. Surely Bellard had been delivered into his hands. He gripped Bailey by the sleeve, and stammered out a hurried description of Bellard.

'Is that him, the dog? If it is, he's here. He kicked me last night, the brute. He's lorded it over us ever since we took him out of his blasted boat.'

The two men exchanged glances. Hopstone spoke. 'So Bellard's his name, is it? But he didn't strike us as a very pugnacious gentleman, did he, Bailey? What did you two want to fight about, anyway?'

Grain, his face distorted with rage, poured out a torrent of complaints; told them of Marianne, of Hughes, of Bellard's arrogant monopolisation of the woman's society.

'If you'll help me out him, I'll give you all I have,' he ended. 'Help me to get her, and I'll see you home. There's hundreds of pounds' worth of trade up there going to rot. Bellard and Hughes haven't got guns. It's a cinch if you'll throw in with me.'

Again the two men exchanged a look. It was full of amusement, of contempt for the blustering traitor, and of a determination to serve themselves at this table spread providentially for them.

'That's all right,' said Bailey; 'we don't want any pay. We'll do it for the love of the thing. This old son-of-a-gun and me make a business of rescuing distressed maidens, and seeing justice done in the land. We'll buckle up Bellard, get the yellow lady for you, and set up in trade, won't we, Hopstone?'

'Certainly,' said Hopstone. 'But now we want to settle how it's to be done, my friend. If your friends live on the island, they don't seem to be stirring. What about landing now, rushing the place, and getting done with it? With our guns we can mop the two beggars up in no time.'

'No,' said Grain. 'They might hear us coming across the lagoon. They may see us now. If they haven't, I can pilot you round the lagoon to a bit of the island where there's a sort of little cliff, and you could lie up there out of sight, and leave it till dark.'

'Get busy, then,' said Bailey. 'Go forward. There's enough breeze to take us. But if you try any signalling inshore, or any other hanky-panky, I'll blow your head off.'

II.

It seemed as if Grain's advice was good. No sign of life showed from the islet; no one walked in the grove, so far as they could see; and there was no smoke to indicate preparations for breakfast. Grain told them that Hughes had probably staggered into one of the godowns, and was sleeping off his aches and pains. Bellard, too, was probably asleep still; while Marianne was inveterately opposed to early rising.

The whale-boat sailed slowly along, until she was brought up and anchored under the shelter of the little cliff. They unstepped the mast, and making Grain sit down between them, they lighted pipes and discussed their plans. It was decided that the attack must be made after dark, about midnight, when every one was asleep. To Hopstone and Bailey it seemed an even easier job than the robbing of Bellard. Hopstone stared presently at Grain, and made a laughing remark. 'What sort of woman is this to make you two ducks first fight over her, and then want to scrap with Bellard? Aren't there plenty of islands, and plenty of pretty Kanakas on them, that you stick here and squabble like a lot of tomcats?'

Grain grinned sourly. 'You haven't seen her. She isn't a Kanaka. Her mother was a Tahitian, and her father a Portuguese.'

'Oh, cut it out,' said Bailey. 'I'll bet she has a face like a mustard-plaster, only you boobs are so blinded by love's young dream that you don't know wash-leather from roses and cream.'

'She's beautiful!' cried Grain hotly. 'She'd beat any of your New York belles to a frazzle. There isn't a woman like her from here to Ireland.'

Hopstone smiled at Bailey. Bailey smiled at him. Grain caught this interchange of amused glances, and suddenly the blood in him ran cold. He studied their faces, looking from one to the other. Both were hard, Bailey's the more repellent, but Hopstone's cruelly cynical and ruthless. Of all the men he had ever seen they looked least like descendants of Don Quixote. But it was too late to draw back now. He must trust again to his cunning, try to play one off against the other, as he had tried to play off Bellard against Hughes.

They read him like a book. Hopstone murmured, 'I am pleased to hear it, for your sake—

Mr Bailey and I have long turned misogynist. If I'd been Paris, I'd have pinched the apple and given the goddesses a miss. Well, smoke up, son, and dream about her. Mum's the word if we are going to pull this off.'

'That's right,' said Grain, somewhat relieved. 'Marianne is my share. You can have the trade, and anything else that's up above.'

'Thank you,' said Hopstone, with feigned gratitude. 'While you're with us you can have a share of the boodle if you like!'

III.

That morning Bellard came moodily to breakfast. To his surprise, Hughes was there. Hughes had cooked the meal. He sat near Marianne on the veranda. There was a great bruise on his chin where Bellard had struck him, but the fire in his eyes was unsubdued. He did not scowl at Bellard, nor did he speak. He watched him talking to Marianne as he ate, with the eye of a boxer who looks for an opening in his opponent's guard.

Marianne seemed to have forgotten the events of the night before. If she had not forgiven Bellard, at least she showed no signs of it. Bellard, on the other hand, said little. He was more absent than ever.

'Where's Grain?' he asked suddenly of Hughes, interrupting a remark of Marianne's without ceremony.

'I don't know,' said Hughes. 'You ought to have killed him.'

'I shall kill you both some day if you're not careful.'

Bellard spoke as indifferently as if he were asking for another helping of fish. Marianne looked from one to the other.

'Have you been quarrelling again?' she asked.

Bellard laughed stridently. 'Quarrelling—with those two! Why, they can't even work together. They make me laugh. One can't hate things like that.'

'What's the matter with you this morning?' Marianne asked him in a whisper. 'You aren't displeased with me, are you?'

'With you? What about? I'm your guest; that's all there is to it. You haven't got any claim on me, have you?'

Her face changed colour. She understood him to-day less than ever. Hearing Hughes chuckle sardonically, she bit her lip, and an angry light came into her eyes. 'Have you forgotten what you said to me last night?' she whispered again. 'I shall never forget it.'

'Last night?' he said indifferently. 'I never remember what I said last night. One is always a damn fool at night, if it comes to that.' He rose, shrugged, took a cigarette from her box, lighted it, and went away.

Hughes drew his chair closer. 'I told you so,' he said eagerly. 'He doesn't think any more of you than he does of us. He's making a fool of you, taking your kisses, and thinking of another woman.'

Her face flamed; her eyes flashed furiously. 'You lie, you little beast! There isn't any other woman for him. He told me so last night. You're both jealous of him. You hate him. You don't care what you say if you can damage him with me.' She felt in her dress, took out the little mother-o'-pearl automatic, and showed her white teeth. 'He's not safe while you're here. I believe you tell lies about me to him behind my back. It can't be anything else.'

Hughes's smile was cold but faintly triumphant. He felt in his pocket, and took from it a photograph, which he placed face down on his knee. 'He's trying to think of her,' he said in a quiet voice. 'I've been watching him. He's crazy, or near it, and that's the truth. I couldn't make him out at first—not till last night. I've been thinking over it while you were sleeping. Something that happened to him on that boat of his affected his brain. Half his time he's trying to remember who he is, trying to think of the woman he loved. In his crazy times he makes love to you, and then he gets a kind of glimpse of his former life. He gets up and leaves you. He can't make out what you're getting at when you make eyes at him. Oh, I've doped it out all right.'

'Crazy or not crazy, I don't care,' she said, slipping the automatic back into hiding. 'I can keep him in spite of you.'

'You can't!' said Hughes, and his voice mocked her. 'He's coming to himself. Already he remembers more. It's wearing off. You can't hold him and you can't keep him. His brain's clearing.'

Tears of rage and jealousy came into her eyes. 'What have you got there? Is it her photograph? Where——'

'I found it in the godown,' said Hughes, and handed it to her. 'His wife or his sweetheart. I don't know.'

She took it, a hand pressed to her heart, her lips white, her eyes glazed. She looked at it steadily for a few minutes, then tore it across and across, and threw the pieces from her. 'You fool! You sha'n't show it to him now. Go away before I kill you!'

Hughes rose, bowed mockingly, and went down the steps. She got up and went into the house, came out wearing a wide sun-hat, and, like a woman who is blind, she went falteringly along the grove, and away towards the sea. Bellard had gone down to the lagoon, and sat staring across the barrier reef. Hughes came back to the veranda, and helping himself to cigarettes, sat thinking and smoking. The woman left the grove and passed straight across the islet, to sit down presently on the verge of the coral. She seemed stupefied and inert, but occasionally she shivered as at some intolerably melancholy thought.

[*Christmas Number.*

IV.

She was still there when the afternoon came. Her face had lost all its softness; her eyes were fierce, brooding. She had been conscious during the last hour of a faint odour of tobacco coming to her on the light breeze. To her left was a little cliff. It seemed to come from there. Perhaps Bellard had chosen this lonely spot to avoid her, and was smoking, and planning to get away. She drew her little automatic, and, smiling bitterly, rose and went very softly in that direction. She had often laughed to think herself old Coelho's daughter, but there was something of the old man in her now.

She attained the summit of the little cliff, leaned over, and looked down. A boat lay below here, heaving gently on the water. Three men lay in her drowsily. One, Grain, was in the bows, his arm on the gunwale, his head resting on it. He appeared to sleep. The other men stirred. They sat up gently, and Marianne could see their eyes fastened on Grain. The coarser-looking of them made an unmistakable gesture to his fellow. Hopstone nodded. In that moment they discovered to each other the utter uselessness of their new ally, and their determination to have done with him.

Marianne, her mind working quickly, understood, but was not shocked. She had always hated Grain, and now she saw that he was a traitor to them all. Let them do what they would with him. She sensed their purpose instinctively. They were hiding, waiting for night. Whatever their purpose, they were enemies, who might be allies. Only Bellard must have his chance first.

'Bellard's number's up!' said one, as she listened. 'I'll take it out of him for this arm of mine.'

The other nodded. 'As you please. Funny our running up against him again, though. I'm glad we didn't stay on that atoll we struck before coming on here.'

'Couldn't, anyway,' said Bailey softly. 'No water, my son. All the same, this beats the band. Unless this fellow's lying, there's more boodle for us up above.'

Marianne went away silently and swiftly. She did not know what had passed between Bellard and these men, but obviously they would do him an ill turn if they could. Confident in the power of her beauty, her charm, she felt able to deal with them. If Bellard were fooling her, let him take care.

She ran lightly away once she had withdrawn a little distance from the tiny cliff, and saw presently through an opening in the trees a glimpse of the beach. Bellard was standing there motionless. He seemed to be plunged in thought. Once, as she drew nearer, he threw out his arms in a gesture of impatient anger, then let them drop to his sides. He stared at her with a frown when she came to him and spoke. 'What do you want?' he said harshly.

Her hands clasped his arm. 'I can't bear it,' she said passionately. 'Last night you said you loved me. Have you given me up?'

He shrugged, and looked puzzled. 'I never said that. I don't love you. What's the use of talking to me like that, disturbing me when I try to think things out? When you came up I nearly had it. I was thinking of the boat I came here in. There was a storm before that—must have been. Did you save me, or did some one else? No, it could not have been you. I remember I was ill some time. You didn't come near me. What do you want?'

'I love you,' she said quickly. 'I'm mad to tell you that, but I do tell you. I'll go with you anywhere; I'll be more to you than any other woman can be. I'll kill those men for you. I'll stop at nothing,' she panted, her eyes blazed. 'But you must tell me that you love me—tell me now. You have only to say the word —*now*. I can't—I daren't—wait. Something threatens you. Say you love me, and I'll save you. I am afraid of no one. I have a pistol. Nobody shall stop me—not two men or four.'

Something pathetic, even in her fury, penetrated Bellard's fogged brain. But, even as he put his hand gently on her arm, he shook his head. 'No, that's impossible. If it would make you happy I could tell lies; but you don't want lies—you want love, and I have none to give.'

She sprang away from him. 'It's that other woman! I know it.'

His eyes showed a trace of eagerness, of excitement. 'Do you know about her? Tell me! Where is she? I lost her somehow, but I know she is somewhere. How did you know I loved her? Come, you must tell me.'

'Never!' said Marianne, her eyes sombre. She shook from head to foot. 'So you've fooled me. . . . Lies? What lies have you not told me—last night, when you kissed me, when you swore that you would give up all the world for me?'

He stared. 'I don't remember.'

Marianne gave him one fierce look, and turned away. He made as to follow her, then shrugged dejectedly, and sat down on the sand. She passed on among the trees, and disappeared.

Hughes was asleep in her hammock on the veranda. She went quickly towards the other side of the island. It was hidden from the beach where Bellard sat. The two men in the boat under the cliff heard a voice from above them, and looked up wonderingly at Marianne, who was looking down.

'Great Scott!' said Hopstone. 'Venus Aphrodite!'

'Some woman!' growled Bailey under his breath, his eyes fascinated.

Grain was not to be seen. No one ever saw

him again. Futile even in his treachery, he had paid the price of supping with the devil.

Marianne spoke again. 'You want Bellard?' she said softly. 'I can give him to you. Are you willing?'

Bailey still gaped admiringly. Hopstone replied smoothly, 'If you want to get rid of him, we're your men.'

'Bring your boat a little back,' said Marianne. 'I'll come to talk to you. But don't do anything until night. He's strong as a bull, and there's Hughes, too. To-night!'

V.

The short twilight passed; the dark fell. Hughes cooked supper. Marianne had returned from the cliff, and reclined in her hammock. She was smiling and easy, as if nothing untoward had occurred that day. Bellard had come up from the beach. The curtain had fallen again over his inquiring thoughts. His brain, fatigued with ceaseless exploring in the past, was tired, and all his old memories slept.

'Grain has gone,' said Hughes suddenly. 'He's taken both the boats. How he got clean away with them I don't know. He must have scooted last night.'

'There was the sail on the quarter-boat,' said Marianne. 'I expect he towed the dinghy.'

'Then we're stuck here,' said Hughes.

'What does it matter?'

Hughes growled. 'I'm not going to have Bellard sleeping in my godown any more. I've locked it up—both.'

Bellard glanced at him. 'I don't want to. I can sleep here, if I wish, any time.'

Marianne's eyes glittered. 'Of course. I asked you to, before. I shall be happier if you do.'

'I will,' said Bellard. 'I don't see why I shouldn't. I'll go in and see about making up a bed now.'

He got up and disappeared inside. Hughes laughed. 'I told you he was crazy. Better strike in with me, and leave him to it.'

'Not if you were the last man in the world! I hate you! I hate him!'

'Hate *him*?'

Marianne made no reply. She listened to Bellard fossicking about inside the house, and her lips curled. The die was cast now. If she could not have Bellard, no other woman should. She flogged her brain to madness with thoughts of that other woman, whose sweet face had looked up at her from the photograph she had destroyed. She utterly disbelieved Hughes's theory. No, Bellard had flouted her, lied to her, made false love to her, while all the time his heart, his mind, was busy with thoughts of this other woman. And now he was to sleep in the house. He was delivered into her hands. He had had his chance, and rejected it. Now it was her turn.

VI.

Bellard did not come out again. Hughes sat for a while, smoking; then he too went, she did not know where. Marianne remained in the dark for an hour, before she passed into the house, and paused outside the room Bellard had chosen. She could hear him breathing evenly and slowly. She waited there for a few minutes, her eyes fixed in anguish, the perspiration standing out on her brow. Then she stiffened, turned about, and left the house. She went silently along the grove. Somewhere at its end she saw a match flicker and go out. The men were there. She found them waiting under a tree in the star-lit night, and told them that Bellard was in her house.

'Delilah!' said Hopstone under his breath; then aloud, 'Right. We'll fix him. Show us the way.'

They went back through the grove to the house. The two men had weapons in their hands. Marianne indicated the door, and they stole in. She preceded them down the dark passage.

As Hopstone gently stepped over the threshold of Bellard's room something in Marianne's brain seemed to snap. Her hand fumbled in her corsage. Almost simultaneously there was a noise as if some one had jumped softly into the room through the window-opening. Marianne did not hear it. She only knew that she had betrayed Bellard into the hands of men who were going to kill him.

Without a word she fired at Bailey's back. The thud of his fall was lost in the crash of the shot. Hopstone had gone inside the room. He saw a man's figure occluding the window, and fired, then swung suddenly round towards the door, and stumbled across Bailey. He thought the figure in the doorway must be Hughes, who had shot his partner, and fired again point-blank.

Then Bellard, springing up from the floor, got him. Hopstone felt hands about his throat: he was lifted like a child and dashed to one side. His head struck the wall; his neck was twisted under him as he fell.

VII.

Bellard leaped from the window and ran into the grove. He did not know what had happened. He only knew that shots had been fired, that some one had tried to kill him. Was it Hughes? He had fought his way out. He had silenced the beggar, whoever he was. What did it all mean?

He sat under a tree until dawn. Then he rose and made his way back to the house. There was no one on the veranda. He called out for Marianne, but she did not come. At last he ventured indoors, and came out a minute later, his face white, his whole body trembling.

[*Christmas Number.*

He had found Marianne lying dead near the door; Hughes near the window, shot through the heart. And he had seen a vision—the vision of two men he had known before.

It all came back to him: his home on the island, his six years of labour for Mary. Then the arrival of the two men, the robbery, his chase across the sea, the storm which had carried him here. It had all ended thus.

He sat for a long time thinking, his brain clearer than it had been for many days. Presently he rose. Working throughout the day, with infinite labour he buried the dead out of sight. He did not go back to the house again. He felt that he must get away from this accursed place. The boat must be somewhere. He would search until he found it. Then he would go. He was not afraid of a storm; anything was better than to be immured here, to breathe this atmosphere of tragedy and horror.

He came on the boats the next day. The quarter-boat was the easier to manage. He gathered provisions eagerly, filled two kegs with water, and placed them in the boat. He refitted her with a foresail from the whale-boat, and towards midday he pushed off, and rowed furiously across the lagoon to the break in the reef. Here he hoisted sail. The canvas filled to the breeze that stirred the heaving water outside the barrier.

He sailed on until it was near sundown. He had removed everything from the whale-boat except the oars and the mast, and now he searched among the things when the quarter-boat ran into a calm. He had suddenly remembered that Hopstone and Bailey had taken his pearls, his money. Had they lost them, or were they conceivably among the articles he had taken from the boat?

A tarpaulin coat was the first thing he handled. It was bunched up, tied about with a piece of spun-yarn. When he opened it out he gave a cry of delight, of wonder. It was tied about a box containing his pearls, and the wash-leather bag in which he had kept his money.

Night fell, and day came again. The island had dropped below the horizon. Bellard sailed on. The sun glared upon him by day, and at night the chilling dew fell upon him. He had begun to think that he was sailing on an infinite, untenanted ocean, without hope or help. Despair grew again. He had escaped, only to find himself consigned to the ultimate torture of hunger and of thirst.

. . . . . .

A fortnight after he had left the island Bellard was picked up by the tramp-steamer *Corunna*. He was babbling then of Devonshire brooks, of a girl who called to him across a wide moor, of a woman who had lived on an enchanted island, and held him for a while in her spell.

They took him into Valdivia, down with brain-fever. Everything was done for him there. The fever passed; he was weak, but his brain was clear. He had forgotten Marianne, but he thought of Mary, who waited for him across the ocean, and they told him that in three weeks he could go back to England. A kindly resident took an interest in him. He valued the pearls for Bellard, and put him in the way of selling them. Three weeks later Bellard was on the sea again. He was taken to Sydney. At Sydney he caught the mail-steamer home, and here he cabled to Mary Burgin: 'Coming home—at last.'

He lives now with Mary on the moor to which his eyes had always turned. If he remembers those terrible days on the island, he never speaks of them. It appears to Mary that life in the Pacific among the islands is much like life at home, though under warmer skies!

The island has sunk beneath the horizon of memory, and with it the men who fought for an unworthy woman, and the Delilah who had forgotten for a moment the one real love of her life.

THE HORN.

By HILTON BROWN.

I.

THE rare and occasional traveller who crosses the long jungle uplands westward of the Mohnds comes in time to the step-like drop of three thousand feet into the Gamsatri plain and the little zamindari township of Khankota. As you look back from this plain country the bulwark of the higher levels rises like a wall, a forbidding battlement of black sheet rock, picked out here and there with the feathery bamboo, which clings where nothing else can find a roothold.

Seen thus, it looks impassable; and indeed there is but the one ghat, or passage, down it in a distance of many miles—one only, that is to say, which is possible for pack-bullock, pony, or elephant. Down this ghat the traveller will have come, and he may pick it out from the plains below by a roundish black knob at its summit—the grim rock of Hoondi. So, looking back from the pleasance of these open and cultivated lands, he may think, perhaps with a shudder, of that gloomy and sable place; for that which from below looks like a mere turret or mound is at close quarters a semi-isolated hill, buttressed on to the main mountain on the side away from the pass, but hanging over the ghat path in a sheer and dreadful rock.

The rock swells out convexly; it is black as coal, and no plant can find a holding on its shining face; and over its surface in the old days men—and not only men—have rolled and hurtled down to destruction. Coming from the uplands you see it blocking the pass ahead like the rounded back of some monstrous crouching beast; and on the crest of it are the sad-coloured ruins of the old fort and watch-tower. As you come fairly into the jaws of the pass the rock seems to swell and tower above you with an extraordinary effect of menacing life; the descent goes in fear and trembling along the valley of a torrent, on whose cruel stones human beings have time and again smashed and broken like eggs. From the ghat the place looks inaccessible, but it is not really so, because a path of sorts, much cut and destroyed by rains, twists away round the mountain, and carries the venturesome by a flight of battered steps into the fort itself. Once there, you may see the reason of its building, for it looks out thirty miles over the upland plateau and sixty over the Gamsatri plain. Khankota you cannot see, because it lies too close to the foot of the hills, and that is doubtless the reason why the horn came into being.

The horn is there to this day at the inner door of the squat temple that lurks in one corner of the fort; it and the carven deities crudely designed, eloquently evil of face, are the sole remains of the ancient glory. Those who have opportunity and are prepared to buy themselves illicit admission to the holy ground may see and even handle it, may finger the great iron chains that hold it to the wall, and run a timorous hand along its smooth side. It seems to be fashioned of the horn of a wild buffalo—such a buffalo as is unknown to the annals of Rowland Ward; such a buffalo, indeed, as never existed upon earth, for the thing is a deception. In reality it is made of brass, covered cunningly with leather, with that strange pervert genius of the Hindu for giving a thing the semblance of something else. It is undatably old—though the leather must, of course, have been periodically renewed. The imitation is excellent—Macfadyen, indeed, whose story we shall presently consider, was deceived, and thought it really a gigantic buffalo horn.

No human agency has blown or sounded that horn for forty years; there was a trick in it, and the trick is lost. Upwards of forty years ago there lived in Khankota a very old man called Bodi, and if the day and hour were propitious, and authority could be brought to bear, Bodi could be induced to climb the ghat and sound the horn—though never with a very good grace, and always in the extremity of fear. So much the curious may learn from the old Administration Reports of these parts; may learn, too, the melancholy and disheartening sound that was produced, 'utterly unmistakable and like no cry of animals or movement of earth or any elemental noise.' 'The sound rose in a minor sweep which made one's flesh shudder, then dropped to a sustained booming howl somewhere about D flat of the middle octave. But whether from the associations of the place or from some trick of echoes'—thus a lucid account of the 'seventies—'there was something in that sound that no note humanly devised and played upon a human instrument should contain.'

Long before such records came into being, the fort of Hoondi was abandoned and the mysteries of its squat, repulsive temple were enacted no more. Bodi had been the sounder of the horn for sixty years, and must have known the place in the last days of its horrible fame; but in such times as we have sober and authentic record of

he sounded only for show or demonstration, to please the visiting Agent. He had no descendants and no connections, and one thing seems positively and absolutely assured—that the secret of the sounding perished with him these forty years back. Several men of Khankota, tempted by enormous *backsheesh*, have tried, and failed to produce any sound whatsoever.

Bodi being dead, the horn should never again have been heard: but it has been heard. Always, and at all periods—so runs the credited tradition of Khankota—that dreadful sound has on odd occasion been heard, by night as well as by day, when there was no man there to blow. No priest, or guard, or *pujari* lived at Hoondi latterly—it was too terrible a place even for that; it lay a stark and tenantless ruin, save for those beings who kept upon that evil rock. Yet the horn sounded.

Clearly the horn was first instituted as a warning, and was sounded originally when bands of hill marauders were sighted approaching across the plateau. Any concerted attack on Khankota must pass down the Hoondi ghat, and however rapidly and stealthily these wild people might manœuvre, the blast of the horn would outrun them. The garrison of the fort of Hoondi had, of course, nothing to fear; there are great tanks of water in the summit of the rock, and they could have supported themselves indefinitely. Later, however, this function of the horn disappeared, the civilisation of the uplands died out, and Khankota became a metropolis. Then, it would seem, Hoondi became a sort of observatory and a place of great sacredness; it was there that the priests made their observations, and probably the horn was blown to announce to those in Khankota that the moment for action in whatever they had in hand had arrived. From Macfadyen's account this seems absolutely beyond doubt, and from his narrative it will be seen also why it was advisable to have the business of augury done at Hoondi and not in Khankota itself.

At some risk of tedium it has been necessary to set forth this as introduction. One could gladly go on to describe the buildings of Hoondi itself—the uncommunicative remnants of that fort which must in its day have witnessed violence and cruelty unparalleled, for it was to Hoondi that the prisoners and those fallen in favour came for lingering and ghastly despatch. One would fain tarry to think of the hideous days and nights that place has made and witnessed; to reflect on the frightful fates of offspring undesired, of wives become encumbrances, of viziers discredited and dismissed. One could enumerate the sad victims of that grim deity who was worshipped upon the rock; could enter into the lurid and bloody history of Khankota, and of the long and diabolical line of petty potentates who held evil sway in that unnoticed corner. Perhaps without this the dreadfulness of Hoondi, with its black rock and mouldering ruins, cannot be appreciated; only to those saturated with the full abomination of its traditions would the terror of the horn be attainable. And to read this narrative aright you should have seen Hoondi—should have seen it in all weathers, in the glare of the steely March sunshine, in the crashing thunder-storms of May, in the wet mists of the monsoon, or in the false lights of some hour when the sun and the moon are struggling together. At such times Hoondi was no rock, but a black, crouching beast, full of sluggish, sinister life. Make all allowances for the curious twists that loneliness and wild places give men's minds, and still it was an unnaturally dreadful place.

Inevitably one asks—what followed these soundings of the horn: disasters, changes, upheavals? No such things occurred. If the sounding of the horn had aught to do with affairs, it was with the affairs of others than mere men. It sounded without human motive and without human consequence, just as it sounded without human agency. The most we can say is that it came at oppressive times, when the spirits of men were low—at times, one would have said, when the powers of evil seemed abroad. Those who have studied such matters assure us that evil deeds leave behind them traces of evil which may at times be manifest in inexplicable forms. So it may have been with the Horn of Hoondi. But whose coming did it herald? What manner of creatures assembled at its call?

II.

There is no even tolerably authentic notice of the horn prior to that of Josiah Macfadyen, and none subsequent for many long years. Macfadyen was one of those remarkable men who fill the Anglo-Indian records of the early nineteenth century, and who died out with the period that begat them. He was an unofficial pioneer, a man who had deliberately deserted his own country and immersed himself in India. He does not appear to have been attached to the East India Company; rather he worked in his own interests, wandering over immense areas of country, trading and making notes of what he saw. He lived and throve in circumstances which would have killed the weaker generation of to-day a score of times over. Principally he worked along the northern seaboard of Madras, but he made several expeditions into the wild upland jungles—then practically unexplored and deadly dangerous—and the garrulous records he kept of his journeyings have time and again been of value.

The precise date of his visit to Khankota is not ascertainable, but it was probably not far off the year of Waterloo. He had some idea, it seems, of finding precious stones among the Mohnds, but went on to investigate the possi-

bilities of the Gamsatri plain, and so came down by Hoondi to Khankota. With the great gift for sociability that characterised his class, he at once struck up a friendship with Bhupati Deo, the reigning zemindar; and the zemindar being about to celebrate the marriage of his son, Macfadyen was invited to attend the astrological ceremonies at Hoondi.

'It is the practice of this family,' says Macfadyen—extracts only must suffice us, as his account is voluminous—'when any event of domestic import is impending to ascend the mountains to this rock of Hoondi; there the priests busy themselves with the auguries until the auspicious moment has arrived. On this at a given signal an immense buffalo horn is blown. The noise of this is easily heard at Khankota, seven miles off, and the business to be done is then instantly set in hand. On this occasion the bridal ceremonies were to commence on the signal of the horn, and the zemindar gave himself so many pains on the subject that he came himself to Hoondi for the ceremonies, and carried me and my servants with him.'

Macfadyen describes the ascent of the ghat by this imposing cavalcade, and then tells how they waited in the fort of Hoondi for nearly eight days. The monsoon was about to break, and appalling thunder-storms burst about them day and night. The weather was gloomy and menacing in the extreme; 'and this,' says Macfadyen, 'together with the dismalness of the spot, of which I have never encountered the like, served to cast me into a great depression of spirit. I was unable to suppress a dreadful boding of horror.' He elaborates this idea, and it is evident that the place preyed upon him a good deal. He was not, of course, allowed to enter the temple itself, but was so situated in the fort that he could command a view of all that went on outside it. There was a great and constant uproar of gongs and bells within, but little sign of life until the eighth evening, when, he says, he observed some new and singular proceedings.

'I was seated at my window looking out towards the gate of the temple when I beheld a procession approaching. It was composed mainly of the *jangams*, or priests, and of members of the zemindar's retinue, and they seemed to be conveying into the temple two women of a different caste, whose attitude was one of very extreme depression and fear, and who wailed loudly as they went. These women were garlanded with flowers and decorated with superior cloths, and they carried some objects in their hands which I was not able to distinguish. They all entered the temple, and the gate was immediately shut fast.'

Macfadyen, who seems to have been utterly devoid of fear, now got out of his window, finding himself unwatched, and, making his way round the outside edge of the fort—a hideous feat in itself on a dark and gusty night, with that huge cliff yawning beneath him—climbed on to the temple wall. Lying flat there, he saw all that went on. His description of what he witnessed is detailed, but too distressing and even revolting for quotation; but there is no conceivable doubt that he looked on at a *Meriah* sacrifice—that cruel and blood-thirsty form of human slaughter that persisted in these remote tracts up to an astonishingly recent date. 'I was so horrified,' says he, 'that I thought to fall from the wall, in which case I should have gone down a thousand feet.' He controlled himself, however, and presently was able to witness the first historical blowing of the horn. The horrors had terminated, 'and now on a sudden there burst forth a bright light, and by this I saw on a high pinnacle or pulpit a man holding in his hands the great buffalo horn of which I have spoken. This he instantly blew, producing a noise at once so violent, detestable, and horrifying, that I all but lost my senses. I cannot in any way describe the dreadfulness of the sound. I conceived, however, that this was the desired signal that would terminate the proceedings, and so made haste to get back to the fort, though I was so much upset and sickened that I was put to it to keep my footing on the rock.'

Macfadyen then describes the descent of the ghat, which was instantly made; and now comes the portion of his annals which is of present interest.

'We were now perhaps a mile from the bottom,' says he, 'and it was not far off day, the moon struggling with the rack and with the effulgence of the East, so that, between this and the flares we carried, a most ghastly light beat upon us all, rendering even well-known faces horrid, ghoulish, and unfamiliar. I was near the zemindar, who was carried in an open *palkee*, when suddenly without warning I heard the blast of the horn ring out above us. I was about to inquire the reason of this of the zemindar, when I saw he was struck with a most pitiable and fearsome horror. His face became gray, his eyes stood out in his head, and in a despairing voice he cried out to the bearers to hasten. The retinue, in the most abandoned confusion, dashed past us and fled recklessly downwards; several ponies fell; there was a terrific panic; and in the middle of all the zemindar, who was a huge fat man, leapt out of his *palkee* and began plunging down over the stony ground, crying out terribly in fear. I ran after him, though I felt no great terror. "Who is at the fort?" I said. "There is no one at the fort," said he.

'Now this, had he not spoken, was my own impression; for before we started every one had been got out of the premises and off the rock altogether, and all locked, bolted, and made fast. I assuredly thought no human being had been

left behind. Yet, although the rumour among these people has it that the horn is at times blown by some dreadful and supernatural agency, I cannot but think that there must have been some trick to it, and that some one out of wantonness or sheer malice did remain behind, and blew the horn. For how else, in the name of all Christian things, could it have sounded?'

How indeed? Macfadyen is honest in his account; he had no call to invent, for his narrative of the doings at Hoondi carried horror enough to the reader to satisfy the most ambitious. His own explanation of a practical joker at work may seem to suit the incidents of this single case, but not for long. A strange and sorry jester would that have been—and a wonderfully bold; such a jester as never lived, then or now, within the bounds of southern India.

III.

Stephen Bannerman, in the late 'nineties Superintendent of Police in the place of which I write, was one of those men destined seemingly by nature to drift into backwaters and there make anchorage. A bleak, dark, inhuman fellow, he was fitted into these outlandish districts less from inability to perform his duties than from a total social uselessness. He spoke little, neither smoked nor drank, played no games, loathed all women, and was possessed of an untiring physical endurance that made him a little contemptuous of most men. He was a man ceaselessly on the move, ranging continually over the big area at his command, an interminable walker, and a *shikari* of long experience and skill. Withal he was an officer of distinction, no less dreaded by the cut-throats and forgers of Khankota than by the flying dacoits of the uplands. He was no sort of mystic, held an entirely practical outlook, possessed not a grain of imagination, and was the last of men to give way to any affection of the nerves. As a final item in this category, he told on all occasions the strict and sober truth, and where another might amplify or embellish, Bannerman would only prune and minimise.

In the late autumn of 1898 Bannerman was returning from a long tour in the upland country, and had reached the last camping-place before Khankota—to wit, Hoondi. Servants and coolies were ever loath to lie overclose to that accursed rock, and as a result the camp was actually made at a village called Kirridi, a short mile from the dip of the pass, the black rock glooming on the skyline like a monster. It was weary weather; the first burst of the monsoon over, there remained a chronic dampness of atmosphere, mist and thin rain billowing ceaselessly round the crest of the ghats, giving way occasionally to a delusive glimpse of a watery and ineffective sun. There had been a good deal of sickness on the tour. The cruel, indigenous malaria of these parts had struck them badly; an orderly had died of it at Gudra, and Bannerman himself, case-hardened as he was, had had a worse time than usual. They came into Kirridi on a menacing afternoon of black and scurrying cloud, a downpour threatening, the ghat roads churned into mud, the thatch of the miserable rest-shed dripping and leaking everywhere, a rising wind sweeping the God-forsaken street of the village; and they had not been there half-an-hour when word was brought to Bannerman that a tiger had killed four miles away to the north.

There was still good time to shift the camp and make the new place before night, but Bannerman, looking round on his sodden and wretched retinue, could not find it in his heart to give the order. He ate some *tiffin* therefore—it was four in the afternoon, but in these wild places men eat when they can—strapped a wallet to his pony's saddle, slung his rifle, and set out by himself. As he turned away from Kirridi into the jungle, there came another momentary split in the clouds, and there burst out suddenly such a sunset as he had never seen. I have said Bannerman was an unimaginative man, but he drew rein to look at it, and as he looked he felt the flesh creep on his back. Under the flying rack there poured a level crimson light, terrifying in its intensity; Kirridi stood like a village in a fire; the harsh, cruel country round about him sprang into flaming life. Fair in the mid-line of it, round, black, crouching, like the last thing between earth and hell, stood the dreadful rock of Hoondi.

Bannerman gazed at it for a little with a curious and, for him, a novel feeling. He even put this feeling into words, speaking half aloud, as men do who have been much in lonely places. 'If ever there was a setting for a Witches' Sabbath, this is it;' and some phrase came into his mind about 'the powers of darkness riding on the monsoon.' These were unusual thoughts for Bannerman, and still more unusual phrases. As he stared the light shifted and lowered to a deeper scarlet, and for a long moment Bannerman felt that curious expectant terror which, according to the old Greeks, heralded the coming of Pan. For an interval everything seemed terrifying and dreadful, the solid earth alive with horror, the air pregnant with something that was to come. Then it passed, and Bannerman went on through the baleful light to the place of the tiger's kill. He sat there unsuccessfully till it was too dark to see, satisfied himself that the moon, which should have been nearly full, was hopelessly obscured for the night, and then set out on his return journey to his camp at Kirridi.

The night was now impenetrably dark, and by the moisture on his face Bannerman knew

that the flying mist-clouds were still driving past. Now and then a gust of wind shook a cataract of heavy drops from the trees, but for the most it was still. It felt to Bannerman unusually hot and close, but this he put down as a forerunning symptom of a fresh attack of malaria. To this also he attributed his growing depression and gloom, and a sort of fear like a child's on a dark staircase, that kept him glancing quickly this way and that. That strange sense of expectant waiting seemed again to be all round him; sombre thoughts came and went in his mind; odd faces, unimaginable pictures, appeared to spring out momentarily on the background of darkness against which he strove. He told himself again and again that it was fever; but presently he was fighting with panic. The hot darkness, wild with expectation, seemed to press upon him like a living thing; he could not keep unbearable images from his mind. He reached the ridge above Kirridi about ten, and as he came to the place where he had halted to watch the sunset over Hoondi the clouds broke yet again, and a yellow and sickly moon rode suddenly into a patch of velvet sky. In its light, a curiously dun and eclipse-like glow, Bannerman saw the tents of his camp, the streaming hovels of Kirridi, the black, murderous bulk of the Hoondi rock. He went hurrying down.

He had intended to leave a message about the tiger with the head-man of the village, but the whole place was deserted, and the silence of death itself hung over it. 'I had been depressed and wretched so far,' says Bannerman in one of his letters, 'but now for the first time I tasted real terror. "My God!" I thought, "I'm here—and all alone."' He ran about the village street like a madman, banging at doors, shouting names. No living thing appeared, except a village dog, which danced in front of him yelping in an ecstasy of excitement. Here and there he could hear cattle stirring in their sheds, and once or twice he was convinced that there were movements, as of human beings, in the houses, but not a soul came out. He went through the village and on, half-walking, half-running, to his camp.

At his camp he had left two servants and an orderly, and he ran from tent to tent calling the names of these three. Nothing answered him. The moon still mocked him with its unnatural glow. The sense of an expectant earth gathered round him again. He called frantically; not a sound came back to him in answer. Then suddenly, at the east side of the camp, and well away from the tents, he saw a white figure sprawled on the ground, as if fallen prone in running. With a beating heart he went up to it. It was his body-servant. The other servant lay a little farther on, and the orderly, in his uniform, farther still, all in the same attitude as of men running rapidly who had been struck down from behind, and had pitched heavily on their faces. All three were unquestionably dead.

Bannerman sat down on a stone and stared at his dead servants. And to him, sitting there, in that yellow and unearthly moonlight, there came, clear as the day, loud as the last trump, utterly unmistakable, the blast of the Horn of Hoondi. He heard the long, minor, upward sweep of it, that curdled the air and made the earth shudder all round; then, when it seemed that one could endure no more, it burst into the full-toned blast of the signal. It was too loud for any delusion—Kirridi, a mile away, roared and rang and shook with it, too ineffably appalling for any imagination. The horn blew at Hoondi in that autumn midnight, and Bannerman, smitten to the heart with horror, sat in his dead camp and heard it.

When it had done, he rose to his feet and went quickly, if unsteadily, towards the head of the ghat. He knew he would have to pass the rock of Hoondi very close and alone; and he knew that was a thing to be done at once or not at all.

IV.

It was about two years later that Duchesne, the then Agent, had his experience, he also being encamped at Kirridi for Hoondi. It is to be taken for what it is worth. Duchesne drank heavily, and was thought to take opium; he was eventually retired—though a good many years after this—for what was charitably called ill-health. Duchesne wrote home about what happened, and in his letter he says that it was a hottish night of April, with a very fine clear moon, nearly full, and that he was sleeping outside his tent. He started up about one in the morning with the almost ludicrous conviction that he had just heard the trumpet sound on the Day of Judgment, and that it had a peculiarly horrible sound. He was quite clear that what had wakened him was the blast of a monstrous horn; but at first he was conscious of nothing except an unusually oppressive and deathly stillness. Then, as he lay listening, the night remaining clear, bright, and airless, he heard in the direction of the ghat a roaring sound, as of a heavy wind in the trees. As this approached and grew louder, he became seized with overmastering terror; he threw himself about in his bed and sweated profusely. 'I was convinced,' says he, 'that I was about to witness a manifestation of the devil and all his ministers.' The thing, whatever it was, swept upon him in a few minutes, and passed over him with the effect of a terrific blast of wind; yet it was not a wind either, for the tent-flaps hung quite motionless, nothing fell over, and some papers he had been studying in bed before he went to sleep did not blow away. It lasted for about ninety seconds, and disturbed no one

but himself. The night then continued close, brilliant, and serene.

That is Duchesne's story. He says further that the horn was heard in Khankota that night, but we have nothing for this beyond his own statement. There let it stand.

V.

The narrative of Godfrey Moray has the advantage of being told by a prince of *shikaris*, whose books have carried the Indian jungles and their peoples over half the seas of the world. Moray calls the story 'The Man-eater of Hoondi,' that being the aspect which interested him most; it is only in manuscript, and you will not find it in any of his charming books on *shikar*, for reasons which he gives himself in the story. These are 'partly because I have been at some pains to build up a reputation for strict veracity, which this yarn would most certainly annul; and partly because there are times when I myself begin to doubt if it ever could have happened.'

Moray knew nothing of the history or tradition of Hoondi—it was a chance he ever learned its name; he had never heard of Josiah Macfadyen and the *Meriah* sacrifices; he had not read the Administration Reports; and in spite of what occurred to him, he never investigated the more or less authenticated instances of the horn's activities. He tells his story quite naïvely as an individual experience, and one can see that all along he is half-doubtful as to whether he did not dream it. This and his own special style—the matter-of-fact narrative with an occasional telling or picturesque phrase—make the story peculiarly interesting. There seems no doubt whatever that Moray neither dreamed nor imagined the happenings he records, and if he had realised or had taken the trouble to ascertain how much the sounding of the horn had been written of and discussed, he would not have shrunk from publishing his own contribution.

To cut out the unessentials, Moray was really looking for the record spotted stag up and down the Gamsatri River, in which valley if that creature is not to be found, it does not exist within the bounds of British India. It was when he was laid up for a day or two with fever at Khankota that he heard of a particularly bad man-eater that haunted the ghat-head at Hoondi, and had taken heavy toll of all comers for the past two or three years. All this, mark you, was as recent as 1906, and Bodi and his secret with him had been in the grave for a quarter of a century.

Moray, having shot the best part of a score of man-eaters, was little interested, but he seems to have had a garrulous bearer, who regaled him through his convalescence—as no local would ever have done—with all the bazaar stories of this monstrous creature and its prowess. It was then Moray heard of the horn, which was now said to sound without human agency every time the man-eater claimed a victim. The general opinion was that the black god of Hoondi was god still, that the old days of human sacrifice were coming back, with the difference that, as the Government now forbade human agency to assist, the god claimed his victims by the stroke of this demoniac tiger. As of yore, the horn sounded to mark the consummation of the rite. But most striking of all were the accounts of the tiger. Some said it was black, some that it was fiery; some made it out of monstrous size or parts; some said it was not a tiger at all.

Moray was fired. He determined to look into the matter for himself, and from the moment he sets foot on the first steep of the Hoondi ghat, his story is worth following verbatim.

'We got up the ghat,' he says, 'in a few hours, the gradient being easy and the path for these parts good. It was very much the usual sort of place, thick bamboo on the lower slopes, *yegisi* and *nallamadi* and such trees higher up, with a good deal of Bauhinia creeper all over. I heard a jungle sheep coughing away, and now and then the screech of a Malabar squirrel, but saw no tracks. There was one striking place about a mile below the summit, where we came slap out into a clearing, and there, right in front of us, was a huge, round black rock, two or three hundred feet high, with a trace of ruins on the top of it. From these last the demon horn was wont to sound. It came so suddenly it was almost like coming out on to the top of some huge, dangerous beast. Rock scenery is always rather terrifying, I think, but this place—whether from all I had heard about it or not—produced a feeling I can't very well explain.

'At the top of the ghat was more trouble. There used to be a village called Kirridi hereabouts, where one could camp, but the scare of the man-eater—and other things—had driven every soul away. As no one would consent to pitch camp at the ghat-head itself, and as no supplies would have been forthcoming if we had, we were forced to trek on a very unnecessary three miles or so to another village. Here I could get very little done. I have often, of course, come across stories of demon tigers and so forth at some distance from the spot, but I have usually found that when one gets to his haunts the beast is a beast and nothing more, and the local *shikaris* are only too keen to come out on his trail. This wasn't so at Hoondi. I could not get a *shikari* of any sort to undertake the business; not one of the villagers would have anything to do with it. Even Ameer' (Ameer was the garrulous bearer already mentioned), 'whom I had credited with more sense, began to suggest that I should leave the place alone; he had some long-winded tale about a policeman who had gone after a tiger hereabouts

and had been caught by a devil, so that he himself went mad and all his following died. I am bound to admit that it was a most depressing bit of country; one was never out of sight of that great black rock, and it tended to get upon one's nerves. I fancy it was feverish—more so, I mean, than ordinary.

'The only creature who did me any obligement was the man-eater himself. I had not been in camp a day when a squat-faced Gobhari came running in to say the man-eater had killed a fellow who had gone out looking for a lost bullock. The kill was just at the foot of the Hoondi rock on the ghat side. I have usually found some difficulty in such cases in persuading the relatives to let the body lie for me to sit up by: not so here. To begin with, no one would admit to being any sib to the deceased at all, and when at length a family was identified as being his, they were only too happy to let me do anything I liked, provided they were not asked to go near. I said I would sit up all that afternoon and night—the moon served splendidly—and at that they gazed at me in a kind of horror—and bolted!

'It ended, as I had expected, in my having everything to do myself. Fortunately the ground was easy, and if I had placed the kill with my own hand I could not have got a better situation. I rigged up a small *machan* with a screen of branches, and began to promise myself the Hoondi man-eater's skin.

'As I am now coming to decidedly queer occurrences, it seems right here to say a word or two as to the kill. It was perfectly normal: the man had got a smash on the back of the head, and only a very little had been eaten so far. I found a good many pug-marks, and from them I concluded that, as is often the case, the man-eater was a smallish beast. The man had come up to a little high ground to look about for his bullock; the brute had crept up alongside through a belt of bamboo and sprung out on him from behind. Let me say here and now that, if my experience as a *shikari* is worth anything at all, that unfortunate man was killed by an ordinary man-eating tiger, just as surely as any of the other thousand or so who appeared in that year's Government returns. Of that I have no doubt whatsoever. What else could it have been? That is just the question I shall be left asking at the end of this yarn.

'I had a very tedious sederunt. I was in my *machan* by two in the afternoon, and by the fall of dusk nothing whatever had happened. Considering that the beast had evidently killed deliberately and had eaten little or nothing, I was surprised at this, and began to fear he must have winded me. I had expected him by five at the latest. There was a bad interval, just after dusk fell, before the moon would rise, when it was very dark indeed, and the row of the crickets and the frogs in a little swamp at the ghat-head made it difficult to catch any sound; but at last the moon came sailing up from the direction of my camp and climbed up the heavens, getting steadily brighter and brighter. As I have said, I could not have placed the kill to better advantage; the horrid object lay full in the broadest ray of the moon, and would lie so for hours to come. About eight I had a sandwich and a cigarette, and a little whisky and soda from my flask. I believe strongly in these amenities on vigils of this sort, and have always held that, if you make no noise over it, a smoke does no harm; if the beast doesn't smell you yourself, the smoke won't worry him. I felt very happy and contented, and quite sure of the man-eater.

'I come now to happenings I find difficult to describe and quite impossible to explain.

'From the time I took the refreshment, or perhaps I should say from nine o'clock onwards, I began to feel less and less comfortable, not in my body but in my mind. Normally, I am never so happy as when sitting up over a kill; I like the quiet sounds and scents of the night, and the pleasant expectation. Now I began to feel sensations that were quite new to me. All kinds of gruesome ideas began to fill my mind. I began to think how dreadful it would be if the corpse were to sit up and talk to me; I began to picture myself dragged down and mauled by the tiger—a thing I had never done in my life before; in fact, all sorts of grisly and horrible ideas, most of which I cannot now recall, raced through my mind. I tried to put it down to fever, but I knew I had no fever. As the night went on it grew worse, and I think I may say that between the hours of nine and eleven that night I tasted to the very full the sensation of fear. It is a thing I had not known before. I am not boasting; I have many a time been thoroughly scared or frightened; but this crawling, deadly, sickening feeling of nameless terror was something utterly new. I could not wish my bitterest enemy anything worse.

'The thing—it is not for me to say what it was—came just before midnight. It conveyed itself to me first as a distant, rushing sound, then as a sudden darkening of the moon and a gust of wind. I saw no cloud and I felt no rush of air, yet the moon darkened and the wind seemed to blow. And then it was as if something—God or the devil knows what—swept roaring through the place and was gone. Time and again I have tried to reconstruct these moments and what I saw—or rather, for I don't think I actually saw anything, what I felt. Sometimes I think I saw a great black beast: sometimes a dark cloud: sometimes a shapeless body; I doubt if any of these impressions is worth a straw. All I can definitely say is that I had an impression of some immense rushing thing that swept past me; and I can further

say that that thing swept up with it the body—which was that of a well-grown man—and carried it away, and I never saw it again. And I am further prepared to swear that whatever on earth or out of it it was, it was no tiger, man-eating or otherwise, that ever lived.

'I sat on in the *machan*, sweating and shivering like a horse. The moon seemed bright and clear again, and as I looked for the kill and saw it gone, the terror came on me afresh. I took out my flask, and as I unscrewed the top of it there burst out upon me the most dreadful sound I ever heard. The first of it was a long, sweeping howl running upwards till it seemed one's nerves must break; then it gave way to one long, indescribable note more fearful than any. It was just such a noise as might be made by a gigantic horn, and, unless I am a madman, it came from above me—from the summit of the rock of Hoondi.'

I follow Moray no further; indeed, except for Hamlet's remark to Horatio anent things in heaven and earth, there seems nothing more to be said. We are left with a hundred questions all unanswerable. What happened to Bannerman's servants? From what were they running? What passed through Duchesne's tent in the semblance of a rushing wind? What took the man-eater's kill? Think of the age-old horror of Hoondi; figure to yourself, if you can, what things may have lurked about that fort and temple; suggest, if you dare, what manner of creature crept into these evil ruins and blew that monstrous horn. Thereafter, put yourself in the place of those forsaken men at Hoondi who heard that horn to sound, knowing well that it was never mortal man that blew.

THE PIONEERS.

FROM the silent Yukon valley to the Horn,
From Koolgardie's yellow lure to 'Frisco bay,
From the Cape to old Algiers, from Pekin to 'Armenteers,'
The Great Unknown has lured us, and the unknown still holds sway.

In the tundras of the northlands, where the snow-god spreads his mantle,
Where the white peaks rocket upwards to the skies,
We have blazed the trail to glory, we have learned by heart the story,
From the living book of nature we've grown wise.

In the lands away down under we have conquered desolation,
The Overland is milestoned with our bones;
We are experts with the paddle, we're at home upon the saddle;
Our trails are laid within the torrid zones.

We have lathered in the night-time with the batteries in action,
Seen the sky illuminated with the crimson of the guns,
Heard the challenge of a nation, men of every kind of station,
Tell the world their Empire's solid while the blood of Britain runs.

We have known the pregnant silence in the half-light of the dawning,
A silence hung so heavy you could feel;
We have seen the bayonets shimmer as they caught the moonbeams' glimmer;
We have felt the ground beneath us rock and reel.

In the humid breathless swelter of an Oriental summer
We have sometimes asked ourselves the reason why
We scorned the gilded glamour of the cities' noise and clamour,
Let the open spaces claim us, heard their cry.

Heard their cry, and hearing, answered to a yearning soul's dictation,
Went and severed all our home-ties, struck the trail;
Stepped adown from off the highways to explore the unknown byways,
Letting those who followed after tell the tale.

So we've heard the battle music of the heavies' crimson chorus;
We have sweated for the flag on foreign plains;
We have sailed the lonely seas on, wanderlust our only reason,
And experience is the net sum of our gains.

LONE MACDONALD.

LES MITRAILLEUSES.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

By ANDREW W. ARNOLD,

Author of *The Attack on the Farm*, *The Colonel's Murillo*, *La Sierpes*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

I.

AT a fair pace on that fatal Saturday, 6th of August 1870, we chasseurs were trotting in double file through an *allée* of the Forest of Niederbronn, when we were startled by some furious galloping behind us, for ours was the rear squadron. 'Attention! Attention! Make way there.' Turning, we saw a couple of mitrailleuses, a *fourgon* full of men, and attached to it a couple of sumpter mules laden with ammunition. 'Spread out, there!' cried Despencier, my captain; and the order had hardly been executed when the whole group passed like a flash.

The very sight of these novel machines cheered us up, and Heaven knows we wanted cheering, for we had passed cuirassiers without cuirasses, and men without knapsacks or rifles, and one Zouave with nothing on but his shoes, baggy trousers and a vest, and his fez — they had that very morning at Woerth been surprised while bathing. He naturally came in for some pretty broad jests, but at any rate he had kept his chassepot. 'Yes, you may laugh, *mes braves*,' he said, 'but I gave those Prussian devils a taste of my "demoiselle," and some won't want any more, either.' He had, too, for there was still a small piece of cloth near the cross hilt of his blood-stained sword-bayonet. But in spite of the mitrailleuses and the jokes going round among our heedless troopers, for my part I felt that, for the last week, one had been living in a horrible dream.

On the 2nd of August we had gained a little victory at Sarrebrück, and there was no limit to our confidence. Then suddenly came a real defeat on the 4th of August at Frobach. We in De Failly's Corps knew that only too well, for our regiment had suffered severely; but this disaster of MacMahon's on the 6th was evidently worse. The Zouave had told us that half his regiment (2nd Zouaves) was annihilated, but it proved worse than that, for, out of two thousand five hundred, only five hundred were left.

Evidently affected by those who had passed with the mitrailleuses, our colonel had quickened the pace, and we soon came to the end of the forest. Immediately in front of us, on a slope, was a field of oats that was nearly cleared. At right angles the wood continued to the left.

The remnants of the marshal's forces had fled panic-stricken in two directions: some towards Hagenau, and the others towards Saverne, by way of Niederbronn. It was our duty to cover the retreat at this last-mentioned place. Below us in the valley were the high-road, a small stream, and the railway. We chasseurs had come from Bitche, the infantry by rail, though they had not yet got up. A regiment of the fugitives had been rallied and was waiting in the wood; but the men, alas! we found, lacked ammunition. Neither side had intended to fight that day; the Germans were short of cavalry, and MacMahon had only thirty-five thousand men, and knew that the Prussians had one hundred thousand. The marshal had had no idea of attacking, but receiving repeated orders to attack, against his better judgment he had done so. If the Germans had only had their proper number of cavalry their victory would have been even greater.

Two of our squadrons were sent forward among the trees to the left. Thus we found ourselves close to the two mitrailleuses.

'It seems strange that their cavalry have not pursued us farther,' remarked Despencier, because, of course, we did not know how short they were. 'Anyway,' he continued with a chuckle, 'we shall have a little surprise for them. I was at Châlons last year at the School of Instruction, and I had the chance of seeing those mitrailleuses, and I know what they can do.' It was the first time I had really been close to one of these machine-guns, and after his words I was quite fascinated by them.

We waited some time, scanning the country impatiently with our lorgnettes. Suddenly, at the end of the road, on a ridge about eight hundred metres from us, three uhlans were seen. 'Keep well back,' shouted a captain of our infantry.

Advancing at a slow trot, the patrol was quickly followed by a squadron. We thought they might spread out, but they luckily kept to the road, and nothing could have suited us better. The strictest orders had been given that not a shot was to be fired. One could just hear an old lieutenant who had charge of the mitrailleuses giving the range. It had

gradually got down from eight hundred to three hundred metres, and still our foes suspected nothing. We had been standing by our horses, and in a whisper orders were given to tighten the girths and mount.

'I am going to trust to this,' said Despencier, my captain, taking out his revolver. 'I tell you a sword is no match for a lance, if we have to charge; and it 's far better if they run.'

I had won a prize for shooting with my revolver, and determined to follow his example.

'Two-fifty,' shouted the lieutenant. '*Allez!* Now we have them.'

In a second the infernal machine commenced its mechanical growl. This sudden extraordinary noise set all our horses capering about, so that I did not actually see it, but the horse of the Prussian leader was wounded, and tore off to the right into the field; the bulk of his men, taken as they were by surprise, followed him. Then our colonel gave the word. Clear, shrill, the trumpets sounded the 'Charge.' Our horses had had a rest, the ground was in our favour, and we tore after our flying foes *ventre à terre*, across the stubble. They had got such a start that we never really came to close quarters, but I am certain I got one and wounded another with my revolver ere the 'Rally' sounded, just as our men who had been into the wood issued from it, and thus cut off those who had got too far for us to catch. All this time the mitrailleuse was playing on those who were galloping back by the road, and the number of men and horses lying on it, and the saddleless horses careering about, showed what that murderous weapon could do.

II.

This was but a little episode, a ray of light in the dark clouds, but the sight of the prisoners, who numbered about forty, had a cheering effect on the men. On account of my knowledge of German I was told to question them. While I was doing so General Brahaut, to whose division we belonged, appeared, and so important did he think some of the information I obtained that he sent an aide-de-camp off at once with the report to Marshal MacMahon.

That evening we bivouacked in the forest, and next day fell back with the rest on Châlons, where the Emperor arrived about a week later. Then came the fatal order from Paris for MacMahon to try to join Bazaine at Metz, and then the horrible surprise at Beaumont, where my horse was brought down. In falling I broke a bone in my left arm, besides being stunned. It was not till the next day that I realised that I was a prisoner. Fortunately the fracture was not a bad one, and within a week I was on my way to Germany.

On arriving at Stuttgart, we were placed in what had been a civil prison. We officers—there were five of us from my own regiment—were offered our parole, but this we refused. I was young; I was strong; my wound was healing fast. I had never known what depression was, but when the news came within a short time of the capitulation of the Emperor and the whole of MacMahon's army at Sedan, then, I admit, my natural buoyancy disappeared. Only too clearly could we hear beyond the walls the clanging and the throbbing of the bells, the boom of the guns, the music and the fireworks to celebrate the victory.

In that horrible prison I had plenty of time to think, and the more I thought the less I liked it. My only consolation was I had Adèle's photograph. It was taken when she was seventeen, but it did not do her justice. Those blue eyes looked too serious, but I knew the bright smile of welcome that came into them when I approached, and I knew her merry laugh when she was pleased; nor could any photograph really show the beauty of those silky golden tresses. More than three long years had gone since I had seen her, though I knew that she was well, and that out there at Buenos Aires she would no more think of marrying any one else than I should; and so, day by day, I used to gaze on this portrait and speculate how she would look now, and how I could get my parents' consent.

It was my great-grandfather, Jean de Montavallon, who was of noble blood, who founded the ironworks at St Barnabé, but neither he nor his son carried them on with greater success than my father, who had all their indefatigable energy, determination, and honesty—and what was more, as times changed, greater opportunities.

Adèle's father, Achille Lorinart, was one of the best-known *notaires*, and quite a *gros bonnet* in the city. He had been mayor, and eventually became *sous-préfet*, for he had followed the fortunes of Louis Napoleon from the beginning. His wife had been my mother's chief bridesmaid, and the two families had grown up together. I had no greater friend than her brother René. Alas, poor lad! when he was at school he had had an accident; the knee was drawn up, and he had a clump-foot. This was a blow to his father, for he had no other son. This misfortune, however, made no difference to René's being able to ride. The physicians said he was to, so he had a pony, and when I was old enough I had one too; and as Adèle loved riding, all three of us used to go out with a groom. Ah! those were happy days as we scampered about the *allées* in the woods or on the hillsides. It brought the colour into the naturally pale but handsome, refined features of René and the roses into Adèle's pretty face. It was taken as a matter of course that when she and I grew up we should be betrothed; in fact, our respective parents were quite intent on that.

My mother's father was a general, and her brother Charles, who had served in the Crimea

and in the Italian campaign, was a colonel; so, as my two elder brothers, Henri and Édouard, were to carry on the ironworks, I was glad to be a soldier, and was sent to St Cyr.

There is always a certain amount of scandal and tittle-tattle in small provincial towns, and it was just as I had finished my course at St Cyr that an estrangement took place between our two families, on account of something my mother declared that Madame Lorinart had said. My father, engrossed in business, made light of it, and M. Lorinart declared his wife had never said anything of the kind, but my mother was furious.

I first heard of all this when I returned home, before I took up my commission in the regiment of which my uncle Charles was colonel. Naturally I asked about Adèle.

'Adèle has not come back from school,' said my mother gravely. 'I admit she is a clever and charming *jeune fille*, but I think, François, with your father's money and position, that you could do better;' and she went on to mention the names of the daughters of some of her relatives and friends.

I was simply thunder-struck. Adèle was everything to me; the very idea of marrying any one else, when the time came, had never entered my head. Besides, was not René my greatest friend? We continually met in Paris, where he was a medical student at La Charité, and we two always, if we could, had *déjeuner* and dinner together on Sunday. I had seen him recently, and he had never said a word about any silly quarrel between our families. Luckily my father took a common-sense view and said the storm would soon blow over; but my time was short, and I did not have the chance of seeing Adèle before I left to join my regiment as a *sous-lieutenant* at Lyons, which was fortunately at no great distance. Often, if he had the chance, René would come down to see me. This always gave me pleasure, for he assured me that, though neither my mother nor his visited the other, Adèle was as true to me as I was to her.

III.

I had been in the regiment two years, and had become the junior lieutenant, when the town of St Barnabé was vastly excited by the sudden disappearance of M. Loudet, the partner of M. Lorinart. He was a bachelor, and was always a *flâneur* and very well dressed. He was handsome and clever, and had enough shrewdness to be very discreet in St Barnabé. When he wished to enjoy himself he usually went to Lyons, but Paris was his Mecca.

Now a few weeks before I had happened to be in Paris on Grand Prix night, and a comrade whom I had not seen since I was at St Cyr, and who had won some money on the race, took me and another old St Cyrien to dine at the Café Voisin. Just as we were about to mount the stairs, who should descend but a lovely brunette, followed by Loudet! He was as much surprised to see me as I was to see him, but he recovered himself in a moment and introduced her to me as his cousin, and having asked a few questions about my family, &c., hurried off. '*Parbleu! mais elle est belle*,' remarked one of my friends. 'Did you see her necklace?' 'She may be his cousin,' said the other; 'but I am certain she is Mlle. Boraton of the Variétés.'

Little dreaming of how this fellow's escapade would affect me in the future, I had taken the whole affair as a matter of course and almost forgotten all about it; but when the scandal of his flight took place, and I saw in the *Figaro* that Mlle. Boraton had got a good engagement in Madrid, I put two and two together. I was highly indignant at such rascality, and told my father of it. He was very angry with me for not having told him before, as he was still good friends with M. Lorinart, and he could and would have warned him, because he said it was not likely that, with so many admirers, such a well-known actress would have troubled herself about a provincial lawyer for nothing.

How much money M. Lorinart lost no one could tell, but he was known, or supposed, to be so rich that his credit was not shaken, and he met all his partner's liabilities.

A few months afterwards, when he was out shooting, in getting over a hedge M. Lorinart's gun went off, and he was killed on the spot. It was the purest accident, according to the papers; but I was to learn soon after, if no one else was, how on that fatal morning he had taken an affecting farewell of his family.

Naturally I was horrified, and unfortunately I could not get leave to go to the funeral on account of a grand review which took place with great pomp. Soon there were strange rumours, and then it became known that, through his partner's flight and his own speculations, a million francs were owing, and ruin faced his children. I got leave, and flew back to my native town.

'Now, François,' said my mother, 'where would you have been if you had been formally betrothed to Adèle?'

'I don't know, dear mother, where I should have been, or where I shall be, but I know I won't desert the poor girl now. You can prevent my marrying her, but no one can make me marry any one else. I am going to see her now;' and off I went.

Our regiment was a very extravagant one, and to keep up its traditions my father—especially as my uncle was colonel—gave me a very handsome allowance. Luckily at that moment I had money to spare, not only from my father, but through René's judgment. Doctors, if they have a *penchant* for horses, are generally fine judges. For a steeplechase, for the officers of the garrison, he had sold me, and advised me to ride, a horse

he had really bought for himself. It was an ugly black brute, very different from the showy bay I had intended to ride. My brother-officers chaffed me unmercifully; they christened it *Le Croquemort* ('The Undertaker'), and asked if I had bought the hearse too; but I had tried him quietly with René, and there was no doubt about his jumping, speed, and staying-power. I never cared for betting, but one had to bet on one's own mount, and at 12 to 1 I did not mind doing so. I won easily, and cleared nearly eight thousand francs.

With all the money I could possibly spare I hastened to the Lorinarts' house. I knew the straits the family would be in, but the creditors would not be able to touch what I chose to give them. I sold the black for three thousand francs, and with the stakes I scraped together over fourteen thousand francs in all.

'I don't like to take it, François,' said René, after I had expressed my condolences. 'Anyway, it must not be a gift.'

'Oh yes,' I replied; 'you would have done the same for me.'

He had, like his sister, a very sensitive disposition; it was the shame, more than the loss of money, that he felt.

'But, you see,' he said, brightening up a little, 'I have telegraphed to Uncle Roger at Buenos Aires. I know that he will not allow a slur to rest on our name in this place where we Lorinarts have lived so long. It will take a few days before we can hear, as the telegram has to go to New York first, but you will see it will be all right.'

I had forgotten Uncle Roger for the moment, but I knew him well. Whenever this South American millionaire came to see his brother champagne flowed like water. My father had done a great deal of business with him, for they had been boys together. Apart from agricultural implements the great merchant had to do with railways, and, thanks to him, we had got some large orders for ironwork, &c.

'Yes,' I said, 'Uncle Roger will make it all right. But where is Adèle? I must, and will, see her. She must not let any silly sentiment make her throw me over. You will see to that, won't you?'

'Trust me,' he replied. 'She's with mother now. They cry all day, and it will do her good to see you.'

Soon he brought her in. She was pale, and the deep mourning made her look paler. Her eyes were red, and I saw the quiver of her lips.

'You are good, dear François,' she said as I kissed her hand; 'but we must go different ways now. It is for your good; it is for mine. We will go away from this place. I shall look after mother, and act as a governess, and make a little money by teaching in the daytime. René is clever, and he is a full doctor now, and he will get a practice somewhere, and we shall all live together. I am sure father—dear father——' But her lips quivered and she broke into a paroxysm of tears.

We had been seated side by side. A lump came into my throat. I did not know what to say or do, and looked helplessly from the poor girl to her brother. Whether it was against the *convenances* or not, I placed my hand on her shoulder and gently kissed her burning cheeks, and quietly left the two together.

IV.

Within a few days two telegrams arrived. The agent of the bank at Buenos Aires told the manager of the Crédit Lyonnais to place a million francs to the credit of the firm of the late M. Lorinart. The other was from Uncle Roger to René, telling him to have all claims ready, and a letter would follow by first mail, and he would come as soon as possible. The letter that came told René to sell horses, carriages, house, everything. In due course the great millionaire arrived. After he had examined every detail—and he did this more shrewdly than some bargained for—every franc was paid that was due.

Then I got a telegram from him that he wished to see me. I telegraphed to my father that I should be home for a night, and he met me at the station. He was bitterly disappointed and surprised that Roger Lorinart had not been to see him.

I was welcomed warmly by the uncle. 'Ah, my lad,' he said, wringing my hand, 'I know what you have done. Here's a bill on the bank for all you were so willing to do for my brother's family. I know you want to marry Adèle, but I am going to take them all away with me. I only wish I had a son like René. Both of mine have been a source of worry and disgrace. René cannot be in the business, but I will set him up as a doctor. As regards Adèle, I am her guardian. She is young yet—she is only seventeen. You may write her once a year. If in three years you are both willing to marry each other, then,' he continued decidedly, 'you shall marry her, whether your parents like it or not.'

Though I did not see how that could be, I told him how grateful I felt; but when I mentioned my father's name his manner changed abruptly. 'No; if Adèle,' he said sharply, 'was not good enough for you before my poor brother died, it is hardly likely your parents would think her good enough now. But it won't rest with them, if you choose to come out to Buenos Aires.'

I saw the anger on his face, and said nothing.

'Now come and wish them good-bye;' and he took me into the next room. 'I am your father now, Adèle,' he said. 'I have told François what I have told you.'

'Good-bye, dear François,' she said sadly.

'You won't forget me, will you? And be sure you write. Uncle says you may.'

I bent over to kiss her hand, but her brother told me, while I had the chance, to kiss her lips, and a smile, the first I had seen for many a day, came into her blushing cheeks as I did so. What pleased me almost as much, her mother kissed me, for she had been rather reserved towards me since my mother and she had quarrelled. Now I knew she was my friend, and, with fresh assurances from all that everything would come right in the end, I left them.

I ought, I suppose, to have been content, but I felt utterly wretched when I got home. I told my father only what I thought best, but that was enough to make him angry, and I was glad that I had gone when he learnt a few days later that Uncle Roger had given a large order to our friendly rivals, Blanc et Cie, which in the ordinary way would have come to us.

It was in the following year, 1867, that my second brother, Édouard, died. This was a double misfortune; not only did I feel his loss bitterly, but my father told me that I must take his place in the business. With a very sad heart I left the regiment. I loved my profession, and I knew how I should miss a great number of my comrades.

There was a bitter feeling in Austria and Hungary against the Germans after their defeat in 1866. At once when the war was over my father had gone to Austria, taking Édouard with him, but they were greatly handicapped by their ignorance of German. Now the first thing my father did was to send me to Linz for six months, and he was so pleased with my progress that at the end of that time he sent me a good sum for a holiday, to be spent to travel where I liked in Germany for a month ere I returned to France. I went to Berlin and many of the large towns, and finished up with a walking tour up the Rhine to Basle. As an officer I was much struck with the large number of their troops in garrison on our frontier and their fine discipline.

Had any one told me, as a subaltern, whose life was one round of pleasure a year before, that I should ever have had any capacity for business, I should have laughed in his face; as a matter of fact, I found not only that I liked it, but that it came quite natural to me. The appetite comes with the eating. My father was surprised and delighted. It was thought best for me to get some practical knowledge; and then, after a few months in the works with my elder brother, I was sent off to Austria. I succeeded far beyond my hopes. I was happy, perfectly happy, too, for I frequently heard from René, who was getting on well in his profession, and the one letter that I received from Adèle each year was sufficient to make me happy till the next, though it seemed cruel and hard that she should not be allowed to write every month, as she said she would if she dared. On the Jour de l'An 1870 my father told me I should in one more year be made a partner. Then I got a letter from René saying that he was going to be married to a certain Dolores Caldarez, the very beautiful daughter of one of the richest merchants of Buenos Aires, who was a friend of his uncle's; but, best of all, my darling Adèle told me that the three years would be up before I got another letter from her. It would be Uncle Roger who would write when the time came round. That was a very nice and modest way of writing, and of all her letters that was the one I treasured most. Thus the year, that horrible year as it turned out, started well, and in all the provinces there was no one more happy than I. Then, like a thunder-clap, came the war.

Of course, I had been placed in the reserve of officers. Though I might at once have been a captain of mobiles, I wrote to the colonel and told him I would rather be a *sous-lieutenant* in my old regiment than a captain in a strange one. I wrote also to my uncle, who had been made a general, and begged him to use all his influence on my behalf, and the result was that I found myself once more among my old comrades, who were in as high spirits as myself at the thought of our promenade to Berlin.

CHAPTER II.

I.

ALL this and the many disappointments that followed filled my thoughts, as day after day was passed in that hateful prison at Stuttgart. There had been more than one attempt to escape. We were told that those who had tried to do so had been captured and duly shot. This latter assertion may have been true or not, but it had a damping effect on all of us.

On the 27th of October Metz fell—three marshals, six thousand officers, and one hundred and seventy-six thousand men taken prisoners. On the 28th Stuttgart was all in commotion. It was another Sedan celebration. Had I been told on the morning of that day that by the evening I should be free I should have said my informant was mad, for I had no more idea of escaping than of flying in the air. I had had a toothache, and the prison doctor had said I could see a dentist in the infirmary. This was a separate building, though connected by a sort of cloister. The entrance was always strictly guarded, but, showing the doctor's signature, I walked through, and found myself in the great kitchen. Passing on, I came to some large gates. Coal had evidently just been taken in. At the side of the gate was a porter's lodge. I tapped at the window. No one was there. The gates were

closed, but I observed that they were not really secured. I saw my chance.

In my bright uniform, however, it would have been madness, so I asked one of the kitchen-maids where the dentist was located. She told me to go straight on, and I should find him in the first room. I opened the door, and on shelves all round the room I saw very neatly strapped-up bundles of clothes. These had belonged to the former civil prisoners, or those who had died. I went in and found the dentist. He was a talkative young fellow, and told me that he was going to meet his fiancée. He was not long over his business, and, highly pleased with the fee I gave him, he hurried off. I lingered behind, wishing to see how he would get out. I heard him ask for the porter, but could not hear any reply. Very soon I heard him close the gate gently.

In a moment I went quickly along the passage and into the room I had entered, and unstrapped the very largest bundle of clothes. I chose a huge greatcoat—I should say the man must have been over six foot—put it on, stuffed my *képi* into a pocket, put on an old Tyrolean hat, and strapped the bundle up again. Then on tiptoe I went to the gate, closed it quietly—and I was free.

I soon got into Austria, thence to Switzerland, and within a few days I arrived at Lyons. I was a fool, being so near my home, not to have gone there first, and reported myself at the headquarters of my regiment afterwards; as it was, I was sent on to the governor of the city, who wanted to know many particulars, as he had relatives who were imprisoned in Germany. I had hoped to get a short leave, but officers who had been in the regular army and had seen active service were too much wanted. I had expected and hoped to serve in the cavalry, but I was given no choice. I was given a commission as a captain of mobiles, and told to go on to Tours.

At once I telegraphed to my father. I begged him to send me money, and let me know if any letter from René had come for me, as I had not had one since March. A special messenger arrived from my brother, my father being away on Government business. Three letters, it appeared, had come from Adèle, and one from her brother, all edged with deep black. The earliest of these had been sent to Châlons, and the later ones to Stuttgart. Not a single one of them had I received. There was nothing extraordinary in not receiving letters when on service or as a prisoner; but it was very extraordinary that Adèle, who was only allowed to write once a year, should actually have been able to send three. Without a doubt I reckoned from the black edges that the two had lost their mother, who, I knew, had been very ill, and so I thought that Uncle Roger had relaxed a little.

I was partly right, for Madame Lorinart had died in February, a month after René's wedding.

1922.]

II.

As soon as I got to Tours I was sent on to a camp of instruction that we had in and behind the great forest of Marchenoir. The fact that I had served in the regulars, and in a famous regiment, too; that I had seen service in the earlier part of the war; and, above all, that I had escaped from a German prison, gave me a certain amount of prestige, and I was very well received by my colonel and my new brother-officers. The former, named Redon, had served in the Italian campaign, but owing to a malarial fever he had caught had been placed *en retraite*. He was very affable, but undoubtedly delicate; and only patriotism had induced him to come forward. One felt, poor fellow! that he could have done as much or more good for his country in an easier place.

The commandant, Lessier, was altogether different—jovial and good-hearted, with very *laisser aller* ideas. He had never served before. Having plenty of money, he had led the easy life of a country gentleman. He knew and owned his ignorance of military affairs, and was only too glad, as I was to find out, to leave all responsibility to others. For knowing his business, there was not a better officer in the regiment than an old hard-drinking, hard-swearing veteran of the Crimea and Italian campaigns, who had risen from the ranks, my lieutenant, Klatz by name. If the men did not like him, they trusted him. But the one I liked most was a very rich young fellow, half-English and half-Scottish, called Hamilton Gore, who was my *sous-lieutenant*. He was a tall, loose-boned, fair-haired lad, with those gray, almost blue, eyes that one so often sees among those who are fine shots. He had been used to a rifle from his boyhood, and I never met his equal with that weapon; the success that we were soon going to achieve was without doubt due a great deal to him. He was going into the English service, and had come to France in June to learn the language. He had volunteered at once, but had only recently been accepted. Of course, it was not his own country that was being devastated by the German brutes, and he looked on the war almost as a sort of sport; and the consequent light-heartedness of this young dare-devil rather jarred on the feelings of some of my brother-officers. But I took to him at once, for I liked his verve and energy; and as for the men, they loved him—he was so free with his money, and got so many comforts for them from England. Personally, from what I had seen with my own eyes at Niederbronn, I had a very great faith in the mitrailleuse. Many a heated discussion had I heard among my fellow-prisoners of Stuttgart as to its merits, and I found opinions differed just as much among my new comrades now.

I happened to express my delight that we had a couple of them allotted to the battalion.

These, it appeared, were of an improved sort called Gatling guns, that had come from America.

'It seems to me, my friend,' said the colonel in his listless way on the first day I arrived, 'that you are judging from an isolated case. The men you saw during that retreat were trained hands from Châlons—they understood the machines; but I have often heard how they get clogged with dust in the summer, and I know they get rusty from the rain. I know colonels who, if they could help it, would not have them, because they said they have failed at the critical moment, and, anyway, they use up so much ammunition. However, I am glad to find some one who believes in them, and I promise you that you shall have the chance of proving what you say about them.'

I was pleased with this permission, for among the men in my company I had found two brothers, named Jacques and Jean Allard, who were in my father's works. They were smart, energetic fellows, and the elder had soon been made a sergeant. I did not pretend to be a great engineer, but I knew a little, and I quickly mastered the working of this new Gatling gun, which was far simpler and better in every way than ours, especially as regards the recoil; besides, it had an automatic sort of mowing action that I saw would be very useful against troops advancing in line. Moreover, it had a waterproof cover. I soon inspired these two brothers with my own enthusiasm. I had, of course, many disillusions. When I compared the half-clothed, half-fed lads with the fine, smart troopers of my old regiment I could not help feeling sometimes a little depressed; but I put my heart and soul into it, and my colonel was pleased, and so was Lessier. 'You are a deuced good fellow,' said the latter. 'My wife has sent me a case of Cognac and some cigars. Come and try them.'

Just as the mitrailleuse was my particular hobby, so shooting was with the young Englishman. We both had difficulty in inducing the colonel to allow us cartridges for practice, but luckily several million rounds arrived from America. I remember one morning, with a strong, bitter cold north wind blowing, going up to the range. The shooting was terrible. I heard Gore's muttered swearing. It was not a case of hitting *la Mouche* (bull's-eye)—nine out of ten never even hit the target. '*Mes enfants*,' he said in despair, 'you are making no allowance for the wind. I will show you what the wind has to do with it; and taking a rifle, without apparently aiming, he put a bullet in the centre of the bull's-eye. 'I fired six inches to the left in that case,' he said. 'Now,' he continued, turning at right angles, 'you see that biscuit-box? Now I am firing with the wind.' He fired, and told a man to fetch the target. The range was about a hundred and fifty metres; and when the box was brought to us, we saw the bullet had passed through it. 'I did not do that from vanity,' he said to me, 'but it gives the men more confidence if they know I can do myself what I ask them to do.'

III.

Of course, they were not really half-ready when the time came for the instruction to cease; but, anyway, our regiment was not worse than others, and my particular company was admitted to be the best. I had got my father to send by a special messenger a large quantity of tobacco, and that gave the men a warm place in their hearts for me. It was towards the end of November when we started, and then we found that our regiment belonged to the 1st Division under General Gaspatti, at that time retreating before Von der Tann's Bavarians and Von Voigts-Rhetz' Hessians. The weather was bitterly cold, and the snow frozen so hard on the slippery roads that from choice we often went across the fields. At each little village or farm in front of and around Beaugency the walls were loopholed. Then the Prussians brought up their guns, and under cover of them attacked us. Sometimes we held our own; but in the end, from their vastly superior numbers, we had, even if we did not do so at once, to fall back in the night. Anyway, we inflicted a certain amount of damage, and the German brutes did not have it all their own way.

Our colonel was so timid about losing our new mitrailleuses that at first he kept them in the rear, and thus it was not till about a week had elapsed that we had the chance of proving their wonderful capabilities. We had lost Beaugency. Our brigade, on the 8th of December, had retreated from Villorceau and bivouacked near Blois, which was in our rear.

The Germans on that day, having received large reinforcements, made a grand attack. It was about midday that we arrived at a small but very pretty modern château with a mansard-roof, and tourelles projecting at the sides. The peculiarity about it was that it had small iron verandas on the first-floor windows. At the left side were very large, but old-fashioned, stables. The house stood back a short distance from the road, with a low wall in front and iron gates, and a circular drive to the front-door. Right in front of the gates was another road, perfectly straight for twelve hundred metres. It was quite level for about half that distance, and then there was a dip through a ridge. This formed a sort of ravine. I and Klatz and Hamilton Gore were soon busy looking after the men crenellating the wall in front of the house. We had got the two mitrailleuses behind the gates hidden with bundles of faggots, some of these being tied horizontally to the ironwork and some across, so that those who worked were not seen, and at

the same time were well protected. Some old poplars in front of the house were cut down (as they might be in the way of the fire from the windows), with the exception of one tree by the gates; against this we had a long ladder, whence a fine view was obtained over the snow-clad plateau. The guns to the left, out by Crevant and Momberg, by their heavy booming showed that the battle had begun in the centre with a vengeance.

Suddenly the commandant appeared, with glistening eyes and smelling strongly of Cognac. 'I say, they are singular people in this place.'

'Do you mean to say the house is occupied?' I exclaimed in surprise. 'Why, they must be mad, *tout à fait fous*.'

'They are South Americans. The wife had a baby three weeks ago. *Parbleu!* I never saw such a lovely woman in all my life. There is another girl too, who is a regular beauty, but she's a blonde; and a Spanish servant who is half off her head with fright.'

'What is their name?' I asked.

'Heaven knows! I did not catch it. The husband is a splendid fellow. He has a Spanish lisp, but I never heard a fellow speak French better. He wants to get his wife away, and asked me to see her and persuade her to go. I suppose with her it is the courage of ignorance, just as I have seen young girls ride a horse I would not mount myself. I told her she must go at once. She was lying on a *chaise-longue* smoking a cigarette. "But," she said, with her calm Spanish drawl, "do these Prussian barbarians know that I have been ill?" I don't know how I kept my countenance at this remark. The poor husband seemed distracted at her obstinacy, for a large cart and a fine carriage were all ready by the stables. I could do nothing, so I went down. The husband has had a cask of claret brought up. The men are having their bottles filled. They have killed a couple of calves and a cow; there is besides plenty of good wine and Cognac. I will see to things now. You go in while you have got the chance. *Sacré bleu!* you won't see a couple of prettier women in a hurry.'

IV.

As the front-door and the windows had been barricaded on the ground floor, anxious to see these two beauties, and get something to eat, I went round to the back. There I found Klatz busy seeing that the wine was equally divided. Turning, I saw a tall, pale, but very handsome young fellow come limping out of the house. A bullet on the previous day had just missed my temple, but it had taken the top of the right ear off; so my head was bandaged. I had on my *képi*, with the *capuchon* (hood) of my coat over it. Thus perhaps I presented a singular appearance. We looked at each other. Then 'René!' 'François!' broke from our lips at the same moment.

'Oh, thank Heaven that I have met you!' he said fervently. 'You must help me.'

'Trust me for that,' I answered. 'But how is Adèle?—tell me first.'

'I left her with my wife. I admit I am weak where my wife is concerned. She is so lovely, so beautiful, that I am like wax in her hands. She has always been so pampered. She can't understand the danger. Come upstairs. I beg that you will be firm. She regularly fooled the commandant. The ass,' he continued vehemently, 'only stood there and stared like an owl.'

'I understand,' I said firmly. 'Leave it to me.'

I called two of the men and told them to follow me. Still lying calmly on the *chaise-longue* smoking, with a bassinette beside her, I beheld one of the most lovely brunettes I ever saw in my life. I steeled myself to be firm, for those soft, languishing eyes were enough to play the devil with any one.

'Dolores,' said René, 'I have brought my oldest and dearest friend, François Montavallon. He has come to take you away, as the carriage is waiting.'

At once her calmness left her. 'Ah! *estimado amigo*,' she said effusively, extending her jewelled hand, which I gently kissed. 'Ah! *que dicha*, how glad I am to meet you! I have heard so much of you from René *y mia querida Adelaida*. Oh, you have no idea what I have gone through. We had a revolution in Buenos Aires. The shots came through the windows. We fled to Spain, but the Carlists were there, and we took ship again. We went to Paris. I bought some heavenly dresses, quite *la ultra moda*. Then the war came, and we took this place. Oh, how I suffer from the cold! Father has a yacht out at Buenos Aires. The saloon was lined with sky-blue silk. We sailed about in sight of the coast. I shall write to father. We must go to Nice. We must have a yacht, and then——'

She would have talked all day. She spoke at such a rate, and it was such a mixture of Spanish and French, that I could hardly follow her; but she stopped suddenly, for the old Spanish nurse sprang up as a shell burst outside near the stables.

'*Oh, Madre de Dios! Oh, Maria santissima*, have mercy upon us!' she screamed.

'*Oh, Jesu, los Barbaros!*' cried the beautiful creole, jumping up.

René ran to her, and gave me an imploring look. I told the men to enter the room and carry madame down. René took the sleeping infant. '*Vaya, Miguela*,' he said; but Miguela had bolted downstairs as soon as the door had been opened. Hardly knowing whether to laugh or swear, I followed them down to the carriage, when who should spring from it but

Adèle! From a slight willowy girl, I now beheld a woman; but all my dreams were fulfilled, for, if possible, she was more beautiful than ever. In a moment, in front of all the men, she threw her arms round my neck. 'Oh, my darling François, you are wounded!' she cried.

'It is nothing,' I answered. 'For Heaven's sake, fly,' for at that moment a shell burst far overhead and another over the stable. I kissed her again and again, and almost pushed her into the carriage, where Miguela was screaming and calling upon all the saints.

'Take this,' said Adèle, and she gave me a box of biscuits; and the next moment the carriage and a cart full of bedding had disappeared. It all seemed liked a dream. Mechanically I stood for a moment with Adèle's gift in my hand. The shells foreboded an attack, and I was recalled to myself by Klatz, who told me that Gore had been sent up the ladder, and had notified that a regiment was moving in the distance up the road. Klatz added that the commandant had been slightly wounded. In a moment I rushed round to the front of the house and ascended the ladder a short way myself. Sure enough I saw through my lorgnette a long black mass—I reckoned they were a kilometre away. The question was, would they deploy before they reached the ascent to the plateau? This was hardly likely, I imagined. If they would only keep to the road till then, I thought, what a holocaust a mitrailleuse would make as, crowded together, they emerged from the cutting!

'Not a single shot, *mes enfants*,' I shouted, 'till I give the order. Let them come, and we will get them with the mitrailleuses.'

V.

The two brothers had got the weapons loaded, well oiled, and everything complete; but as it was said they could discharge three hundred shots a minute, I would have liked more ammunition. Klatz went into the house to repeat my orders, and once more I ascended the ladder. Behind us, suddenly, two of our batteries had commenced to answer those who were shelling us—Roquebrune knew his business. This soon had a good effect, for the Germans opened fire on them instead of shelling us. At this moment the commandant appeared on his horse, with his arm in a sling.

'It's a mere scratch,' he said, 'but we have lost two men and have half-a-dozen wounded by the stables.'

I told him I had given orders that, apart from the mitrailleuses, the men were not to fire, and gave him my reasons. He quite agreed. 'But,' he added, 'I fear they will hardly be so stupid as to come through that cutting and then deploy right in front of us.'

'Well, but they often don't do so till four hundred metres, if they are not fired at.'

'Everything depends on the "if," my friend.'

'They are coming up,' shouted Gore from the top of the ladder; and sure enough three dark figures in advance appeared on the snow-clad road.

'Are you ready down there, sergeant?' I cried.

'Yes, *mon capitaine*.'

'All right; wait till I give the word. Put them at five hundred and fifty metres, and only one at a time, mind.'

Then, in fours, the head of the regiment appeared. I let them advance about thirty metres, so as to get a nice clump for a target. I should have liked to let them come nearer, so as to get in more of them, but I feared they would deploy.

'Now, let them have it,' I shouted from the ladder.

The aim was splendid—nothing could have been better. The front ranks went down like ninepins, while many behind, unable to retreat, darted right and left, leaving many a dark patch on the white snow as they fled back over the ridge. Then the mechanical growl suddenly ceased, while frantic shouts of delight came from the windows behind us, whence they could see well what was going on.

'Now No. 2, same range.'

The effect was equally good. Urged on by their officers, who undoubtedly showed great courage,* the ranks came steadily forward right into the bullets. The horse of one of them, who proved to be a major, being wounded and maddened with fear, forced its way through the mass, making the confusion worse, and getting the bit in its mouth, came tearing towards us, and finally stumbled, throwing its rider right over its head. The officer remained still for a short time, and then tried to catch his steed, which he could not do.

'We must get that fellow,' said the commandant to me. 'You know his pig talk. We will get something out of him;' and he sent a few men to bring in both officer and horse. Do what they could, with the mitrailleuses firing on them in the confined space, it was impossible for the Germans to advance.

'They are running like hares down the road; but they are bringing up artillery. Come and see,' cried Gore above me.

I went higher up the ladder. The gunners, I reckoned, were about one thousand metres away; those flying to meet them, seven hundred.

'No. 1, fire straight ahead at one thousand! No. 2, seven hundred!' The fire from the latter was good. I could see the men falling and scattering right and left, but I had misjudged in the murky atmosphere the distance

* Speaking of this incident, the correspondent of the *Times* says: 'The French officers spoke highly of the valour shown by the Prussian officers as they vainly tried to make their men advance.'

to the artillery. They were farther away than I thought; but soon they ran into the fire. The first horses went down, and they left the gun, and those behind went across the fields; but we managed to bring down another team. Just then the sergeant told us that the mitrailleuses were getting hot, and we rubbed snow on them to make them cool, while the Germans were forming up at the bottom of the steep ravine out of sight. Then we waited to open on the battery once it reached the crest of the plateau.

CHAPTER III.

I.

'HERE'S the prisoner,' said the commandant. 'Take the brute into the house and write down what he tells you. If it's important we will send it on to the colonel.'

He was a Major Grunkhagel of the 74th. He had evidently been severely shaken by his fall, and his eyes were bloodshot, but he drew himself together, saluted, and punctiliously presented his sword.

'Ach, but you have got mitrailleuses, and different, too, from those we have so often captured.'

'Yes, dozens of them,' I answered casually; 'but follow me. You look bad,' I said when we were in the house. I offered him my flask. 'Take the whole,' I said, 'for we have plenty.' Cognac, I knew, will often bring out the truth; and it did. I learned that, while they intended by their heavy attacks on our centre to keep us engaged, their real object was to turn our flank at Tavers, and that his own regiment, the 74th, with the 75th, was ordered to do so. I learned also that, through the mutual jealousy of the respective colonels, the 74th had attacked too soon; this and several other details I got from him ere I handed him over to the guard, and a messenger was sent off on horseback to the colonel, who had gone on to a small farm on our right. We knew we should not be attacked till their artillery began, and so we took the chance of examining the mitrailleuses and strengthening our defences.

The Germans had learned the range of our mitrailleuses to their cost, and came over the crest far away to the right. I was munching some of the biscuits Adèle had given me, when I was told that Klatz was hurt.

'Go and see what is the matter,' said Lessier, 'and remain in the house if he is *hors de combat*.'

Klatz was a fine soldier, and he had seen that the men had not had too much of the abundant wine that was in the cellar; but the old Zouave had not acted on the same principle himself, for he had slipped on the stairs and fallen to the bottom of them.

'It is only a d—d sprain,' he said in rather a thick voice; 'but, for all that, I can't stand.'

I ordered the foot to be bandaged, and hurried upstairs. The lovely bedroom where I had seen Dolores was all in disorder. Instead of the ordinary wooden shutters, the beautiful Argentine had had *persiennes* that would let down over the balcony, so that she could sit in the shade on the veranda. Failing the shutters, chests of drawers and mattresses had been placed against the open windows. The German gunners knew their business, and had quickly got the range. I had hardly entered the room when a shell struck the roof, sending down a shower of slates, and another burst against the corner of the château. The Germans, in extended order, now appeared over the ridge, their forces being equally on each side of the road in front. The commandant gave the word for the mitrailleuses to open fire.

'Try the automatic mowing movement, sergeant,' I cried from the window, and this was done, with very good effect. Then the commandant, as the Germans advanced, gave the order to the men to fire.

'Now, *mes enfants*,' I said, 'quietly; don't hurry. Sights at five hundred;' and I told the sergeant to go round and see that all had got that range.

Meanwhile the young Englishman had got his wits about him. As soon as ever their *tirailleurs* had appeared on the horizon he had come down from his perch, and with the permission of the commandant, who knew what a wonderful shot he was, he had got six rifles belonging to those who were killed or wounded, and a couple of men to load and hand them to him. Standing on a fallen poplar and resting his elbow on the wall, with a calm and deadly accuracy he brought down man after man. He had not been at it long, however, before he reeled backwards; but, to the surprise of all, he jumped up again, for the large German bullet had struck a little Testament his good Scots mother had given him, and had not penetrated far. I mention this incident because few did more for our subsequent success than this young fellow.

II.

From the bursting shells, to say nothing of the growl of the mitrailleuses and the firing between the garden and the house, the row was deafening; but we were cheered by the many dark figures lying on the white snow, and more than one riderless horse, probably due to Hamilton Gore's unerring rifle. Still, in spite of all, the Germans came steadily on. 'Three-fifty, now!' I cried, and went from room to room to tell the men. The Gatlings had been stopped for a moment to be shifted, so as to enfilade the enemy right and left when they got quite close. Now I had noticed that the land on the right-hand side of the road facing us had been ploughed, whereas that on the left had not,

and I fancy it was owing to this that the Germans on the left were advancing much quicker, so that they were nearer and easier to hit. From the house this was more apparent to me than to the commandant below. So from every window I ordered the men—and, as it proved, with fine results—to concentrate all their fire on them *à bout portant* (point-blank), since they had got within two hundred and fifty metres. Then the one Gatling began again, mowing them down by the dozen. With hardly an officer left—Gore had seen to that—the fire was too awful; our foes hesitated, and finally fled panic-stricken. With frantic yells of delight many of those around me for a moment ceased firing; but the victory was only half-won, and I quickly ordered them to turn their attention to those slowly advancing on the other side of the road. Their artillery had ceased shelling as their men got closer; but now, apparently savage at sight of the defeat of one portion, in spite of the risk of killing some of their own men, the gunners began bombarding once more.

Suddenly a shell came straight through the window of the adjoining dressing-room and exploded with a frightful noise, killing instantly all those who were in it, and sending the brains of one all over the wall, bringing down the plaster from the ceiling, and smashing a large mirror into a thousand pieces. The ghastly sight, the horrible fumes, made me gasp. I felt half-sick, and went out on the balcony to get fresh air, followed by some of the men. The fresh, cool air soon restored me.

'Fire!' I cried mechanically; 'and, mind, give it them point-blank.' To make more room I got on the iron rail and held on by a pipe. One thing I knew was that the bombardment must soon cease again, or the Germans would be shelling their own men. So it was probably their last shell. Alas! this struck the stone-work of the balcony we were on. Luckily it glanced downwards and burst against the wall, but the shock shook the building. I lost my balance, and I remember nothing more.

III.

When consciousness really came to me a few days later, strapped up and enveloped in bandages—for on falling I had broken my arm and some ribs—I found myself lying in a small, bare room. And there, her beautiful profile shown up the more clearly by the winter sun, then setting in all its glory over the snowy landscape, sat my own dear Adèle by the window, sewing. To my confused intellect it seemed to me it was all a pleasing dream. I feared to speak for fear of breaking it. Above the upturned collar of her costly fur coat I caught a glimpse of her golden silky tresses beneath her small fur hat. The fading light caused her to turn. To see her better I turned too, but I could not suppress a sudden groan at the pain the movement gave me. In a second the girl was beside me. 'Oh, François!' she cried endearingly, as she bent over and kissed me. 'Shall I fetch René? Are you in great pain?'

'No, *ma chérie*,' I answered; 'now you are here I am in heaven. Sit down; give me your hand and tell me all manner of things.'

'I am not going to tell you much; you are too weak,' she answered, placing her hand in mine.

'What wonderful rings you have!'

'Yes; Uncle Roger gave me those. I don't know what to do—I must wear them,' she continued in a low voice. 'There are three German officers in the next room, and a dozen of their wounded in the house. I dare not leave them about. I think a lot of those rings, but I think more of this;' and opening her cloak, she showed a little silver brooch I had given her as a boy. And now, when years have gone by, and I hear fools say that women are not faithful and true, I think of that. 'Now I am not going to tell you any more,' she said. 'I will get some *bouillon*, and then you must go to sleep.'

How long I slept I know not, but the next time I woke, as before, Adèle was in the room, and she, seeing I was conscious, bent over and gently kissed me. Though still rather weak and stupid, the very presence of the beautiful girl made me almost feel myself again. 'Where am I, my darling?' I asked. 'How did I get here? And tell me, did they get the château?'

'No, they did not,' she replied with a smile; 'nor even when they attacked a second time.'

'Again?' I exclaimed.

'Yes, and then they suffered as much as before; but you must ask René all about that. We were obliged to retreat during the night, and Sergeant Allard, as the regiment passed here, sent word to René that you were lying unconscious at the château; so in the morning he went to fetch you. The Germans were as savage as bears, for they had suffered terrible losses, but as soon as they learned he was a doctor they made him look after their own numerous wounded. There was a major there who had been a prisoner, and who escaped through the guard getting drunk on René's wine. He said you had treated him well, so after a time they allowed René to bring you away and three of their own wounded officers, and they are in the next room. Can't you hear them?'

'Yes,' I answered; 'it's like a pig-sty.'

'But,' she continued, 'I won't tell you any more now;' and shaking the pillows, she told me to rest.

'You are ever so much better,' she said the next day.

'But where am I?' I asked her.

'At a large farm not three leagues from the château. One of the carriage-shafts broke, so we got out and drove in the cart to this place. Dolores caught a cold, and went to bed, and nothing will make her get up. But now,' she continued, 'since

you have turned the corner, I don't care for anything. I have written to your father. I have told him in a month or six weeks you will be quite well, and,' she added in a low voice, bringing her chair closer, 'I have told him such a lot of things. You know you said in your very last letter you would be a partner in January 1871, so you see when we are married we must live near the works. Do you remember that very nice house where the Lefebres lived?'

'Yes,' I answered, though rather puzzled.

'Well, I know that it is to be sold, so I just told your father to buy it.'

Now the idea of any one in his house, or factory, or anywhere else telling my father what he was to do, if I had not been so weak, would have sent me into fits of laughter. I suppose my face showed my thoughts.

'What are you smiling at?' she asked.

'Well, for one thing, *ma chérie*, my family have not agreed to the wedding.'

'What do I care for that?' she said vehemently. 'Have I come, from love of you, six thousand miles for nothing? No; I am yours, and you are mine.'

'If my parents do not agree, I don't mind being poor, my darling,' I said, 'for your sake. But what about Uncle Roger? What would he say about it? He is your guardian.'

'Uncle Roger!' she exclaimed. 'Have you not had any of my letters?'

'Not one,' I said, 'since January.'

'Poor uncle is dead,' she said sadly. 'He died a fortnight after René's wedding, and dear mother died a fortnight after him. Uncle suspected some months before that that his heart was wrong. He asked René to tell him the truth, and how long he could live. René would not deceive him, and gave him four months. The wicked conduct of his two sons had of late years clouded his life. At once, when he knew his fate, he sold his business for a large sum. Carlos had died, and he knew Rodrigo would let it go down, so uncle could do nothing else but sell it. Although he was quite aware that card-sharpers and ballet-dancers would ultimately get it all, he still left Rodrigo a splendid *estancia* and nearly three million pesetas. But he left René and me a million each, and, moreover, some land near Ensenada that will be very valuable when the railway comes. And that's why,' she concluded, 'I don't in the least mind whether your family like our marriage or whether they don't. Did not you offer René all the money you could get together when father failed? Very well,' she said, kissing me, 'that is why you shall share mine, *mon chéri*.'

IV.

The death of Uncle Roger and this sudden knowledge of Adèle's wealth were naturally a great surprise to me, though I could truly say that, if she had been poor, in the end I would have married her all the same.

The tide of war had now passed from the district. With all his ability Chanzy was slowly being driven back on Le Mans, where, alas! after three days' battle, ending 11th January, he was defeated; but the farm still contained some wounded German officers and about a dozen men. What with these and his wife and myself, poor René had enough to do. So far as I was concerned, with such a nurse as Adèle to look after me, it was not surprising that I was recovering quickly. Within a month I could use my arm; but broken ribs take a long time, and as I did not want to be sent as prisoner to Germany again (where, as I had escaped, I ran the risk of being shot), René purposely made out that I was far worse than I was, and persuaded a German surgeon, by a fair amount of champagne and a good dinner, to agree with him. Thus I remained at the farm till peace was declared, five weeks from that time. And five very happy weeks they were, too, with Adèle beside me. My happiness was crowned by my hearing from my parents that they willingly consented to my wedding.

My father was very anxious I should get back to the works as soon as possible. René was very sensitive, and did not much like the idea of returning to his native town. 'But,' replied Adèle decidedly, 'father's name is cleared. What need you or I care what people say?' And so a little before Easter the wedding took place. The beauty of the bride, the wonderful dress, and her wealth were the talk of the town for many a day: even Dolores took second place for once. But the good people were to learn that behind that lovely face there were some remarkably fine brains. For Adèle put a good deal of money into the business and became a partner; and although she never neglected her numerous family, my father very soon admitted that she had, for a woman, the finest head for business he had ever met. This became more apparent a few years after our marriage, as Adèle and René had to go to Buenos Aires, on account of the very valuable property they had there. I, only too glad to see something of the world, went with them, and it was entirely due to her that not only did we regain the business we had lost, through her uncle leaving our firm, but, owing to her knowledge of Spanish and the customs of the country, we have done more business out there since than we had ever done before. As for our workpeople, they simply adore her, because Adèle always takes care that they share in the prosperity of the firm that her abilities have done so much to bring about.

A BALLET OF THE BACKWOODS.

By LEWIS SPENCE.

I.

WHEN a third administration of what the Beachcombers' Club called its whisky had occasioned the hotly debated but compulsory retreat of the little, square-headed Brazilian, and the doors had slammed on dignified silence within and eloquent protest without, Pandy Corlett smiled indulgently at the snow-white ash of his ebon cigar, decapitated it by a dexterous jerk, and laughed softly.

'They 're all the same, the Latins,' he chuckled. 'Give them a cork to smell and they grow lyrical about their mistress's eyebrow one-time. If you boys knew the Latin as I do, you 'd have worshipped in silence when he passed round that photograph. But you had to be facetious—hence the hurricane. They 're tiresome enough, no doubt, but sometimes I 've found their amorous propensities helpful. Many a time I 've earned a supper and bed in the Mahogany Country by listening to a *mestizo* love-idyll in nineteen cantos and an envoi. I learned palmistry, too, when I was hunting cock-of-the-rock in Guatemala. There wasn't a bachelor shack that didn't look forward to my coming round on circuit.

'We Anglo-Saxons regard love as a spare-time amusement, as Byron remarks. We lack method —technique. Now the Latin man 's never at fault there, and that 's where he scores. He makes a close study of the map of Ladyland. Every Latin brain has its own Intelligence Department, with pigeon-holes crammed about enemy details—for falling in love in the Dago way is a declaration of war—and so he doesn't sustain so many reverses as we do, doesn't ask for the frozen eyeball by launching unskilful attacks in country of high defensive capacity. He knows camouflage when he sees it, too. Take him all round, he 's a big success at the game, which the Anglo-Saxon certainly is not. Why, the entire poetry of the English-speaking peoples is a confession of defeat—the bitter cry of the vanquished. Spanish verse is skilful propaganda, designed to confuse enemy opinion; and French—oh, French is a cock-a-doodle-doo of sheer, outrageous triumph.

'Yes,' he continued, 'oftener than not the Anglo-Saxon bungles matters. My own experience is limited, but it tells me that much. Want to hear about it? All right; but, remember, I 'm not crowing like that sallow bundle of efficiency who 's just quitted. There was certainly nothing to trumpet about.'

The hush which precedes narrative fell upon us. That which renders listening easy was dispensed with the all-too-hospitable hand for which the Beachcombers are celebrated throughout Alsatia, and great traffic of lean tobacco-pouches passed.

II.

'It was the beginning of the season for getting ornithological specimens,' commenced Pandy, with the masterly ease which often made seats scarce in the smoking-room, 'and I had come up to Belize, British Honduras. Not that my finances ran to a holiday in that centre of pith helmets and linen-clad officialdom, but it was there I generally landed when on the look-out for a new contract. Bird-hunting professors and blue-spectacled entomologists were scarce that year, and I was on the point of signing on with a crank who believed in the existence of white tapirs, when a friend at the club introduced me to Lord Osbert Goodenough.

'I couldn't at first get the reason why Osbert had seen fit to decorate Belize with his presence. It wasn't debt, for the silver spoon was still sticking out of the corner of his silly mouth. The Americans in Belize described him as "effete," and saw in him the beau-ideal of the English aristocracy. He was the sort of trinket that musical comedy ladies hang on their bangles —stood about as high as the button on my breast-pocket, and his immense nose merged gradually into his sloping forehead. But with all that, the little beggar had a certain way with him—legacy from a long line of ancestors accustomed to command, I suppose — which carried him along. Almost at once he asked me in his lisping tenor if I would take lunch with him, and as free lunches were scarce in Belize, and I knew Osbert's would be top-hole, I accepted.

'Lord Goodenough wasn't at all stand-offish or secretive, but he hummed and hawed a good deal about his reason for being so far from Bond Street. That he intended to go into the interior was plain from his conversation, and I began to sense a mystery. When, after lunch, he drew out a dandy pocket-book, I found that my intuition had not been at fault.

'From the pocket-book he took a typewritten page and a water-colour sketch. "Please read that, Mr Corlett," he said, handing me the typescript; "then I 'll ask you a question."

'And this is what I read. I remember it word for word—I have reason to: "Practically in a species by itself is the plant Chucaca, which

is limited to a certain region, that of Southern Peten in Guatemala, where it has occasionally been found in the country between Lake Tayasal and the northern slopes of the Nueva Cerros. In shape it somewhat resembles the dock-weed, but it has a darker colour and a smaller spread of leaf. Zuggmeister, travelling in the district referred to in 1891, found that the natives, who are, on the average, the tallest men in the Isthmian tract, chew it from boyhood, and attach great importance to it as a growth-making agent, believing that their exceptional stature is to be referred to its powers. He gathered a quantity of roots, and on reaching home planted them, administering the leaves to a number of guinea-pigs, which, after twelve months of this treatment, increased in size and weight. Zuggmeister's theory that the binomial fission of cells —the immediate cause of growth—is stimulated by the mastication of this plant cannot altogether be set aside as fantastic, having regard to the results obtained by him. The plant has not yet been given a scientific name, and no account of it, other than that of Zuggmeister, is available."

'"I got a scientific fellah to look up the question of growth for me at the British Museum," cackled Osbert when I had read the screed, "and he got this from a German book on rare plants. Seems to be my one chance. I've read up everything I could understand on the question—my weak point, you see. We Goodenoughs are scarcely giants—what? and it's devilish awkward, especially in Theatre-land, y'know. They call me the Mascot there—he, he! I'm boring you with all this, Mr Corlett, because you've got such a kind face, and I'm sure you'll help me out. Now, have you ever seen a plant like that in your travels? Of course, I needn't ask you to regard this conversation as absolutely confidential."

'He handed me the water-colour sketch.

'"I rather think I have seen such a plant," I lied, just as in the way of business I yarned about white tapirs and improbable moths to scientific cranks.

'"You have, eh?" he chortled. "Well, Mr Corlett, I'm told that you know Guatemala from one end to the other. I must have this Chucaca plant. I want to grow it at Goodenough. Will you sign on with me and help me to find it? Don't say no. We won't quarrel about terms."

'Well, we didn't. I must say that meanness wasn't one of Osbert's drawbacks. But he had others. We went about Belize together a good deal, getting things in train for our little expedition, so I had every opportunity for studying his lordship. The stage was his pet foible—Theatre-land he called it—and his whole talk was about musical comedy stars. He simply couldn't keep away from stage doors—had a nose for them like a bear's for honey. Belize is hardly a theatrical centre, and the presence of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* at the Royal depressed him terribly. He wanted something more frilly, and he found it at the Alcazar.'

III.

'The Alcazar wasn't a theatre officially. In other words, it was a one-horse music-hall show, frequented by planters of sorts, the kind of whites who weren't on the list at the Residency. But Lord Goodenough went wild about it. He said that the London theatres reeked of respectability, that they were mere matrimonial agencies, that there was nothing Bohemian about them, and a lot more in the same strain.

'"I say, Corlett, old clock," he clattered, "you really must come to the Alcazar, y'know. So jolly informal. Can't get any of the Residency fellahs to go. Dull dogs. It's a bright spot, and there's the Sisters Cerita—Vita and Rita—much brighter than the average London girl. Brains *with* beauty, don't y'know. I've told them that I'm bringing you round to-night, and we're supping afterwards at the 'Crown,' so you simply can't get out of it."

'Well, this sort of thing wasn't in my contract, but I'm an obliging man, and I went. The Alcazar was rather a bare palace, with stencil decorations and corrugated iron roof, but the guitar and mandoline orchestra was workmanlike, and the performance, after the manner of the one-night town, was certainly more amusing than the club. You could smoke and interchange badinage with the performers if you had a mind to, and a fair cargo of *caña* wasn't regarded as a disqualification. As for the Sisters Cerita—Rita and Vita—they were certainly above the average of the Alcazar artistes. I quite wondered what they were doing in that galley. Their technique was best New York, and they didn't depend upon their looks alone, although they had plenty of these to spare. Rita was small and fair, with Gibson-chiselled features and china-blue eyes. Vita was also *petite*, but dark and immensely spirited. Their performance was the cleverest thing of the kind I had ever seen, and it certainly seemed to hit Lord Goodenough where he lived.

'The supper was a decided success. It was more than plain that Lord Osbert favoured Vita; so, in duty bound, I paired off with Rita. Lord Goodenough had told them all about our forthcoming expedition, giving out that we were plant-hunting for scientific reasons, and the talk was divided between my descriptions of life in Southern Peten and my aristocratic patron's reminiscences of the pasteboard province of musical comedy, by both of which topics the ladies seemed greatly intrigued. Not that they were by any means silent. They were live girls, and seemed to me immensely clever, with none of "the orchidaceous vapidity of Shaftesbury Avenue," as Lord Osbert put it, and certainly none of the vulgarity of the average *soubrette*. They had never toured anywhere else than down

the Monkey Coast, they said—never had the sort of pull with agents to get show-girl jobs, and positively didn't intend to scramble for them.

'Next morning Lord Goodenough looked a trifle anxious, I thought. At first I put it down to the night before, for I felt just a little sad myself. But I soon saw that he had something on what he called his mind, and was worrying considerably. He drew me down a quiet street, away from the main traffic, and there he sprang his little surprise upon me.

'"What did you think of the performance last night?" he asked. "Aren't they simply great?"

'"They've got the goods," I admitted, "and they know audiences. They're not out to play to the front row of the stalls alone."

'"Just what I think," he bubbled enthusiastically. "If they had a London chance, now——"

'"But would London take to that—that precise——?"

'"It's just what London's looking for—praying for, old thing—looks without languish, don't y'know. But that's not what I wanted to speak to you about, Corley deary. It's a—a proposal. Now, promise me you won't be very gruff."

'"That's all right, your lordship," I replied, "but I hope you're not going to cancel our contract."

'"What! do away with my one chance of—of grow—ah, you know *what*!" he cried, blushing. 'By no means, Corlett, old top. No; it's quite another matter. Those girls—Vita and Rita—they've never seen the hinterland of the tropics. Only scratched the coast-line, so to speak. They're awfully keen to see the interior. It seems such a shame to leave them behind. Can't they come too?"'

IV.

'Well, it wakened me up. I'd travelled F.A.S.'s, beetle-cranks, and once upon a time a real colonial bishop. But I couldn't see myself gallivanting through the eternal forests and foothills of Guatemala with a couple of song-and-dance girls. Lord Osbert saw that I had taken the suggestion badly, and seemed vexed.

'"Your lordship," I said, pulling myself together, "it's—it's out of the question. We can't take ladies with us."

'"But," he objected, "you said there would be no hardships at all—that we could motor to within twenty miles of the district where we were to begin our search for the Chucaca plant."

'"Yes, yes," I replied desperately; "but think of the scandal. The whole colony would get to know, and we'd never hear the end of it."

'"I've got you there too," he chuckled. "There wouldn't be any scandal, for Vita's a widow, and can chaperon her sister. Now, don't cut up rough, like an old dear. I tell you frankly that I don't very well see how I'm going to get out of it. I've promised—passed my word. Of course—er—I've no serious intentions with regard to either of the young ladies."

'I couldn't tell the little ass that they might have the most serious intentions with regard to him, and I was on the point of throwing up the whole contract, when, as luck would have it, or, more probably, as had been arranged, we ran right into mesdemoiselles the Sisters Cerita. They expressed the necessary amount of surprise at the encounter.

'"I've just been telling him," announced Lord Goodenough with a snigger.

'"How does he take it?" asked Rita, directing a dazzling smile at me.

'"Well, since you ask me," I said ruefully, "I'm rather afraid that you'll have an awful lot of discomfort to put up with. Southern Peten is scarcely a lady's country. I would strongly advise you to think twice about it."

'"Oh, isn't he a wet blanket?" whimpered Vita. "We're quite used to roughing it, Mr Corlett. It won't even mean another car."

'"Corlett's only thinking of your comfort," piped up the Mascot. "Aren't you, Corley, old pet?—Isn't he a priceless piece of taciturnity, Vita, my dear?"

'Then he asked us all to lunch. Things moved. I'd always heard that champagne oils the wheels of diplomacy—and next day I believed it. I can't explain the process—the beaten side never can, I'm told—but I recall the arrangement in its broad outlines. The thing was to be done *de luxe*. We were to motor to a certain village, some thirty miles across the Guatemalan frontier, which we were to regard as our headquarters, and from it we were to prosecute our hunt for the Chucaca plant.

'"Now I'm on this side, Pandy," said Lord Goodenough, "I want to get a working knowledge of the country and the people. Can't go back to town and seem to know nothing about them, y'know. San Quenche's a scenic spot, you say, typical of the country and all that. Of course, we'll have to be a bit more luxurious now the girls are coming, but we'll go shopping to-morrow. We'll tax up Belize, eh, what? You'll have a little trouble, but it won't be forgotten. I wish"—he added, knitting his brows—"I wish I were at liberty——" then stopped dead. "Never mind, old thing," he rattled on; "*you* sha'n't lose over it. Come along now and let's arrange the luxuries."

'My annoyance at the new arrangement soon began to wear off, especially when I noticed how pleased the girls were at the prospect of seeing the interior. That night, after a strenuous afternoon's work, we went to the Alcazar as usual, and walked home with Vita and Rita in the moonlight. A mutual magnetism seemed to

have been established between Vita and Lord Goodenough, so Rita fell behind with me, and I didn't notice any particular signs of disappointment.

'"This is the first time we've really had a chance of talking, Pandy," she murmured; "I'm so glad."

'"It's always difficult for a man to tell when the satisfaction's not all on his side," I stammered. "He knows what he feels, of course, but——"

'"Pandy," she cooed, squeezing my arm, "you're a dear—a bit bushwhacky, perhaps, but distinctly a dear."

'"Good enough for a second string, eh?" I said dejectedly.

'"Oh, second nothing," she assured me, nestling into my side. "Pandy, I don't like lords—only *men*. True," she babbled on, "sweetly true, Pandy dear. I—I——" Her voice trailed away in a sigh.

'I was surprised, for Rita had always seemed to me a regular little bundle of self-respect.

'Of course, the life I'd led hadn't given me much experience of this kind of girl, so I thought I'd best be careful. I understood little *mestizas*, and the simple wiles of Quiche femininity were by no means a closed book to me. But, as with most men who have gone abroad young, the stage woman stuck in the back of my mind as a kind of Delilah who must collect a fringe of male scalps before she can achieve the notoriety which runs to big posters, so I made up my mind to be nice to Rita—correctly nice—in future. After that we both seemed to cool down, and as we reached the little hotel at which the girls were staying in about another minute or so, nothing more was said except a rather curt "Good-night."'

V.

'It was about noon next day when I noticed that the tumultuous preparations of Lord Goodenough had at length succeeded in provoking remark in sleepy little Belize. The store-room he had rented at the back of the hotel was crammed with goods of all kinds, which would more than fill the five motors we had hired, and I observed with misgiving that the bulk of the dunnage, as the aristocratic pioneer had explained, was luxury stuff—cases of champagne, delicacies in tins and glasses, uncountable boxes of chocolates and bon-bons, and all the kickshaws which go to the making of bliss in the green-room.

'I expostulated more nervously than angrily, and with a certain amount of admiration at Osbert's colossal ignorance regarding the difficulties of transport. He stared at me and grinned.

'"Pandy, you inestimable old article," he gurgled, "that's only *some*! What about the piano that's coming?"

'"The—piano!" I gasped.

'"Why, yes, the Cornelian Midget grand—only three hundredweights with case. Necessitate a small motor-lorry."

'I groaned.

'"You going to start an Alcazar in the back blocks?" I asked feelingly.

'He looked hard at me for a moment—devilish hard—and I wondered if I had rightly assessed Lord Osbert.

'"Just that," he said at last, with a queer little laugh. "Just a little private party amongst ourselves to pass away the evenings and keep the girls amused."

'"Of course, it's your lordship's own affair," I said resignedly. "But it'll interfere dreadfully with the main reason for the expedition—the search for the Chucaca plant."

'"Oh *dear*, no!" he assured me. "That's in the plot too. I—I—I mean, quite within my recollection. Don't be down-hearted, Pandy, old son. I won't disgrace you in your own peculiar haunts."

'As I left the store-room I ran across Vita in the yard outside, taking stock of some cases of truck which had just arrived.

'"That's a very worried look, Pandy," she whispered. She had a whispering kind of voice off the boards. "What's gone wrong?"

'"Seems I'm going to travel a concert-party this trip," I said sulkily. "They'll never get over this stunt in these lands. It'll be chalked up against me for ever after."

'She took my arm and drew me into the far part of the compound, where the shadows of the palms made feathery patterns upon the yellow turf. "Pandy, boy," she murmured, looking at me in a wicked, worshipping sort of way, "why d' you always keep so far away from me?"

'I heard Lord Osbert make coughing sounds in the store-room, and saw his nose at the window.

'"Do I?" I said cautiously. "You gravitate to Lord Goodenough, don't you?"

'"Lord Goodenough," she said contemptuously and very loudly. "I'm surprised at you, Mr Corlett."

'"Well, what"—I began clumsily—"what does it all mean?—I mean—oh, blister it—I don't understand!"

'You see, I was getting nervous. First one—then the other. What was I to think about such tactics? I had no sooner got the words out than I saw Rita enter the gate, looking dazzling in white drill. Vita placed her hands on my shoulders and drew me to her. "Oh, Pandy," she said, "Pandy—I——"

'"Stop it," I cried foolishly enough, for I saw that Rita's eyes were hard upon us. "You mustn't—don't you see——"

'But she took no notice. I turned a despairing glance to where Rita had been standing. She had disappeared. I felt furious—why, I

couldn't have said at the time, but I tore myself out of Vita's grasp and hurried out of the compound.

'Next morning, in the cool of things, the expedition—a fleet of five cars and a motor-lorry—set out. Lord Goodenough and Vita occupied the first car, Rita and I the second. She was silent and scarcely looked at me as we rolled along the palm-lined avenues, and it was not until we were a couple of miles out of Belize that she spoke at last. "I saw you—yesterday," she said bluntly and disconcertingly.

'I felt myself turning pink. "It wasn't my fault," I assured her earnestly enough; "your sister——"

'"Sister!" she almost screamed. "She's not my sister, the hateful—oh, Pandy!"

'She was sobbing. I swore. The Delilah feeling had got me again. What were those two girls up to? I hadn't a red cent to bless myself with—nothing that either of them could possibly want.

'"I don't understand you—or your sister," I bungled on, as she suddenly glared upwards at me with flushed cheeks and stormy eyes. "I 'm a plain man—a straight man."

'"You 're certainly plain enough," she retorted fiercely; "stupid enough too. But I warn you, Pandy Corlett, beware of that—that woman. I can't say any more now."

'"Thank you for the warning," I said dryly, "but it wasn't needed."'

VI.

'Well, all through that two days' run to San Quenche things were getting more and more obscure. Rita had evidently made up her mind to be dumb, and despite my efforts to make conversation, she maintained a frozen and rather contemptuous silence. Vita, on the other hand, lost no chance of making herself far more pleasant than was tasteful to me. During the day she drove with Lord Osbert, but when we drew up at some wayside *posada* for the night she became positively a nuisance, insisting on leaning over me, and, oh! figuratively sitting in my lap, although all the time I showed her as plainly as I could that I didn't want her. Rita lay back in her deck-chair, looking—well, china-blue eyes can't look daggers, but sometimes they can look green. As for Lord Osbert, I could see that he was annoyed. I began to feel microscopic. It wasn't a bit of good trying to put an end to it. You know how persistent some women can be. She simply acted as if Rita and Lord Goodenough weren't there at all, and if I left the house she invariably followed me, loudly expressing her delight that we had "escaped," as she called it, from the others.

'At last we got to San Quenche. The whole population turned out to meet us, and a couple of vacant bungalows were at once placed at our disposal. By sundown we 'd unloaded and fixed them both up, one for ourselves, the other for the girls. Such interiors were never seen in Peten. The people kept crowding us, handling everything in their inquisitive way, and when the Cornelian Midget grand was at last unpacked, and Lord Osbert sat down to it and struck up a rollicking tune, the whole crowd started to dance. Dance! You want to see the Quiche at it. Born *ballerinas*! They had ballets of their own before the coming of the Spaniards. The rhythm and swing of their concerted movement knocked me cold, although I 'd seen it often enough before. But the piano appeared to give them new verve, and they swayed and pirouetted with wonderful unanimity of action and gesture. And when, at last, their fandango came to a wild finish, Lord Goodenough seemed madly excited. He opened a dozen of champagne on the spot and handed it round.

'"My lord, Corley!" he shouted, "this is simply top-hole. The Russian ballet 's not in it. London would go wild over this show—what?"

'"It 's the remains of the Güegüence," I explained, "the old native festival dance."

'From that moment it was nothing but dance, dance, dance; sing, sing, sing; for my little connoisseur had found out that they could sing too. He sat all day, and most of the night, scoring all the native music he could find, and thumping it out on the Midget grand. He took it *viva voce* from the Quiche—simple, but wonderfully melodious, stuff—and turned it, twisted it, tortured it into various keys, taking it to pieces and rebuilding it again, until, finally, he glorified it into something that simply made the blood revolute from head to heels. The Quiche picked up the revised version in their quick way. So did Vita and Rita, and in a week or two San Quenche had become a village in comic opera inhabited by chorus-folk.

'Then he took to sketching the scenery round about in water-colours—he could paint some, too—and taking short rambles into the forest. It was during one of these that I tackled him about the Chucaca plant.

'"It 's only the sub-plot," he murmured dreamily, for his wits seemed to be wool-gathering, "and sub-plots scarcely count, Corley, old brick."

'By this time I 'd given up trying to fathom him. The girls, too, had become yet more mysterious. Rita wouldn't even look in my direction, and Vita still kept on trying to make up to me as before. They were both fearfully keen on the stuff the Mascot was turning out. They were constantly trilling away at the airs he had evolved from the Quiche dance-stuff, and every night the performance, augmented by native instruments, went on as usual, developing into something really fine. I felt that I had

misjudged Lord Goodenough, in one way at least. He was an artist, even if he was an ass, and I've often heard that the two are one and the same thing.

'Then one morning he button-holed me after breakfast. The night before Vita had been more than usually annoying.

'"Pandy," he said, "this is where the Chucaca plant comes in."

'"When do we start?" I asked, with a feeling of immense relief, for I was tired of inaction and watching other people dance.

'"It isn't *we*, Pandy," he said; "it's *you*."

'"Alone?" I exclaimed.

'"All alone," he said, very seriously for once, and offered no further explanation.

'Orders are orders.

'"All right, your lordship," I said. "It's just as you say. I'll commence operations to-morrow morning."

'"That's a good chap," he replied. "By the way, I—I'll settle with you *now*, Pandy, old thing. I should have given you a cheque at Belize."

'"There's no hurry, your lordship,' I said, wondering rather.

'"It's my way," he snapped, producing a cheque-book. "There you are, and a thousand thanks. You've been awfully useful with the natives. If it hadn't been for your knowledge of the language, I should never have got those songs."'

VII.

'Next morning I set out for the Nueva Cerros with one Quiche boy. Vita bade me a lingering farewell and wanted to kiss me; but Rita—she gave me a stiff little bow when I bade her good-bye, and her blue eyes froze—froze hard.

'I haven't any intention of telling the story of that little expedition. I made a painstaking three weeks' search for the Chucaca plant, which all the time I felt never existed, and when I thought I'd monkeyed about enough, I returned to San Quenche to report and ask for further instructions. And I didn't find a soul in the place!

'The shacks were empty—every one of them. Talk about the Deserted Village! Snakes, scorpions, and toads formed the population. The bungalows which the girls and Lord Goodenough had occupied were stripped of the high-grade fittings we had brought from Belize. San Quenche was "to let."

'I ran from shack to shack, bewildered. On the window-ledge of the hut in which the girls had lived was a small package addressed to me in a large, theatrical hand. I tore it open. It contained a photograph of Rita. Scribbled across it I read, "To Pandy, with love."

'And then the knowledge of my loss came right home to me like a blow over the heart. At first I was counted clean out—stunned into dumb, dazed suffering. I clung to the window-ledge in that forsaken little shack, swaying in sick misery. I—yes, I covered the picture with kisses—wild, anguished kisses. Then, with a roar, I swung out of the place, and jumping into the saddle, spurred along the high-road to Belize like a maniac.

'But at Belize I learned nothing. A year of dangerous and toilsome work with the man of the white tapirs—a year of bitterness unspeakable. Then, with the knowledge of eight hundred pounds in the bank, the determination came to go home.

'In the train, between Southampton and London, I picked up a paper which lay on the seat opposite. The word "Guatemala" caught the tail of my eye. I read:

"THE GIRL FROM GUATEMALA
AT THE VIVACITY THEATRE."

'It was an account of a first night at the Vivacity, and bristled with names, dear, familiar, detestable.

'"Lord Goodenough, the clever composer and impresario," I read, "has found his greatest inspiration in the atmosphere of Guatemala, which he has turned to the uses of musical comedy with surprising skill and insight into the tastes and idiosyncrasies of the London theatre-going public. . . . The native ballet is a triumph of the adaptation of the natural and unsophisticated to theatric use and purpose. . . . Nor has he been less happy in his selection of a caste. Miss Vita Cerita is an actress of mark, as well as a musical comedy artist of spirit—a rare combination. Miss Rita Cerita possesses gifts almost as seldom found in our modern opera-bouffe; and the able promoter himself, in the rôle of the diminutive lordling who has come to Central America in search of the Chucaca plant, which he hopes will add to his stature, is irresistible. . . . The Russian Ballet must look to its laurels. The native dancing is a revelation, and the wonderful music has brought us many intimations of new rhythms and nuances."

'When we got to Victoria I grabbed the sleeve of a taxi-driver. "Vivacity Theatre," I shouted above the hiss of many engines.

'Fifteen minutes later I was threading the catacombs of the Vivacity at the heels of a dresser, who had appeared in answer to my note scribbled in the taxi-cab. I stumbled into the low, stifling dressing-room.

'"Pandy!" cried Rita, with outstretched arms. "Oh, Pandy, you've come! I knew you would!"

'After I'd transferred most of her make-up to my own face, I asked, "How could you go off as you did?"

'"I thought—you cared for Vita—until she told me, when we—when we came back—and you—you seemed so cold, Pandy."

'"And what the—what *did* Vita tell you? Why on earth did she plague me so?"

'"Oh, just to hurry up Lord Goodenough. That's why he sent you away, I suppose. They're married. We knew all along about his great stunt, *The Girl from Guatemala*, although we didn't know about the wonderful native dancing, any of us. But it fitted in marvellously. He wouldn't tell you about his idea, and swore us to silence. He was afraid it'd get about Belize, and filter back here and be pirated, you see; and he saw what we could do, and how different we were from the girls here, and offered us the fat parts. But, oh, Pandy, how *stupid* you were! Why couldn't you distinguish between Vita's—Vita's acting and my—my——?"

'That's two years ago, boys. You see, both Rita and I were beginners, and didn't know that we cared so much. Vita had surmised that Lord Goodenough liked her, but that, all the same, he was pretty case-hardened, so she reckoned she'd have to use strategy. And as she'd no competition to face out there, it came off. She didn't care whom she hurt, so long as her plans materialised.

'Well, I've got to be at the theatre at eleven sharp. Mustn't keep my wife waiting. No I'll not have another. It doesn't go with what we're going to have for supper to-night.'

Volume XII. of the Seventh Series of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL *is now completed, price* 15*s. net.*
An Index, with Title-page, price Twopence, has been prepared, and may be ordered through any bookseller.
A cloth case for binding the whole of the numbers for 1922 *is also ready, price* 3*s.* 6*d. net.*
Annual subscription, including postage to any address, either at home or abroad, 15*s.*

In the January Part of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL will appear the Opening Chapters of a powerful Serial Story, entitled

WRACK O' DOOM,

By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE,

Author of 'Ricroft of Withens,' 'Through Sorrow's Gates,' 'Lasses' Love,' 'A Bachelor in Arcady,' &c.

As in so many of this well-known novelist's works, the scene is laid on the borders of Yorkshire and Lancashire. With rare literary skill a stirring tale of an implacable family feud is unfolded, in a setting of wild moors and wind-swept uplands.

The Part, consisting of eighty pages of reading matter, will include the customary features of engrossing Short Stories, serious and humorous, and original articles of a popular and informative nature.

END OF THE TWELFTH VOLUME.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.